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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

238167

The Magazine Women Believe In ★ July, 1945 ★ 15 Cents

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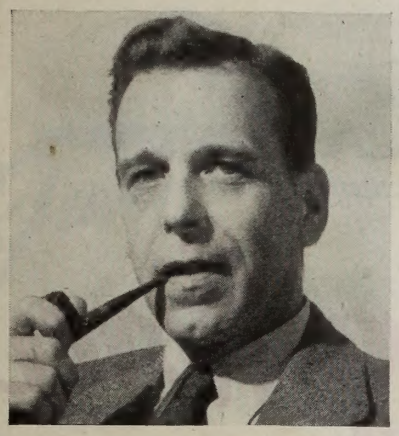


BURLINGAME PUBLIC

HO, THE FAIR WIND — *Beginning a* — J. A. R. WYLIE ★ *A Star Danced* — GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

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Binder
Gaylord Bros., Inc.
Makers
Stockton, Calif.
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

238167



WHITIN BADGER, who wrote *Another Room*, says, "My first work was published at the age of seventeen (I needed money for a week end) when I sent a poem to the New York Sun. Result: five bucks and a good week end. Attended art school and studied voice, but eventually turned to radio work in New York and Hollywood, writing dramatic spots for everybody from Marlene Dietrich and Nelson Eddy to Bea Lillie and Boris Karloff. Recently I've been trying to help others understand America by doing programs for foreign broadcast."



JESSAMYN WEST, author of *A Pretty Thing*—,writes, "I sent my first story to a small obscure weekly, having no idea that it was an Armenian publication using the works of Armenians only. The editor returned the story, saying it was fine and he could use it if I was Armenian. Perhaps Jessamyn West was a pseudonym? I decided changing my nationality was a small price to pay for breaking into print, but the only name I could think of was Saroyan; and while I think Jessamyn Saroyan sounds a shade more Armenian than William Saroyan, due to my uncertainty of William's reactions, I am writing Quaker stories today. Maybe it's because both my parents were birthright Quakers with two grandmothers Quaker ministers."

DOROTHY WILDING



I. A. R. WYLIE, whose new serial, *Ho, the Fair Wind!* starts this month, had no education or contacts with other children until she was twelve. Born in Australia, she was moved to England when she was three, her mother dying several years later. "After that I was brought up nohow by my father. Spent my childhood roaming the country alone on my bicycle, and by the time I was eleven had already done several long cycling tours—sometimes fifty miles a day—by myself. At fourteen I toured the fiords of Norway unchaperoned. After that came the awakening of parental responsibility, and I got my schooling in Brussels, in England and in Germany."

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The greatest star of the screen!

This is a month when a lion goes to the dogs.

★ ★ ★ ★

The dogs being Lassie and Laddie, her canine offspring.

★ ★ ★ ★

Offspring and into a Summer to be made memorable by this attractive M-G-M film, "Son of Lassie".



Those who loved "Lassie Come Home" will respond to this one. The late Eric Knight is not the author, but the new story is based on some of his characters.

★ ★ ★ ★

The story and screen play of "Son of Lassie" were written by Jeanne Bartlett and directed by S. Sylvan Simon. It was produced by Samuel Marx.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has a distinguished cast—Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp, starring. Also June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce, William "Billy" Severn, Leon Ames, Donald Curtis, Nils Asther, Robert Lewis.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is in Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

But the great star of the picture is that most exciting of all collies—the beautiful, the adorable, the perfect Lassie.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is a picture that anyone with a heart will enjoy.

★ ★ ★ ★

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Name.....

Address.....

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To cover mailing costs, please send fifteen cents with your request. We suggest that you write fast; the shortage of paper limits the number of prints.

★ ★ ★ ★

As for the film—to paraphrase an old Scottish song—"you'll love a Lassie"!

★ ★ ★ ★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continues to be the outstanding producer of motion pictures in all the world. Those of you who have seen "National Velvet" and "Meet Me in St. Louis", "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Without Love", may like to know that there are many more great ones on the way.

★ ★ ★ ★

Watch for "The Valley of Decision", and three outstanding musicals in Technicolor: "Ziegfeld Follies", "Anchors Aweigh", and "Thrill of a Romance".



★ ★ ★

In fact, readers, it looks like a Metro-Goldwyn May, June—July!

—*Leo*

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even your biggest wash comes

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FAR AHEAD of Most Soaps in preventing "Dirty Grayness"



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Yes, Whiter! In wash test after wash test—Oxydol proved that it washes clothes *cleaner* and *whiter* than many other soaps which, unlike Oxydol, fail to get out that last possible trace of stubborn dirt and grime!

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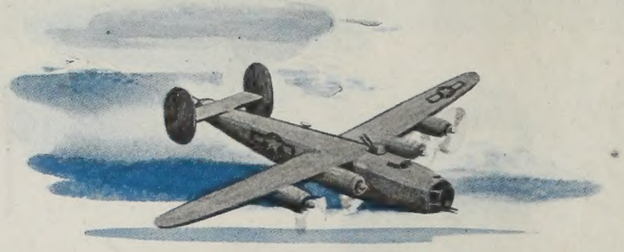
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Coming Home

BY CAPT. DARREL BRADY

Captain Brady has twice been hospitalized for wounds received in the South Pacific, and is now invalided home in Calabasas, California. He is a very new father, and the expectant father of a book from which Coming Home has been taken. —*The Editors.*

DO you remember how it feels to go back to your old home in the country and lay yourself down on the good old bed you used to sleep in? That is about how the runway of Hamilton Field felt under the landing gear of our plane as we set down.

Then an enormous passion to see my dear young wife seized me. As the thought of seeing my wife came over me, I remembered other men's wives whom I must also see, and I dreaded it. Something inside of me felt remorseful. It kept saying over and over, "Why should you come home when they never will?"

Then I remembered, here in San Francisco lived a lovely redheaded girl who was waiting for a pal of mine to return. So I went to see her and we went out to dinner. My first dinner in America. I will never forget it. Down at Fisherman's Wharf. A crazy American waiter with an accent served us. I craved fresh, raw oysters.

He said, "If it ain't on the menu we ain't got it, but for you, soldier, I get some!" He got a whole plateful of them on the half shell on cracked ice.

And after that Ruby and I went to the AAF memory garden, "Top of the Mark." She spoke of the day that a couple of us wild cadets had gone to Pomona College to get dates for the week end, and how we had picked her out for our pal, Eddie, because he was a redhead too. She recalled what great pals that bunch of cadets had been, and then she added:

"And now there are only you and Eddie left, and you have come back."

She looked out over San Francisco Bay and I started reassuring her how Eddie was too ornery to be shot down. And then, as I looked around that great glass-encased room, those other cadet faces started to come back to me again, and I suggested that we get the heck out of there, so we went down to Chinatown. After a while it was my traintime, so Ruby drove me down to the station and I got on the train for Los Angeles.

It was a long night, but daylight and Los Angeles finally came. On the train, for the first time in months, I really looked at myself in the mirror. Something funny had happened to my hair. There were strange lines in my face. Could this be an old man coming back to my bride of three weeks?

I threw my cane away on the way down and I remember only two thoughts that kept going through my mind: First, I must try my best not to limp as I walked down the ramp to her. The other was how unbelievably wonderful it would be to have her in my arms again.

Then, all of a sudden, there she was.

The next few days, from the sheer joy of it, are now just a blur in my mind like the thought of a long walk through a flower garden with my eyes closed. I do remember that a thoughtful friend had arranged a wonderful, quiet room for us high up in the Town House of Los Angeles. Mixed in the blur is the Beachcomber of Hollywood, and the ranch out in the mountains above Malibu.

The doctors who examined us as we got off the plane at Hamilton Field had spotted the deformation and the swelling of my right ankle. They told me if I battered it any more it would have to be amputated, and wanted to put me in a general hospital immediately. But they finally let me go on a short leave to see my folks and then ordered me into the hospital.

So my wife and I traveled east to see my mother. We found her working in her garden at the foot of the mountain which she calls hers. She had her chin high, like millions of other American mothers. Almost casually she said:

"Hello, son. I was expecting you back, and have been raising some spring friers so you can have all the fried chicken you want for a change."

The dreaded task of visiting and writing the families of our men who would not come back began. I went first to Salt Lake City, and on one of its homey streets I found the address I was looking for.

It was a friendly brick bungalow with a lawn, and a small flag in the window on which were one gold star and one silver star. I forced myself to ring the doorbell, and soon a pretty young girl with bobby socks and saddle shoes let me in. She was his sister. I told her who I was and she said to wait just a minute while she called mother and dad. They were in the back bedroom, repainting it. They came in shortly and greeted me warmly, and so I started to tell the story that they wanted to hear.

His mom sat calmly. A slight brave smile of pride shone on her face as she listened to me talk. Finally I finished, and his dad, who was a great strong man, stood up and went over and looked out the front window. He said:

"My boy certainly loved to fly."

And I said, "He was a great pilot. There never was a better one."

The shoulder of that fine dad shook just a bit, and I stood up and asked if they would excuse me. They followed me out to the porch, and as I walked down the path to the street his dad called out after me:

"Come back and see us again, son. We are very happy that you got home all right."

Then there was the young mother on the ranch out in the desert. She had a new baby. She called him Peter, after his dad. She was brave to the point of stoicism.

"Yes, he has been reported missing in action, but I know he is coming back. He has to, for he has never seen his son, and he said he would live to do that."

As I wrote and visited these people I always felt reproach toward myself for being alive and home when the ones they loved so dearly were not.

Just One Cake of Camay brings you a Softer, Smoother Skin!



There's a softer, more captivating complexion for you—and it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So change today—give up careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions under exact clinical conditions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman . . . using just *one cake* of Camay . . . had a softer, smoother complexion. Even a younger-looking complexion!



—the former Viola Gishaas

Mrs. Kilpatrick Erickson

of Hollywood, California

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Courtship fun for Viola and Pat meant long horseback rides over California's high hills—and Viola's skin sparkles fresh as mountain air! "I care for my skin always with Camay," she says, "for the very *first* cake I used left it really blooming—softer and clearer."





"Privately," Viola explains, "the Camay Mild-Soap Diet leaves skin softer—day by day!" Yes, pat Camay over your face—morning and night. *Camay is really mild . . . it cleanses without irritation.* Then rinse warm, add a cold splash for oily skin. Doctors proved *one cake* of Camay can bring—a softer complexion!



Artist and Model: Viola's cream-soft skin, auburn hair, inspire her artist-husband's brush. "I want to stay the same, always, to Pat," she avows. "I'm going to help my skin keep its softer, fresher look—with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."



Won't you—make each cake of Camay last and last? Precious war materials go into soap.

S' HOME

Journal

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HOW BIG IS A DOLLAR?

THE Caterpillar got down off the mushroom and crawled away into the grass, remarking as it went, "One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."

"One side of *what?*" thought Alice.

"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, and in another moment it was out of sight.

"Which is which?" Alice said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit; the next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin: it had struck her foot! There was hardly room to open her mouth, but at last she managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand bit.

In another moment she found that her shoulders were nowhere to be found: all she could see, when she looked down, was an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves far below. . . .

Since the end of the war in Europe, American consumers are a good deal like Alice in Wonderland standing before the mushroom.

If we drop all price controls, as some quarters have suggested, we shall probably not find ourselves either shrinking or growing rapidly. But the chances are that we *shall* see prices soaring like Alice's serpentine neck; that we shall find the shoulders of our economy lost in a sea of speculation, unemployment and despair, with War Bonds and dollar bills floating like seaweed on the swell.

After the 1918 Armistice there was an immediate drop in prices, and consequent optimism. But this proved to be only a temporary drop in the spiral, which continued upward to a peak which was over twice as high as the price levels of 1914.

It is worth remembering, now, that nearly half the rise took place after 1918's V-E Day.

Now, as then, dollars may grow fat for a moment on victory news, and shrink in the hands of a buying-mad public. This will not happen if we keep price controls and rationing, and make them work. It will not happen if we remember that ignorance and indifference are the Black Market's strongest allies.

The responsibility belongs to women, who spend eighty-five cents of every dollar in the United States. In their hands is the power to insure the value of savings, War Bonds and postwar pay checks—or to render them worthless. Both sides of the mushroom: which shall it be?

FROM THE HOLY LAND

By Dorothy Thompson

HERE in the Holy Land, after Germany's collapse in foulness and destruction self-created by unbridled will power, I've come to the conclusion that unless there's a rebirth of religious spirit in the hearts of its leaders and in people throughout the world, our civilization, despite tremendous victories, will slide into an abyss—perhaps for centuries.

We are in the most terrible moral crisis of centuries, and we don't draw from these symptoms the proper lessons. As our armies entered Germany and uncovered the extermination camps which the Nazis had erected for human torture and degradation, the whole world shuddered. Verbal and photographic testimony was produced in an incontrovertible mass to show the depths whereto Germany had descended. But the real meaning of this horror was pointed out by only a few people.

These hideous crimes did not occur among even primitive savages, but in the heart of western civilization—a place long associated with Christian culture. They are not primitive outbursts of fury, but highly rationalized and scientifically perpetrated. It happened in a country where an outward semblance of order and completeness of efficiency and organization was possible only by employing highly trained brains. It did not happen, therefore, because the material of a scientific and economic world was broken down. It happened because the inhibitions which centuries of western culture imposed upon the individual men and their societies have been destroyed. That process of destruction did not begin with Hitler and was not confined to Germany.

Throughout our world, since the turn of the century, in universities and other centers of learning, in economic life and in political institutions, cheap cynicism prevailed. Calling itself the modern scientific spirit, this cynicism has denied there are such things as good and evil, has challenged all values, has interpreted politics as science. Getting the vote without any appeal to reason or to morality, it has denied there are such things as truth, but only facts. It has interpreted international relations in terms of force and realism. Has justified the extermination of whole classes on the ground of historic inevitability. Has taken the concept of socialism—which is as old as Christ—and turned it into a mechanistic conception leading straight into unbridled despotism, barbarism and the extinguishment of every freedom of conscience. And reason has made of private enterprise and creative work an instrument of ruthless capitalistic power; has divested human beings of personal responsibility, presenting their behavior as foreordained by national history, economic status or infantile conditioning; has held every hero up to ridicule and presented him as a schemer in his own interests.

The Bible, whose every word is testified to in stones in this land wherefrom I write, has one ever-recurring refrain from the mouths of its poets and prophets, and records one ever-recurring historic fact: that great civilizations perish when men turn from God and fail to walk in the paths of righteousness, justice and mercy.

Men cannot love or respect their fellow men or themselves, or create peaceful and stable societies, except as they worship the divinity of life. If life be but a struggle of nations, classes, races and individuals for survival, then life is a jungle and the laws of the jungle will prevail. But it will not be a simple jungle of beasts, but an awful jungle of superbeasts endowed with power to create the most monstrous instruments of destruction—superbeasts with superbrains and no souls.

(Continued on Page 91)

★ ★ ★ BUY MORE WAR BONDS ★ ★ ★

In each refreshing glassful . . . you get a *Helping Hand*

AGAINST THAT WEARY, WILTED FEELING!



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A Glass a Day helps keep fatigue away. The juice is so rich in vitamin C.

No more economical, practical, and delicious source of *protective vitamin* C exists than grapefruit juice all squeezed and ready to pour!

● A thin, frosty glass of grapefruit juice trickling down that hot, dry throat—what a glorious job of refreshing it does. And that tart, fruity tang—how delicious. Yes, delicious . . . but so much more!

For in every can of grapefruit juice, there's a wealth of *vitamin* C—the vitamin needed daily to help keep you fit and vigorous—to help you fight fatigue.

So keep a goodly supply on ice. The squeezing and straining is done for you. All *YOU* have to do is refresh yourself—and enjoy yourself. And when you realize canned grapefruit juice is so very inexpensive, it will even *add* to your pleasure. Try it mixed with grape juice or mixed with ginger ale. Use it in fizzes and punches, but most of all—drink grapefruit juice straight. It's a mighty good habit to form!

And be Sure...

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A BIG HELPING EVERY DAY!

Alone Together



OF all the subjects most discussed, the first is sex and next comes necking. "Did you have a good time last night?" assumes the movie was one you hadn't seen before, but implies, "Did you have to beat him off—or to it?" Because sooner—but mostly later—the matter of mush comes up on every date. Committed or omitted, it's a subject girls gab about. So here and now I'll put in my three words.

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

Perhaps your past with Joe has led you to believe that all men mean "mix and mingle" when they ask for a date. Every date you had with that guy wound up with your pride wounded, your hair mussed and a kink in the back of your neck. Though you used fourteen languages, he just didn't understand "no." So you went without Joe. But he biased your belief in men.

So coolly you decide that all men are alike. They date girls because they like girls. If they like a girl they like to show it. Showing it means a mite of mush. Q. E. D. If you're the girl who says "yes" to the date, you're also saying "yes" to the yoohoo. You're licked before you start, you think.

You go quite icy-minded and decide that men expect it—because you owe it to them. On a purely financial basis, they use their nickel to phone for the date, plus carfare, plus the toll of the evening's fun. That's real money. For which you're expected to say more than "Thank you kindly, sir."

So when you have a date with a lad who skips the stuff, you begin to wonder. Are you slipping? you think to yourself. What did you do wrong? you wonder. Doesn't he like you at all? Did he feel cheated? Or did you? Come now, 'fess up!

BEAT HIM TO IT!

Sounds brutal? But you did feel cheated, didn't you? You and the perfume behind your ears, your gay banter and happy laugh didn't break him down into even holding your hand. You muffed that one, you decided, as you crept unkissed into the downy.

It mustn't happen again, says I, not when you're feeling so sorry for yourself. So here's what. You can't beat him at bowling, and expect him not to remember it. Go completely feminine. Be it mice, revolving doors or just getting stuck in the arm of your coat. Don't let him forget you are a girl. Save the pal business for the schoolyard. On a date lay loveliness on thick. Smile at him, applaud him, let him know you like him. He'll want to kiss you.

Then make it easy. Steer him home early when you know the family's out. Turn on the light over in that far corner. Curl up on the davenport, and pat the seat beside you in invitation. Lean closer to comment on the angle of his eyebrows. Reach across him to the table on his side for the magazine you want to show him. Snuggle against his arm as you look. You won't look long. You'll be kissed!

It's as easy as that. Unless you're a flop-eared hippomustopolus, you're sure to win. Quite a game, isn't it? Play it on Pete and Ted and Larry. With other boys invent new angles. Until you possess quite a collection of tricks. And the reputation of being an "easy mark." Then you'll suddenly decide to play this game in reverse.

"NO, THANK YOU."

If you suspect that Mike's going to start prowling any minute, decide fast whether you want to play, or not this time. It's much easier to weaken than not. The spurn direct leads Mike to three conclusions: You don't know your way with men. You're a stiff-necked, cold-blooded, mealymouthed prude. And what's the matter with him anyway? If you tantalize him, then lash out with a "How dare you, sir?", you ought to be spanked.

There are ways of declining. First of all, Mike's affection is a compliment, not to be shrugged off lightly. And he's not altogether repulsive, or you wouldn't date him. Perhaps it's just not the time or place. Perhaps you aren't alone. Or perhaps you are alone, which is why you think not. The important thing is not to let *that moment* happen. It's a question of build-up. Put your own key briskly in the lock so there'll be no lingering at the door. Sit him down with the family when you come in. If they're not home, steer him gaily toward the kitchen and food, not the sofa. Keep the lights bright. Keep your hat on. Keep talking right to the door, and "Good night, Mike."

Perhaps *that moment* sneaks up on you. Again it's easier to weaken than not. If your decision all along has been "no," stick to it. Remember you're a lady, and skip the strong-arm stuff. Slither out of his clutch, but fast, and get busy doing something else interesting at once. Play as if it never happened. If he's stubbornly insistent, maybe words are necessary. Don't laugh at him, don't freeze him, don't treat him like a little boy. Be appreciative—not serious, but gay. "I've often thought it would be fun—but right now I'm not *too* sure," said with a quirk of a smile and dancing eyes, will make Mike resolve to convince you another time. "No, Mike, please—make the first time to music and moonlight, can't we?" plays to his sentimental side, and gives promise that he just might be lucky enough to get you and music and moonlight together.

"Just a quick one" is a compromise that ruins your stand. To most boys "a taste" means a slab of cake; "it isn't far" means sixteen miles around the lake; "a quick one" means settling down for a long winter's nap. If you mean "no," stand on it.

Mike and all the other lads you date are within their rights when they try all the girls out. But you're within yours when you decline their mush. Many boys will try on the first date they have with you. But many of those same boys won't hold it against you if you won't co-operate.

Liking a boy well enough to accept his invitation to a dance is not quite enough to make you settle down in a dark corner. Unless you like him tons, there's just no point. Which brings us to the fact that perhaps you do like each other tons! So you don't go with other lads—you just go with him. The question of necking with other boys never comes up—you couldn't bear it. So you say, "Everybody knows we're crazy about each other, and everybody says it's all right when you go steady." To which I say, "Says who?" True, you're not in love and easy with more than one boy at a time. But steadies come and go, one after the other. Which is being easy in rapid succession. So it all adds up to this: mush when you're alone together only if you can bear the thought when you're alone separately!

A DATE TO REMEMBER

Is you is—or aren't you sure? Don't waste time in wishful thinking. Make each date with you a special event! Send for the revised edition of A DATE TO REMEMBER, No. 1275, and enclose five cents. The address is Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila. 5, Pa.



Quit Sitting On the Cover of Your Hope Chest!

All the girls were getting married . . . but not Alice. Alice was sitting on the cover of her hope chest and didn't know it. She would be the last to suspect why men were interested in her one moment and indifferent the next.

Even when it's only occasional, halitosis (unpleasant breath) can stamp you as undesirable. Once this condition has been detected the bad news may travel fast and be hard to live down. Dare you risk offending others when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a quick and wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before any date where you wish to be at your best. How it freshens! . . . what a feeling of assurance it gives!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter —less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



Before



After

"How I Lost 76 Pounds in 6 Months"

Mrs. Betty Woolley, of Port Clinton, Ohio, tells how she transformed her appearance, startled her friends.

"I have had such a remarkable experience that I feel I would like every overweight woman to know about it.

"Last summer I weighed 206 pounds, and was so tired I had to lie down and rest every afternoon. Today I weigh 130, have a world of energy, and my appearance is so completely changed that friends do not recognize me. After wearing size 42 dresses, I now slip into a size 14 with ease and confidence. My skin and hair show great improvement. In fact, I look and feel so different that it is like starting life over.

"How did it all happen? Well, I had always been overweight and thought I was just naturally fat. Like thousands of other women, I'm sure, I had read in the magazines about the DuBarry Success Course; I had looked at those 'before' and 'after' pictures and frankly couldn't believe them. But skeptical though I was then, I decided to try the plan and three months after my second baby was born, I started.

"My first surprise was finding that 'eating as a beauty eats' means not a starvation diet but an abundance of the right kind of foods. The exercises were easy to follow. Make-up became an adventure.

"Results began to show surprisingly soon. In six weeks I lost 30 pounds. In six months I had lost 76 pounds and had reduced my bust 11 inches, my waist 13, my abdomen 12, my hips 11. Through improved posture, I stand an inch taller.

"To me all this proves what a grand and workable plan the DuBarry Success Course is. My only regret is that my doubts delayed my starting for a whole year."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that *you* might be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you.

It shows you how to follow, at home, the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. The plan is intensely practical. It fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, how to care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour — look better, feel better, be at your best for strenuous wartime living.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this Course can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
NEW YORK

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SU-2, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss
*Mrs.*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone No., if any*_____ *State*_____

Our Readers Write Us

If You Ask Her—

Moscow, Idaho.

Gentlemen: Since the only value possible to place upon the contributions of Mrs. Roosevelt was the fact that she was the wife of the President, though she was seldom seen by his side, I ask that you discontinue her department just as soon as it is possible to do so. Her type of literary output is distinctly not worthy of the dignity and high standing of our own beloved JOURNAL. Very truly,

DOROTHEA DAHL.

She is One of Us

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Dear Editors: Mrs. Roosevelt earned her status as a journalist by her talents and experience even more than by her former position as First Lady. Now that she can write as a private individual and as a member of the working press, I believe she will be able to express her opinions even more freely and vigorously.

Please do not underestimate this great woman. She is uniquely endowed by nature with intelligence; by breeding with graciousness, courtesy and *savoir-faire;* by experience with great skill in practical politics and by the grace of God with a deep love for humanity. She is more than ever one of us now: a mother with four sons at war, a widow who lost her husband in battle. Sincerely,

MARGARET L. HYMAN.

A Place for Herself

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Sir: It seems a pity that only the readers of the Baltimore Sun can enjoy this comprehensive editorial about Mrs. Roosevelt. I hope you will be able to use some of it. Very truly yours,

M. VIRGINIA HOPKINS.

"It is very far from the least of the signs of the great change in Washington that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is leaving the White House. If there were at first millions who found it hard to think of another man in the White House, there are more millions who find it hard to think of another First Lady there.

"The unadorned and obvious fact is that Mrs. Roosevelt made a place for herself quite outside American experience. From the captivating Dolly Madison to the patrician and aloof Lou Henry Hoover, nothing like Mrs. Roosevelt had ever been seen before. Her travels, her newspaper and magazine writings, her speeches, her sometimes dubious social views ranked with the top Washington news. She worked herself into a position of influence unknown to the Constitution, but known to faithful and humble friends all over the country.

"And yet, though unperceptive feminists might count her as a triumph of the new woman, it is important to note that Mrs. Roosevelt was something very different. She never ran for office. In the offices which she held she was never very happy. Her role, though it seemed a quite new one, was not so new. The grace and skill and zeal with which she fashioned her unique position were apt to hide the fact that in essence it was a very old position, firmly rooted in the mores of the Anglo-American community.

"It was simply the position of the wife of her husband, the helpmeet in the peculiarly English-American sense of the term, the equal partner in a joint enterprise fulfilling a division of labor wisely founded on gender. The speeches, the restless travels, the writings were new, but they represented merely an extreme development of the store-clerking of the small merchant's wife, the choir work of the village pastor's lady, the subtly political receptions staged by the consort of the chairman of the math department under the college elms. Seen in this way, Mrs. Roosevelt's role was not precedent-shattering at all, but precedent-supporting. In that role, though she was sometimes mistaken, she was always eager, generous and valiant."

The Pukka Gen

Memphis, Tennessee.

Gentlemen: As Miss Sackett (April issue) loses interest in the JOURNAL, I gain it; and, after aeons of traveling time via the mails, a Welsh friend of mine in Cardiff receives my copy. Her reaction? Well, she writes that she doesn't know what she'd do if she ever failed to receive the LHJ, which she considers a most "pukka"



She's pukka too.

publication, and the expression on her face, upon looking at Ann Batchelder's page (last summer in Boncath), isn't my idea of one in a state of nausea.

Most sincerely,

AMELIA LEE.

How to be Happy Though Married

Rockville Centre, New York.

Dear Editors: The JOURNAL is read with avid interest by myself. The fact that my wife spends most of our money and is interested in the JOURNAL'S articles on how other people live, eat and spend their money caught my interest. If more men were interested in the things their wives are, it would make for more harmonious living and understanding.

DAVID BECKER.

Thanks, America

South Tottenham, London, England.

Dear Madam Editor: Up till 1941 we used to get your journal from a newsagent, but during the war we had to move three times and have been unable to get the LHJ. My wife and I and a circle of friends greatly enjoyed your journal, especially the advertisements and articles. We were able to gain many ideas from How America Lives which will be of use in happier times.

My wife and I, in common with all our people, feel very grateful to the people of the United States. The food and clothing, and especially the help for babies and children, which came to us from the women of America was desperately needed and most welcome. Will you tell your readers that there is one English family which offers most grateful thanks for their comradeship and succour?

Yours very sincerely,

DOUGLAS CLARK.

The Boys Come Back

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Armed with a good many long-hoarded coupons, I set out the other day in London to buy myself a summer frock. I wanted one of those floral silk affairs, that begin life as a wedding garment and end up, ten years later, as cushion covers or a part of a tea cozy. I trudged weary miles, only to be met with blank faces and nude dummies. I had had in mind an inexpensive little number, but I thought there was nothing for it but to go to the dressmaker and have one made. There was the very thing I wanted—nice and subdued, neat but not gaudy, and real silk. Sixty-seven pounds, said the vendeuse. I was borne out on a litter. Still clutching my coupons. You could buy a log cabin on the seashore for that, before the war!

Later. Just back from one of those sober sort of parties that are all we can manage over here these days, where wit is about

(Continued on Page 13)

"I nearly put my foot in it!"



1. I'll never forget the day Dad discovered he had Athlete's Foot! "It spreads like wildfire," Mother said. "We might all catch it, right on our own bathroom floor."

And we could've, too, if the Doctor hadn't quickly told us how Lysol goes after the fungus that causes Athlete's Foot. (Ringworm of the foot, he calls it.) "Get *it* before it gets you," he warned. "Your bathroom is a favorite breeding place. Disinfect it regularly with Lysol."



2. Creepers! I said, first time I used it to scrub the bathroom floor (that's my job). Cleaning's *much* easier when you add Lysol to the water! No extra trouble . . . I just added 2½ tablespoons of Lysol to a gallon of cleaning water and the whole bathroom sparkled in record time.



3. Do I love Lysol! . . . Many hospitals, clinics and public health departments recommend and use it, too. It not only quickly kills Athlete's Foot fungus on contact, but is effective against other dangerous germs that may thrive around plumbing. Make it a part of your *daily* cleaning —for floors, tiling, woodwork all over the house.



4. You see the dirt go—you *know* the germs go! And what a safe feeling that grand clean smell gives you! Get Lysol at your drug counter today.



P.S. **Dad says "Lysol is great for Athlete's Foot, too!"**



Lysol quickly relieves itching, burning, peeling torment of this dreaded infection, picked up by bare feet in shower rooms, barracks, gyms. Even advanced cases respond remarkably to Lysol treatment!



Directions: Soak feet in Lysol solution 15 minutes each day for a week (1 teaspoon of Lysol to each quart of warm water). Dry without rinsing. Repeat every 2 or 3 days for several weeks.



Avoid re-infection by soaking socks 1 hour in same strength Lysol solution before washing. Wipe the inside of shoes with Lysol solution on cotton swab, especially around seams.



Lysol Disinfectant

Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Only 180 days to Christmas dinner

The turkey you'll carve next Christmas day is a scraggly, awkward 4-ounce poult about now. In the next 180 days he'll grow to a plump, 18-pound beauty — if all goes well.

It's partly our business to see that all *does* go well. There are plenty of risks in turkey raising. Many a young turk doesn't live to reach market. And turkey troubles are often nutritional.

So National Dairy research developed a special protective feed for turkeys. It's a scientifically blended emulsion of buttermilk, cheese whey, and vitamins — which helps put an end to most nutritional worries on up-to-date turkey farms.

This highly nutritious feed grew out of constant effort to make milk by-products more useful. It was perfected in National Dairy Laboratories and proved on a National Dairy experimental farm. Many million pounds are fed on turkey farms today. Similar feeds for hogs, calves and chickens employ other millions of pounds of milk by-products, once wasted, but now contributing tons of food to America's supplies.

National Dairy research is broad. It touches every field of dairy products — and discovers new ones — working always to win from milk, *nature's most nearly perfect food,* the greatest possible benefit for you and your family.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 10)

the only thing that really flows. The general tendency amongst thoughtful people is one of profound relief that the headquarters of the reparations commission is to be Moscow. We are a sloppy nation, too prone to easy sentimentality, but the Russians aren't likely to weaken and listen to those hard-luck stories that were served out so successfully last time. It is difficult for us to avoid the role of good sport! Just a hobby, really. Like collecting stamps, or being a snob, out after titled friends.

Later. Here I sit, waiting to dispense week-end hospitality to a Polish naval officer whose name seems to rhyme with the cat's whiskers. He has not turned up, and judging from the amount of English he spoke over the telephone, he may have bought a ticket that took him 'most anywhere. However, there is his bed, and there is his breakfast egg waiting. No one can do more.

Later. Well, Bruce and Beatrice, let me tell you that last week I ran up the flag. For Upper Burma was taken back from the Japs, and in Maymyo all my babies were born, and the jungle cats came into the bungalow when Mary bawled, thinking one of their kittens was in distress. And the long jungle rides to lost pagodas on hilltops, and the small sudden lakes, and the black velvet panthers there are all greatly beloved by me.

This is a part of the war I can really follow. I know every inch of the Fort of Mandalay, where Government House is built into part of the wall. A fairy-tale palace that was, if ever there was one. My Polish naval officer arrived, having asked to get to Brunswick, near Horsham. He is a young man, very fair. Looks more like a Norseman to me. What these people have been through beggars description, and makes me feel that we have almost been rioting on a bed of roses! He was seventeen when war broke out, and he and his father got out of Poland, intending to send for the mother and sister as soon as they could get papers. The papers arrived—two days too late. The mother and sister had been shipped off to exile. All this he told us in a dreadful flat controlled voice, staring into the fire. I shall never forget the look in that boy's eyes when he talked about his mother.

Later. I am intrigued by the outlook of the much-traveled children in England today. I had a boy of twelve here for the week end, who had only just got back from India. I asked him was the journey back very uncomfortable. He said, "Oh no. We had a four-berth cabin." I asked him how many people were in it; he said only fourteen!

I have had a great many letters lately, from women all saying can't we do anything to stop postwar bickerings between us, and all this talk of grab and snatch and getting the largest share. I wish I knew what the answer was. Women all seem to have the same good idea, but nobody knows what pot to plant it in.

Later. The death of Roosevelt cast a frightful gloom over here. I wonder if people your way realize how much the ordinary people loved him. The newspaper sellers, the flower women and waiters in clubs. But the thing that impressed me most was a gypsy woman from a caravan anchored for the night at some lane end, who came to the back door here with tears in her eyes. They don't have any wireless, and most of them can't read even. She'd heard people talking in the village and she came to say "Is it true?" I shall never forget that day. We all felt much as we had done that fearful time when all of a sudden and without any warning, we got the news that Germany had invaded Holland, and a little later, the news that France had sat down.

And the prisoners of war are coming back. The lady who keeps the potato shop next the garage has her two sons home. They leaped off the bus last night, without waiting for it to stop. On the blackboard outside, where the day's goods and prices were usually written up, was WELCOME HOME instead, and all down the lane faces grinning out of every window. It's all rather unbelievable. Like swimming in heavy seas and almost abandoning all hope of ever getting ashore, and then, suddenly you put down your feet, and lo and behold—dry land!

Later. The Belsen Camp film came to Horsham this week, and most of us, armed with smelling salts and fortified with aspirin and a long drink of cold water, went to see it. There has been far too great a tendency to say, "Of course most of that is propaganda. I can remember the stories they told at the end of the last war!"

I have one or two stern resolutions. Eschewing all other temptations, I am going to deal to the end of time with those shops—and they are many—that have been consistently polite and courteous and helpful, and cross off my list the emporiums whose saucy employees have made shopping a misery. I am going to send an entirely unsolicited testimonial to my laundry, who, in the face of fearful odds, have sent back the washing as punctually as they could manage, and apologized if it was ever late. And I am going to collect a bunch of children—including Joicey, the pony boy's sister—who have never seen the sea, and simply can't *imagine* what it looks like, and we will make a picnic to the beach and they shall paddle. And I am going to knit a tie for Billie Butcher, the fishman, who in the darkest days came round with a basket, saying, "What about a nice bit of cod?"

I can't help wondering whether some of those same young men I saw packed like sardines on a transport in '35 going through the Suez Canal, chanting "Duce! Duce! Duce!" had a hand in slaughtering Mussolini. So much for the love of the crowd. I send you a better kind.

DOROTHY BLACK.

G.I.'s Like Paris Fashions

Paris.

Dear Bruce: You would have laughed to see me winding through the Paris streets the other day with about thirty G.I.'s. We left Rainbow Corner to go to a fashion showing at Véra Boréa's. On the way out we picked up six more Yanks who were holding up the wall in front of Rainbow, wondering what to do with their afternoon. They were thrilled to come along.

Véra Boréa's clothes are very American in type and she is delightfully cordial to the soldiers, so it was great fun. The room was already bursting with American nurses and Wacs besides the regular clientele. The room was so crowded there was little space left for the mannequins to show in. As a result they came and went very quickly. Two unshaven G.I.'s complained of this and said they didn't get a chance to see the clothes. I told Mme. Boréa this and they showed some. The men loved the gay printed dresses and the long evening things best. Suits are no novelty and the hats here still shock them a bit. I heard the remark near me: "My back, if the folks could see me now—taking in a fashion show!"

A young flier proudly showed me a green felt hat he'd bought for his wife at one of the well-known Paris milliners. He wanted it mailed just as it was in the box, which we gladly do.

We get lots of big boxes to ship home. A tall tank man came hurrying over to the inquiry desk and put a four-foot box in front of me. He said he was leaving right then and that this box must get to Miss Willie Bee, his eleven-year-old sister in Primm Springs, Tennessee. It was a beautiful Princess Eugénie doll with a dress covered with silver and lace. Think of the thrill of the Primm Springs kid—a big doll from her brother who was in Paris.

This past week eighty-nine G.I.'s streamed into Molyneux's and watched with open-eyed amazement the busy mannequins go back and forth. At the end the bride appeared and many G.I.'s asked her to stand as they shot her picture. The bride got the most comments.

The flower stalls are unbelievably gay and it seems funny to have orchids selling on the street and every one short of food.

Up the street from Rainbow is a gallery where Sir Francis Rose's pictures are on exhibition. Gertrude Stein sponsored the exhibit and she comes there for an hour or so every day. The atmosphere is informal and she is delightful with the men. Her brilliant deep-set eyes and furrowed face are good to look at, and her hair is like a thick gray rug. She's full of interesting stories on the resistance and can tell the men a lot about France they would never know. She said all day long she talks to G.I.'s on the street. She autographed my catalogue of pictures "For Sally, we agree it is a nice name—Gertrude Stein." Miss Toklas did not appear.

(Continued on Page 85)

Midsummer Jewels

Jewels? Well, perhaps not—but you'll find them in all the smartest places. They're handmade ceramics—as finely wrought as gold and silver and fresh as a cool breeze.



Wild roses and summer sheers go perfectly together. Here are a pin and earrings that are faithful copies of their blooming country cousins, and they come in such lovely colors.

For your town costume,

try two gay bluebirds winging their way down a crisp linen lapel . . . their smaller counterparts aflutter on either ear.

"Orchids for elegance"

holds true in ceramics, too. So with your prettiest of summer evening frocks, this beautiful pin on your shoulder, and the matching earrings in their proper places. Compliments will be yours!

COSTUME JEWELRY

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA

And compliments, too

will come your way whenever you open up a Whitman's Sampler. Here are chocolates made with a real connoisseur's care. The chocolate is truly "Whitman's"—velvet-smooth, with the full, delicious flavor you demand. And within its tempting richness, you'll find crisp nuts, satiny caramels, delicate creams and all your other favorite centers. An opened Sampler is a smart custom, summer or any time.



Whitman's CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1945, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia



HOW TO MAKE A PLATE OF THESE COLD MEATS LOOK LIKE A

platter full



Above—Spread out slices and pinwheels of delicious Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats around a molded salad (tomato aspic and snowy cottage cheese) for a satisfying and bounteous meal. (For pinwheels, make 4 cuts at right angles almost to center of thin slices; fold alternate points to center and fasten with woodpick.)

FIRST, LOOK FOR THIS NAME—

Swift's Premium *Table Ready* Meats

COLD MEATS THAT SUPPLY NEEDED PROTEIN AND SATISFY THE APPETITE!

MAYBE YOUR MARKET has a good supply. Maybe not. But one thing's certain—when you *do* find Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats, *buy 'em quick!* You won't be disappointed! (Less than a pound, tricked out in a party-like arrangement, can serve four or more. And, for your points and money, there aren't any tastier cold meats! Try 'em soon as you can. You'll see!)

FLAVORFUL! WHOLESOME! Indeed, yes! Made from choice cuts of fresh meats and seasoned to perfection, cold meats labeled *Swift's Premium* have not changed a bit in quality. There isn't as *much* to be had, of course . . . due to heavy war demands . . . but the *quality* is strictly maintained.

THAT'S WHY it's plain smart to look for the name—*Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats*—when you go to market.

SWIFT QUALITY FOODS



IN SANDWICHES—Always a "hit". Nothing like hearty, nourishing *meat* sandwiches in the lunch-box. Specially flavorful *Swift's Premium* cold meats. Get them whenever you can. Grand-tasting, economical.



HOT DISH IDEA—Dip slices of Swift's Premium Braunschweiger in egg and crumbs. Make roll-ups of other varieties. Brown lightly in hot fat in skillet. *Swift's Premium* cold cuts are delicious *served hot*, too!

Your first duty to your country:
BUY WAR BONDS

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN July, 1895, every miss yearned for a silver heart-shaped locket to wear about her neck, and a parasol to match her Gibson-girl gown. A Baltimore doctor announced that bicycling promoted health, happiness and morality, and Commodore Vanderbilt's grandson was jailed for



not paying his tailor. During an Elks' convention, the Atlantic City Casino collapsed, injuring two hundred. President Grover Cleveland was reported seeking a third term.

"I am not the insufferable quintessence of idle vanity I must seem to you," the boy remarked to the girl in the JOURNAL *serial of July, 1895.*

"The spirit of ruthless criticism is prevalent in nearly all our homes," writes Editor Edward Bok. "Not so long ago, it was considered ill-bred to discuss other people's houses and servants and belongings; nowadays we discuss people's motives as well. Nothing is safe; absolutely nothing is sacred."

"Trixie: There would be no impropriety when making a social call to ask for a drink of water."

"You will be wise in choosing a quiet country village for your two weeks' vacation," Ruth Ashmore advises the working girl. "There you will have pleasant strolls and agreeable drives, and meet lots of nice girls."

"Laura: Fix up your little daughter's room with olive. It is a much more serviceable color than pink or blue."

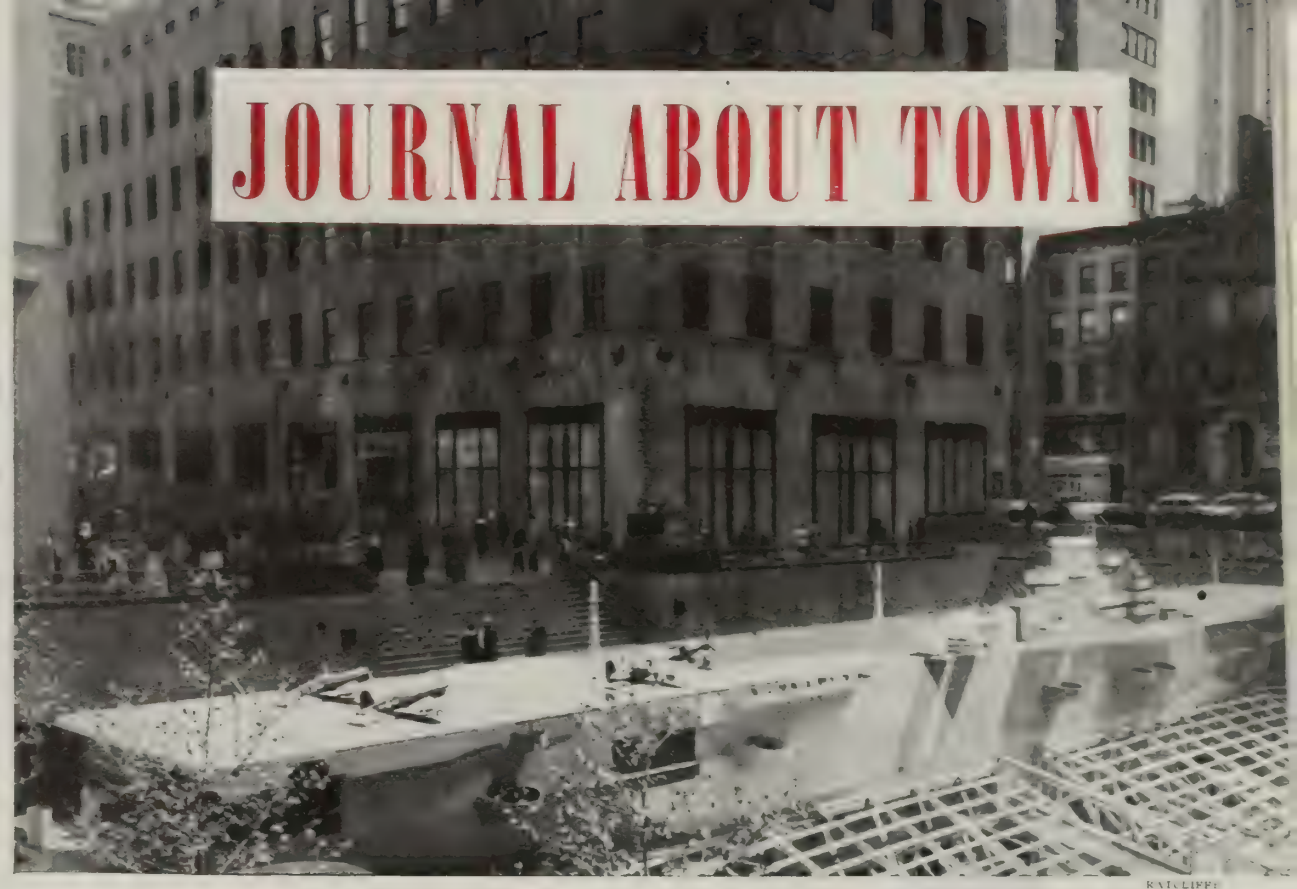
"The idea that casting aside one's underwear will make one cooler in summer is most erroneous," advises the fashion editor. "The same number of garments should be worn, but they should be of lighter weight: a cotton vest, a haircloth petticoat, and underskirt of flannel, reaching the knees.



For drawers, a soft cambric is recommended, with fine tucks and a lace frill. They reach quite to the knees and are very broad, with drawstrings at each hip."

"To amuse the baby and to romp with it is quite as much a religious duty as to pray for it," believes the author of The Baby on the Farm.

"Lansing: Tell your cook that you will take no excuse for meals being behind time. If she continues to be late, discharge her."



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

KATCLIFFE

Landlocked, but playing her part nobly, the Fighting Lady does her bit in the Mighty Seventh drive.

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

THE biggest thing that's ever been down below us here in Rockefeller Plaza is the Essex-class aircraft-carrier model, Fighting Lady, and it's been selling War Bonds the way its full-size sisters send up a battle barrage. They've been holding retreat every evening, and the crew has had its hands full showing the crowds of visitors how one of the giant flat-tops really works (you get aboard by War Bond purchase only). The signal flags, still flying, say "Buy Bonds."

One of ***Ann Batchelder's*** favorite dishes over at the Waldorf is hearts-of-palm at $1 a portion. So Ann sat up with a start when a letter from ***Marine Sgt. Vic Kalman,*** in the

U. S. MARINE CORPS



Hearts-of-palm à la marine.

South Pacific, told her that on his island they had hearts-of-palm by the ton—only didn't know how to fix them. He certainly wrote to the right person, because now he knows.

***Alice Blinn** has been telling us about a little repair shop across town, with nothing but women workers, where in the past three years they have fixed up more than 17,000 electric irons and toasters. The odd thing is, according to Miss B., that housewives, bringing in broken appliances, get so fascinated watching repairwomen do their stuff, they learn right there how to do it themselves.*

Judy Barry has just been down to 46th Street, talking to ***Irving Heller, President Truman's*** tailor. Told Judy Mr. T. is much handsomer than his pictures—"He just has a face you like to look at." His figure is the tailor's delight. "Not an ounce of fat," said Mr. H. About the President's clothes—he likes them pretty conservative, Mr. Heller told Judy, but thinks he can change that a bit, because Mr. Truman always says, "You're the boss." Mr. Heller said he'd just taken some new brown doeskin slacks down to Washington, which the President tried on right away, and liked. Said, "I'll wear them fishing." But ***Mrs. Truman,*** standing close by, put in at that point. "Oh, no, you won't," she said. "They're much too nice for fishing."

IMAGINE THAT!

Ingrid Bergman chews gum. . . . ***Ann Sheridan*** wears cotton gloves to bed. That's all. . . . Playwright ***Robert Sherwood*** says that writing a play is like getting dressed in a trunk. . . . ***Dorothy Dix's*** first newspaper column appeared forty-nine years ago. Same problems, she says—mothers-in-law, stingy husbands and jealousy. . . . ***Ann Batchelder*** was once a New York lawyer. A Southern mammy taught her to cook. . . . ***Bing*** says he's calling his autobiography "I Never Left Hope." . . . ***Bea Lillie*** and ***Tallulah Bankhead*** keep a famous N.Y.C. hairdressing establishment in stitches. While both are under the drier, Miss Lillie orders two of the largest and gooiest sandwiches she can think of, serenely munches them in front of the ever-dieting, ever-articulate Miss Bankhead, who nits the ceiling. . . . In England, a pie is called a tart, a biscuit is a scone and, to make things thoroughly confusing, a cracker is called a biscuit. . . . A Philadelphia ordinance prohibits any loud noises that might frighten the pigeons. . . . Far more men than women refuse to give their ages to U. S. census takers.

Now that the big exhibition of JOURNAL house models is in full swing at the Museum of Modern Art, the public is getting an opportunity to catch up with millions of JOURNAL readers who have been following for a year the first realistic and consistent presentation of what postwar living can really be like. And *Richard Pratt,* who has been handling the job in the magazine and at the museum, is getting a chance to catch his breath.

According to the Park Department, you'll find as many as fifty artists painting pictures in Central Park in a single afternoon—more than ever before; but the funny part is, people don't crowd around and peer, the way they used to do, the park guards claim. The public's getting used to art, they think, and so are the squirrels, ***Henry Schnakenberg,*** the painter, tells us.



Art for art's sake, undisturbed.

For peanuts, they'll pose any way you want them to, he says.

*In the official alphabetical listing of their top-flight stars, received the other day from MGM, the name between **Lamarr (Hedy)** and **Loy (Myrna)** is — **Lassie.***

There's a current book that gives us a pretty sound picture of what our boys, so soon to come home, have been going through in their years away: "E" COMPANY, by *Frank O'Rourke.* . . . **And quite apart, THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND FATHER SMITH, by *Bruce Marshall,* is the diverting tale of a cheerful Scottish Catholic priest, philosophical before both his dour parishioners and his sometimes more trying clerical colleagues.**

"If we do not want to die together in war, we must learn to live together in peace."

—PRESIDENT TRUMAN.



"I feel like Cupid!



Sister Sally's complexion has that Ivory Look . . .



. . . and here's the beauty tip that did the trick!"

How do you get that Ivory Look—that softer, smoother, lovelier complexion? The answer's simple—Ivory care! Stop being careless about your skin—change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap!

More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try a cake today—then see how soon your skin gets lovelier—gets that Ivory Look!



IT FLOATS!

99 44/100% PURE

More doctors advise Ivory
—than all other brands put together!

Important: Don't Waste Ivory Soap. It contains materials which have important war uses. Make every cake last!

SHE WAS THE KIND OF WOMAN WHO'D LOVE LUSTY RED SILK ROSES. HEBRON KNEW IT, AND WAS DISTURBED.

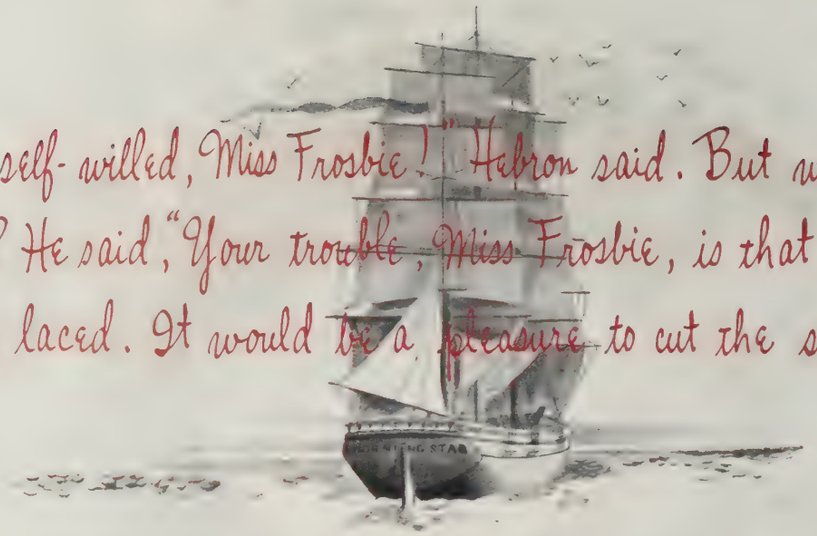
Ho, the Fair Wind!



BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL ★ BY I. A. R. WYLIE

HEBRON ALLYN walked through the sea mist with God. He walked happily and confidently, as a man should in such company. He was tall and thin and young, and the ill-fitting frock coat and plug hat did not become his loose-jointed ungainliness. But his sister, Martha, who was five years younger, had insisted on the plug hat. She had said it lent him dignity, and, as an Allyn of Allyn's Farm, he should be dignified. He had resigned himself, but in his heart he hadn't believed much in that sort of dignity. He doubted whether Ellen Frosbie would be impressed by it. Anyhow, he was now well out of Martha's sight, and with an awkward gesture of release he swept off the solemn, unlovely object. The mist whose moisture ran down the cheeks of his lean, weathered face settled on his brown hair, already receding a little at the temples, and curled it as though with invisible, playfully derisive fingers. He walked as he did over his fields, his stride long and assured.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS



"You are self-willed, Miss Frosbie!" Hebron said. But was Joss nearer the truth? He said, "Your trouble, Miss Frosbie, is that your heart is too tightly laced. It would be a pleasure to cut the strings for you."

For now he could be himself—a plain Islander on his way to meet the woman who, whether she knew it yet or not, was to be his wife.

The road that he followed through scrub and pasture to the sea was no more than an old Indian path that the years had seamed with cart tracks and pitted with potholes. The pilgrims who landed at Eastville every August to attend the great prayer meeting in the oak grove two miles inland complained more and more bitterly of its dangerousness and inconvenience. But the camp Elders had remained sternly inactive. The road's pitfalls symbolized the world's treachery. Those who broke their bones on it might learn to seek safety where only true safety could be found. But Hebron was an Islander. He accepted the sandy cart tracks as he accepted the dirt roads and rough, tortuous footpaths which led over the softly rolling hills and between the scattered ponds of his Island. They were part of his background and of himself.

But now, indeed, he had the feeling that he had crossed a frontier. To right and left of him, straggling along the land's edge, were ghostly shacks and houses whose existence he tried, for the moment, to forget. Chandlers and innkeepers and fisherfolk lived there and made of their nets and boats a deceitful front for other dubious ways of life. Hebron fancied that they watched him, themselves unseen. And out to sea, beyond the gray muffling silence, were vital, intractable forces of ships and men and tides and great winds—violence waiting to be released. He felt himself pitted against them all, a weak and lonely fighter challenging wayward, ruthless enemies. But then he remembered that God marched at his side, upholding him. In all his times of defeat and humiliation, he was comforted by this everlasting certainty.

He stood still for a while and listened. He heard nothing but the secretive murmur of the water against the wooden piles below. Martha had told him he was making a useless journey. The Manoshansett, home at last from the war, would never put out of Woods Hole in such thick weather. But Hebron had laughed. The fog was just a "local." Out on the Sound the sun might be shining and a puff of wind would blow the fog off by evening, when the battle-scarred old steamer was due to land her passengers.

All this Hebron had explained to Martha, earnestly justifying himself. If he had told her all that was in his heart, he would have added that God was bringing Ellen Frosbie to the Island, and that God would not be denied, least of all by one of His own fogs.

Hebron walked on slowly to the iron stanchions to which the Manoshansett would presently be warped, and there waited with his face to the Sound. Thence Ellen Frosbie was coming to him. He was not willingly imaginative. He had a deep distrust of the perverse and treacherous workings of the human mind. But this gray emptiness about him was a blank canvas on which his impatience had to work, picturing her at the steamer's prow, her hands hidden in her little muff, a long black cloak warm about her slender shoulders. This was the first time she had been to sea.

He had another picture of her—his first—when she had stood in the arched doorway of her parlor, framed by looped red damask curtains. Francis Frosbie had spoken of her as "our little sister," so that Hebron had thought of her as young. But he had seen at once that she was not young at all—perhaps even in her middle twenties—only very little. (As he discovered afterward, the top of her head reached barely to his shoulder.) But she held herself very straight. She wasn't really pretty, and the hooped black skirts and black basque, tight-buttoned to the slender neck, lent her fragile fairness a certain severity. Then she had seated herself opposite him, upright and self-possessed, and the cleanly burning fire between them threw friendly reflections on their faces and deepened the sense of long-established well-being that at first, as he had waited for her in the stately, high-ceilinged room, had repelled and troubled him. His life had been barren of comfort and beauty, so that he distrusted both. But then, as he had sat there, he had come to realize that all these rich possessions represented a way of life as deep-rooted and sternly governed as his own. From that moment he had felt safe with her.

"Do not be afraid to tell me the truth, Mr. Allyn," she had said. "War is cruel. My brothers and my father had to suffer it. It is only right that I should take what little share I can."

"Your brother and I were in the same company, Miss Frosbie. We marched and fought side by side. We were more than comrades. We were friends. He liked to talk to me about his home—this house, and you. I knew that your other brother, George, had been killed at Shiloh, and that your father had gone down with his sloop in the first year of the war. Francis wanted to live, for your sake, because you would be quite alone—and because he loved life. He died in my arms."

"Was it a long dying?"

"Yes, Miss Frosbie. He was shot in the chest. There was not much I could do to help him. It was he who made it easy for me. He was very brave."

He remembered wishing that she would break down and cry, as Martha would have done.

"It was kind of you to come and tell me."

"Concord lay on my way home," he mumbled.

But that was not the whole truth. There was more to his coming than mere opportunity, or even the kindly wish to bring her, now that he was mustered out, his few piteous recollections. In his single faith he might have told her then and there what was God's purpose with them both. But it so happened that he looked down at his clasped hands, and their roughness reminded him that in her eyes he was still a poor, unsightly stranger. He knew he must give her time.

But he knew, too, why Francis had been his friend and at the last clung to him as to a brother. It was as though in that final, tragic comradeship both men had recognized a bond that would outlast the younger man's fast-ebbing life, and unknowingly Hebron had caught in the ashen, agony-distorted face his first glimpse of Ellen—a broken reflection of her like that cast upon a storm-lashed pool of water. In Ellen Frosbie's fair hair, caught in a net at the nape of her neck, was the same ruddy glint. Her eyes, under the arched dark brown brows, were Francis' eyes, but of a deeper gray that warmed the serene sweetness of her mouth. Her loneliness, for the very reason that she faced it unflinchingly, wrung his heart.

"You may think me impertinent, Miss Frosbie, but I am concerned for you. What will you do now?"

"I do not know yet."

"I know how alone you are."

"I have myself," she said with bleak gallantry.

He shook his head. "One's self is not enough. One must have God."

"Of course." She sounded almost impatient. But he understood and pitied her. He felt how her grief was breaking her icy composure, and as a last resource she tore her attention from herself to him. She said with a proudly lifted head—but the small white hands on her lap were clenched—"You look like a sick man, Mr. Allyn. I have seen that hospital pallor too often. You must have been gravely wounded."

"Yes, soon after your brother's death." He felt warmed and comforted by her solicitude. "A smashed shoulder kept me in hospital for many months. My right arm will always be a little stiff. But it will not, thank God, affect my usefulness."

"What is your usefulness?"

"I have a farm up-Island. My people have been farmers for a hundred years. In the winter we were coopers."

"What is that?"

He found himself smiling at her ignorance. "We made barrels for whale oil. But the whales have gone from our coasts and there are fewer and fewer whalemen who are prepared to make the long and dangerous voyage to seek them out ——" He broke off and then went on gravely, "I have told you how I make my living—not by what I live. I am a lay preacher, Miss Frosbie. I carry God's Word all over the Island—to the lonely farms and hamlets where they have no minister to comfort them. They are plain folk. It does not offend them that I am an unlettered, uncultivated fellow."

"Mr. Emerson said once that a cultivated man was one with whom children and simple people felt safe."

"That was a kindly saying." Yet he had felt himself disconcerted. The name Emerson reached into some obscure corner of his memory. Concord, he had heard somewhere, was a hotbed of much worldly, ungodly thinking. It was possible that even a woman might have been contaminated. "I have heard of Mr. Emerson," he said stiffly.

The flickering firelight on her face made him suddenly less sure of her. It was possible that she had smiled. "So in a sense you are a minister—a man of peace, Mr. Allyn," she said quickly. "Yet you went to war as a soldier. May I be impertinent, too, and wonder why?"

"I thought that if I fought for my faith, afterward, if I lived—and perhaps even if I died—other men would respect it."

He was watching her, no longer self-distrustful, for he was on sure familiar ground, and he saw how her small oval face brightened—perhaps with pleasure in him. And he had gone on talking freely, as to a trusted friend.

While he had talked, ardent and self-forgetful, as he had so often done at the crossroads of his Island, night had stolen into the stately room, throwing darkly translucent veils over its proud possessions, so that Hebron had felt alone with her in the quiet homeliness of the firelight. He had been glad that she was not beautiful—that she was a little sober thing, so that he in his man's strength could maybe aid and comfort her.

(Continued on Page 40)

She would not give him an inch, not if wild devils were after her—not if it were true that Joss Coval himself was a de



A star Danced

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE'S PRIVATE LIFE—AS SHE WRITES IT—IS NOT ALL NOEL COWARD COMEDY. SHE WAS A COCKNEY ONCE, AND A WOMAN ALWAYS—AND NEVER QUITE LUCKY IN LOVE UNTIL 1940!



In real life, Gertie Lawrence has often been a Lady in the Dark, not always wise about love or money, but ready for the next dance.



Six Tommies once were her "angels." This war, Gertie's an angel who swam ashore in Normandy in borrowed Navy trunks.

"'Candlelight' was my first legitimate play in America. Noel cabled: 'Legitimate at last. Won't mother be pleased?'"

"LUNCH in London, the day after tomorrow." The skipper disposed of three thousand miles of ocean as nonchalantly as you would toss a peanut shell over your shoulder.

I blinked. But only once. After all, the whole day had been so fantastic that this ultimate scene beside the big air liner which was to take me to England in a scheduled thirty-six hours seemed all part and parcel of the events that had been happening thick and fast ever since the telephone woke me at seven o'clock that morning.

"Are you up?" the voice of my lawyer demanded crisply. Knowing me as she does, this was purely a rhetorical question which, I felt, did not rate an answer. She went on: "Get up! Right away! I've just had word from Washington that there is space for you on the British Airways plane leaving at midnight. You're on your way."

At last I had permission to do what I had been wanting desperately to do for four years—go to England, and do my bit on a tour for ENSA (the British equivalent of the USO). Basil Dean, director of ENSA, had cabled, asking me to come; but getting priority to make the crossing and a place aboard a plane had taken a lot of patience on everybody's part. Now I was really on my way home to London, which I had not seen in six years. I would see my old friends, or at least those who remained of that gay company after the Battle of Britain—those who weren't fighting in Italy or the Near and Far East, or on any one of the seven seas.

And I might see Richard. That thought brought me out of bed and under the shower in one swift leap.

I was assured of passage to Newfoundland, where we were due to land at nine A.M. next day. Whether there would be a place for me in the plane going on from there remained uncertain. We all joked about it, standing beside the plane. The others were sure of their passage all the way to England.

Ernest Hemingway was among the favored ones. I met him then for the first time. There is something about Mr. Hemingway that makes one think of a small boy—a rather mischievous small boy whose pockets are full of bits of string, old rusty nails, chewing gum and maybe a pet toad. A small boy hiding behind a big, bushy beard. He asked me, grinning:

"Suppose there is no place for you on the plane? What will you do?"

"Stow away," I retorted. "In your beard!"

My first view of Newfoundland, from about five thousand feet, was of an enormous black-and-brown land splashed with snow, like a huge chocolate cake with white icing. All around was a calm, oily, gray sea and, overhead, a beautiful clear, cloudless morning. We had breakfast in the cabin of the plane before we docked. Then we went out to breathe the fresh, salty air, stretch our legs and see the sights.

Recalling letters from London, and tales of food shortages, I did some shopping and emerged triumphantly with two pounds of butter and a dozen eggs.

After lunch and the arrival of the Pan-American Clipper, I was assured there was still a place for me in the plane leaving at one-fifteen.

For the next eighteen hours, during eight of which I slept soundly, we flew so high, sometimes at an altitude of eight thousand feet, that there was nothing to see but clouds.

Just after daylight, we had our first glimpse of Ireland—lush green fields and the heather-colored mountains of Connemara, with the morning mists curling from their crests like ostrich feathers. Fat white sheep grazed placidly in the fields that bordered the road by which we motored from Limerick.

We took off again late that afternoon and "put her down" at Croydon at about seven o'clock. The skipper who had promised me lunch in London that day was only five hours off in his calculation.

Flying across Southern England, I wondered where Richard was and how soon I might see him. After all, I couldn't expect the American Navy to adjust its plans to permit one of its lieutenant commanders to be at Croydon to meet his wife. But, being only human, I couldn't help wishing.

Poor Richard, I thought. *He hasn't had much of a marriage with me up to now.* We had just five months together before Pearl Harbor. Since that day the war has occupied him almost exclusively. In that way we have been like thousands of other couples, living on letters, building all our plans on the words "after the war."

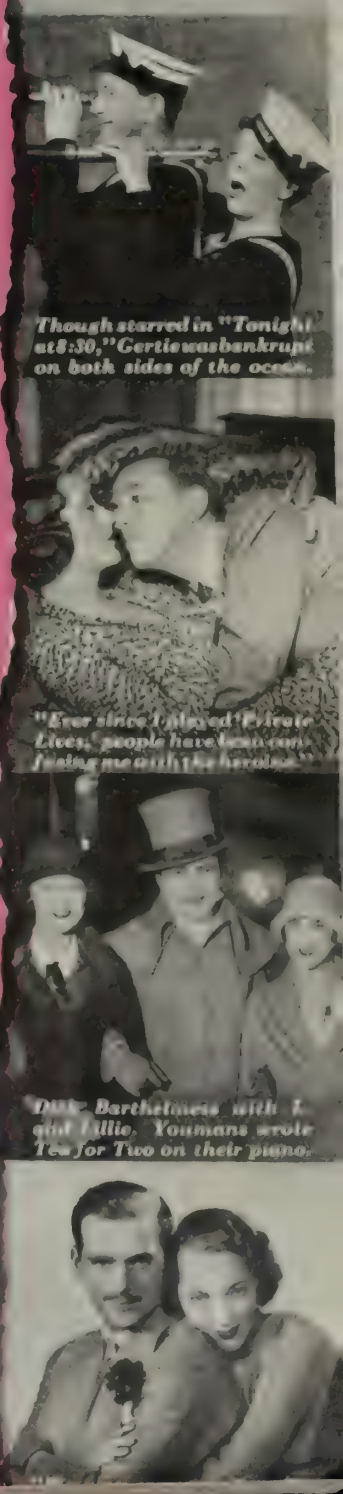
In the excitement of actually recognizing the big familiar field just below us, I bounded in my seat—and promptly broke two of the precious eggs in my lap.

"My God, woman," said Hemingway, helping me clean up the mess. "What are you going to do *now?*"

"Fortunately, I'm the same shape front and back," I told him. I jerked my tweed skirt around so that the egg stain was behind me; buttoned my fur coat and assured myself, as I tripped down the gangplank, that I was making as neat an entrance as any in my career.

It was eight o'clock, the dinner hour, when I drove up to the dear familiar Savoy Hotel. It was not yet dark, just the beloved London twilight. Yet the streets were strangely free of traffic. There were great gaps in the sky line and piles of rubble along the streets through which we had driven. All the way over I had been steeling myself for this, my first view of bombed London. I knew it was going to be hard to take. There was bound to be that wrenching struggle between the impulse to cry out and the feeling that one simply dare not give way to one's feelings.

London is my home town. I was born there in Kennington Oval. I spoke with a cockney accent until I was eleven, or thereabouts, and Miss Italia Conti scolded and drilled me out of it. In London I have been by turns poor and rich, hopeful and despondent, successful and down-and-out, utterly miserable and ecstatically, dizzily happy. I belong to London as each of us can belong to only one place *(Continued on Page 58)*



Though starred in "Tonight at 8:30," Gertie was bankrupt on both sides of the ocean.

"Ever since I played 'Private Lives,' people have been comparing me with Tallulah."

Duke Barthelmess with Jean and Lillie. Youmans wrote "Two for Two" on their piano.

ght, 1945, by Gertrude Lawrence. From the book soon to be published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

PHOTOS BY GOLBY, BRAGGIOTTI, SEYMOUR, VANDAMM, SASHA



REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

Interlochen, Michigan

PAINTED IN 1940 BY CARL HALL. *The lonely pathos of certain areas of the Midwestern landscape has been caught in this picture by a young American artist. It is a landscape of swamp and tumbled barns, where only a pond lily blooms brightly in the gloom. The sense of desolation, far distances and gray light is acutely felt, and an atmosphere of sad beauty created. The artist, Carl Hall, born twenty-three years ago in Washington, D. C., is now in the U. S. Army.*

Why I am against

THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT

WE hear a good deal nowadays about the Equal Rights Amendment, which, after more than twenty years of ardent effort on the part of a group of feminists, the Woman's Party, seems to have reached a point where its passage by Congress is possible. Both parties in the last election declared themselves in favor of it, and it has been passed on favorably by the Senate Judiciary Committee.

What is this amendment to the Constitution which may be put up to the state legislatures in the near future? It reads very simply:

"Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex. Congress and the several States shall have power, within their respective jurisdictions, to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Well, that sounds only fair and reasonable. No woman wants to have her rights denied or abridged. The amendment seems to open a closed door, to clear away difficulties that have been in her path. Perhaps she is working in an office where some man, not nearly so efficient and conscientious as she, has a higher place, just because he is a man. Perhaps she is a physician who, because she is a woman, cannot get on the staff of a hospital. Perhaps she is a teacher who knows that when the principal retires she would get his place if she were a man, but no matter how much she deserves it she will be by-passed and a man put in. Or perhaps she is a businesswoman like one who said to me, "Women in business are like the Red Queen in Alice; we have to run as hard as we can to keep in the same place."

These women see in the amendment a means of wiping away all such sex discriminations; they see themselves placed on a real equality with men. But are these hopes justified? Will such a law do that? Will it give women more than it will take away from them? I do not think so, and I will tell you why.

NO law can compel a man to employ a woman or to promote her, no law can compel a hospital to place women doctors on its staff or to admit them as interns and residents, no law can prevent an employer from passing by a competent woman and appointing a less competent man. These are matters which lie outside the domain of law; they are decided by men who are often swayed by the old prejudices, the instinctive inhibitions and compulsions which centuries have implanted in us. I do not mean that these obstacles cannot be overcome; the history of the past century shows how far the emancipation of women has advanced already, but the advance cannot be brought about by law, by compulsion. Only the slow growth of a genuine feeling of sex equality can bring it about; but surely when we see the attitude of the young generation we cannot fail to be heartened by the striking signs of increasing equality between the sexes.

It is true, as the advocates of the Equal Rights Amendment insist, that there are still in some states inequalities that can be removed by legal action, and have been in the more advanced states. To that I would answer that it is in the power of such states to follow the example of their sister states, that it is not necessary to bring about such relatively simple reforms by so cumbersome a method as an amendment to the Constitution.

BUT why should we—I speak as president of the National Consumers League and as a member of the National Women's Trade Union League, the League of Women Voters, the Association of University Women—why should we who call ourselves feminists oppose a measure which, even if it does not do all its proponents claim, will still help to remove women's disabilities? It is because we know that women would lose more than they would gain if at one stroke all the laws which treat women as women and not only as persons were revoked. Now to the strictly orthodox feminist, women should be treated only as persons. I remember a debate before a women's club in which I took the side opposed to the amendment and the side defending it was taken by an eager, attractive but very young woman. I argued that the laws, so general in the older countries, which provide vacation with pay for pregnant women in industry were necessary for the good of the race. She opposed it, of course, but finally gave way. "All right," she said impatiently, "if you say 'pregnant persons' we won't object, but not 'women.'" I assured her we would be quite content with that.

This is, of course, an extreme instance of what one might call "feminist fundamentalism," and I am not suggesting that it is typical of the Woman's Party. But I do think it is typical of that group to ignore the real physical and social differences between men and women, differences which lie at the base of the laws applying only to women and not to men. The fact that these differences have often been exaggerated in the past and that nowadays we ignore many of them does not mean that we can sweep them all away and act as if that settled it. Women still have to bear the babies and still ought to rear the children, and I ask any young mother if that is not a real handicap which deserves consideration.

The proposed amendment would do away with the protection of women as homemakers and mothers; it would either make the wife equally responsible with her husband for the support of the family or it would remove responsibility from both. In such a case, which parent would be more likely to get out from under? Ask any social worker. Surely it is only common sense to hold the husband responsible for the support of his family.

And what about alimony after divorce? So far the laws relating to alimony (passed by male legislators!) have been much more favorable to women than to men; in fact, they have shown an absurdly sentimental attitude and often they have worked great injustice. But to abolish them altogether and to put the woman on an equal footing with the man would work even more injustice. Take the middle-aged woman who has no professional or industrial experience, who knows no skill but amateur housekeeping and child care. When her husband tires of her and seeks a younger mate, is she to be left penniless to find her own support? Alimony laws need strict revision, but not abolition.

The laws of property as they affect married women are too complicated to be covered in this discussion. It is quite true that in backward states such laws are unfair to women, but in most of the states they have changed with the changing times and those disabilities that still remain can be removed if ardent feminists will only carry on the sort of intensive campaign which we of the older generation devoted ourselves to, some forty to fifty years ago. They would then know exactly what they were trying to achieve, for they would be attacking a definite evil, not a system which is part evil and part good.

It is in connection with labor legislation that my opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment is strongest, for my field for thirty-five years has been the protection of working people against the harmful features of industrial work, against dangerous dusts, poisons, excessive heat and heavy exertion, long hours, low wages. Dangerous dusts cause silicosis, followed sometimes by tuberculosis; poisons used in industry include lead, mercury, mineral acids, carbon monoxide, and a host of volatile solvents which act like ether and chloroform, only sometimes more harmfully. Our efforts have always been to protect both men and women against these dangers, but when we could not do that, when legislators were willing to protect only the women, then we took gladly what we could get.

AND in some respects protection is needed more by the women. For one thing, they have the handicap of youth; and, as we all know, the younger the worker, the more susceptible to a poison and to fatigue and to the harmful effects of dangerous dusts. Men in industry are divided into the different age groups just as men are in nonindustrial work, but women in industry are massed overwhelmingly in the early age groups. This means that they are more susceptible to all the harmful elements in their work, they are less prudent than older women, they are reckless and they have the silliest ideas about food and about protection against cold and wet. Partly because they are young, partly because they draw the lowest wages, young women workers *(Continued on Page 123)*

Is woman's complete emancipation worth the sacrifice of protection?..

BY ALICE HAMILTON, M. D.
President of the National Consumers League

The Other Shelby

BY MARIAN SIMS

YOU think you've been through it all. You've known times when your knees were rubber and your skin was slick with sweat; when your stomach threatened to come up in your throat and bring its K rations with it. Unlovely manifestations, all; endured for a reason you've accepted wholly and never questioned thereafter. And then, after three years, you stand in front of a door, knowing your girl is on the other side, and finally you ring the doorbell with the only hand you've got left. . . .

After I'd rung the bell I wanted to turn and run. Bett was still my girl—I hoped and prayed—but she was more than that. She was a concept and a symbol. Bett, in her various names and guises, is the core of all a fighting man's hopes, the image he carries in the back of his mind and the front of his heart. The thing that makes him keep on putting one foot in front of the other when everything else in him says, "Let's get out of here."

It was almost nine o'clock and I'd been at home four hours. She hadn't come to the train, because I'd asked her not to: "I'd rather see you alone, dear, where I can really let go." I'd written her that from the hospital in California and she wrote back, "I understand, Bill. I'll be waiting for you."

Three years is a long time when you're young. Standing there in the unviolated darkness with the small, busy night sounds in my ears, I wondered how I'd had the nerve to ask a girl to wait so long. I wondered how I dared to come back, bringing only a part of my physical self, to redeem a promise made, maybe, in the glorious hysteria of self-sacrifice. Most of us have one supreme moment in our systems; it's the long pull that gnaws away greatness.

The door opened and I stepped through a rectangle of light with my hand out. I was expecting a girl and so I reached out to the girl in the hallway. It wasn't Bett; it was her younger sister, Connie.

I was a little slow on the readjustment, maybe because I could see that Connie had grown up in three years. She was nineteen when I left, and no matter what the movies and love stories tell you, few people are grown up at nineteen. Certainly I wasn't, and Connie hadn't been either; she'd been a sophomore at college, with a goofy, explosive vocabulary and an assortment of sloppy sweaters. We used to insult each other while I was waiting for Bett to dress.

I took up where we'd left off and said, "It would be you. Now I know I'm at home," and waited for the fireworks.

They didn't come right away. She swallowed hard and blinked her eyes once or twice, then made a flying tackle. "Bill! You big lug!"

IN a way, I was glad to practice holding a girl with one arm. And in a way I was glad to feel Connie's arms around my neck and her young body against mine, because if a man ever needed reassurance I needed it then.

She stepped back with her hands still on my shoulders and looked me over. "You've got what they call an interesting pallor," she decided.

"Yeah. You can get it at Alcatraz too." I breathed carefully and softly, wondering whether she'd ignore my arm—or cry over it. What Connie did might give me an idea of what to expect from Bett.

She took me in, not skipping anything. Not even the sleeve tucked in the left pocket of my blouse. Then she looked back at my eyes and grinned. "All those years when you used to tell me what you could do to me with one hand tied behind you. Now I'll find out whether you were bragging."

I wanted to kiss her again; not because she was my girl's sister, but because she'd made a natural, honest gag of an empty coat sleeve. "All right," I said. "Just start something."

Her eyes stopped laughing, but there was only a friendly interest in them. One man to another. "Does it hurt any more, Bill?"

"Not often. Maybe when I'm old I'll be able to scoop the weatherman on forecasts about rain."

I was wondering about Bett, and why she hadn't opened the door instead of leaving it to Connie, but I couldn't ask. Bett was always late for everything, but when she did show up you knew she was worth waiting for.

Connie read my mind; I remembered that sometimes she'd been uncomfortably good at it. "She'll be down in a minute. She's in such a dither she's changed her dress three times. It must be wonderful."

The explanation made everything bright and singing. Bett wouldn't know I'd rather see her quickly even if she wore dungarees; she was concerned with looking even more beautiful for me.

I grinned skeptically at Connie. "Are you trying to imply that you still haven't learned about love?"

TO my amazement, she flushed. Three years ago she hadn't even been capable of embarrassment; her self-assurance had been epic. She looked almost as lovely as Bett. "Only what I've observed," she said with a grin. "And that in a spirit of scientific detachment."

"I'll bet."

I heard footsteps and Mrs. Shelby's voice as she and her husband came out of the library. "Connie, is that Bill?"

We walked to meet them. They were honestly glad to see me, I think, but they went through all sorts of ocular gymnastics to keep from looking at where my left arm had been. They didn't have Connie's courage, or maybe her understanding.

"You're looking *wonderful,*" Mrs. Shelby said, and Mr. Shelby put in his contribution: "I'll say you are. Heavier, aren't you?"

I'd lost plenty of weight, but I let it go. "About the same, I think."

Words and more words. They were nice people and they were being nice to me, but my heart was out at the foot of the stairway crying for Bett to hurry.

I heard her voice finally, from the upstairs hall: "Bill!"

Maybe I said "Excuse me" as I left the living room; I don't remember. All I remember is standing in the hall in a trance, watching Bett come down the steps.

I thought I knew how beautiful she was, but I didn't. A memory is a bodiless, two-dimensional thing at best. She had on a dress the color of very young leaves, and her hair gave off radiance like a halo. The thought knifed through me that I needed two arms to wrap up anything so precious, and all I had was one arm and my heart.

I said, "Bett ——" in a choked whisper and put out my hand.

"Oh, Bill."

Thank God they'd left my mouth intact. I hadn't remembered about kissing her, either, but I was *(Continued on Page 102*

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

"He's in love with you?" I asked "No, Bill" the



I knew the truth, and I told her, "You're lying, dear."

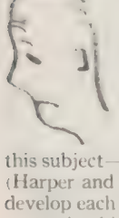


WHAT'S YOUR

DO YOU REALLY KNOW YOUR MAN? ♥ ♥ DOCTOR SHELDON

IS your vitality recharged by crowds of people? When you have had bad news, do you (*a*) seek company, (*b*) seek exercise, (*c*) seek solitude? If you could choose, would you live in (*a*) an old house tucked away under a hill, (*b*) a big house on a hill with the wind and sunshine sweeping through it, (*c*) a house by the side of the road?

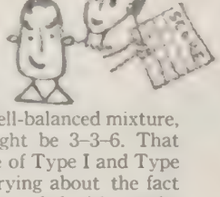
Answers to these questions indicate what type you are: they say at once that you are predominantly *Viscerotonic*, *Somatotonic* or *Cerebrotonic;* and when you understand *why* you are different from other people you will have a new understanding of your own personality—its limitations and its strengths. These questions may make you happier, since you will recognize your innate qualities and not try to force those not native to you. They will enable you, too, to understand the man you married—or the man you'd like to marry.



At least that is the theory of Dr. W. H. Sheldon, of Harvard University and the Army Medical Corps, who has developed and teaches constitutional pyschology. He is the author of two books on this subject—The Varieties of Human Physique and The Varieties of Temperament (Harper and Brothers)—and he says, "The aim of constitutional psychology is to develop each individual according to the best potentialities of his own nature, while protecting him from the fatal frustration of a false persona and false ambitions."

In other words, constitutional psychology will help you *to know who you are and to make the best of it*. That is, to make the best adaptation of it to your own environment. Many believe that a student of this science of classification will better recognize the right man to marry, will know how to help her children to a more successful life, will understand more fully how to get along with other people.

In his study, Doctor Sheldon spent much time with Jung, Freud and Adler, and in his research he photographed and classified thousands of human beings before he came to any conclusions. In a lighter vein, he has summed up his conclusions in a quiz written especially for us. He warns, however, that self-analysis is a tricky business, since few people are objective enough to answer questions about themselves honestly. Therefore, it will be better to have someone who knows you well do your scoring for you.



Before you score yourself you'll want to read about the three basic types of people, according to Doctor Sheldon's classification. Remember that the majority of people are about evenly endowed with qualities from all three groups; that is, they are a well-balanced mixture, with a scoring in the neighborhood of 4–4–4. Your score might be 3–3–6. That means you are predominantly Type III, with an equal mixture of Type I and Type II. And if you follow Sheldon's advice, you'll then stop worrying about the fact that you are not a leader, and that you do not love to be surrounded with people.

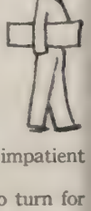
You'll probably recognize in yourself some of each of these components, as you read the descriptions of the extremes. And, after you have scored yourself on the quiz, you may want to read the descriptions again.



Type I

IN physique, this classification is called Endomorph (en'-do-morf), a term implying predominant derivation from the inner layer of the embryo which results in excellent development of the digestive organs. Sheldon says, "The main characteristic of the Endomorph is a soft, pneumatic roundness of physique, a tendency toward obesity, a general muscular relaxation, greediness for food. In the Endomorph, the gut is the main thing."

In temperament, this classification is called Viscerotonic (vis'-er-o-ton'ic), which emphasizes the predominance of the inner organs, especially the intestines. The viscerotonic is an earthy person, close to the nourishing soil—one kind of realist. In philosophy, he is close to the Chinese: he is unhurried, deliberate and predictable. His wants are tangible and he knows what they are. In lower social and economic brackets, he likes to sit lazily in the sun all day. In higher levels, the viscerotonic is "house proud." Much of his effort is spent in acquiring "nice things." He loves to be surrounded with luxuries and comforts: he likes a soft mattress, smooth linen, plump furniture.



The extreme Type I person is deeply attached to his home and family and loves to entertain his friends. He is always bringing home guests for dinner, and his amiability is indiscriminate. He likes everybody. With alcohol, he becomes even more relaxed and amiable.

He walks in a slow amble. There is no jerkiness in his movements. Even his eyes move slowly, in reading. His wink is slow, like that of a sleepy child. If he drives a car, his reactions may be so slow that an impatient person is driven to the explosive point.

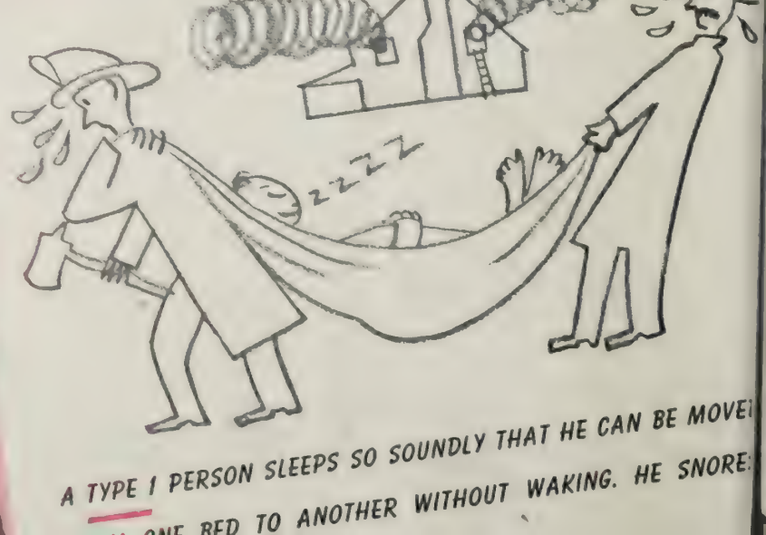
He always knows "who is who"—as a realist, he knows to whom to turn for help, who is "in charge of things," and who is "the power behind the throne." And he is inclined to be a gossip.

He has a comfortable tolerance of the world as he finds it, wanting to change nothing and finding his lot a pleasant one. He wishes the world well. His placidity sometimes reaches smugness. He is well satisfied.

In a half-filled restaurant, he will lead the way to a table which is near people: he likes the warmth of companionship.

The extreme Type I person has an "untempered" characteristic—a certain "flabbiness of temper," Sheldon calls it, "in his moral and mental outlook. His personality is without fire. He has a vegetablelike quality." ■

WHO ARE YOU? ESCAPE THE FRUSTRATION OF FALSE AMBITION AND MAKE THE BEST OF WHAT YOU REALLY ARE! YOU'LL BE A HAPPIER WOMAN IF YOU KNOW YOURSELF ♥ AND YOUR MAN!



A TYPE I PERSON SLEEPS SO SOUNDLY THAT HE CAN BE MOVED FROM ONE BED TO ANOTHER WITHOUT WAKING. HE SNORES



MAN LIKE?



YCHOLOGY QUIZ WILL OPEN YOUR EYES! ♥ ♥ BY NELL GILES

He sleeps deeply and is hard to waken, goes to sleep "the minute he hits the d." Often he can be moved from one bed to another while asleep and never waken. The extreme Type I man is inclined to baldness early in life. His hair grows oss-like on his head. His face is bland and his skin is soft and smooth as a peach th the fuzz washed off, and his whole appearance is round. As he gets older, his uscles sag and he develops a "stomach." He "goes to pot" in the middle.

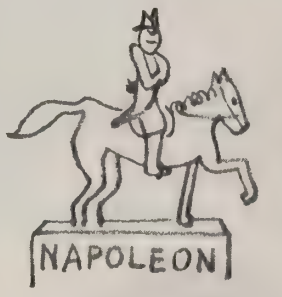
He can be read like an open book: he withholds nothing. He wears his heart on s sleeve, and his emotions are free-flowing. In trouble, he tells people. He is a great "sharer." The extreme Type I quality is the "feeling" component: sympathy, amiability (love of humanity in general) and the capacity to put oneself in the other person's shoes. Combined with the energy component (Type II), it produces fiction writers, theatrical people and most people among your acquaintance who are called "popular."



Type II

In physique, the Type II person is a Mesomorph (mes'-o-morf), a term indicating derivation from the middle layer of the embryo which becomes bone, muscle and connective tissue. "The Mesomorph," ys Sheldon, "is characterized by muscularity, heavy bones, athletic strength and hting ability, love of power and action. In Mesomorphs, the muscular body is e main thing." These are the "body-beautiful" people.

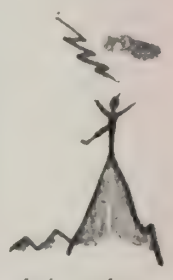
In temperament, the Type II person is Somatotonic (som-ă'-toe-ton'-ic), a term nich refers to pre-eminence of body or framework. This bone-and-uscle person craves action. As he grows older, he gets panicky about ing thought old. The woman Somatotonic is the beauty salon's st customer. And it's a Somatotonic world we're living in: war, odern furniture, gadgets, the worship of exercise and correct sture—all these are Somatotonic. Today our heroes are the Flip orkins, the Dick Tracys, the Li'l Abners—all body-beautiful esomorph-Somatotonics.



Sheldon says that extreme Type II people love to gamble. "The ve of risk and chance is in their blood. They derive a major ecstasy om danger of all kinds. Probably more automobile accidents are used by Somatotonia than by alcohol, and the mixture of Somatonia, gasoline and alcohol is an explosive one."

People predominantly Type II are natural leaders: they are the generals (Sheldon ys that Patton is a fine Mesomorph), the athletic directors; they are organizers, ishers. They have drive. In a half-filled restaurant the Type II person will select table in the center of the room, from which point he will command the situation. e may be short (Napoleon) but he is solid, compact. He has well-developed mus-s; his face and whole body are well boned, and he makes a good sculptor's model. His nose is strong and prominent and his face is set-looking. He appears older than he is.

"He has a general, hearty noisiness, an explosive laugh, a sharp, pistol-cracking cough." People frequently say to him, "I'm not deaf, you know." In a subway, his voice will penetrate the confusion. When he sleeps, he snores.



His body seems to be always ready for action: there is an assertiveness even in the way he sits, with back straight, chest expanded, abdomen retracted and shoulders back. His movements are unhesitant and aggressive. Watch his walk: his heels strike firmly, his body moves with briskness and vigor, the arms swinging back. His gestures in conversation are vigorous and positive. His posture is that of a fighting man. He has the "energy" component, the no-sooner-said-than-done quality. This man seems to think with his muscles. There is no chronic fatigue, no procrastination. There is genuine pleasure in dangerous and violent activity: war, exploration, racing, mountain climbing. There is a love of speed and often a deep love of horses.

In the extreme Type II person, there is a lust for power, a "deep desire to be important in the world, a craving for prestige and a desire to be conspicuous." There is a willingness to assume responsibility. This person takes himself seriously; he is frequently without humor.

"People with humor," Sheldon says, "are not directly leaders of the world's affairs. They cannot put themselves in too serious a light and they avoid the responsibility of exercising power. Humor involves the relaxation of Viscerotonia (Type I) and also the restraint of Cerebrotonia (Type III)." Humor and expression of the power component are incompatible.

The person who is predominantly Type II has a bold directness of manner. There is no beating about the bush, no overpoliteness and no hesitation. He has a striking frankness, stability, trustworthiness, responsibility and candor—an impersonal objectivity.

His point of view is essentially competitive. He is not easily abashed and is not afraid to ask. He has the "brass" to go after things, and has, Sheldon says, a "psychological callousness, a singular insensitivity to the less obvious or subtler needs and desires of other personalities in the environment."

Likewise, he has a lack of self-awareness; his mind is dissociated from the subconscious, and he seldom knows what he dreams.

Type III

In physique, the extreme Type III person is an Ectomorph (eck'-toe-morf), a term indicating predominant derivation from the outer layer *(Continued on Page 107)*



DO YOU LOVE PEACE AND QUIET? DO YOU HATE TO BE TOLD WHAT TO DO? DON'T MARRY A FENDER-CRASHING TYPE 2 MAN!



DRAWINGS BY R. C. ATHERTON

A TYPE 3 MAN ALWAYS SEES BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION. SHOULD HE FIGHT BACK? WELL, IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

She'd read once that kisses should make you glow. Well, she'd never had a kiss like that before now, and Jimmy told her why. ★ BY FRANK BROOKHOUSER

WHEREVER you went, then, she was singing. Singing and snapping her fingers, with a flash of wide and eager eyes, and tossing her trim and agile body around with the abandonment and merriment of children at play. And, usually, she was singing or humming or beating out the rhythm to some Tin Pan Alley tune with silly, sometimes totally mysterious lyrics, chanting the lyrics in time with the swing of her body, as though she were making pronouncements that had the ring of universal truths.

"A tisket, a tasket . . .
I lost my yellow basket,
And on the way, I dropped it, I dropped it,
I dropped my yellow basket . . ."

"A flat-a-foot floogie with a floy-floy . . ."

"Three itty fishies and the mamma fishie, too . . .
And they swam and they swam all over the dam. . . ."

"Oh, sea food, mamma . . .
Shrimpers and rice, they're very nice' . . ."

She was the unwitting but willing model for the gayest and gaudiest shades in the ageless scheme of color, and unabashed brightness went wherever she walked. Everything that she wore was bright, from her head down—right down to her toes. The ribbon in her hair, as saucy as her eyes and as pert as her manner. The long sweater that clung closely to her body and draped over her hips to give her freedom of movement and, in carrying out its silent role, gave evidence as loudly as the self-important trial witness of her flirtation with womanhood. The pleated, whirling skirt. Everything—down to those shoes. And the shoes, almost incongruously, were low-heeled, mannish, with rubber soles and rubber heels to give leverage in the acrobatics of her dance, the dance of the years of her youth.

She looked as though she didn't have a worry on her mind, except possibly whether the next number on the radio or the juke box would be Benny Goodman's Sing Sing Sing or Artie Shaw's Indian Love Call, with husky Tony Pastor shouting the lyrics. She looked as though she could never, in all her looming years, cherish a gay and haunting little poem written more than a century before. A poem that said, *"Say I'm weary, say I'm sad . . . Say I'm growing old, but add, Jenny kissed me."* No, never a poem. Certainly not so soon. Not so soon after a little yellow basket and shrimpers and rice.

In the cities, she lined up outside the theaters for hours if Goodman was opening on the stage, shivering a bit in her ankle socks and her light bright sweater, her cheeks painted by Jack Frost with consummate artistry and without benefit of any mirror except the sun's glaze on the snow-carpeted sidewalks, chattering like a sparrow in the early dawn. She rocked in her seat and swayed in the aisles to the jungle beat set down by a gum-chewing Krupa, high priest of the drums, and she clambered at dressing rooms for the autographs of homely bespectacled guys who could blow melancholy notes on saxophones or ride to lyrical heavens on trumpets. And in the towns, and everywhere, she crowded the ballrooms and skittered and cavorted across a thousand waxed floors, dancing until she was "beat" and then dancing some more. She jangled juke boxes with a noisy shower of nickels and haunted the newly prosperous record shops, and she coined a language of her own, she and the smiling kid in the gaudy jacket beside her, whirling her spirited figure around at casual finger's tip. She was shy, like any girl awaiting first Lochinvars from two blocks down the street or two rows over in economics class, but she hid the shyness and the wonderment and all her new discoveries in a brash dance. She was a graduate *cum laude* in the technique of rhythm, the loud brassy kid of the Class of '38 at Goodman College, daughter of the swing era; and she danced her shyness away and made it into ballroom pyrotechnics that startled and fleetingly befuddled and, often, worried the people of a nation. And they wrote innumerable articles about her, the learned sociologists and the astute psychologists and the sage editorial writers; and they said, some of them, that the dance was a retrogression toward the primitive, an unhealthy outgrowth of unsettled times, an unfortunate sign of the instability of the country's youth. And she went on dancing and laughing with the jaunty cocksure kid beside her. She went on dancing and laughing with him, right up until the time he went away. He left his juke boxes and his dance floors and his laughter a few years ago now.

If she was Doris Gramway, the wide eyes were brown, and when they laughed there were luminous specks of mischief in them. There was a small mouth and a dimpled chin. There was wavy hair that was brown except in the summertime, when the sun glinted it with tinges of red, and which always seemed to be tumbling in pleasing disarray across her forehead. She brushed it back with her hand, but always blew a discomfited breath of air between her lips, as though this would really be sufficient in itself to handle the monotonous task the hand performed, if she actually put her mind to it sometime. The sweater was purple and yellow, which were her high-school colors, and the skirt was white. Across the yellow back of the sweater was printed the word "Solid." Jimmy had printed it there one Saturday afternoon in Looie's Sweet Shoppe while they were listening to an old blues number by Louis Armstrong, and she had never rubbed it off because—well, because he was Jimmy.

And Jimmy lived two blocks away, on Danton Street, a row of old red-brick houses, and he had a perpetual grin that narrowed his pale blue eyes and a nice sharp-bridged nose, something like John Gilbert's had been, something like that, and close-cropped sandy hair that made him look real athletic, and the happiest laughter—the kind that made you want to laugh too—and a sense of humor. Jimmy was the clown of the crowd, always wisecracking and seeing the fun in everything, and she always thought that if Jimmy ever became serious about anything he could make her forget all about Larry, who was a much better dancer and more handsome in an all-around way, with a smooth build and curly black hair. But she was always just "Hyah, kid," to Jimmy. All the girls were. And Larry took her to the movies and sat beside her in the booth at Looie's every night and taught her new jitterbug steps, and she always felt pretty important going out *(Continued on Page 120)*



Say that Jimmy Kissed Me

"Doris, I've always been a guy with a lot of wisecracks, but now I'm serious, very serious. And as a serious guy, I'm going to kiss you."



ILLUSTRATED BY Jon Whitcomb

ANOTHER ROOM

By Whitin Badger

THE faint smell of flowers came up the stairs and into the nursery, sweet like the mixed-up smells at Easter, but queer and faded, and somehow frightening. From the center of the floor, where he sat cross-legged, Steve looked out through the open door, out into the hall, trying to understand why the house felt so different since he came home from Aunt Lou's, when it looked exactly as it had always looked.

Downstairs, where Aunt Lou was getting ready to go home, the sunlight was lying down all over the living-room carpet just as it always did in the late afternoon; there was the scratch which he had made with a broken pencil and which no one had noticed yet, zigzagging across the closed library door; in the hall, mother's pale green vine was twisting up across the top of the window frame. But usually at this time of day the piano was singing through the house; perhaps it was the silence which made such a ringing in his ears.

"It's awfully quiet here," he said aloud, but no one answered, for the animals were not talking today, nor even saying they were glad to see him home again. The elephant stood heavily against the baseboard, his eyes half closed; the rocking horse looked small and worn; the lead soldiers, standing soberly before their brown tents, refused to meet his eyes; the lion was so still.

He heard the front door open, and then Minna's respectful good-by to Aunt Lou, and he knew by the tone of her voice that she was twisting together her brown-and-pink hands, the way she had been twisting them ever since he came home. Then, when the door closed, the whole house grew dim and still, and slowly the dimness and the stillness crept up the stairs with the faint smell of flowers and entered the room, more and more, until he sat in a pool of silence deep and shadowy.

It was here on this blue rug that she had sat with him, and talked quietly while she ran her fingers through the jackstraws. This rug was blue like the sea, and on it—flat, of course, because they were really just part of the pattern—sailed ships of all sizes: four-masted schooners and battleships and little puffing tugs. It had always seemed very important to sit in as little of the sea as possible, and so now he was sitting on one of the tugs. She had sat over there on Lord Nelson's frigate, running her thin white fingers through the jackstraws slowly, fingers which were always so strong when he fell down, so light, and soft as feathers brushing him, when he was hurt or sick.

What did she say? He wished that he had paid more attention. But so much that she said was right, just what he wanted her to say, and so he was often only half listening.

"I may have to go away," she said. "But remember, I'm never going *far* away from you." Was she smiling then? "I'll always be quite near, Stevie. It will be—well, just as though I am in another room. You see, that's quite near, isn't it, Steve?"

"Yes, mother." He remembered looking up at her quickly.

"And you won't worry?" She was not smiling.

"No, mother," he promised firmly, wondering when she would begin to smile.

"You understand it will be quite near? And you'll remember?"

"Of course, mother. I can understand that. Like in another room. I'm not dumb, you know." He said that to make her laugh and to stop the queer sick feeling he had, just for a moment, deep down inside him. "Now will you play with me?"

"Yes, dear." She was always glad to play with him, she always wanted to, even on the days when she had to lie down instead.

"Jackstraws?" He tried to make it sound exciting to her.

"All right." But she did not smile.

"No." He changed swiftly to something she might like better. "Let's play Commando Raid and kill off all the sailors. We'll play jackstraws tomorrow." *(Continued on Page 55)*



The fear that was whirling up within him must have shown, because father held out his hand.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

A pretty thing—

BY JESSAMYN WEST

JESS, who had planned the day for work, tried to turn it to some use by regarding the rain which had spoiled it. He walked restlessly from the sitting-room window on the left of the front door to the sitting-room window on the right; but there was no difference in the rain. From either place he saw it fall in a great sheet which, the house splitting it, set himself, he figured, in the center of a cavern of water; set him like the clapper in the middle of a sounding bell. He silent, the bell itself resounding with the clatter which water, dropped from a great height, makes on a shell of almost empty clapboard (beds, stoves, carpets, a human being or two in no wise filling it). He sent his hearing out beyond the house, testing his belief that the ear alone can tell winter rain from summer, and had his belief bolstered, for rain falling upon trees in full leaf has a gentle huskiness which the bare and rigid limbs of winter cannot duplicate.

Jess, who was no great hand at hiding the light of his knowledge beneath a bushel of silence, called out to Eliza, and she, her bread set, came in from the kitchen.

"Thee call me, Jess?" she asked, wiping her hands, rosy from the kneading, on her apron.

"Eliza," Jess said, "blindfolded, thee could tell the sound of rain in winter from rain in summer."

"I couldn't," Eliza said flatly..

Jess regarded his wife morosely. Among women Eliza was, he knew, peerless; but all women, he sometimes feared, were flawed—whether in their making or by a throwing away of their natural heritage, he couldn't say. "Ain't thee interested in knowing how?" he asked. "Ain't thy curiosity pricked? Don't natural phenomena mean anything to thee?"

Some did, some didn't. The sound rain made was one that didn't. Bread rising, house shining, fire dozing on the hearth—these were phenomena, and natural, too, Eliza supposed, and for the time being quite enough for her.

"Jess," she said, "I don't see any point being blindfolded and trying to tell winter rain from summer. Leave it off," she advised with great practicality, "and save the guesswork."

Jess turned away from the windows and the rain. Women were too much for him. Still, never despairing of lightening their dark, he said, "Rain on leaves makes a different sound from rain on bare limbs."

"In a stand of pine," Eliza objected, "thee'd have to take thy blindfold off."

Jess sighed. He walked to the secretary which filled a great part of the wall on the south side of the door to the kitchen. "I wasn't speaking of evergreens," he said.

There on the middle shelf of the secretary, in a small clearing between books, stood other reminders of woman's strangeness. *A queer race,* Jess thought, gazing at the setout, *related to us by marriage, but mighty odd in spite of it.* What were these objects Eliza had saved, set forth like rarities in a museum; preserved, while articles of greater use were lost and broken?

Copyright, 1945, by Jessamyn West.

A fragment of stone from the chimney of the old log house; a circle of shining wood stamped "Holy Land," but having, to Jess, the look of a piece of local butternut, well polished; a dried orange fetched home from New Orleans; a thimble which Eliza believed had been used in sewing a rent in William Penn's breeches; six feathers, small and much faded, plucked long ago from some California bird and lodged now in a squat red cup; a thing of glass, which Jess in twenty years of seeing had never been able to fathom, and which he now took from the secretary and turned about in his hands.

"What's thee call this thing, Eliza?"

"A vase," Eliza said.

"It couldn't very well be a vase," Jess told her reasonably. "It's open at both ends."

"A vase," Eliza said, "is what I've come to call it."

Jess held it off. He peered through it. He ran his thumb over the putty swans, set up above the surface of the glass; he traced the fluting at the top which putty had enlarged.

"Looks like it started life as a lamp chimney," he said.

"It did," said Eliza.

"A broken one at that."

"Yes," said Eliza, "it was broken."

SHE took the vase from Jess and curved her white, plump fingers about it, the fingers which at the time of the vase's making had been neither white nor plump, but pink and thin like bird's legs, as quick in movement as bird's legs too.

"Thee's made a neat thing of it," Jess admitted. "Ornamental." But he had, in all truth, to add, "Useless though. Painted over so's it won't do for a chimney. Open at both ends so's it won't serve as a vase. When'd thee make it?"

"Thee saw it the morning I started it."

"I took no notice."

"No," Eliza said, remembering, "thee didn't."

"What'd thee aim," Jess asked, "making it?" Knowledge of his suppleness, turning in two minutes and with good grace from a scientific contemplation of rain's varying sounds to an examination of a misnamed dido, filled him with content.

Eliza, who had been facing the fire, which lay on the hearth like a red eye, angry with the sight of so much water falling, turned to face her husband. She touched the vase, scalloped top and swelling sides. What was her aim? There were more aims in it, maybe, than she knew; and even if she knew them all, could name and number them for Jess, would he understand? He, who had seen her when the first swan, buoyant upon its painted ripples, was still wet from her brush—and not noted—would he understand now, so many years later? When the colors on the vase were beginning to fade?

There was one purpose clear enough for her to see and say certainly, "I aimed to make a pretty thing, Jess."

Yes, that was true. That, in the beginning, had been her whole aim. A spattering of *(Continued on Page 91)*

WOMEN WERE STRANGE CREATURES TO JESS. THEY FOUND BEAUTY WHERE MEN COULDN'T SEE IT: ON THE INSIDES OF THINGS.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS



Strike Up the Band

BY ANN BATCHELDER

SOMEWHERE in this broad land there still are bandstands, the old-fashioned kind, with steps going up and benches all around for the musicians. It was on Saturday nights that we used to gather in the park, and stroll in a happy abandonment of leisure and gossip, to listen to the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner and such old favorites as Sweet Marie and Kiss Me Again. Up and down the graveled paths the children played, strewing a largess of peanut shells and striped popcorn bags—and oh, the looks of that greensward come the morning after. But who cared about that! The popcorn and peanut venders with their blazing torches and hot stove ovens were a welcome addition to the band concerts, and then there was the wandering merchant of soda pop and lemonade to cheer the thirsty revelers. It was all real nice, real fun, and Saturday nights meant more than they do now. They were something to look forward to, and the only thing we had to worry about was rain. Let the rain makers stay in their beds.

And the music! The band practiced on Friday nights in the room over the firehouse. You could hear the doleful notes of the slide trombone and the blazing tone of the cornet and all the rest of the ensemble, wailing out into the evening air with determined enthusiasm, even if no great art was lost on the listening ear of night.

But let the boys gather in the park, come Saturday night, and then you got an earful, and few "name" bands or great orchestras have ever sounded so good—to me at least—as Hiram Atkins playing The Last Rose of Summer on his silver cornet. I can almost hear it now, so clear the memory of that lovely air. And so sweet the tunefulness of Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid of Dundee. Real music that, and real music lovers to enjoy it too.

And then the Glorious Fourth. When *that* great day came, the village band really went to town. In their blue uniforms with the red sashes and the white caps, they were a wonderful sight as they marched up the village street in the Fourth of July parade. Very martial, and playing for dear life in the blazing sun and whirling dust.

But in the evening, there we'd be, gathered in the park, the bandstand gay with bunting, the lights all lighted and music, music such as never was. Only the fireworks on the river could drag away a crowd that had come to feed their souls on song. And even then, when they went, the band usually went too.

Even if the old bandstands have fallen to decay and the village bands turned to more sophisticated pursuits, friends still get together on the great days. There's an indestructible urge to such doings, and a good thing too.

That being the way it is, you might try this hot-dog-stand supper. Maybe it will make you think of those summer motor trips when we used to traipse, so carefree and gay, up and down the countryside, stopping off at Ye Olde Coffee Potte or Stagger Inn, there to indulge in—you know what. Hot dogs and big toasted rolls with mustard that would peel the paint off a fender. Sometimes there'd be sandwiches and "store" cookies and Mrs. Brewster's famous pies, but it was frankfurters and coffee for the main chance. And suddenly the frankfurter rose in society and got to be welcome in the upper circles—*private* circles, you know. And there you were, stylish as anything.

Grill and the rest is easy. This supper is for porch, outdoor grill, patio or down by the old mill stream. Wherever you have it, provide a grill for the frankfurters and see that they're hot and really done. I needn't go in for telling you how to toast—or not to toast—split rolls and lather them with mustard or the relish of your choosing and insinuate the waiting frankfurter between the halves. Eaten out of hand, like an apple—and what a saving on silver and dishes *that* is.

Here we have suggested various relishes or condiments to make a change from the immemorial straight mustard with your frankfurter. And all arranged on the lazy Susan, easy to see, easy to come by. Roll your own. That's the idea.

Assorted Relishes

A mixture of chopped onions and green peppers—3 parts onion to 1 part peppers.

"Cold" barbecue sauce: To 1 cup of chili sauce, add 1 tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce and ½ teaspoon of hot pepper sauce.

A cheese spread: Cream 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine into a 5-ounce jar of smoky-cheese spread. Add 2 teaspoons of Worcestershire sauce and 1 teaspoon of pepper sauce.

India relish: Comes all ready, or you may have a homemade brand. In either case, it's hot stuff.

Mustard: Prepared and well-beaten. This you must have.

And so you may have all sorts of frankfurter sandwiches and don't have to go in for the hot-dog-stand business exclusively. To franks spread with mustard add some chopped onion and peppers. Franks with smoky-cheese spread go well with mustard or with chopped onion and green peppers. Smoky cheese and barbecue sauce go together with the frankfurters, and so do the barbecue sauce and chopped onion and peppers. Think of all the arguments you can get into about what's good, what's best and how it gets that way.

You'll need more. Since this is a house party, not roadside fare, make up a big bowl of your best potato salad—garnish with tomatoes or serve them stuffed with coleslaw. And you'd better provide some ice cream—how about vanilla with crushed raspberries for sauce? Cookies are always popular. But seeing it's a Fourth of July party, here is a receipt for a pin-wheel design, and there probably should be plenty on hand.

(Continued on Page 123)



Menu

Grilled Franks **Buns**

Assorted Spreads and Relishes

Potato Salad

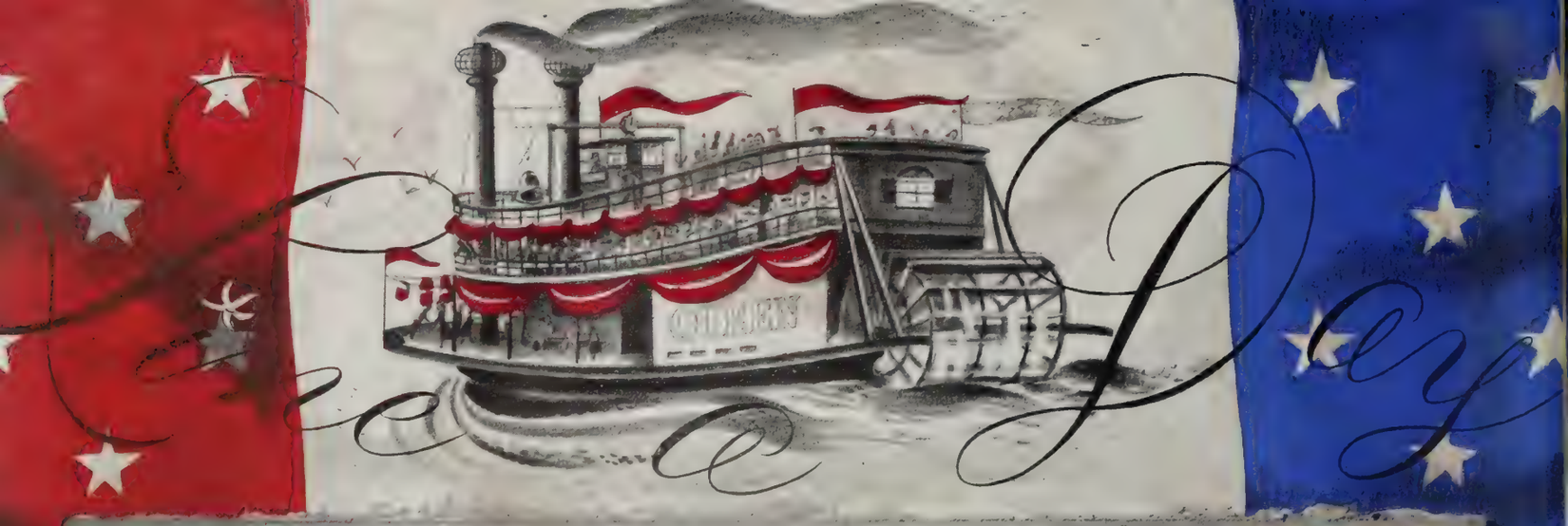
Tomatoes Stuffed With Coleslaw

Ice Cream—Raspberry Sauce

Pin-Wheel Cookies

Iced Coffee With Lemon Peel

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER



1 If it comes your way—and here's hoping—see the play of plays, ANNA LUCASTA. All-Negro cast, all great actors, everything a drama should have.

2 The plum trees are loaded, which reminds me of plum tarts. Use fresh or canned plums, cook them down to a mush (with sugar), put through a sieve, fill turnovers and bake. Serve with cream. *Cream?*

3 *Answer to query:* No, Estelle, to "poach" does *not* mean to shoot rabbits on somebody's estate. (I would welcome a poacher or two.) It's only to cook gently in water—as in poaching eggs or fish, or in sirup—as in poaching fruits.

4 Ever tried pears stuffed with nuts and candied ginger—and served with a currant-jelly sauce? Well, you'd better. Wonderful on boiled rice flavored with almond.

5 Never neglect to put a little grated lemon peel in a rice pudding. When *he* turns up his nose, wait. Every cloud has a satin lining.

6 If broiling fish is your dish, oil the fish and not the broiler. A baptism of salad oil on the fish will do the trick, and the broiler will never know the difference.

7 *News item:* Strong, full-bodied chicken broth with—guess what—a whole chicken wing right in the jar. Marvelous for gravy.

8 Stuffed eggs in a cucumber aspic are something dreamed up for your buffet supper—anchovies, lobster, crab or what you will for stuffing. It's summer; how long and cool the cucumbers are—how cool, indeed.

9 *Department of despair—farthest south division:* Cabbage in chicken salad—equal parts so and so. Carry me back to ole Virginny!

10 *From an old cookbook:* "The only candy suitable for children should contain only tapioca and lemon." And was that where jelly beans started?

11 The real appetizer or hors d'oeuvre is a social ice breaker, especially when served in the drawing room. Small, select, it gets the dinner off to a good start.

12 A good cheese sauce has the texture of cream, the color of a buttercup and the flavor of cheese. This requires plenty of good strong cheese.

13 Add grated cheese to lukewarm milk or cream. Cook in the double boiler, stirring all the time, and it will come out as smooth as a widower's proposal.

14 *Etiquette department:* Don't throw your parsley under the table or put it in your pocket. Eat it is now the accepted rule in the best society.

15 Fruit cups are a camouflage for most anything. But melon, orange, grapefruit, grapes and a little lime juice get somewhere.

16 Now the berries are coming in. Never forget a little salt in a berry pie. Sugar's fine, salt is a must. But watch it—watch it.

17 Which reminds me of blueberries and muffins. But have you ever tried a blueberry omelet for a July breakfast or luncheon? Sweeten the omelet slightly, and just before you turn it, fold in lightly sugared blueberries.

18 For a garden cocktail, add chopped nasturtium leaves to tomato juice. Season as usual. But if you grow basil, use it instead by all means.

19 Don't turn up your nose at tapioca cream—kid's dessert! But wait. Use brown sugar instead of white. Fold in some canned figs or apricots, or any fresh fruit. Serve with a chocolate sauce. Any one of these makes it as grown-up as Hedy Lamarr.

20 *Herb note:* A little anise in a stew or bread or cake or applesauce too. That's a hint from me to you. Use all herbs sparingly is good advice.

21 *Discovery file No. 25:* Tuna-fish-and-crab-meat combination salad, with Russian dressing. And shouldn't *that* be a popular touch? Good for the picnic sandwiches too. And picnics are July occasions.

22 Should you make a fish hash, an old New England specialty, as I well know, the secret is to add a dash of pepper sauce while it cooks. But don't overdo it.

23 The French know their omelets. No old tired-out flimflams for them. Just spread a good coating of cream over the omelet before it's turned. Easy does it.

24 I don't hold much with "sauces" for ham. Am converted to a little horseradish mixed with sour cream. Along with juices from the spider or broiler. It's as far as I shall go.

25 *Traditional dinner for the Fourth:* Fresh salmon and green peas. The first you might catch, but the peas (in your garden) will have to be rescued. Drat those rabbits, innocent little vandals.

26 When you cook the salmon, wrap it well in clean cheesecloth and boil it gently in slightly salted water until tender. Watch that it doesn't fall to pieces. It takes about six to ten minutes to the pound. Skin it and serve it with cream-egg sauce and boiled potatoes. Just for fancy's sake grate egg yolk over the fish. Garnish with lemon, water cress and cucumber slices. Run up the flag!

27 Fresh or canned peaches are *so* much better with an almond-flavored sauce. Cream or custard. Almonds spell peach kernels. An affinity.

28 Griddlecakes filled with creamed chicken and mushrooms are among those oh's and ah's luncheon dishes. Just roll them up, Serve with spiced peaches.

29 *Not-so-new item:* Black Bean Soup. Very top-drawer. Used to be lower case. Add a slice of hard-cooked egg and a slice of lemon to each plate.

30 Just let me speak of my younger days. Has to do with fried pies—turnovers, really. Roll the crust thin, put a spoonful of lemon-flavored applesauce on each good-sized round, press the edges together. Fry in deep hot fat. Dust with sugar. Oh, my!

31 July has thirty-one days—and here we are. Soft are the breezes in the herb garden, soft are the flute songs in the trees. And, in the evening sky, Mercury gazes imperturbably on the world's madness.

DRAWING BY B. C. ATHERTON

Tune for a Clarinet

Whistle high, whisper low,
The heart would have it so.
Tell of the flowers in the deep
Meadow where the thrushes
sleep.
Sing of the sunset in the sky—
Whisper low, swing it high.
Sing of the sunrise to be—
But never sing of me.

Sing as the thrushes sing,
Or notes of the whippoorwill.
Bluebirds upon the wing.
Swing it low, and then be still.
Let the song linger, let it be.
But do not sing of me.

BY ANN BATCHELDER

Cool, Inviting Summer Meals

. . . WITH SOUP AS THE ONE HOT DISH

TO LEND HEARTINESS . . .

Choose this new main-dish soup. BEEF clear through—from the invigorating beef stock, and egg noodles steeped in the taste of beef, to the generous pieces of lean beef. Recommended with salads.

Campbell's BEEF NOODLE SOUP

PERFECT WITH SANDWICHES . . .

Mothers have long called this vegetable soup "almost a meal in itself". With its fifteen garden vegetables and rich beef stock, it's a nourishing and always welcome soup to have with sandwiches.

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

TO GIVE ZEST . . .

You couldn't make a wiser choice than "the soup most folks like best". Its cheery bright-red color and tingling tomato flavor are a standing invitation to summer appetites. Keep it on hand.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Are you in the know?



Should a house-guest make her own bed?

☐ Yes
☐ No

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is *yes*, these servantless days. A thoughtful guest helps her hostess. Make your bed . . . take a turn with the dishes . . . and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and *go*, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. Kotex *stays soft while wearing!*



What would you do about this back view?

☐ *Wear a shawl*
☐ *Go informally*
☐ *Make up the difference*

If *your* swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it for you. Be fastidious . . . about your *daintiness*, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a *deodorant*.

Yes, now there's a deodorant safely locked inside each Kotex. The deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this new Kotex "extra" helps keep you dainty, confident.



Which chick will get the dance?

☐ *The one on the left*
☐ *The one on the right*

Why should he dance with a dolly in denims—when there's a swish dish to charm the eye? A fellow likes his females *feminine* (see the girl on the right). So, wear your swooniest frock and be confident—even at "certain" times. With Kotex you risk no revealing outlines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. Different from thick, stubby pads, Kotex banishes revealing outlines. And that patented *safety center* of Kotex gives you *extra* protection!

Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HO, THE FAIR WIND!

(Continued from Page 18)

Suddenly he had straightened himself and looked her directly in the eyes. "Every year people from all over the country come to our Island to learn God's purpose with them and to find strength to do His will. This year many of them will be bereft and broken as you are; they will comfort one another. They would help to comfort you and you would help to comfort them. Your life would not seem barren or purposeless or at an end."

But before she could answer, the door had opened and a stout colored woman had come in bearing a lamp. Hebron watched as she crossed over to the table at Ellen Frosbie's elbow.

Ellen put out her hand and laid it on the woman's arm. "This is our Minnie," she said. "She came to us from Georgia before the war. She was ill and could not be sent on to Canada with the rest. We kept her hidden in this house for two years—until she could be free. Many people in Concord knew. But no one betrayed her or us." Her gray eyes had darkened. They were almost black with pride, and pride sounded in her voice like the soft ring of steel.

The colored woman did not move. There was no sound for a moment but the sudden loud ticking of a clock. Hebron had heard it as an admonition. He had become, in a moment, awkward and self-conscious.

"I should have been on my way hours ago," he had stammered. "Forgive me,"

Ellen Frosbie had stood up with him; it was then he had realized that her head did not come beyond his shoulder. "You cannot reach Boston tonight, Mr. Allyn. My father—George and Francis—would want you to accept our hospitality." She had cut short his almost incoherent protest and he had seen a quiver at the corner of her fine mouth, and this time was sure that she was gently teasing him. "Minnie," she added demurely, "should be sufficient chaperon."

He had lied to her. It was one of those so-called white lies that he hoped God, in His understanding, would forgive. He told her that he had a room waiting at the inn and that tomorrow he must make an early start. She had accepted his refusal and explanation without further protest and given him her hand. The little smile seemed to have taken its refuge in her eyes.

"We shall meet again soon," Hebron had said, suddenly firm and wiser than she was. "I have a dear sister, Martha, who will write to you and one day soon you will come to us on our Island"—he had smiled down at her—"to God's Vineyard.'

"Perhaps—one day," she had said gravely.

He'd been too poor to take a room at the inn. All that night he had walked the little town's tree-haunted streets. At daybreak, exhausted and half frozen, he had passed Ellen Frosbie's white sleeping house for the last time and had bidden her good morning. He had thought shyly and yet with courage how amazed and perhaps shocked she would have been if his greeting could have reached her. For she had no key, as he had, to the wonder and significance of their meeting. Then he had remembered God and, head bowed to the gathering light, thanked Him who in His pity had answered the hunger of His man's lonely and unruly heart.

Now through the sea mist she was coming to him.

He lifted his head, listening, but what he heard was not the honest chugging of the Manoshansett's engines, but the rhythmic splash of oars, the furtive creak of muffled oarlocks and the dark hum of a man's voice that broke suddenly into a vigorous singing. His song was in some foreign language that Hebron did not even recognize, but that it was scurrilous or indecent he knew, for he knew Jocelyn Caval's voice and he knew the man. His shoulders squared themselves as the squat shadow of a small bumboat slid out of the grayness, already transfused with afternoon sunlight, and came to a sluggish rest alongside the wharf almost at his feet.

"MY Don Juan Lipstick STAYS ON!"



Says Evelyn Knight
FAMOUS RADIO AND RECORDING STAR
"I find Don Juan is creamy smooth, easily applied and brings lasting loveliness to my lips."

4 beauty extras: See what they do for your lips

1 • **DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
2 • **LIPS STAY LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today.
3 • **NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
4 • **NEW Style SHADES...** Try medium Red, a rich, true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, so delighting and alluring. Other shades, too.

Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up —for beauty's sake. In Canada also.

Don Juan MILLION DOLLAR Lipstick STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELY



* The Heel-Mark tells you at a glance, she walks in Paradise.

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KVP PIE TAPES
PARCHMENT · KALAMAZOO 99 · MICHIGAN

Joss Caval himself sat at the oars. In the stern, on a tarpaulin-concealed pile of merchandise that betrayed the rotund curves of wine casks, a little hunchbacked fellow sat cross-legged and chewed tobacco. He wore a long worsted cap perched jauntily on his bald head. Joss Caval himself was bareheaded and wore a pilot coat loose over his shoulders. He might have been a simple Island fisherman, but that he wore long gauntleted gloves over his powerful hands, and those gloves were the mark of a subtlety and difference in the man that Hebron loathed and, in spite of himself, feared a little.

Seeing Hebron above him, Joss Caval stopped singing and shipped his oars. "Good day to your Reverence," he said. His voice that had been beautiful in singing roughened when he spoke. "Are you, too, looking for customers?"

"Why do you give me that title, Caval?" Hebron asked. "You know that I am not an ordained minister."

"But you are a man of God," Joss Caval explained, "and in my church that is the way we address our holy men. Sometimes we call them Father. But to you such an address would be, of course, merely scandalous and improper."

"Since when do you concern yourself with the customs of any church?" Hebron demanded bitterly.

"The point is well taken, sir," Joss Caval admitted. He spoke with a curious accent that was not foreign nor yet that of the Island. "Nevertheless," he went on, "respect for any church is traditional in my family. I believe one or two of my illegitimate forebears went so far as to give their heads for one faith or another—no doubt more from good manners than from conviction—and we still maintain the courtesies." He was silent for a moment, his head, on which the dense black hair fitted like a casque, cocked in an attitude of listening. "You and I, your Reverence," he said, "should at least tolerate each other. We are both fishermen—fishers of men, as Holy Writ has it, I believe."

"You fish in muddy waters, Caval."

"To the fish all fishermen are scoundrels," Joss observed. He looked up. His eyes under the straight black brows were tawny and had a steady-burning fire in them, so that it was hard to tell whether they blazed with wrath or laughter. The slightly tilted nose lent to the battered, violent face a curious Puckish look, half malicious, half innocently gay. "If your customer is a lady," he went on in his elaborate and mocking manner, "as Island rumor and your genteel appearance would suggest, I have some wares here, just off a French merchantman and exchanged for a brace of ducks, that might please her fancy; a shawl, for instance ——"

"Or Jamaican rum," Hebron interrupted with scorn, "for the damnation of yourself and those you serve."

Caval put out an oar and pulled his clumsy craft back into the strait. "For our mutual consolation," he corrected. "Men must have consolation—yours or mine. They must either believe or forget." He bent forward, fumbling at a wooden box at his feet. Then he stood up with such lightness and ease that the boat scarcely stirred under him. The pilot coat slipped from his shoulders, revealing their great breadth poised finely on the slender waist, and lean flanks and slim straight limbs. He tossed up a spray of red, artificial roses. "For your lady's bonnet," he said, "for luck."

The bouquet fell at Hebron's feet. He did not touch it.

Joss Caval laughed and picked up his oars. He began to row, and with deep, powerful strokes he and his companion melted into the swirling, sunlit clouds of fog. But for a while Hebron could hear him singing. Even in Hebron's ears the disembodied voice had a quality of enchantment.

"If the heart of man is oppressed with care
The mist dispels when a woman appears.
Kiss her—caress her ——"

The voice faded into a mocking silence. But Hebron Allyn's happiness had been blown out like a light, leaving a dark, unreasonable distress.

The hunchback spat out a stream of tobacco juice and watched it curve and fall through the bright mist with solemn satisfaction. "It's a queer thing, guv'nor," he said, "but in my experience you can knock a man's teeth down his throat and gouge his eye out and like as not he'll stand you a drink afterward. But you poke fun at his Gawd and he won't rest till he gets your lights and liver. And mind you, he wouldn't know Gawd if he saw Him"—Albert Potts jerked a thumb over his shoulder—"not that hatchet-faced heretic."

Jocelyn Caval rested on his oars and wiped the moisture from his face on the back of his bare arm. His eyes had narrowed as though to hide their laughter from the little fellow perched opposite him. "What are you trying to tell me, Runt?"

"In a manner of speaking, that you're a fool, guv'nor. Mr. Hebron don't like us at best, and he didn't believe a word of that yarn about shawls and what not. If some nosy-Parker coast guard had been around, we'd have been in for a peck of trouble. You should have taken off your cap, perlite and respectable, like one gen'leman to another, and crossed yourself."

"My cap was off," Joss Caval pointed out. He showed his strong white teeth in a grin. He began to row again with long, powerful strokes. "I don't know myself what made me take a poke at him," he said, "unless it was that hat of his."

"He was going to meet his lady," Albert explained. "But what sort of lady'd want to meet him, I'd like to know."

"The hatchet-faced sort, no doubt."

Albert guffawed. "Not your sort—nor mine neither, guv'nor." He shook his head so that the tassel of his cap swung out behind him like a wicked tail. "What wouldn't I give for the sight of a gal I used to know on the Old Kent Road! She was a good 'un. Buxom like a woman ought ter be in the right places and with the right spirit, so as you could take a pinch out of her without getting your ears slapped off."

"Your tastes are awful," Joss Caval said, "and you talk too much."

"Don't I know it, guv'nor! Sometimes I talks out loud to nobody. I ain't got no one else. Her Ladyship don't listen and Maria Pia don't understand, her being a stoopid foreigner female."

"You happen, my good Runt, to be a foreigner yourself."

"Me? Foreign? Gawd's truth—I'm true-blue English, ain't I? Born under Bow bells—right on the church steps, if what my ma said was true. Not that I'd take my Bible oath on it, her being half-seas over at the time—most times, for that matter. Me foreign!" But the accusation evidently disturbed him. A plaintive, woebegone look came into the crunched-up wizened face. "Ain't we never going home, guv'nor?"

"Where's home?" Joss Caval asked back.

"I dunno—never rightly having had one." He chuckled with recovered gleefulness. "I'd make it a gypsy camp on Epsom Downs first Wednesday in June."

"You're lucky. I wouldn't know where to make it. Which is just as well. For I'll never get there."

"What—never, guv'nor?"

"Never." He spoke, not as he had done with Hebron Allyn, but with simplicity and

---

Perfect equality is possible only in the realm of mathematics.

—CONALL CRARNACH: The Age of Whitewash. (M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin.)

It is not easy to be tactful; but those who love unselfishly have taken the first and essential step.

—FRANK SWINNERTON.

Faith is the bird that feels the light when the dawn is still dark.

—TAGORE.



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even guilelessness. "'Never' is a hard word to say, Runt."

"And it's an awful thought, guv'nor."

"Nothing to stop you, Runt. I've told you often enough. I could get you a passage on some British merchantman."

"And I've told you often enough I wouldn't go. I ain't leavin' Her Ladyship—nor you neither. I promised and I keeps my word." But he looked like an old child on the point of tears. "It's Gawd's truth—I'll never ride no more," he said simply and sadly.

Joss Caval scowled, but not with anger. "Poor devil!" he said. "Poor Runt!"

"It ain't that bad, guv'nor. It ain't my back that's badgering me."

"Do you know what Father Francis said about you?"

"He said a lot of things." The wizened face brightened with a slyly comical recollection. "He was a good 'un—though he was a foreigner. Well—what did he say?"

"He said, 'I used to wonder what they'd do with Il Piccolo in heaven. But now I know. They'll make him one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse!'"

The Runt sniffed. "Never heard of 'em."

"Well, they haven't ridden at Epsom yet. But no doubt they will. And you'll be one of them."

The hunchback considered him doubtfully. "All right, your Lordship," he said. "Poke fun at me. But now I'll tell you something. Gawd didn't give me these legs and these hands just to cruise round on a blasted boat. He'll give 'em a chance yet—mark my words. I ain't going to molder on this blasted Island—nor you neither."

"What childlike faith!" Joss Caval said, with something of his old elaborate sarcasm. "You and Mr. Allyn ought to get together. I prefer to believe that God, if He exists, leaves us to our own devices. And stop calling me 'your Lordship.'"

Albert allowed himself a discreet but sarcastic smile. "What harm does it do you what I calls you—when it's just you and me alone? It's a free country—so they say. And it does me good—makes me feel sort of homelike."

But Joss Caval, intent on his steady but blind course, seemed to have forgotten him. The fog still clung to them stubbornly, trailing its luminous shreds and tatters between them and the land. But the little wind, fanning his cheek, and the secretive movement of his awkward craft, answering to the first waves that danced to meet it, must have told him that they had rounded East Chop. For presently he shipped his oars and motioned with a jerk of his head and the two men, working together smoothly as from long custom, stepped up the mast and hoisted the coarse brown sail. As it began to draw, the old bumboat staggered and plunged like a goaded plow horse and then, settling into the wind's traces, churned ahead with a vigorous good will. Joss Caval climbed over the empty casks, pushing Albert from the tiller with a good-humored impatience such as he might have shown a faithful but ill-conditioned dog.

"It's getting late," Albert complained. "If I don't make Edgartown in time to serve Her Ladyship's dinner she'll fret her heart out."

"It's more important," Joss said, "that she should eat her stomach full."

"But that's what she don't understand," Albert sniffed. "The poor lady's mind being afflicted the way it is, she don't know that we poor sinful men have to eat and drink, so to speak, by the sweat of our brows—not to mention the perdition of our souls." He crossed himself sanctimoniously. "That's God's curse on us. It's in the Bible, if you don't believe me. My ma used to read the Bible to me, drunk or sober, she being a poor heretic. But perhaps great English ladies don't have to bother their heads about God's cussing. It weren't meant for the likes of them."

"Her Ladyship is not English either."

Albert shrugged his twisted shoulders. "Whatever she is," he said, "if I don't stand behind her chair tonight, tomorrow she'll



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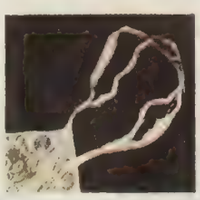
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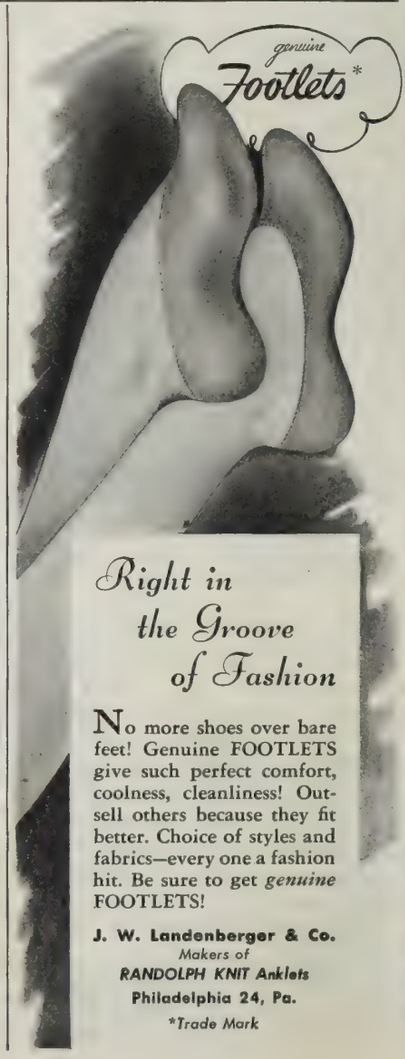


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ke the hide off me. And with good reason, ind you. For what does Maria Pia know of nteel manners? She serves at table like a tchen slut, which it's God's truth is all e is. What yarn shall I pitch Her Ladyship is time?"

"Tell her you accompanied her son on a inking spree," Joss suggested. "She'll elieve it."

"But she won't have me drinking," Albert otested. "She knows I can't hold my likker e a gen'leman, as how should I? I ain't a n'leman. I'm a gen'leman's gen'leman—n oncommon good one, though I says so."

"Tell her you went along to keep me from lling into Menemsha ond," Joss interrupted patiently.

He held up his hand, mmanding his own si-nce and in salutation. For e mist had at last re-ased them and they had ssed free into clear sun-ght, onto a serenely niling sapphire sea. ss Caval's greeting was r the one traveler that rode at anchor its gently rising and falling breast—a brig at swung easily to the east whence they me. Her sails, close-furled like the wings a majestic bird at rest, left her masts sterely outlined against the pale blue oudless sky. Seen from this distance, she emed to have no relation to the low un-ulating line of land on her starboard bow.

remoteness and loneliness encompassed r that made her not a work of men's hands r even a creature of the sea, but a newly ighted visitant from some other world, ted to long, splendid wayfaring but, like e mortals who sailed with her, without own destination.

Joss Caval's dark and battered face had eared. "You lovely!" he said.

He allowed his boat to butt her way to the ig's stern, where he put up his tiller and eat to windward till he brought up on the bow and paid off. Albert doused sail and they began to drift with the wind and the tide. Already they were close enough to make out the vessel's name, the Golden Fleece, painted beneath the old-fashioned carving of a ram's head, its once-gilded horns dimmed by long, fierce encounters with the wind and sea. Sailors were gathered on the fo'c'sle, and in the waist a man lounged down to the open bulwarks and signaled a casual greeting.

Joss waved back. His reckoning brought the bumboat gently against the brig's hull and, having been made fast, she lay there rolling sleepily, hidden from the land and absorbed from recognition by any passing vessels by the brig's deep shadow. Joss picked up the box at his feet and climbed the rope ladder that had been let down for him. Swinging himself over the rail, he stood motionless for a moment, like a man who has come home to greet familiar things and to mark changes. Proximity stripped the Golden Fleece of her magic—or perhaps disguised it. She was no better than a befouled old whaler. The worn decks were stained and the cutting cables, dumped negligently in the scuppers, sweated rust.

Two men, cross-legged on a near-by hatch, lazily sorting out frayed ropes and coiling whale lines back into their tubs, glanced up at Joss and nodded. But their worn, unshaved faces were unsmiling. Joss Caval knew how they felt toward him. He had been a better whaleman than the best of them, and he'd sold out. He'd deserted them—and not them only, but the sea which they hated and loved and could not leave—for money for which they toiled and sweated and, in the end, died in vain. He sold them what they had to have for what he could squeeze out of them.

Joss Caval grinned and with a lavish gesture tossed one of them the box he carried.

"Tact," said a witty lady, "is the unsaid part of what you think." Yes, and there is only one thing more potent—its opposite—the unthought part of what you say.

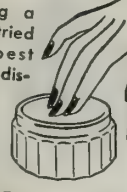
—HENRY VAN DYKE: Camp-Fires & Guide-Posts. (Scribner's).



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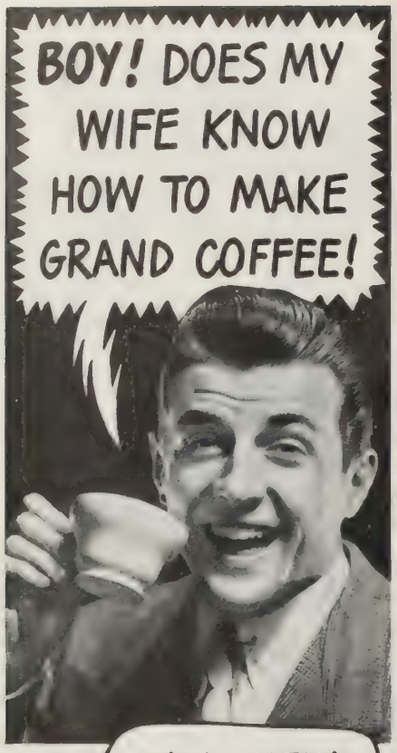


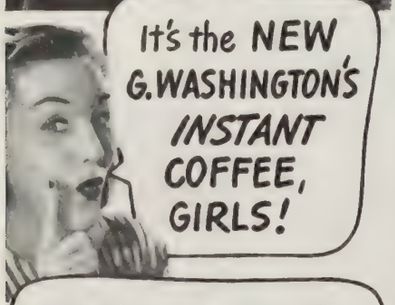
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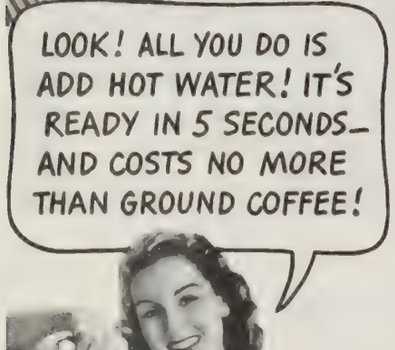
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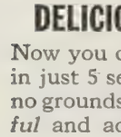






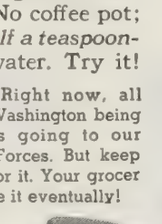
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"Pretties for your pretties," he said. "No charge, my hearties. They're on the house. Guaranteed to make the New Bedford girls open their eyes wide."

"And their arms, please God!" one of the men bettered with a sour laugh.

The ship's first mate, Harry Cartwright, limped at Joss Caval's side and rubbed uncomfortably at his stubbled chin. "They're ugly," he said, "and I don't blame them. The Cape gave us everything it had, and there were times when I didn't believe the old girl would round it. We've had her pumps going ever since. Hunks reckons we'd better lay to in Holmes Hole till we've straightened out a bit, before the owners get a sore eyeful of us. Maybe some of the men could gam over to your place tomorrow night, Caval. It might put heart into them. But I warn you, there isn't a brass cent between the lot."

"I've taken plenty off them in my time," Joss said. "I'll take plenty again. Sure. Tomorrow night'll be open house." He sniffed as he walked aft. It was as though even with the freshening wind he imagined that the familiar stench of blubber still lingered. "So it's been poor hunting," he said casually.

"The poorest ever. Three years gone and four hundred barrels to show for it." It obviously irked him to admit dire failure to this man who was no longer one of them. "The Old Man's waiting for you below," he said gruffly. "While you're powwowing we'll help Bert stow your stuff for you."

"Thanks. Take your time. I'll have to wait for dark anyway. We're getting lawabiding in these parts."

He swaggered a little, as though even the dirty deck felt good under his feet, and, swinging himself into the cabin scuttle, dodged, as from habit, the broad menacing beams and bolts on the short dark way to the captain's quarters. The tiny stateroom and the cabin beyond gave more testimony to disaster. In the stateroom, thumbed-over charts, accountings and clearance papers lay heaped in hopeless disorder on the table under the swinging lamp. A small gray-whiskered monkey sat perched at an open window and chattering softly. It turned its unhappy golden eyes on Joss Caval as he entered, and with a thin, childish cry jumped down and clambered up his thigh and arm till it rested on his shoulder.

"The devil sure knows her own," Hunks Farquason remarked, grinning. He sat on his sea chest, one stout leg curled under him, and whittled at a small block of teakwood. "I'm scrimshawing this for my youngster," he said, considering his handiwork with sardonic complacency. "He was just born when I put out. He's three now and ought to know a right whale when he sees one. Or maybe he's dead, and my wife too. Or maybe he's got a little sister. How should I know?" He tossed his jackknife aside and held out a huge hairy hand to Joss Caval, who stripped off his glove to take it. Joss' hand was well kept and of a lighter tan than the lean sinewy arm. The mark of the glove was like a frontier between two lives. Hunks Farquason held the hand for a moment, considering it, and then dropped it with a rude noise of disgust. "My fine gentleman!" he said.

"My mother's gentleman," Joss Caval corrected, grinning.

"Your mother's b——" Hunks began and checked himself discreetly. Sliding off the chest, he produced from a cupboard two misty glasses and a black bottle. "It's some years since last I met him," he said. "Does the gentleman still drink?"

"As a gentleman of the old school should," Joss said. He leaned against the table and, lifting the monkey from his shoulder, he held it in the curve of his arm. "How did you come by this sad little monster, Hunks?"

"Gamming on the South Seas. The skipper of the Pegasus had taken her for a bad debt and wanted to be quit of her. I thought of that Italian organ-grinding fellow. He'll be wanting a new playmate. Monkeys don't live long in our climate."

He poured two glasses full.

"Looks good," Joss Caval said.

"The best. I've got three casks for you—if you can pay spot cash."

"If you don't shear me too close, Hunks. Winter trading has been bad too. The cod and mackerel seem to have gone with the whales. But if I can hold out till the brethren come ashore, I'll keep afloat."

"What sort of fellow are you, Joss?"

"Mr. Allyn could tell you. He'd enjoy it. He'd enjoy sinking me even better. But some of his brethren like me—and my flip. Every year a few more of them slink up the hill. A few hours later Bert and I have to cart them down again. Luckily, Old Jeb has been made night watchman. He sees to it they're snug in the fold by daybreak."

Hunks Farquason grunted. "Pedro Cavalho would turn in his grave." He added slyly, "If he were in it."

"Because his grandson makes a good business of seduction? I have to have money. A gentleman's mother comes high. A gentleman has to get soused at least once a week. He has to keep his girl like other mortals. And by Godfrey, one way or another he has to get out of this Island."

"There are other ways. You're a good seaman, for all your finicky ways." The old man gave a rusty chuckle, as at some memory common to them both, and pushed the bottle across the table. "I'll be putting out again as soon as we've refitted. My first steersman, Jim Finch, went this trip. Cut almost in half by a tangled line. They got his whale though—a forty-ton bull. Stuck to it when it sounded like it was taking the boatload of 'em to hell with it. Jim was dying, but he yelled that if any man cut that line he'd haunt him to the grave's edge." Hunks Farquason jerked his head at the harpoon set in the rack alongside his well-polished gun. "That was his," he said. "I'm keeping it for another right man."

Joss wet his finger in his glass and made a sign on the monkey's forehead. "In the name of all good Jamaican rum I christen thee Dolores, Daughter of Sorrows."

The older man's mouth had tightened. "You're a crazy loon, Joss, but you're the man I want. And you'd be quit of the Island. You'd see a bit of the world again."

"Aye, *your* world—dirty seas and dirtier ports. I'd rather stay here and take your money off you—when you have any. Besides, I'm a poor hand at taking orders." The two men grinned at each other. It amused them that they should be able to exchange that look of appreciation. One night crossing the Line, after a year of profitless hardship, they had fought each other into bloody unconsciousness, and when, months later, they had put into New Bedford Joss Caval's back had been a maze of terrible scarcely healed flogging scars. "When I sail this bawdy old tub again," he said, "it will be as master."

Hunks shrugged his heavy shoulders. "Then I reckon you'll never sail with her."

"I reckon so myself." Joss tipped the bottle up. "Which reckoning will cost you the last drink, captain."

As though a secret signal had been given, the deserted wharf broke into a hearty, bustling life. Shawled women with baskets on their arms, their hooped skirts keeping one another at bay, eddied in a circle of roustabouts, longshoremen and fishermen whose expectant yet gloomy faces were turned to the Sound, where the thinning sun-drenched fog already carried the ghostly shadow of an incoming vessel.

A little barefoot Negro boy danced at Hebron's elbow. "Tote the lady's bags for you, suh?"

"You can help, Young Jeb."

Hebron smiled to himself, a little disconcerted. As an Islander, he should have expected that to the farthest tip of Gay Head the coming of Ellen Frosbie should be known almost before she had answered Martha's invitation. Martha herself chattered like a sparrow on a roof top. But she was a good little sparrow and her tongue wagged only in kindliness and good will to everyone.

Hebron wondered what God thought of His man's heavily beating heart. God knew, of course, that in spite of Hebron's thirty years, his was a very young heart and given





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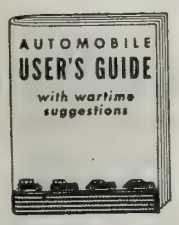
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for the first time to a woman who was not his mother or sister. But God also knew, since the mind of His man was open to Him, that Hebron would have crushed his heart under his heel were it not dedicated, with all its human hungers, to His service. Thus he could give himself to his happiness with the confidence of a child.

The Manoshansett nosed up cautiously. Old Captain Pollock, from his wheelhouse, bawled at the waiting longshoremen and ropes were tossed to their accustomed hands and groaned and creaked as the Manoshansett strained them against their stanchions. As she came to her final rest a gangplank broke across the narrow strip of dividing water and, like a pent-up flood, suddenly released roustabouts swept forward against the impatiently struggling tide of land-bound passengers.

Hebron's anxious eyes picked up each woman's face in turn and discarded it with cold fear rising each time a little higher about his heart. Something untoward had happened. Or she had changed her mind. She had not come.

Then he saw her. As though his eagerness had swept a path clear for her, she stood alone at the head of the gangplank, the colored woman, Minnie, a dark and massive background to her fair littleness. His heart faltered with relief, astonishment and a vague disquiet. He had looked for her to be still in deep mourning. The dove-gray bonnet and cloak and dress became her well, and gray was a proper, sober hue for a woman. Yet it seemed to say that the blackest grief fades as its cause is left behind by the ruthlessly onward-marching days. Only change is constant. And Hebron had thought of her as unchangingly, passively waiting.

Now she had seen him too. The look of intent yet calm seeking gave place to a smiling recognition. She came to meet him, her gloved hand outstretched from its silken muff, her hooped skirts swinging against the sides of the gangplank. "You have had such a long wait for me. I have been concerned for you."

"Then we have been concerned for each other." He stood bareheaded, her hand held fast in his. He thought recklessly, *Whatever else happens, this will be one of the dearest moments of my life.* He went on, stilted and eager, "It must have been a wretched journey. I trust that you were not afraid?"

"Afraid? No. Perhaps I was too ignorant to realize that there might be danger. Or perhaps"—her eyes had a way of darkening when she was amused—"I liked it."

"But I had hoped for sunshine. I had wanted your first picture of our Island to be beautiful."

"It may be better this way." She rested her finger tips lightly on his arm. "It reminds me of a play to which my father took me in Boston. It was my first play. I sat in the dark, quiet theater, waiting for the curtain to go up, wondering what lay behind it. That was the best moment of all—better, I am sure, than the poor play and the poor actors." She looked up at him quickly with concern, as though she feared to have hurt him. "I do not mean, of course, that the best is not to come, only that there was a kind of magic in that gray emptiness." She looked away from him at the ship, now sinking from a whirlwind disorder to a methodical, if disheveled, bustle. "I even imagined that I heard singing," she added, "far off and quite beautiful. It was an absurd fancy."

"It was not the Island you heard singing," Hebron said sternly. "But it may well have been the Island's devil."

"Has the Island a devil? And does he sing so well?"

"If the devil did not sing well, there might be fewer sinners." He smiled down at her unwillingly, yet too happy to resist her demure amusement. "Besides, I am guilty of an exaggeration. I should have said 'one of the devil's willing servants.'"

The tide of passengers and laden porters had begun to flow inland. Minnie and the little colored boy had drawn apart and were watching the two white folk. Thus Hebron and Ellen Frosbie were cast up in a suddenly self-conscious isolation.

"That may be worse," Ellen Frosbie said, "for after all, the poor devil may not be willing to be a devil."

He frowned, perplexed and uneasy. Concord, he knew from hearsay, was a hotbed of much thinking that was in itself new and strange and perhaps dangerous. "Free will ——" he began gravely.

But her hand had slipped from his arm. She stooped and picked up the spray of red silken roses that Joss Caval had insolently tossed up to him. When she straightened, it was as though the roses had thrown their bright reflection in her cheeks. Her eyes were very dark.

"You must have dropped these, Mr. Allyn," she said. "Were they meant for me?"

For a moment he was aghast and silent. He seemed to hear his own thoughts stammering and stumbling over one another. What did she think him? A coarse, thick-skinned oaf who in the face of her mourning could offer her such a tribute? Yet her eyes were kind and the roses, poised on the gray muff, had a look of pretty innocence.

Afterward he realized, with shame, that he had failed her and himself. But at least he could claim ruefully that he had not lied. "Yes — they were meant for you," he said. And he hated Jocelyn Caval as a man should hate evil, but more passionately than he should hate another sinner.

From amid the cargo already discharged on the wharfside they disentangled a traveling bag and a square hide trunk that was to be brought up later by oxcart. Young Jeb pounced on the bag. He went ahead, staggering gallantly under his burden, and Minnie followed like a big ship answering to the pull of a fussy, sturdy little tug.

Ellen Frosbie had accepted Hebron's arm again. The four of them made a compact little group in the midst of a straggling, toiling procession. Oxcarts piled high with freight and baggage creaked on the sandy road ahead. Buckboards had picked up the old people and children. The whole concourse moved disjointedly to the crossroads, where it would break up and the returning wanderers make their way home to every corner of the Island.

"Our roads are few and poor," Hebron explained. "Most of them—like this—are little more than cart tracks. To reach some of our people I have to ride horseback—and when my poor old nag goes lame, as she often does, go on foot. Do you think our life will be too hard for you?"

"Walking will not be hard for me," she answered. "My father and my brothers and I would walk for miles over the hills and meadows around Concord. We would take food with us and lunch by the river's edge while my father fished. Sometimes Mr. Emerson would go with us, and Mr. Alcott and even Mr. Hawthorne, though he liked company and talk less than the other two. They would argue so earnestly ——" She laughed, perhaps to cover the break in her voice. "My father loved life so much," she murmured.

Hebron had felt the sharp serpent's tooth of jealousy. She was remembering a life that could never quite belong to him. But then he comforted himself with the realization that her grief for its loss was still there, deep-buried but unchanged. In spite of the gray dress, she was not light-minded—only brave.

(Continued on Page 47)

The depths of life are spiritual depths. They are not gained by travel, be it ever so wide, nor by exciting worldly adventures. They are plumbed at home, by the fireside, at the supper table, in bed on sleepless nights, in the snatched intervals of exhausting and ordinary toil, in the room where a father lies dying, in the room where two young people are confessing love, in the room where a child is being born.

—GRANT OVERTON: The Women Who Make Our Novels (Moffat, Yard & Co.)



Yes sir, there's nothing like these quality tunas (hot or cold) to make a man forget "office fatigue" and the troubles of the day! Because only the tender *light* meat is packed, every dish is a *coup de maitre.*

With many of our tuna clippers in the Navy, we can only do off-shore fishing in smaller boats. But we're supplying your dealer as often as we can, so keep asking for these famous brands.

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Swanderful Tips

... FROM THE SAFETY PIN SET



From a Blonde

Though blondes, they say, may sometimes fade
I keep the bloom on me
With pure, mild Swan. My doctor says
Swan's great for purity!



From a Brunette

I've heard brunettes are dangerous
But I'm just soft and sweet!
I'll give you my complexion tip—
Mild Swan from head to feet!



From a Redhead

If doing dishes has your hands
The color of my head
Just Swan the dishes—those mild suds
Help hands stay white instead!



From all three

We love our dainty pinafores
Swan keeps 'em bright and gay!
So why not wash *your* pretty duds
The gentle, mild Swan way?

Oh, lovely floating soap! Oh, Swan!
So sudsy! Mild! And pure!
For baby, dishes, duds, and you—
You'll love Swan, we are sure!

Baby-mild for Everything...

SWAN IS PURE AS FINE CASTILES



Oh, Uncle Sam says "DON'T WASTE SOAP—
It's very precious stuff!
Keep soap dish dry. Save every scrap.
And we'll all have enough!"

(Continued from Page 45)

The procession had lurched to an abrupt, disconcerted halt. Its leaders scattered to the roadside, leaving an open space for the high English dogcart which, magnified by the fog, took on the appearance of a fantastic chariot harnessed to a flame-eyed, foam-flecked monster. Hebron thrust Ellen Frosbie behind him. It was not so much from physical danger that instinctively he tried to shield her, as from spiritual contamination. Evil, he thought with bitterness, was unresting in its vigilance. It struck at you out of ambush, out of the fog, in a moment when your heart was tranquil and unwary. His bitterness was sharpened by the knowledge that his companion had stiffened against his effort to protect her.

In fact, to Ellen Frosbie the sudden apparition seemed more strange than terrible. The dogcart, she realized, must once have been a handsome, fashionable affair before the sporting reds and yellows with which it was picked out had become scratched and tarnished. The horse between the shafts was a young Thoroughbred but half broken, and one of the shafts had cracked near the shoulder and been lashed together, and a mislaid kicking strap had been replaced casually with rope. To the whole rakish, down-at-heel elegance of the turnout the little woman in black who clung to the perilously pitched tiger's seat and screamed urgently in some foreign tongue added an element of mad comedy.

The driver, too, was a woman. Her fine, straight shoulders carried a faded, moth-eaten coachman's cloak under which she wore a dark red and heavily flounced dress of another decade. A tricorn with a battered plume sat jauntily on her jet-black, disordered hair. But her manner had no hint of abashed self-awareness. She held the reins arrogantly, and her strong-featured face had the somber dignity of a splendid ruin whose fire-blasted foundations still smoldered.

"Don't stand there like a stuck pig!" she shouted at Hebron. "Hold the brute's head for me. And stop shrieking, Maria Pia, or I will pitch you into the sea."

THE little woman on the rear seat choked herself into aghast, submissive silence, and Hebron hesitated. He was not afraid. But his disgust and resentment paralyzed his natural reaction, both to the insolent order and to the threatening catastrophe. For the stallion, wild with terror at the ghostly shapes which had emerged out of the fog, reared, menacing with his flying hoofs the heads of those nearest him. In that moment of Hebron's inaction Ellen Frosbie brushed past him. She was so small that she had to make a little childish jump to catch and hold the snaffle.

Hebron's wild fear for her as, at last throwing off the spell that had bound him to inaction, he sprang to her side and snatched the reins from her, was part anger. She had taken a mad risk and she had made him seem unmanly and inept. For the stallion, as though in response to magic, had already quieted. Ellen stood beside him, gentling the sweat-stained russet neck with her gloved hand and speaking in a caressing, commanding undertone as though in some language known only to the two of them. Hebron had known that she was brave and strong, as a woman may be and keep her womanliness. Now, suddenly, she had shown him another sort of strength and courage. The half-broken brute had recognized it and surrendered to it.

But Hebron's anger had died as quickly as it had flared up. "You shouldn't have taken such a risk," he told her.

"It was no risk. I am used to horses."

The driver, from her perch, sent down a wild laugh. "You're too late, Allyn. The lady has shown more courage than you. Let go there!"

He obeyed. The insolence of her address had checked his instinctive gesture of salutation, for, though crazed and shameless, she was still a woman and thus had a claim upon his courtesy. But she took no further notice of him. She leaned forward, searching the circle of upturned faces on which was written a curious emotion, part resentment, part ridicule, part a sort of inverted pride.

A fisherman tugged off his cap and made her a deep bow that was not wholly mocking. "His Lordship has not come, your Ladyship," he said.

SOMEONE in the crowd tittered. But it was a stray, solitary sound that might have come from among the sea gulls wheeling in ghostly indolence overhead.

The woman nodded, her large, dark eyes now turned to the sea, seeming to search its veiled horizon for some belated traveler. "He has been detained again," she said haughtily. "But he will come." She gathered up the reins and, bringing her whip down on the stallion's flank, swung him round in a mad pivot. The dogcart vanished as violently as it had appeared.

The Allyn Farm, as Ellen Frosbie had known from Martha's letter of invitation, lay up-Island. This tiny clapboard cottage on the edge of the wide path that circled the tree-shadowed heart of the Camp was the summer quarters allotted to Hebron as tent-master to the Meeting.

Ellen Frosbie's bedroom was little more than a square box, furnished with a stern rejection of all the trifles that might have lent it a simple, friendly charm. On the pine bureau beneath a concession of a mirror and in the flickering orbit of candlelight the red roses shone with an alien and defiant gaiety. Ellen Frosbie wondered where Hebron Allyn had found them and why he should have bought them for her. They seemed a mysterious denial of everything she thought she knew of him. One day, she supposed, he would ask her to be his wife. But love, however strong, would not make him weak or foolishly lighthearted.

Her room had one window, which opened out onto a little insecure balcony and thence onto the circle of oak trees interspersed with half-erected tents that in the dark had the look of recumbent, sleeping monsters. The fog had lifted. Ellen, seated on the room's one chair, thought that she saw the sea, glinting cold and dark and empty between the tree trunks. That afternoon, in the sun-drenched fog, it had seemed astir with violent yet cautious life whose sly fingers had brushed her cheek and whose far-off song had hung derisively just beyond her understanding. She was not easily disturbed. She did not like it. Her pride had risen in arms. Even now she was angry with herself because the tune of the song haunted her and pleased her.

Behind her, Minnie, moving heavily, laid out her night things. Minnie sang under her breath and the deep formless sound might have come from the heart of the sad earth. It was infinitely resigned and melancholy.

From the door Minnie looked back at Ellen. "Good night, Miss Ellen."

"Good night, Minnie."

Now she was alone in her allotted corner of this sanctuary. She remembered how, as she had passed between the community tents, the fog had lifted finally so that the

(Continued on Page 49)

In the days of the Commonwealth, Bulstrode Whitelock, Ambassador to The Hague, was tossing about through the night in anxiety about the condition of the country. An old servant, lying in the same room, addressed him: "Sir, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," replied the ambassador.

"Sir, did God govern the world well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And will He rule the world well when you have gone out of it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then, sir, can you not trust Him to rule the world well while you are in it?"

The tired ambassador turned on his side and fell asleep.

—Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge.
(Longmans, Green & Co.)



Man most likely to Succeed...

TO LOOK at him now, you wouldn't think he works so hard—as most of us must in wartime.

But the real reason he *can* work hard is that he knows *when to relax.*

Sounds easy, doesn't it?

Yet in these days of strain, more and more people must work harder and use more energy. We should all remember that efficiency drops when fatigue begins. To do our patriotic best, we should, and must, know how to "take it easy" in off hours.

There's no secret to recognizing serious fatigue. Irritability . . . that "all-in" feeling . . . nagging headaches . . . sluggish thinking—all may mean it is time to relax.

Of course if such signs of weariness are occasional, instinct tells you to get a good night's sleep, and you're ready to go again. But if you are *chronically* tired and listless you should—

See your doctor, to make sure that some illness like tuberculosis or heart disease isn't the cause. Perhaps he will find some minor and readily corrected cause such as poor eyesight or hearing, bad teeth, foot trouble—even faulty posture. Any of these can place a strain on your system of which you may not even be aware.

Accumulate more energy, by eating adequate meals at *regular* intervals, including a hearty breakfast. After all, your body's source of useful energy is the food you eat.

Get more sleep—make a habit of getting to bed an hour earlier. Rest briefly during the day if you have a chance. Try and get plenty of fresh air.

Conserve your energy, by avoiding worry, tension, too fast a pace in work or recreation. Emotional control is important, for fear and anger burn up precious energy. Be calm—and above all *learn to relax.* Let tense muscles go limp from time to time. It is wise to prevent mental fatigue by relaxing your mind with the type of recreation that revives you best.

You can do a better job and enjoy doing it . . . if you don't let fatigue tighten you up.

Write for Metropolitan's free booklet 75J—"Fatigue—What To Do About That Tired Feeling."

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Only a pair of pears? Make 'em more and merrier with Jell-O!



Nothing left in the fruit bowl but a couple of pears?

What you need is a pear-stretcher. And here it is! Two pears will seem like half a dozen—when they're scattered all through a tempting juicily luscious mold of Jell-O.

Matter of fact, Jell-O stretches dozens and dozens of favorite foods! And that works *two* ways these days, because often Jell-O is scarce, too.

So put two good things together, make 'em both go further, and get something truly super! Remember: when you save food, you're helping to win the peace!

Only be sure to get genuine Jell-O. Its delicious fruity goodness is "locked-in." And stays "locked in," so that you can enjoy every bit of that wonderful Jell-O flavor.



JELL-O CORONET—Dissolve Jell-O in hot water and fruit juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in fruit and turn into mold. Or mold Jell-O, arranging fruit to form design. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with rose geranium leaves and cottage cheese sprinkled with chopped nuts, if desired. Makes 4 to 6 servings. A grand way to make the most of any small amount of fruit and one precious package of Jell-O.

1 package Jell-O (any flavor)
2 cups hot water and fruit juice
Canned or fresh fruits (Use any left-over fruits, such as pears and Royal Anne cherries, peaches and strawberries, oranges and blackberries, etc.)



APPLE FLUFF—Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Chill until slightly thickened. Place in bowl of ice and water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in apple sauce and lemon rind. Turn into small pan, making a layer about 1 inch deep. Chill until firm. Cut in squares. Serve plain or with custard sauce and garnish with maraschino cherries and sprigs of mint. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

1 package Orange or Lemon Jell-O
1¾ cups hot water
1 cup apple sauce
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind



JELL-O FANTASY—Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Turn into parfait or deep sherbet glasses. Chill until firm. Insert banana slices. Pour cream over top. Insert flat side of knife deeply between glass and Jell-O and cut slightly, allowing cream to trickle down sides to form a design. Makes 4 to 6 servings. Jell-O's rich flavor comes from tiny globules of flavor essence "locked" into each little Jell-O crystal. You get all that fragrant, fruity goodness in your finished dessert.

1 package Jell-O (any flavor)
2 cups hot water
½ banana, scored with fork and sliced
Cream



CABBAGE AND GRAPEFRUIT SALAD—Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn about ¼ cup Jell-O into large mold, and in it arrange grapefruit sections. Chill until firm. Combine remaining ingredients and let stand to marinate. Then fold into remaining Jell-O. Turn into mold over firm layer. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with escarole and radish roses. Serve with mayonnaise. Makes 6 servings.

1 package Lime or Lemon Jell-O
2 cups hot water
1 cup grapefruit sections, free from membrane
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon horse-radish
1 cup finely shredded cabbage
¼ cup sliced stuffed olives



WHAT'S FOUND ONLY IN JELL-O? THAT "LOCKED-IN" JELL-O FLAVOR!

Jell-O is a trade-mark owned by General Foods.

(Continued from Page 47)

shadow thrown over them by the great trees had seemed clear and peaceful as the depths of a deep, still pool.

On the porch steps Hebron Allyn had stopped and looked down at her very gravely. "You do believe in God, Miss Frosbie?"

Involuntarily she had stiffened. Only a few hours ago, across a narrow strip of sea, she would have resented the question as an intrusion, a breaking in, unasked, into her house. But then she realized that she had left her safe, well-ordered life behind. "Yes," she had answered straightly.

"Then you believe, too, in God's purpose with us," he had said, and happiness had illuminated his hard, strong features and made them lovable. "You know that you have come home."

Someone had tapped at her door. Before Ellen Frosbie could answer it, the door opened and Martha Allyn stood on the threshold. She held a small lamp close to her face and the light in her brown eyes made them sparkle like the eyes of an eager, hungry little bird. Her cheeks were tight and round and bright-colored as ripe apples.

"I hoped you were still awake, Sister Ellen. Hebron wanted me to speak to you before you slept." She sounded breathless with nervous eagerness. "He was afraid you might be troubled. He wanted me to explain things he couldn't, of course, talk about to a woman."

"Please come in. Sit down, Miss Allyn."

"Won't you call me Martha—Sister Martha?" She closed the door and set down her lamp on the bureau where its steady glow mingled with the flickering candlelight. Ellen Frosbie, who had stood up, offered her the one chair, which Martha accepted out of sheer embarrassment, while Ellen herself leaned against the window casement. "It's—it's about that singing you heard, Sister Ellen, and—and that dreadful woman. Perhaps it is unchristian to call her dreadful. But indeed it is dreadful when a fellow creature, through contempt of God's law, should become possessed."

"It is at least tragic," Ellen said.

"Yes—though 'tragic' suggests something noble and beautiful, don't you think, whereas sin is always base and ugly. Leonora Caval is a wicked woman, I think. The man you heard singing was no doubt Jocelyn Caval, her son. He has a beautiful voice. The devil must have given it him to be a snare and a delusion to the unwary, for he is a bad man. I feel sometimes that perhaps he cannot help being what he is. But Hebron says I am wrong to feel that way. All of us are free to choose ——"

"Someone addressed her as 'your Ladyship,'" Ellen said. "It sounded mocking."

"It was indeed." The bright color in Martha's cheeks deepened. Her eyes dropped in honest shame. "She isn't even married. The man she ran away with wouldn't marry her. Or I'd rather think that perhaps he couldn't. He was an Englishman—what is called a nobleman, though indeed there was nothing noble in what he did. His ship was wrecked on the Island in a storm and the Cavals took him into their home and Leonora Caval nursed him back to life. The Cavals are Portuguese. Pedro Caval had his own whaler and was a rich man in those days, but violent and even cruel. Long after Leonora ran away he killed a man for speaking ill of her and disappeared, and his whaler was sold to take care of the dead man's family. So you see poor Jocelyn was born in sin and there is bad blood in him. I try very hard not to make excuses for him because, of course, what Hebron says is true. It is not only himself he dashes on the rocks. He is a false beacon, guiding the weak and foolish to destruction ——" She broke off. Her eyes, as though drawn by a strong light, had come to rest on the silken roses on the bureau. "Oh, how pretty!" she said breathlessly.

Ellen Frosbie smiled. "One day I shall wear them in my bonnet. You must ask your brother to give you a spray like them."

"Hebron?" Her fascinated gaze tore itself from the flowers to rest, shocked and almost frightened, on Ellen's face. "Hebron wouldn't buy things like that for me—or any woman." She faltered, her native kindness and wisdom thrown into panic-stricken disorder. "There must be some mistake," she said, scarcely above her breath.

"Of course—I didn't mean ——" The simplicity and friendliness which had flowered between them seemed to have withered at the touch of a triviality. It ceased to be trivial; it had become mysterious and dangerous. And now it was Ellen Frosbie who was stammering. "I only meant that if you liked the flowers ——"

"I thought them pretty. And for you, Sister Ellen, it is quite different—at least, until you have become really one of us. But Hebron ——" She stood up and took her lamp. The light trembled, but she held her tight, round body with dignity and her eyes had become unflinching and very bright. She had to say what was in her heart. "Though I am younger than Hebron, I know that in some things I am much older. He is like an innocent, good child."

"I know. I understand that."

"It would be very wicked, Sister Ellen, to mislead and hurt him."

The two women measured each other steadily. Ellen came to Martha and held out her hand. "I must seem worldly to you, Martha. But indeed, even as you understand it, I am not a worldly woman. I have lost everyone I loved. I have been—I am still very unhappy. I would not willingly bring grief to anyone."

The brown eyes grew soft with tears. "I am sure of it—and that you will find peace here, sister." They kissed each other. "Good night and God comfort you, Sister Ellen."

The door closed softly. In the sudden draft the tiny flag of candle flame fluttered and went down in darkness. Ellen did not seek to rekindle it. There was light from the stars. The sky seemed to reflect the dark radiance of the sea lying in false calm beyond the protecting trees. But the gay flowers had been drained of their bright innocent colors. Ellen Frosbie had no more pleasure in them. She opened a drawer and swept them into it and closed it firmly.



"Of course it's simply stunning. . . . But won't your father care?"

The invisible nearness of land felt like a warm breath on Joss Caval's neck. He bent forward, resting on his oars, his head bowed in an attitude either of humility or exhaustion. He had been, in fact, so drunk that even now he doubted his capacity to stand up. Albert, curled up on the prow, slept.

Joss Caval heard the soft explosion of the sea as it broke behind him and the childish whimper of pebbles foolishly scrabbling against the gentle, maternal tug of the outgoing tide. He lifted his clumsy oars out of their muffled oarlocks and with a muttered "Here goes!" lurched to his feet and faced about.

The shoulders of the cove hunched themselves somberly against a luminous sky, already prescient of the moon's rising. He whistled, imitating a night bird's call. The keel grated under him and hands stretched over the white line of foam and laid hold of the gunwales. One of them took a fistful of Albert's collar and slung him ashore, and laughter, subdued but brutal, mingled with the hunchback's high-pitched cursing.

Joss Caval climbed into the shallows and dug his naked feet into the wet sand and threw his weight against the boat that, alive a moment since, now lay like a drifted whale, ponderously inert, at the water's edge. But once she was securely beached, he stood aside, leaving it to the three shadowy men to heave the full casks ashore and up the ramp onto the low-slung oxcart.

He turned from the woman who hung at his side. "For heaven's sake, let me get my breath, Carly."

"We've been that skeered, Joss," she explained humbly. "You were so late coming. We thought maybe something had happened to you."

"Something is always happening to me. It doesn't have to be death and damnation. Lay off, Carly. We've got to stow this stuff before it gets too light. And my head splits."

"You've been drinking, Joss."

"Better than that. I've been drunk."

He pushed her off, and heard the throaty, sultry sound of her laughter. Satisfied now as at some unspoken promise, she turned away obediently and climbed the shore to the dark rise of cliffs.

Albert tagged at her heels. "The wharf rats! The dirty pirates—they've broke my back again."

"Hold your tongue, Runt," she told him over her shoulder. She added with rough friendliness, "I'll give you a drink that will raise hair on that bald head. *She'll* never know. You've got seven miles to sweat it out of you—unless the boys give you a lift."

He whimpered softly. "And me a horseman—born to the pigskin, as you might say, and damned to wear out shoe leather like a beggar."

"I know. Don't tell me. *You'd* have won the Oaks or whatever the thing is if that filly hadn't kicked you. Take my hand."

She helped him, like a tired, disconsolate child, over a barrier of tumbled rock onto a footpath which wound through a black tunnel of scrub over the brow of the cliffs and by a swift descent into a stony hollow. The stars were overhead again. But even by their light the shack was scarcely distinguishable from the tangled wilderness about it. The door made no sound as she pushed it open. The woman closed it again quickly, thrusting back the light that had tried to break past her like a frantic fugitive.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Out

BY NATHANIEL BURT

Let's go play in the sun,
You and I, hand in hand on the beaches . . .
At night, over our whispers, hear the sea.
Let's look into the light,
Smiling, squinting our eyes;
You can shake out your hair,
O, into the salt and gleaming wind
And we shall not go back, not look inside,
Close up the starless closet, throw the key.
Let's drop all thoughts, all deaths, all duties;
Let's, clean as a shell, like the sand blown free,
Be tossed spendthrift, become pure and bare,
Become so shining that we cease to be.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Albert knew the hide-out like the palm of his own hand. The guv'nor had built it like a ship's cabin, with a deep cupboard in which to stow his gear, a slop chest and a bunk in a corner by the fireplace. Even the shuttered windows were portholes. As a concession, he'd tossed in a couple of rough-hewn chairs and a table. But the place had had a sort of man's cleanliness. And then, Albert thought sourly, a trollop from New Bedford had moved in with all her half-soiled, raffish gewgaws. She'd slung a gaudy, dirty shawl over the bunk whose blankets, Albert would take his oath, hadn't been washed for a month of Sundays, and tacked fly-blown colored prints on the walls. On a rickety table stood a mess of woman's stuff—paint and powder and a tangle of cheap jewelry. But the table under the ship's swinging lamp was set out lavishly, and Albert's little darting eyes, coming to rest on the golden, broad-beamed ham, the brown-crusted loaf and the huge pewter jug, grew intent and wistful. Over the peat fire a black caldron sent up a lazy, rich-savored cloud of steam.

Albert sniffed at it. "I'm hungry," he said plaintively. "The guv'nor never thinks of food when there's drink around or money to be made."

The woman cut off hunks of meat and bread and slapped them together and tossed them across to him. "Better eat and drink fast, Runt," she advised. "Joss and me won't want you round."

She was padding restlessly back and forth over the dirt floor—the slatternly cambric dress, bereft of its fashionable hoops, swinging in thick clumsy folds about her naked ankles, its loose, provocatively unbuttoned bodice showing the warm deep cleft between her breasts. Her bare arms were beautiful. They promised strength and passion and even a cunning tenderness. The thick hair, waving back from a low, stubborn forehead to a plait reaching to her waist, was of a coppery color.

"A gen'leman's gen'leman knows his place," Albert retorted. He grinned between vicious bites. "After food and drink comes lovely women"—he surveyed her wickedly—"though what my gen'leman sees in a slut like you beats me."

She stopped dead and turned on him. Her blunt-featured face, burned to deep gold by the sun and wind but not yet withered by them, had become expressionless. It was as though a fire had been banked down, out of sight, leaving a dark, cold and dangerous surface. It was a curious, troubling face, balanced between furious animal vigor and human subtlety. Albert loathed her, but she could make the blood pound in his pointed ears.

"I wouldn't talk that way, if I were you, Runt," she said. "You won't always have a crazy woman to stand back of you and I won't always rot in this filthy hovel waiting for a booze ship to bring Joss home to me."

"So it's the captain's house you've got that bold, bad eye on. Well, it may fall to pieces first—or the guv'nor may get hisself hung. Or"—he grimaced horribly—"I might cut your throat."

"I could wring yours with one hand," she flung back at him.

"Don't you be too sure." He held out his huge hands, clenching and unclenching them. "See these?"

We Saw It PROVED!



MRS. WM. ADELSPERGER
South Bend, Ind.
Member South Bend P.T.A.

MISS LUCILE LANGDON
Waukesha, Wis.
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Old Dutch Cleanser

CLEANED FASTER
CLEANED EASIER
and WENT FURTHER

than ANY OTHER leading cleanser*

"For Dissolving and Cleaning Away Grease, Old Dutch Cleanser Is Way Ahead!"

Say These Women After Watching Scientific Tests of All Leading Cleansers



Which cleanser will get sinks, tubs, and pans shining clean *fastest, easiest?*

These three women found this answer—"Old Dutch is way ahead for cleaning away grease!" they say.

They witnessed actual tests on greasy porcelain against *every* leading cleanser—brands used by nearly nine out of ten women. And saw how Old Dutch out-cleaned them all—even cleansers priced higher!

They Saw Proof with Their Own Eyes

"There is no question of Old Dutch's superiority," these women agreed. "For dissolving and cleaning away grease, Old Dutch is way ahead!"

Old Dutch—noted for its gentleness in removing dirt—contains famous Seismotite. No other cleanser, at any price, can make that claim!

*The brands tested account for approximately 90% of all cleanser sold in the U.S.

Goes Much Further

In previous laboratory tests, it was proved by exacting procedures that Old Dutch cleaned 77 more two-quart size aluminum pans per can than any other cleanser tested.



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FASTER! EASIER! made with famous SEISMOTITE!

"They're ugly enough," she admitted sullenly.

"They've held in wilder, meaner fillies than you, my beauty. And"—he leaned forward, as though by coming closer to her he could force her to listen; his face had lost its contorted malice, it had smoothed out—"the guv'nor ain't going to break his neck, too, not over the likes of you," he said quietly. "I'm telling you for your good."

Now she did look at him. Her eyes had met his and narrowed in an uneasy appraisal. In that steadfast regard they became aware of a dark, deep-buried relationship. Albert Potts sat back, grinning again and apparently satisfied. But he, too, was shaken and afraid.

"If you want to be made an honest woman of," he said—"and I'm all for it, mind you—get Seth Farrows to try his hand. He's a bit balmy. He'd marry you and never know the difference."

"Shut up!" she muttered.

Albert shrugged a crooked shoulder. "I'd think it over. Seth has a tidy farm." He broke off, his bald head cocked in attentive listening. Beneath the earthen floor he had heard subdued voices, the crunch of a rolling cask in sand.

The woman had heard too. Her eyes, lifted to the light, were the color of her hair. But they could turn black, as they did now, under their long lashes; they had an avid, questing look. Her full, red mouth, at once brutal and young and sweet, was smiling. Albert scowled at her. Out of that indecipherable murmur, he knew, she had plucked Joss' voice and was holding it to her breast.

"Men from the Fleece are coming ashore tomorrow night," Albert told her. "Why not come along and do a song and dance for 'em? You'd meet old friends."

"What do you think I am?" she asked, her gaze leveling at him.

Albert tittered with malice. "I'm a gen'leman's gen'leman," he said. "I wouldn't soil my mouth."

She said softly, "You filthy little monster!" and sprang at him.

It was like the vicious crash of a long-delayed, lowering storm. They were both strong. They hated each other. Yet by that violent physical impact, by the tearing of furious fingers into flesh and blood, something not hatred was unleashed so that they sobbed as they leaned against each other, for a moment spent and motionless.

JOSS CAVAL took two strides from the open door and caught her by the hair and Albert by the collar of his woolen jersey which he twisted to a rope so that the little eyes swelled in their sockets.

"Get out!" Joss said. He added carelessly without anger, "Seth's taking some of the stuff over to the tavern tonight. He'll give you a lift to the crossroads, if you hurry."

Kneeing him on the back, Joss Caval half carried the little fellow to the door and pitched him out and tossed his worsted cap after him. They heard him scrabbling among the rocks and scrub. His gentleman stood quiet for a moment. Breathing hard, he peeled off his clumsy gloves and surveyed his hands with a sort of resentment.

"Damn you, Carly. I hurt him. I may have finished him."

"You couldn't. He isn't finished that easy."

"I'd rather kill you any day. All the same, because of you I'd have broken what's left of him. And that, my dear"—he gave her a fleeting, angry little grin—"is what is called a paradox."

She asked like a bad child seeking to divert punishment, "What's that, Joss?"

"Something you wouldn't understand."

"I do too." She tossed her head, but her eyes were still watchful and uncertain of him. "It means you're crazy for me and you'd kill anyone who tried to take me."

"Did he?"

She became more wary. "It was a fight," she said.

"About what?"

"You."

He shrugged her answer off, suddenly indifferent. "I'm hungry," he said.

Now that she was on safe, familiar ground, the flicker in her eyes became a steady, subdued glow which, when he chose, he could fan to a full blaze. She set his chair for him and sat beside him, at a little distance, and watched and waited.

"A hungry man," she said teasingly, "should eat like he was hungry, Joss."

"I've been brought up like a gentleman," he retorted. "Gentlemen suppress their baser passions."

"Always?"

"Except when it suits them." He grinned back at her.

SHE let him eat in silence. Finally she brought a lighted taper from the fire and held it to the cigar he had taken from a leather case in his breast pocket. She cleared away the dishes, piling them into a washtub. These things had to be done first. But while she worked she knew by the thick pounding of her own blood that at last he had become really aware of her.

"Don't you ever clean this place, Carly?" he asked. "Or wash yourself?"

"Why should I? A pigsty is a place where a pig lives."

"Where would it like to live?" he asked good-humoredly. "In our Cottage City where we save sinners, or in Edgartown where we run them out in tar and feathers?"

"I don't have to be a sinner, Joss."

"Don't you?"

"I could be respectable as well as any woman. If I had a chance—if you did for me what you do for that old loony ——"

"Be quiet!"

He had not raised his indolently amused voice. But, as though he had threatened her, she flung herself on her knees beside him and threw her arms round his body, holding him with a desperate yet humble passion. "Please, Joss, I didn't mean to make you mad. I get that lonesome—wild with lonesomeness—waiting for you."

"You don't have to. There's always New Bedford, Carly. You can go back."

"You know I can't. It's mean of you to pretend I could. You don't think so, do you—not honest? I'd go crazy, Joss, without you. I love you. I loved you the first time I laid eyes on that ugly face." She was laughing now, but with the wild tears rolling down her cheeks, and he gave her a little twisted grin.

"It's not so ugly."

"It was—that night. It wasn't much of any sort of face. But I knew I'd never want to look at another. I wouldn't let another man so much as touch me." Her face was pressed against his breast, so that she could not see the grimace he pulled. But she must have sensed it, for she said sadly, "You can't believe that, can you?"

"I'm not much of a believer," he admitted, "in anything."

"I'm not anything. I'm me. You might believe in me."

"I suppose I might, Carly. I'd like to, and I've no reason not to. You've been good to me—after your fashion. No one else, I fancy, would have picked me out of that peculiarly foul gutter."

(Continued on Page 52)

He who possesses that delicate sixth sense we call tact must know not only when to be silent, but when to be deaf and blind. When you tell your plain friend that she has an expressive face; the author, whose book the critics have torn to pieces, that you prefer his fifth chapter (it is the shortest); the child who fetches you a nosegay, that you love flowers, you hold to the truth, and yet refrain from giving sharp wounds to kind hearts. And when, hearing something not intended for your ears, you refuse to listen, and then proceed to forget the chance words which have reached you through mistake, you only do as you would be done by—surely the first of all duties to our fellows.

—LOUISE MAY DALTON.

Rin-so White

Rin-so Bright

Cute Patsy Anne Heinz is 6 years old. She loves dancing; does toe, ballet, tap and Hawaiian. She's in the first grade. The Heinz family live in Baltimore. Mrs. Heinz did fashion modeling. Dad's in the motorcycle business.

Why do you whistle on washday Mom?

Because Rinso safely GETS OUT DIRT—FAST from whites or colors







IT'S ANTI-SNEEZE

(PATENTED PROCESS)

—the only granulated soap 98% free of sneezy soap-dust





Amos 'n' Andy say:

"Folks! This is Amos 'n' Andy, reminding you to tune in our show FRIDAY NIGHTS for a half hour of fun over NBC."

"An' don't forget to avoid soap waste. Help on the home front by saving vital materials."

(Continued from Page 50)

She pulled away from him. Reckless passion had withdrawn behind a premeditated barrier from which she watched him cautiously, not sure of him or even of herself, but stubbornly resolved. "Marry me, Joss!"

He shook his head at her and chanted wickedly:

"Marion pleure, Marion crie,
Marion veut que l'on marie."

"What's that mean, Joss?"

"It means that the matrimonial bee buzzes in every woman's bonnet. But it'll just have to buzz, my girl. I won't marry you—or any woman. I'm not a family man."

"You might be," she said softly.

He became instantly alert. "Lay off that, my dear. It won't work—except in a way you won't like. I don't approve of life. It's a dirty trick I wouldn't play on my worst enemy, let alone on some helpless soul at present peacefully in limbo."

"Your father and mother played it on you."

"And I pay for their fun. But the game stops right here with me. If you want to play it, play it with someone else."

She made no further appeal. She stood up slowly and thoughtfully and with the furtive purpose withdrawn deeper in her eyes. She refilled his glass, and from the cupboard took another unopened bottle and set it before him.

"It's the last," she said. "I kept it for you. There have been nights when I've wanted to drink myself blind with it. I was that lonesome, listening to the wind yowl and knowing you wouldn't come. But I didn't. I thought, 'It's the stuff Joss likes. And some fine night I'll hear his whistle.'"

He became gentle. "Well, now you've heard it and here I am. We'll celebrate. Share and share alike."

She fetched a chipped earthenware mug for herself and sat at the corner of the table, close enough for him to feel her warmth. But she did not drink. She thought with a dark bitterness that he would not notice what she did, or care. She began to talk casually, her heavy sensual eyelids lowered to hide her watchfulness. He didn't have to drink much to become unmanageable. In a drunken temper he might kill a man—as his grandfather had done in cold blood. And death and life, Carly calculated, were much alike. Killing and begetting were both violent and unreasonable acts.

"Tell us the news, Joss. Did you see the packet come in? Bert told me Heb Allyn was expecting a lady friend."

"So I gathered. But I didn't lay eyes on her—or want to. Allyn and I haven't many things in common, and woman flesh wouldn't be one of them." A thought struck him and he fumbled in the deep pocket of his pilot coat and brought out a tumbled spray of artificial roses and tossed them in front of her. "I got a load of these off a Frenchy in return for a brace of wild ducks. I kept one lot for you. You see, I do think of you—sometimes."

"They're pretty. What shall I do with them?"

"Whatever women do with stuff like that."

"Ladies wear them to parties where their menfolk take them."

"You used to have a raft of menfolk, sweetheart. Now you've only me. And I don't take ladies to parties."

She got up and went over to the mirror. She tried the flowers in her thick coarse hair and then at the neck of her open dress. She could see his reflection and that he was watching her.

"They say she's got money and that Heb Allyn means to marry her and buy up the land round the camp so that he can keep out the folks he doesn't like. There's going to be a big fight between him and Captain Norton and a bunch of rich whalemen he's lined up behind him. You don't make money out of whales, these days. But you can take money off folk who come to the Island with oodles of it to throw away."

He was not only watching her now. He was listening—intent and frowning. "You hear more talk than I do."

"Seth told me." She came back to the table, but stood casually out of reach of him.

He pushed his glass across to her and she refilled it. His face was beginning to have that look of wild self-will which she at once desired and feared. "It won't matter what they do. I'll always have my customers."

"They might run you out, Joss. Rich folk don't like competition. If there's money to be made, they want to make it."

"By Godfrey—that's right." His eyes traveled over her with a darkly laughing surprise and pleasure in her. "You're beginning to use your head, too, Carly."

"I'd do anything for you, Joss."

"Sometimes, when I'm getting good and soused as I am now, I believe you would."

"I love you, Joss," she said deep in her throat.

Neither of them moved. But their eyes had locked. A torrid, blinding mist swirled up between them.

Suddenly he put his lean brown hand over her coarse one. "You're all I've got, Carly."

"I belong to you."

"You'd better."

He got up violently. She was a big woman. He lifted her like a child and carried her to the door and kicked it open. He was lurching, but not under her weight.

Capt. Robert Frosbie had said once to Mr. Emerson that the noblest human being had to resign himself to functioning as an animal, and usually with less dignity. His daughter, as she sauntered down a path that broke out of the great circle, like a spoke out of a wheel hub, could almost hear the older man's chuckle of rueful appreciation. It was true, of course. Here, in this prayer-hallowed grove, men and women from all over America would presently gather together to seek God and defeat evil.

Yet, as Ellen Frosbie's calmly appraising eye acknowledged, the place looked like an old fairground, suffering its annual revival. Men in shirt sleeves were hammering at tent pegs and tugging limply reluctant tents out of their sagging folds. The pocket-handkerchief porches that encircled the little wooden houses were littered with tousled bedding, pots and pans and furniture. Even the trees were shabby and down-at-heels and dying. Hebron had said that once they had been strong and luxuriant, but that the great crowds of brothers and sisters had packed the earth hard against their roots so that they suffocated. It was sad. And yet the trees had helped set up the fine new preacher's stand with its octagonal sides and the space for the choir and the visiting preachers and the penitents. There was no real cause for regret and, as though in happy reassurance that all was well here, the men at their work shouted lustily to one another. Some of them had come from the mainland and some were Islanders, though for the most part the latter held themselves distrustfully aloof or, what was worse, used Wesleyan Grove, which was the meeting ground's new name, as a spearhead for their own worldly projects.

This Captain Norton and his associates, Hebron had said bitterly, planned to turn the land that lay between the camp and the sea into a playground and to build big hotels and organize a steamboat service that would bring even bigger crowds to the beaches. Even last year the bathing beach over at Holmes Hole had been black with people, many of them women none too decently clad.

The men stopped their work for a minute to get their breath and greet Ellen Frosbie with a look of friendly interest. She said, "Good day" to them and they responded, "Good day, sister." They knew that she was a wealthy spinster from off-Island and had come to help Hebron Allyn in his fight against the corruption that, like moths, can eat even at the Lord's garment. She did not, they thought appraisingly, look wealthy. She was a simple, grave, almost severe-looking little thing.

She was so little that Hebron Allyn reckoned that he could have spanned her waist with his two hands. He wondered, as he stood there, ostentatiously mopping his face and neck to hide the ashamed blood, whether all women were made like that. He had to suppose so, because even Martha's waist wasn't more than twenty inches round and she was plump as a brown partridge everywhere else and had, of course, no worldly vanity.

"Good day, Mr. Allyn."

"Good day, Miss Frosbie!"

She noticed that, unlike Martha, he never called her "sister." She smiled contentedly at him. She liked him best as he was now, his coat off, his sleeves rolled up. She could see him as he would be on his up-Island farm, among his men, working his fields. Divested of his black coat, of his earnest, spiritual authority, he seemed younger and happier. He dropped his hammer to walk beside her.



"Martha tells me you have been chosen to make the welcoming address," she said pleasantly. "It must be a great honor."

"It is a great responsibility," he corrected. "Few people off-Island have ever heard of me, and there will be many famous exhorters present to whom I will be no more than a plain farmer—which indeed I am."

"It still surprises me."

"What else should I be?" he asked.

"I would have thought the sea, so close to you on all sides, would have claimed you. It offers adventure—a way out into the world."

"I have never cared for the world," he retorted. "What I have seen of it—its cruelty and folly—has made me glad to turn my back on it. Besides—someone must tend the land." She made no comment and, taking her silence as an acceptance of a reproof, he went on more gently, "A hundred years ago all the men of my family were lost in a hurricane at sea. My great-grandmother, who was a little girl at the time, swore that none of her children should risk such a fate. She married into the Allyn family, whose farm goes back to the first Mayhew days." He shook his head, smiling crookedly. "But sea blood is hard to drown. My Aunt Thankful married a Captain Hooker and went whaling with him, five years at a spell. They say she was the better captain of the two, and when he died, out in the Pacific, she brought the ship back to New Bedford with her hold bursting with oil and her decks white as a handkerchief. She's an old lady now, but her house in Edgartown is her ship and the widow's walk is her quarterdeck."

"I should like to meet her."

"You will—one day soon. Except for Martha, she is my only living relative. In spite of her strange life, she is a good woman." He looked at her a little distrustfully. "Why are you smiling, Miss Frosbie?"

"I hardly know. Perhaps my thoughts wandered a little. I was thinking it will be a pleasure to hear you preach, Mr. Allyn."

"How can you be sure? You have never heard me."

"I have heard you talk."

He looked rueful and a little hurt. "Maybe I talk too much."

"You have so much to say."

"My heart is full," he admitted with a simplicity that touched her. "I shall not live long enough to tell all that is in it."

"At least I already know its goodness."

But not its love, he could have added. But this was not the time.

They came to the two big community tents at the entrance to the campground. Beyond them, wooden booths, which had sprung up like the slatternly hangers-on of an army, had already begun to take down their shutters and display their cheap and vulgar wares. A tintype establishment across the sandy road advertised "Family Portraits at a Reduced Rate" and implored visitors to take home souvenirs. Hebron's shoulders straightened as though in answer to a challenge. But his face had a wan look of discouragement.

"This is our battle line," he said. "One day God will give us the means to carry it to the sea—to drive the money-changers out of this Vineyard. He has done great things already. The gamblers and winebibbers and—and evil women no longer infest us. They are not permitted, by law, within a mile of the campgrounds. If all else fails, the elders plan to erect a high fence against them."

"I have never liked fences," she declared firmly. "One is not safe—really safe—behind them, only foolishly self-confident. It is better to go out and meet the enemy." She smiled up at him and he forgot that she spoke with an unwomanly conviction. "Restraint should be moral," she added primly—"a matter of the will and understanding. The sound of a key turning in a lock puts ideas of escape and freedom into one's head." And then she laughed. "One day, when I was a little girl, I was shut in my bedroom as a punishment. The moment the door closed I climbed out my window onto an

(Continued on Page 54)

It's an eye-opener—your first Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cake!

To mix a cake with such unbelievable speed—and to have it turn out delicious beyond words—no wonder women gasp over this revolutionary new method!

You will, too, when you make your first cake with Swans Down and a Swans Down "Mix-Easy" recipe.

Think of it—no creaming! Beating time cut in half! Fewer dishes to wash! And Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cakes actually are richer—more moist, tender, and luscious—and they keep longer, too!

Yet in spite of that quick mixing and brief beating, you get all the famous Swans Down qualities—fine, even grain, soft downy texture.

Try this new "Mix-Easy" Fudge Nut Cake—perfect for taking to picnics, for outdoor suppers, or summer evening refreshments. Remember—Swans Down guarantees every "Mix-Easy" recipe—*but not with any other flour.*



Kate Smith says—

"Beating cut in half!"

"No creaming!"

"Fewer dishes to wash!"

"Richer taste!"

"Keeps fresh longer!"



"MIX-EASY" FUDGE NUT CAKE

Preparations: Have the shortening at room temperature. Grease 13x9x2-inch pan, line bottom with waxed paper, and grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. Use Swans Down Cake Flour. (More women choose Swans Down than all other packaged cake flours put together.) *All measurements are level.*

Measure into sifter:

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (and be sure it's Swans Down)
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ¾ teaspoon salt

Measure into bowl:

- ½ cup vegetable shortening

Have ready:

- 1½ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1¼ cups milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
- 1 cup finely chopped nuts

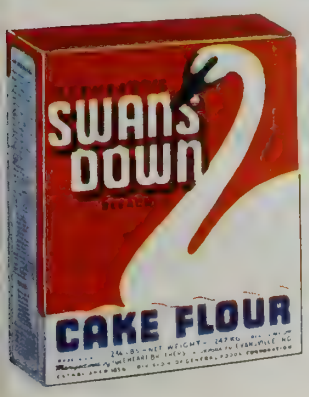
Note: Corn syrup or honey may replace ½ of sugar. Use ¾ cup syrup or honey and ¾ cup sugar; decrease milk to 1 cup. Mix syrup with milk.

Also ⅔ cup Baker's Cocoa may be substituted for chocolate; sift with dry ingredients.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!
(Mix by hand or with electric mixer on low speed.) Stir or mix shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add brown sugar—force through sieve to remove lumps, if necessary. Add ½ of milk, the vanilla, and the eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; then *beat 1 minute.* Add remaining milk and blend. Add chocolate and *beat 2 minutes* longer. (Count only *actual* beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow at least 100 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.) Add nuts. Turn batter into pan.

Baking: Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 35 minutes, or until done. Serve without frosting; sprinkle top with confectioners' sugar. Or spread with Coffee Nut Icing; decorate edge of icing with additional chopped nut meats.

Coffee Nut Icing: Mix together 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, dash of salt, and 3 tablespoons hot coffee. Add 2 tablespoons chopped nut meats and beat well. This makes a thin icing. Nuts may be omitted.



Save empty Swans Down boxes! SAVE ALL PAPER!

Double cost of your ingredients back! . . . If you don't think your Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cake is better than any similar cake you've baked with any other flour, simply write us enclosing the guarantee insert from your Swans Down package, and we'll send you *double the cost of all your ingredients!* . . . Swans Down itself has not changed—you can still use all your old favorite recipes. Swans Down has made supremely fine cakes for 50 years . . . and it's still the overwhelming choice of good cakemakers.

Bake a better cake with Swans Down



Soak up that sunshine... out where the blue begins!

No wonder the ancients thought the sun was the giver of life . . . for now we know it holds precious gifts we all need, today more than ever before with the tension of wartime living, the fatigue of wartime work. Make the most of every opportunity to bask in the sunshine . . . and use Elizabeth Arden's wonderful Sun Preparations to keep your skin supple, healthy, while you tan in Nature's own way, achieving a beautiful color, relaxing in the open air, enjoying the glorious sun.

ARDENA IDEAL SUNTAN OIL . . . for an even, natural tan, it lets the sun through but keeps your skin soft and supple. Not a bit sticky. 2 oz. .75, 4 oz. 1.75. Two shades, honey and cafe

ARDENA SUNPRUF CREAM . . . helps to filter out the sun's burning rays . . . protects against undue exposure. Tan if you wish, by regulating application. .50 and 1.00

ARDENA SPORTS GELÉE . . . gives your skin that fashionable shine as you tan to a deep, wonderful, all-over bronze. Two shades, honey and cafe — 1.00 and 1.50

ARDENA PROTECTA CREAM . . . top to toe protection for those who like to remain free from freckles, tan, sunburn and windburn. Use it as a powder foundation, too. In 5 shades . . . 1.50

ARDENA 8 HOUR CREAM . . . to smooth and cool your skin and lips after unwise exposure. Excellent for sun-dried hair and scalp, 1.50 and 2.50

VELVA LEG FILM . . . the perfect leg make-up on in a jiffy . . . water-resistant. Wonderful with shorts and on the beach. Comes in three shades, 1.00 and 2.00

SLEEK . . . the fragrant white cream that removes hair . . . leaves your arms, legs smooth as silk . . . 1.00

prices plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden

(Continued from Page 52)

apple tree and would have climbed down had not a forked branch caught my—my dress and held me fast so that I had to shout, weeping with rage, for help. It was the last time I remember weeping."

"You are brave—I know that already," Hebron said gently. "The first time I met you—I never saw a tear shed."

"'Only cowards cry.' That was what my father said after the whipping. 'Brave men accept the consequences of their own actions.'"

She did not tell him that for a long time afterward she had thought of herself as a brave man, like George and Francis. Only very slowly, like flowers in a carefully planted garden, the restraints and delicacies of womanhood had grown up in her. It was a garden in which only one stranger's foot had ever ventured—a rather foolish, meaningless garden. Perhaps there was some truth in what Mr. Emerson had said, though at the time she had been angry with him. Perhaps she had loved her father and brothers too much. Outsiders had felt, however warm their welcome at the family hearth and table, that they could never penetrate into the inner and charmed circle of that relationship. True, young Peter Haughley had broken in, his banners flying, almost sweeping her from her feet. Young Peter with his gallant boyishness and his cold, exactly calculating mind. "A homely little thing," he'd said in a rare, unguarded moment to her brother's friend, "but solid gold." Well, he married some rich young war widow and was killed himself, almost on the last day of the war—accidentally, well back from the battle line. She could think of him now indifferently, only surprised that she had thought so much. But she would never love like that again. It was humiliating to be so at the mercy of another human being. What she might one day come to feel for this grave man beside her would be trust and devotion. When a woman had reached middle age utterly alone there was still duty—to others and to herself. (Though she might wish the word "duty" had a warmer, less barren sound.)

Tact is the ability to describe others as they see themselves.
—BOWKER: Wit and Humor. (Bowker Publishing Company.)

Compliments—lies in full dress. —J. G. POLLARD: A Connotary. (The Thomas Y. Crowell Company.)

Depression—a period of time in which we have to do without what our parents never had.
—IBID.

An optimist says his glass is half full—the pessimist says his glass is half empty.
—ANON.

She walked on slowly. But Hebron Allyn had not moved, and perforce she had to stop again and look back at him. His face had overshadowed with a new distress.

"Surely you have gone far enough?" he asked. "Won't you turn with me?"

"Thank you. But I plan to walk down to Squash Meadow Pond. It is pleasant and quiet there and I am a confirmed walker. You must be prepared for that."

"But you won't find it quiet," he objected stubbornly. "They are beginning to open up the Boat Bazaar—a foolish, pleasure-seeking affair which we can't control, because it lies just beyond our grounds. And Old Jeb warned me that today there's to be some sort of fishermen's competition. The fishermen are rough folk—I wouldn't have you suffer from their rudeness."

"I am inoffensive. I do not think they will be rude to me."

"You are self-willed, Miss Frosbie!"

"Only as you are—when I am in the right, Mr. Allyn."

He checked his quick retort. When he spoke again it was with gentleness. "Forgive me. It is only that I am concerned for you. If I could accompany you ——"

"You have your work, Mr. Allyn."

This time he let her go and, once she had left the camp and its raffish followers behind her, she had a sense of release and lightness of heart. The quiet meadow, the few farmhouses scattered over the soft-rolling countryside recalled Concord and her childhood and its well-ordered happiness. Here, as there, even grief became decorous and reasonable. She knew, because Hebron had told her, that beyond the limit prescribed by law, at Eastville, chandlers and taverns and their loose-living customers infested the water front. But within that limit there were peace and safety. She had always been safe. At least she had never been afraid.

A sandy path led across the meadow and down the light slope to Squash Meadow Pond. Hitherto she had found it a pleasant spot where she could be sure of a silence scarcely stirred by the ripple of water under a light wind or the whir of a tern's wing. But today she was halted by the sight of little groups of men gathered at the pond's edge. Evidently they had come together from all corners of the Island, for there were saddle horses tethered to the old buckboards, buggies and even oxcarts which, packed with women and children, had been drawn up at a respectful distance.

One saddle horse Ellen Frosbie recognized, and perhaps the wild young chestnut recognized her too. It pricked its ears at her, and the ugly twisted little fellow who paced him back and forth like a nervous race horse touched his pirate's cap to her. She was sure she had never seen him before, and his look of sly recognition disconcerted her so that she walked on more quickly till she reached the first group of men, whose outer fringe of watchers turned to glance at her curiously.

She flushed with annoyance at herself and then looked past them as though intent on the floating white marker in the middle of the pond and on the boat at anchor just beyond it. On the shore's edge a fisherman stood, poised and intent. At a signal from the boatman he whirled his bare right arm about his head and a thin black line sped out over the water. It made a faint splash short of the marker, and the boatman shouted, "Forty fathoms!" and there was a gust of good-humored, mocking laughter.

"Miss Ellen!"

She looked down into Young Jeb's eager, grinning face. She knew now that he was Old Jeb's son, whose mother had died at his birth. "What are they doing, Jeb?"

"Jig heaving, Missellen. When de mackerel starts runnin' sometimes de menfolks fishes for 'em along de shore. De man dat throws his jig furdest is de biggest fellow."

"But there can't be any mackerel in a pond."

"No, ma'am. They're just jig heaving to show who *is* de biggest fellow." Young Jeb danced up and down close to Ellen Frosbie's skirts. "Now you'll see somethin', ma'am!" he said proudly.

By now a second thrower had taken his place at the water's edge. He made a sweeping gesture, commanding a clear space, and methodically, without haste, unwound the line he carried on his arm, weaving it on the ground in a spiral three feet across. He was not tall, but had a compact grace that lent the rough simplicity of his dress—black broadcloth trousers thrust into knee-high boots, and a belted woolen jersey—distinction and almost elegance. Unlike the other men, he was bareheaded. His short, dense black hair, when it caught the sunlight, had an underflash of copper.

Ellen Frosbie wondered what his companions felt about him. At least they had given ground, either out of respect or hostility, or both. He turned, looking them over, and through a narrow gap their withdrawal had made he saw her. His strange eyes, yellow-brown like a forest animal's, passed over her indifferently and then, as though drawn by some sudden recollection, came back to her. It was like a physical attack under which she could not, would not yield ground. Her eyes returned his stare unflinchingly and her color did not change.

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But she thought she had never seen a face that was at once so wild, so brutal and so gay.

Then, to her angry astonishment, his eyes rose to her bonnet and rested there for a moment and came back to hers briefly and with a glint of quizzical interrogation. He made her a little courteous bow and turned and planted his straight, strong-muscled legs apart and swung his arm three times around his head before the line shot out over the white marker and over the ducked head of the boatman. She heard a shout—and thought she had never heard a sound so exultant, so ringing with the joy of life.

"Thar she blows! Ho, the fair wind!"

Young Jeb stood reverently still. "No one never done further dan dat, Missellen."

The thrower wiped his hands together and drew on a pair of black gauntlet gloves he had carried tucked in his belt.

Someone in the crowd laughed. "Don't soil them pretties, Joss."

She had known already. A bad man, Hebron had called him. Certainly only a bad man could look so—she had no right word for it—so set apart by the ungoverned forces in him. Evil they might be. They were arresting and challenging.

He pulled on his pilot coat and gathered in his line. He seemed to take it for granted that, since he had decided it, the competition was now over. Arrogantly he pushed his way through the scattering crowd till he stood opposite her. And then he bowed again.

"Miss Frosbie, I am Jocelyn Caval. You may have heard of me. I have heard of you. Indeed, I have to thank you for saving my mother, not to mention Saladin and Maria Pia, from driving themselves into the Sound. It was a brave act and I am grateful."

This time her color escaped her control and fled furiously up her cheeks to her very eyes. "I happened to be the first ——"

"The quickest and bravest"—he showed his white teeth—"and smallest. You must let me thank you."

He made her another bow and passed on. The little monkey-faced attendant walked his horse to meet him and, laying hold of the bridle, Joss Caval swung himself into the saddle. The animal reared resentfully under a still-unaccepted domination. It fought, yet with a kind of lusty joy, Ellen Frosbie thought, the strong-muscled thighs and the gloved hand. But Joss Caval brought him, champing and pawing the sand, within quiet speaking distance of her.

"Saladin would like to thank you too. He is very young and unhappy. He does not like life as he finds it. But he did not really want to break his neck. He assures me that you have an understanding heart and hand."

She smiled. Again she could not help herself. "I have always loved horses."

"You should learn to ride, Miss Frosbie."

She retorted, "I have ridden since I was a child."

"Excellent. There is really no other way to see this Island. The roads are still uncivilized. You must ask Mr. Allyn to find a horse for you. If he fails"—he made a sweeping, foreign gesture that seemed to offer her all he had—"Saladin is at your disposal."

"And I could ride him," she retorted defiantly.

"I am sure of it."

Not to have saved her life would she have given ground to him as he urged his horse so close to her that he could bend from the saddle and speak in a mysterious undertone.

"You should wear red roses in your bonnet, Miss Frosbie. They would become you."

He turned his horse about and cantered up the hill to the road.

His misshapen attendant prepared to follow on foot. He gave Ellen Frosbie a sharp glance as he passed, and again touched his bald forehead with that overrespectful forefinger as though in recognition of a relationship—perhaps an intrigue. She turned away proudly and without acknowledgment.

(To be Continued)

ANOTHER ROOM

(Continued from Page 30)

But it was never tomorrow, not that tomorrow; in the morning he went to Aunt Lou's, without saying good-by to her, because Aunt Lou came for him so early. And now she was somewhere in another room, and probably not wanting to play any games or she would have come here into the nursery. Which room was she in?

Slowly, he got up off the floor and went to the closet. In the darkest corner he pushed and fumbled until he felt the corners of a shoe box, battered and familiar in his hand. This was where her favorite toy, the Christmas angel, slept for eleven months of each year. It had never before been disturbed until December, when he opened the box every two or three days, waking the angel slowly. Now he was troubled, not over opening the box too soon, but because he was wondering if, after all, this was only a toy, only a figure made for the top of a tree.

With care he unwrapped the angel, brushing mica snow from its feathered wings, noting with relief that it was still smiling. He had always thought that smile was just like hers, although he had never told her so.

"I'll tell her just as soon as I can," he said aloud, and taking a crumpled handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped the angel's face.

Which room was she in? He held the angel gently, smoothing its wings as he went through the upper floor of the silent house. This was her room; here she sat every day at this time, making herself extra pretty for dinner, but of course it was for father she did it, not really for dinner. All her things were on the dressing table, much neater than usual: silver and glass, colored bottles and the little picture of father holding the string of fish. The cushion on the little bench was smooth and shining; the closet doors were shut tight. He moved on silently, knowing there was no need to call, for never in his life had he entered a room where she was without her speaking to him. But no one spoke; nothing moved in any of the rooms, except his own reflection in the mirrors as he passed.

From the hall, he looked down over the railing and the smell of flowers came up to him faintly. He smiled down at the angel; perhaps she had gone down the stairs, leaving the smell of her perfume on the still air. He frowned; this was not like her perfume, this was not fresh and very sweet; she used only one flower smell at a time, letting him sniff the bottle and guess the name.

With the angel tight in his hands, he went down the stairs slowly, walking in the middle of the treads, for the first time in his life not holding on to the rail, and thinking that either his legs were longer or the steps were lower than before he went away.

She was not in the kitchen, or he would hear her talking to Minna. The dining room was already darkening and there were only two places set for dinner: father's at the end near the windows, and the place on the side near the pantry door where he himself always sat when it was a birthday or one of the special times, like Christmas and New Year's, when he was allowed to stay up for dinner. Unless he had forgotten, this was not a holiday, not a birthday, and so perhaps at last they were going to let him eat a grown-up dinner every night.

Outside the library door he stood for a long time, looking at the scratch he had made when he was so much younger, worrying about the two places set on the table. She was not coming home, then, unless she had come late, unexpectedly, and was in the library with father. He knocked lightly with the tips of his fingers.

"Knock on a door when it's closed," she said. "People like to know when someone's coming."

He waited for her answer, his heart thudding against his ribs. "Mother," he said softly, for this was the last room.

(Continued on Page 57)

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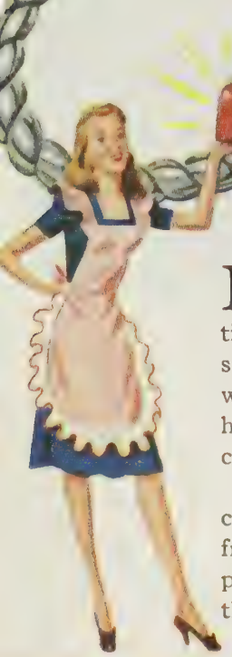
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(Continued from Page 55)

There was no sound from the library; there was no sound in the whole house except the muffled kitchen noises which Minna was making as she got dinner for only two people, for only father and himself. He hit the door with his fist, and then, turning the knob quickly, he went in. One glance around the room told him that she was not there. Father was sitting in a chair by the fire, looking sort of small, even with his long legs stretched out on the hassock. Father was always so busy, always in a hurry, but now he was just sitting there; perhaps he was waiting for her.

"Father," Steve said softly, "may I wait here with you?"

After a long time father turned his head, but he did not smile when he said, "Hello, Steve."

He looked quite different, almost as old as Uncle John. There wasn't any red in his face and his eyes looked as if they belonged to someone else. Was he angry? Steve looked down quickly at a booklet with the colored picture of a soldier on its cover, which had fallen on the floor near father's chair.

"It's very nice to go visiting, but it's awfully nice to get home," he said, trying to make conversation easily, the way Aunt Lou did it. Then, suddenly, without meaning to, he was looking straight into father's eyes. The fear that was whirling up within him must have shown, because father held out his hand.

"Sit down here on the hassock," father said, and he pulled the hassock up tight to his chair. He leaned forward as Steve sat down. He said, "Isn't that the Christmas angel? What's the idea?" He turned away. "Oh, yes, I remember."

"It's because of the smile," Steve said, looking at the angel. "You see, it's the same sort of smiling."

"Yes." Father's voice sounded far away. "Yes, you're quite right, Steve."

Steve smoothed the feathers on the angel's wings. "Do you think she'll be away very long?" he asked, as casually as he could.

"A long time, Steve." Father was still looking down at the floor.

"But she's only in another room," he said hopefully.

"Another room?" Father lifted his head.

"That's what she said. It's like being in another room. But I've looked, and she isn't. Not in our house." He looked down and saw the angel shaking in his hands, and although he tried very hard to stop his trembling he could not until father put one arm around him.

"Steve," father said gently, "she said it's *like* being in another room."

"Then it is."

"But not any special room, Steve. Just somewhere near by."

The library darkened suddenly and the last of the afternoon light was folded in under the blue and purple shadows lying across the floor. Only the fire, dancing out against the bricks, was alive and moving. Steve sat very still. How far away is near? The kitchen, for instance, seemed quite a long distance from the library, too far to see anyone clearly, and there were all the doors and walls between. Upstairs was really not so far, except when it was dark and your bedtime. How near is far away?

"It doesn't seem very near, father."

"Well, it—it's quite near." Father did not sound very sure, but he was trying to sound sure.

"And I can't see her," Steve said, and he felt his heart racing.

"No, she—she's gone away."

"Where do you go when you go away?"

"Well, I"—father twisted in his chair—"a nice place where we can't go yet."

"But we're going?" Steve asked anxiously.

"Yes, sometime—when we're ready."

"Then," Steve said slowly, "she's like Grandma Hawley."

"Yes."

"But that's dead."

Father held himself stiffly in the chair and it was a long time before he spoke. "Yes," he said at last, "that's what 'dead' means."

Steve looked down at the smiling angel. "I don't think I really understand it yet," he said. "Maybe I will when I get a chance to think it over." He sat very still, looking at the angel, trying to think. But the room was too dark; the fire was dying down. The room was too still; there was only the faint sound of father's hands as they twitched on his knees, rubbing the rough cloth of his trousers. "Father," Steve said, "it isn't right. I mean, another isn't—isn't close enough, is it?"

Father stood up quickly. "Come on," he said, "let's get Minna to put our dinner on. We're eating together, you know, every night. And at breakfast too. Like—like pals, we'll do things together." And at the table he said, "Now let's make this like a club. You just tell Minna how you want things, and as long as you make sense I'll let you have your own way with your food."

"The way *you* do." Steve tried to grin.

"Sure," said father, but he did not smile; he looked as if he were remembering things.

It was nice, trying to be company for father; but there was an emptiness, a feeling that they were not really there, that there was nothing in the room, no one sitting at the table. It was like a gray dream where he sat on a high stool and saw shadows moving and talking but heard nothing, was touched by nothing except the waves of emptiness which rose and fell with his breathing. He kept the angel in his lap, under his napkin, and sometimes, when the emptiness made him tremble, he put one hand down and stroked the soft smooth wings.

Afterward, while they sat by the fire, father talked of buying a dog. It should have been exciting and it was not at all exciting, yet it was something to look forward to. Then Minna came to take him up to bed and father stood at the foot of the stairs. They looked straight into each other's eyes and he knew that, although he wanted to, father was not coming up with him, because it was better not to start that way.

"Don't forget about breakfast," father said. "Be up and ready." And then he waited there and waved at the very last minute.

From now on they would call the nursery "Steve's room," and already it looked different, rather small and very full of toys. He sat up straight in his bed and put the angel on the night stand close by and looked around him. The animals were all flat-eyed and frozen, as if they had stopped moving a long time ago and had forgotten what it was like to move. They were not talking, and he knew they would never talk again. He was still very fond of them, of course, but he saw them now just as they were: rags and wool, and wood and paint.

"Good night," he said to them gravely, looking around the room.

They could not hear and they would not care, but he had always said that, and one more time would not hurt. He switched off the light and lay flat in the bed, waiting for the first heavy darkness to lighten into the real dark which was not black at all, but only a dimness which made the room take on its queer night shapes.

"Remember, I will always be quite near."

All day the stillness had frightened him, creeping up on him, surrounding him, making him feel alone. But it was friendly now, and gentle, as the clouds swept clear of the moon and the smiling angel turned to silver in a ray of soft light. How near is far away? Not far. He smiled and closed his eyes, and sighed slowly, and slept.

Talking to H. G. Wells at a dinner party, a guest said, "I maintain that all water used for drinking and cooking should be boiled at least an hour."

"Ah, you are a doctor, I suppose?" said Wells.

"Not at all," said the guest. "I am a coal merchant."

—Quoted in English Digest.



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A STAR DANCED

(Continued from Page 21)

on this earth. And, in the same way, London belongs to me.

The windows of my room at the Savoy looked out over the Thames Embankment. After a solitary dinner, as I stood there looking down, I had my first sharp realization of what war had done to my town. An impenetrable black curtain seemed to have fallen between me and the city. The enveloping blackness, in which the stars seemed unreally bright and near, and the unusual, wary, listening stillness was more impressive at that moment than the destruction wrought by the bombs. It filled me with a swift, blinding fury against the enemy who could muffle the voice of the greatest and most tolerant city in the world. Suddenly the silence overhead was cut by the whir of flying planes. They were bombers starting out for targets across the Channel. The sound carried me back to the First World War, when we used to be glad of nights like this when there was no moon to guide the Zeppelins up the moonlit, winding Thames to drop their death freight on us.

On such a night ——

Against a black velvet backdrop, the past came back to me and I saw myself as a little girl, dancing on a sidewalk in Clapham.

Clapham is not the least desirable of London's many, widely sprawled districts. Clapham is "genteel." Dwellers in many other suburban districts speak enviously of their better-off cousins and in-laws who are privileged to live in Clapham, London, S.W.

Clapham has its own code and its own firmly rooted conventions. For one thing, it is very bad form indeed to ask questions. Of course you can't help becoming aware of certain facts about your neighbors: the hours they keep, who is in or out of work, whose husband spends more of his free time at the corner pub than he spends with his family, and what they buy at the butcher's and greengrocer's. Good form, however, demands a pretense that you know none of these things. If one of your neighbors suddenly disappears overnight, bag and baggage, you are properly surprised about it the next morning, even though you did hear the bailiff's voice in the hall and the stamping made by the men from the hire-purchase company as they carried out the furniture.

Mother did not always live in Clapham, and Kennington Oval was a step down for her. Her father had been a master builder. Granny still lived in the same house to which she had moved as a young bride. Mother had made the step down when she allowed the romantic streak in her nature to make her deaf to the dictates of her class. She married for love with a blind disregard for economic security—married, of all things, a theatrical! And a "foreigner," at that, even though he had come to England at the age of two. He was a Dane whose professional name was Arthur Lawrence. He sang, in a deep, rich basso profundo, and with a dramatic fervor that went down very well with audiences in the smaller music halls.

MOTHER'S family shook their heads over the future of such a marriage, and they were quite right about it. My father liked his glass, and an evening dedicated to bass solos gives a man a thirst. He was—as I was to learn—one of those whose personality was completely altered by alcohol. His gaiety, his charm disappeared. He became ugly in disposition and demeanor. Mother left him soon after I was born. I grew up with no memories and no thought of him. But I adored "dad," my stepfather.

Gertrude Alexandra Dagmar Lawrence Klasen—little Gertie Lawrence to you—was quite satisfied with Kennington Oval. For one thing, the organ grinder came there frequently and would pause and grind out a tune. "Where is that child?" mother would ask. A look from the window would show her me, following the music, holding out my brief skirts and dancing to what I hoped was the admiration of the neighbors.

Nobody, that I know of, had taught me to dance. The steps just seemed to come to me the minute my ears caught the music. But mother loved "musical evenings," and my first song, learned from a sheet of free music cut from a newspaper, went like this:

Oh, it ain't all honey, and it ain't all jam,
Walking round the 'ouses with a three-wheel pram,
All on me lonesome, not a bit to eat,
Walking about on me poor old feet.
My old man, if I could find him,
A lesson I would give.
Poor old me, I 'aven't got a key,
And I don't know where I live.
Boom! Boom!

That song brought me the first money I ever earned. The summer I was six, dad must have had a streak of unusual good luck with the horses, because he took mother and me to Bognor Regis for the bank holiday. It was boiling hot, I remember, and the sands were crowded. A concert party was entertaining, and dad paid for us to go in. At the close of the regular bill, the "funny man" came forward and invited anyone in the audience, who cared to, to come up on the stage and entertain the crowd. A push from mother and the command, "Go on now, Gertie, and sing your song," was all the urging I needed. "*It ain't all honey, and it ain't all jam,*" I caroled, twirling on my toes with my skimpy pink frock held out as far as it would stretch. The applause and the cheers were gratifying, even without the large golden sovereign which the manager presented to me.

I KNOW I must have told this story to Noel Coward. No doubt I boasted of it when we were both pupils at Miss Conti's dancing school. The incident may have given him the idea for one of the scenes in Cavalcade. In fact, when I saw the play, there was something so familiar about this little girl doing her song and dance on the Brighton sands, the little girl who grew up to be an actress, that I felt a rush of tears and a choke in my throat. She made me remember, suddenly, so many things I thought I had forgotten.

The rooms on Kennington Oval marked the high tide of our finances. Then we moved, as we frequently did.

There was a regular ritual connected with these movings which varied only as we moved up or down in the economic scale. If the move was occasioned by good fortune, mother added a piano to the furniture she ordered sent around to the new address. If the move was in the other direction, a van drove up and men smelling of sawdust and beer carried away the piano and the rest of the furniture which we had on the hire-purchase plan. Mother was always on her dignity with them. As the rooms became emptier, you felt that she was merely clearing her decks for bolder action, and that when we had furniture again it would be on a more elegant scale.

Meanwhile, dad would have slipped round the corner and entered into negotiations with the neighborhood greengrocer whose account had been paid up and whose friendship could therefore be relied upon. Not until after dark, when there would be no prying eyes, would mother take down the window curtains and pack the few possessions rightfully our own—the bedding, the kitchen pots and pans, the square black-marble-and-gilt clock with the figure of Britannia resting on her shield, the pair of gaily flowered Royal Worcester vases and a red glass mug engraved with the date of Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

Close on to midnight, the grocer's boy would arrive with his cart. Dad would tiptoe down the stairs with the parcels and baskets and pile them on the cart. In all this there was nothing original; we were merely following a tradition long recognized in Clapham and other less favored districts. This maneuver was known as "the moonlight

t." Obviously, it was a move to cheaper dgings in another district where we and our raitened circumstances were as yet unnown. Also obviously, it was without the ndlord's knowledge. At a signal the boy ould push off with his cart, dad would llantly offer mother his arm, and I would ing up the rear of the procession.

I have no way of knowing just when anny decided that I was destined for the eater. She and grandfather, whom I chiefly member because he suffered from a disse called chalky gout which caused his nuckles to swell grotesquely, had strongly sapproved of their daughter Alice's alliance ith the profession. Perhaps they accepted ie fact that the offspring of that unfornate union was doomed from the moment conception, and could not, therefore, be eld back from her dark destiny. At any ite, I never remember granny putting up ny objections to my frankly expressed amtion to go on the stage.

To tell the truth, she encouraged me. uring those early years when our family nances went up nd down, granny presented secury, stability and ssurance. The stality was to be und in her cozy ttle house in Sandere Road with its rocheted antiacassars on the airs and the embroidered lambreuin draped along ie mantelshelf.

Frequently, on unday evenings, I ould go to church ith granny. Sometmes when her heumatism got the etter of her piety, ie would send me s her representave. Then I would e entrusted with ie prayer book and sixpence for the ffertory, tucked in the palm of my hite cotton glove.

When I returned, ranny would ask, Well, my dear, hat was the sermon like? And hat was the text?"

Following this ead, I would turn a hair around to form a pulpit and proceed to eliver a digest of the vicar's remarks. Of ourse it was necessary to dress up for this grandfather's coat and one of his collars, oth worn back to front to give me a clerical ook. I must say I think I did the part of the everend gentleman rather well, though I nproved on his gestures and dramatized his yle of delivery. Keeping in character, I ould sing the hymns—not always those hich we had sung at evening service, but thers which I preferred.

After service, granny and I would have a up of tea, and then, feeling relaxed and eady for a bit of amusement after all this dification, she would encourage me to sing ngs she had taught me: The Man Who roke the Bank at Monte Carlo; She's Only Bird in a Gilded Cage; and Champagne harlie is Me Name. For this act, grandther's coat and collar were readjusted, his owler hat and walking stick were produced, nd the show was on.

THE winter I was ten, and at a time when ur finances hit rock bottom, mother got erself taken on for the chorus in a Christmas production of Babes in the Wood. The asting director studied her pleasing curves, stened to her voice, which was a good prano, and for once did not ask her to lift er long skirts to show her legs. This was ortunate, for, though mother had pretty ankles, the rest of her below the waist seemed to have no relation to the part of her above the waist. However, she had no false notions about her shape, and she had a very practical mind.

Having signed the contract, she came home with the flesh-colored tights supplied by the wardrobe mistress. Putting them on, she instructed me how to pad the legs of this garment with cotton wool to give her the much desired seductively rounded thighs which she lacked. It was possible to buy tights thus treated. These were called symmetricals, but they were very expensive.

I MADE my stage debut for the magnificent sum of ten shillings per week in that same Christmas play in which mother wore her homemade symmetricals. The manager wanted a child who could sing and dance with nine others, and who could be trusted to be on time for the show and not get into mischief. Mother promised she would take care of all that, and I was taken on.

We children were little robin redbreasts in the forest ballet when the babes got lost in the wood. Dressed in brown tights, very wrinkled at the knees, our skinny bodies clad in musty feathers and with hats which had beaks in front, we covered the two unfortunate children with artificial leaves to keep them from the cold until they were rescued by Robin Hood and his Merry Men! Mother was one of the Merry Men!

She had a friend who was a friend of the mother of Ivy Shilling, who played Alice when Lewis Carroll's immortal story was dramatized for a Christmas production. I was taken to see the play, and my envy of Ivy Shilling gave me no rest until I nagged mother into taking me to Miss Conti's dancing school, at which Ivy was a pupil.

Italia Conti held a unique place in the world of the British theater. She had a basement studio where the boys and girls she accepted as pupils practiced dance steps, did acrobatic exercises on the horizontal bar and were taught elocution.

Mother had no money to pay for lessons for me, but I sang and danced for Miss Conti, and she thought me sufficiently promising to offer me free lessons. On these terms, I was enrolled one afternoon a week for a six weeks' trial. If I showed promise I had the opportunity of staying on as a pupil-teacher, thereby repaying my tuition.

I am a little hazy about those weeks at Miss Conti's. It was an entirely new world to me. I am under the impression that Anton Dolin and Noel Coward were already pupils there when I started. If Noel was not, he came soon after. He was a thin, unusually shy boy with a slight lisp. He was studying elocution, acting and dancing, and was one of Miss Conti's star pupils. Noel's people were in a position to give him educational advantages. They were "comfortably situated."

Noel wasn't snobbish about this; in fact, he and I, who were about the same age, entered at once into an alliance. However, I suffered no illusions as to what constituted the charm I had for Noel Coward. I was the proud possessor of a bicycle, bought for me by a friend of dad's from the boy next door. The bicycle originally had a bar across the middle, but mother, ever practical, paid

Next Month

"Louise, I'll never see you put in a concentration camp! I'll never give the Japs the chance to get close to you."

AND so, as the Japs moved into the Philippines in 1942, this American engineer and his wife took to the hills. He became a guerrilla fighter. For twenty-three months they fled from island to island, living with primitive natives. With other American fugitives, they fought disease and despair and hunger. When their shoes gave out, they pushed on with bare and bleeding feet, always one jump ahead of the Japs. Then two of the wives became pregnant.

Don't miss
this amazing true account

Guerrilla Wife

By Louise Reid Spencer

condensed in the August Journal from the book to be published this month by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Grand with a dab of jelly!



Sugar-saving, too—when you serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat with top milk and jam or jelly. And such an exciting surprise! Nabisco Shredded Wheat is the housewife's joy—she can fix it a dozen delicious ways . . . please *all* the family with this *one* handy cereal!



with raspberries... m-m what a meal!

For breakfast, of course—and such a *refreshing* hot weather luncheon or supper. Nourishing, too—for Nabisco Shredded Wheat is wholesome whole wheat . . . with a *natural*, golden flavor folks never tire of . . . a satisfying "one-dish meal" with milk and fruit.



new idea... with shirred eggs!

Line baking dish with buttered Nabisco Shredded Wheat crumbs; add eggs, salt, pepper and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Another tasty way to serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat—the cereal that's so *adaptable* it's a whole "cereal shelf" in itself. Buy NABISCO Shredded Wheat—the *original* Niagara Falls product.

the delicious whole-wheat cereal you can serve a dozen different ways!...

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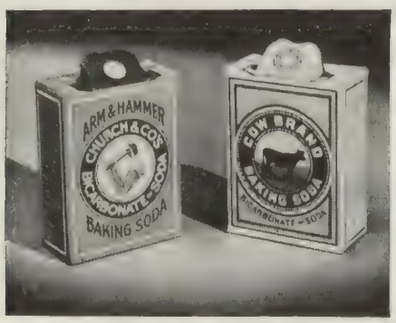


Our Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda. It may be used with full confidence for any condition that may be benefited by Bicarbonate of Soda treatment. For convenience keep an *extra* package of "Arm & Hammer" or "Cow Brand" Baking Soda in the medicine cabinet.



★ ★ ★

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA



OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA



★ ★ ★

Our Baking Soda is an excellent tooth cleanser, too. Used regularly, it helps keep teeth clean, restores their natural color. It has a pleasant, freshening after-taste. And a package, which will give many weeks of brushings, costs but a few cents—at your grocer's.



CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., 10 CEDAR ST. NEW YORK 5, N. Y

a man to saw this off so it would do for a girl to ride. However, even she could not alter the drooping handle bars which showed it was a boy's model.

Noel pointed this out immediately: "It's quite unsuitable for a girl." He could not conceal from me the fact that he wanted a bicycle, which was something his family would not permit him to have.

But Noel had a possession which I secretly coveted—a phonograph with a large spreading horn. He also owned a stack of records. So we made a deal. He could ride my bicycle in return for lending me his phonograph for the same length of time. I imagine that sort of lend-lease is as good a basis for a lifelong friendship as any other.

Miss Conti had undertaken to teach me to dance and to sing, at least to the extent of fitting me to appear in one of the Christmas plays. These are always part of the holiday season in England. Miss Conti found no fault with my leg work, nor with my vocal efforts. But my accent, which was pure cockney, caused her to wince. One day she led me to the piano and, after laying a sheet of paper under the strings, she struck a chord.

"That, my dear Gertrude," she said, "is what your voice sounds like."

My quick ear recognized the similarity between the tinny vibrations and my own accent. That was my introduction to phonetics.

When Christmas drew near, many of Miss Conti's children were given jobs in various plays put on at the London theaters during the holidays. I was not good enough to appear in one of these. However, I was approved for a part in a fairy play called Fifinella which was put on at the Repertory Theater in Liverpool. We children were rehearsed in London, under Miss Conti's careful eye, and then sent up in the care of a matron and her husband. Estelle Winwood played the beautiful Fairy Queen, but she made little impression on me because I had eyes only for the Prince in his scarlet tights and doublet. This fascinating hero was played by Eric Blore, then in his early twenties. I thought him wonderful. And obviously no one had found it necessary to pad *his* tights with cotton wool.

The first play in which Noel and I appeared together was the next year, when a German morality play, Hannele, was put on at Manchester, under the direction of Basil Dean. Noel and I played angels in white robes, gilded wings and sanctimonious smiles. Neither of us, as I remember, cared for the play or for our parts in it. However, we touched the heart of Noel's uncle, for he asked permission to take us for an afternoon's outing.

It was Christmas week and the shops were full of entrancing things to buy. By various ruses, Noel and I enticed him to one shop-window after another, pointing out what each of us would like to receive for a Christmas present. But our benefactor was not in a generous mood that day. Not till the afternoon was nearly over did he weaken and buy us a large box of sweets, which he made us promise to divide with the other children in the cast.

Noel and I managed to forget this admonition and to eat most of the sweets ourselves in the taxi on the way home. Soon I began to feel very queer. When we went on in the heaven scene, the other celestial beings seemed to float and bob dizzily around me. I stole a glance at Noel. He was positively green. Curiously, that was the last time I saw Noel for many years.

I could not have been a total failure as an angel, because soon after Hannele I was given a job in The Miracle, then being put on by Reinhardt. The play called for one hundred children—fifty boys and fifty girls. As we did two shows a day, and the children came from homes all over London, the London County Council established a special school for us. We had classes in the mornings, then dinner, after which it was time to dress and be made up for the daily matinee.

It must have been that summer that dad took mother and me on a Sunday excursion to Brighton. On the pier, among other penny-in-the-slot machines, was one showing a gaudily painted picture of a gypsy. The machine promised to tell your fortune for a penny. I dropped my copper piece into the slot and waited while the machine proceeded to stick a tongue of pink cardboard at me. There were words printed on it. I tore off the slip and read my penny destiny:

A star danced,
And you were born.

I accepted my fate without hesitation. A few days later I stopped at the printer's and ordered some cards made. I had written out that I wished the printer to put on these bits of pasteboard:

LITTLE GERTIE LAWRENCE
CHILD ACTRESS AND DANSEUSE
BRIXTON THEATER

I had used the name Lawrence, because that was the stage name my mother used. I was especially proud of the word "danseuse," which, according to the old gentleman who printed the cards, meant "dancer" in French. Already I could see my name up in electric lights on Shaftesbury Avenue.

We were shopping one day when suddenly mother stopped to read a playbill stuck up on a wall. It advertised a minstrel show. Heading the cast appeared the name "Arthur Lawrence."

"That's your father, Gertie," said mother.

I stared at the name. No one had ever told me much about my father. I could not remember having seen him or heard of his taking the slightest interest in my existence. Dad was all the father I had known, or needed. I slid a questioning glance at mother.

Her voice was suddenly wistful—and a little proud. "Well, now you know. He's a fine singer. You get your talent from him."

We went on, and no more was said about my father. I would have liked to go to the theater to see him, but mother did not suggest it. I only had to look at her to realize that the subject was closed. But the sudden discovery that I had a father who was a success in the theater set me thinking.

I was now nearly thirteen. For several years I had been appearing in plays from time to time, earning a few shillings a week. The gypsy had assured me that my fortune lay in the theater. I began to watch the bookings of the minstrel show starring Arthur Lawrence.

For all that, I might not have done anything about it except for two things which happened simultaneously. We were undergoing one of our periodic lean periods. These seemed to occur more frequently and lasted longer as dad's luck became more and more elusive. And mother had become more strict with me.

One evening several months later when mother and dad were out, I packed a few belongings in a small straw portmanteau. I collected all the empty bottles and jars in the house, returned them to the grocer and got the money I needed for the journey. Wearing my best coat and hat, carrying the portmanteau, I took the train to the theater where I knew my father was appearing.

The stage doorman looked at me suspiciously. "Now then, what do you want, youngster?" he demanded.

"I've come to see Mr. Lawrence."

Perhaps something in my tone made the doorman realize this was no ordinary occasion. He squinted at me sharply. "What's your name? I'll tell Mr. Lawrence you're here."

I swallowed. "Just tell him it's Gertie."

The doorman went away. Presently I heard steps along the corridor and the door opened. A man stood there—a very tall man who leaned forward to peer down at me in the dim, flickering light. He was in his shirt sleeves and collarless. One half of his face was smeared with grease and burnt cork. He spoke in a deep, quiet voice.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

I drew my card from my pocket and handed it to him. "I'm Gertie," I said. "And I've come to stay."

Father, still holding my card, pulled me over the threshold and let the stage door slam behind me. "Come along to my dressing room. Curtain's going up in five minutes. I'll talk to you later on. Sit down. And for God's sake, don't cry."

I had begun to weep from relief, fear and the physical reaction to the whole adventure.

In the dressing room stood a woman holding the coat father was to put on. He paid no attention to her, but went on rapidly blackening the rest of his face, after which he put on a curly black wig and stuck it down with spirit gum.

"She's Gertie," he said. "She's my kid, Rose."

Rose looked at me most unkindly and I stared back at her. I was not prepared for Rose.

The callboy went along the corridor calling, "Mr. Lawrence, please!"

Father jerked down his waistcoat, twitched his white tie a fraction of an inch and was gone.

Only then Rose turned to me, standing there gripping my portmanteau. "So you're Arthur's little girl," she said. "How old are you?"

"I'm thirteen."

"You are!" She looked me over appraisingly. "There's not much of you."

Rose herself was what is known as a fine figure of a woman, which meant she had plenty of curves. During that wait, she and I became acquainted. She had a kind heart and there was no guile in her. She loved my father and said so.

"We've been together six years, Arthur and me. That's more than a lot of married couples can say. Oh, not but what we've had our quarrels. And who hasn't, I'd like to know."

I nodded. I found myself liking Rose, but it was clear she did not intend to consider me one of the family.

"You can't stay with us," she went on. "You know that, I suppose? We can't travel you."

Strangely, that possibility had not occurred to me. I told her about my experience as an actress, emphasizing the fact that Miss Conti considered I had talent. When father

(Continued on Page 62)

Silent Night

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Who says the night is silent has an ear
But ill attuned to little sounds like those
The grass makes kneeling when the wind comes near
Or when cascades of dew roll off the rose.
The gossiping of leaves, the quick reply
Of some protesting branch that wants to rest,
He does not hear them, nor the owl's shrill cry
Pouncing upon a field mouse in his nest.
Moths tap at windowpanes, a cricket sings,
Small claws are sharpened on a weed's dry stalk,
There is the passing by of unnamed wings,
And far away the frogs begin to talk,
But not to him who, deaf as any stone,
Goes to sleep believing he is alone.

shared a room with another girl. For two shillings sixpence you could have a cot in a dormitory.

There was a great feeling of camaraderie at the Cats' Home. We girls loaned one another carfares and clothes to look our best when seeking a job. There was a sewing room where we made our own clothes, and the stars of the London theaters used to send their discarded gowns to be raffled off. I remember winning a pink net evening gown with a harem skirt and ornamented with beads.

Though being entirely on my own, without obligation to father, I did not go back to Clapham to find mother and dad. What held me back from doing this was bravado. I had left them to further my career as an actress. I was still a long way from achieving that goal. *Someday*, I promised myself, *I'll be doing so well I can afford to go back. When I'm a success, none of them will scold me for having run away.*

For I was determined to make good, and deep inside myself was the unshaken conviction that I would be a success someday. I was willing to work for that success and to make sacrifices to attain it. I cannot take any credit for this determination to succeed, for it was inherent in my nature. I did have to battle through periods of despair and frustration. But I am by nature hopeful. I do not understand defeat. My own psychology in those years before I was seventeen was quite simple: I believed, unquestionably, that I was destined to be an actress. It might be this season—or the next—that I would emerge from the obscurity of the chorus. But emerge I would. Meanwhile, it was up to me to make myself as good as I could be.

One night after the show in Swindon there was a knock on the chorus' dressing-room door. The callboy handed me a card which read LEE WHITE AND CLAY SMITH, LONDON AND NEW YORK. I went out and found an American couple on vacation from their London season. They had dropped in at our show. They took me out to supper at their hotel and we talked.

"You're good," Lee said to me seriously. "You don't belong in a show like this. You've got something. Clay and I are going to keep our eyes on you." She made me promise to keep them informed of what towns we played. "You never can tell," she finished. "We may hear of something. And when we do, you'll hear from us."

Nearly a year later, while I was playing in Yarmouth, I received a telegram signed, "Lee White and Clay Smith." It said that they had recommended me for a job in a revue which André Charlot was staging in London.

Luckily, I had no contract, but if I was to leave I had to do so without the management's getting wind of it. Back in our lodgings, my roommate and I took stock of our resources. It was a Tuesday night—four days to payday. What money I had, plus what the other girl could afford to lend wouldn't pay for a third-class ticket to London.

My roommate said slowly, "I've got a letter to the camp here. If he has any money, he'll send it to us. And if he hasn't, he'll know where to get us some."

The morning I was packed and ready to leave when Madge went out to meet her brother. He was back in a short time, bringing a friend with him. He was a little, bright-faced cockney, Bristol. Before he enlisted, he'd been a jockey's apprentice. Now he was in a regiment of gunners, getting ready to go to Flanders. Madge showed him in and Bristol looked me over, with a practiced eye, as if I were a horse and he was advising him to place his money. He had, he informed us, eight shillings. Added to our resources, the ticket to London was a long way off.

"That's all right," said Bristol. "I've a couple of mates who might be willing to take a flier."

We arranged to meet him and his friends at the railway station within an hour. Madge and I were standing by the ticket office when six British Tommies, with Bristol in the lead, bore down on us.

"There she is," said he, pointing at me.

The other five looked me over. Five heads nodded approbation. Out of the uniform pockets came half crowns and shillings.

MADGE counted the money. "Hurray! Enough for a ticket, and fifteen shillings over to see you through your first week in London," she said triumphantly.

I turned to Bristol and his five mates. "Thank you, boys. You'll get your money back. And you won't be sorry you've done this for me! I promise."

The six Tommies saw me off on the London express. I hung out the window and waved and they all waved back to me. "Best of luck, Gertie! Mind, now, you don't let us down."

It was up to us in Charlot's Revue to offer these men gaiety.

The little revue in which Lee White and Clay Smith found a place for me was one of the first of a long run of such shows staged by André Charlot. The revue in which I made my first appearance bore the innocuous title, Some. This was followed in turn by Cheep, Tabs and Buzz-Buzz. I did a toe dance and a duet with Clay Smith, and was also in the chorus. Charlot had given me a three-year contract at £3/10 a week the first year, £4/10 the second and £6/10 the third. I was made.

The pattern of all these wartime revues was simplicity itself. They were staged with a minimum of scenery and a maximum of taste. Charlot's revues caught on immediately. Each had a long run and was succeeded by another cut to the same successful pattern.

The masculine part of those revue audiences was almost entirely in khaki. The men were home on leave, desperately in need of getting the sights and sounds of battle fronts along the Somme out of their systems.

Bea Lillie was one of the stars, and I was required to understudy her. Bea and I quickly became friends and partners in practical jokes which both of us adored to play on others in the cast.

In one of the revues Lee sang a song, Have You Seen the Ducks Go By? At the end of the verse, a row of obviously artificial ducks appeared on a wall at the back of the stage and moved across it in time to the music. The effect was made by us girls, walking behind the wall with only our ducklike hats showing. That number was a hopeless temptation to me. I couldn't help making my duck frisk about and behave as no properly drilled duck would ever do. Naturally Lee did not like this, but Bea Lillie adored it and would join in with the chorus and pop her head up—minus the duck headdress. Sometimes she wore a man's straw hat with a duck head, moving tail first. The audience would howl with laughter, but it upset Lee.

I suppose the psychologist could find a reason for the irrepressible impulse to play pranks which obsessed me for several seasons after I got started on the London stage. They were the kinds of pranks that usually only school children think are funny: fake telegrams; keyholes stuffed with soap; sleeves sewed up at the cuffs so that the victim, who had to make a quick change of costume, found it impossible to get into his coat. I can only explain these idiosyncrasies on the

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He who wants to know himself should offend two or three of his neighbors.

The dawn does not come twice to awaken a man.

Gossip needs no carriage.

The doorstep of the palace is very slippery.

Nobody is trodden on unless he lies down first.

After a war there is no lack of brave men.

He who wants to jump far must step back.

When two invalids meet, the illness remains in the middle.



• Summer "dog days" make your feet perspire excessively. And as they steam in hot, damp socks the skin is irritated—especially between the toes. Often it cracks wide open, exposing raw tissue to an attack of that painful skin disease called Athlete's Foot!

Cracks
between your toes
warn of danger

Athlete's Foot micro-organisms grow faster when they feed on extra perspiration and dead skin. When the skin between your toes cracks open they get under the skin and spread beneath the tissues. Your toes redden and itch. Skin flakes off in dull white patches. You know Athlete's Foot has taken hold!



Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact!

Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot microorganisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

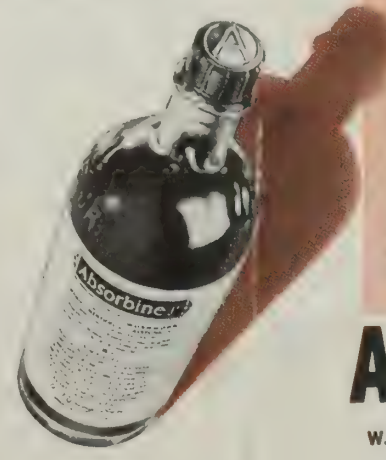
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact—they can't grow and cause you pain.

Drench those open cracks at once

Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack between the toes, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. full strength, night and morning.

$1.25 a bottle at all druggists.





1. Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. Cleanses and helps heal broken tissues.
5. Relieves itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Yes, my darling daughter...

Yes, wear this scent when you go down by the shore! Tingling Yardley English Lavender... casual and free as a gull in flight... keeps you feeling resort-cool the summer through. And mm, so invitingly fragrant!

YARDLEY
ENGLISH
LAVENDER



Yardley English Lavender, the lovable fragrance, $3.75, $2.50, $1.50. Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c, box of three tablets, $1.
ADD 20% FEDERAL TAX

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ground that I must have been making up for those years when I had been working at a time when most children of my age were playing games. Perhaps it was just something I had to get out of my system. I must have been an unmitigated nuisance. What I needed was to have someone tick me off. Ultimately, André Charlot did just that.

I had repaid the loan to Bristol and his mates, who had gone off to Flanders and from whom I received occasional post cards.

One evening when I arrived at the theater to make up for the show, a woman was standing just inside the stage door. The doorman whispered she was waiting for me. It was mother. Suddenly, all the years that had passed since the afternoon when I had suddenly conceived the plan of running away and throwing in my lot with my own father were swept away. Mother took me in her arms.

To my question of how she had found me, she replied that she had been passing along the street when the air-raid warning sounded. She had taken cover in a hotel next to our theater, and when the all-clear came she had stopped out of curiosity to see what was on at the theater. She had noticed the name, "Gertie Lawrence," among the small-part people.

My dream of impressing the family was shattered, but at least I had got my mother back, and I realized then how much I had missed her. Granny, grown much older and quite feeble now, took particular personal pride in my having a part in a successful West End production.

As I went from revue to revue, in each show I was given more to do. This, of course, brought more prestige and, on my part, more self-assurance. I still played pranks, and the more I played the more daring I became. Not unnaturally, André Charlot got a little fed up with me.

While I was playing in Buzz-Buzz, I came down with a bad attack of lumbago. The doctor ordered me to bed. I was laid up for the better part of a week. When Saturday night came, I was feeling much better and the doctor said I would be able to go back to work on Monday.

That evening Ivor Novello rang me up and said:

"Ethel Baird is opening tonight in her new show, Summer Time. I've got a box. A lot of us are going."

"How can I?" I said.

"But you're much better," Ivor suggested. "Do ask the doctor to let you come."

"I'll see what he says," I promised. "I'll ring up and ask him if he thinks it would hurt me."

The doctor gave his opinion that I would be no worse if I went to the opening, provided I came straight home and went directly to bed. I promptly rang up Ivor and told him to come around and fetch me.

The opening was a very smart one; everybody was there. I was sitting in the front of the box, not to miss a thing, when who should come down the center aisle but André Charlot and his wife. I felt his gaze fix itself directly on my face. *That's torn it,* I thought. *He'll be furious.*

When Monday evening came, I arrived at the stage door as chipper as you please. Old George, the doorman, looked at me reprovingly. "I'm sorry, miss, I've got orders not to let you in. Here, I've got a note for you." He produced a sealed envelope and handed it to me.

THE note was from André Charlot himself. I had been absent more than six performances, which, under the terms of my contract, permitted him to cancel it and to engage someone else to take my place. "If you are well enough to go to other people's plays you are well enough to come to your own," the note ended.

I simply couldn't believe that he would fire me for such a little thing as staying out one night more than my illness made necessary. Why, time and again he had forgiven me for much worse offenses. But now Charlot was offended and angry, and firm in his determination to teach me a lesson. I had been sacked. Already the story was probably traveling like wildfire through the theaters of the West End. I could just imagine how some of the wiser ones would smile over the news that Gertrude Lawrence had been told off for being too smart.

It was barely a fortnight to Christmas, and I was out of a job.

I needed to get to work right away. I had very little money saved, barely enough to keep me if I remained out of work more than a fortnight. I have never been thrifty. Goodness knows, I wish I were. I don't think it ever occurred to me that I would be out of work and unable to earn a living. So, as the money came in, it went out—for myself and for others, and for things that seemed to me necessary, or interesting, or worth doing.

THOUGH there were no openings at the theaters, I thought I might have some success as an entertainer at Murray's Club. Murray's was London's first night club. It had just been started and it was drawing big crowds.

I went to see the manager and was auditioned. He engaged me to start at once. He was glad to get a youngster from Charlot's Revue. I directed and put on the first floor show in a London night club.

Murray's was a gay spot in wartime London. That spring of 1917 was one of the tensest periods of the war. Everyone felt it. Everyone was edgy, nervous, overtired, and desperately determined to keep up a front at any cost; so the theater flourished. One night André Charlot appeared at Murray's and asked me to join him at his table. He said he wanted to make up, and I was as glad about this as he obviously was.

At that time my own personal life was occupying more and more of my attention. I was engaged to a boy who was serving in the balloon barrage which floated over London. He had taken me to meet his parents; he'd given me a ring—a sapphire surrounded by little diamonds—which I adored and wore proudly. Someday, when the war was over, we'd get married. Meanwhile, we were together whenever his hours permitted.

Then all at once something happened—I met Frank Howley. He was twenty years my senior and I was immensely flattered by his attention. Moreover, he belonged to my world—the world of the theater. He was a director and talked of his future plans, in which I figured as his star.

When I went out with Peter, he was not interested in hearing about the theater. His plan for us was to get married and for me to leave the profession at once in order to turn myself into the conventional young wife. The more I thought about Peter and the life to which he apparently looked forward, the more certain I became that it was not the life for me. I broke my engagement. Peter took it hard, but gallantly.

Frank and I were married—quietly and without interruption to my work. Mother disapproved, but there was nothing she could do about it, as I was economically independent. She thought Frank was too old for me and reminded me of her own unfortunate marriage with my father, who was also in the profession.

Frank and I went to live in Maida Vale. We had a flat, and Frank's two brothers stayed with us whenever they were in London.

Frank began looking around for financial backing to start a company of his own. Meanwhile, I went on with my own work, rehearsing in the daytime, doing my job as a housewife and understudying Bea Lillie, whom Charlot was featuring in the show. I was grateful to Charlot for taking me on again and kept hoping he would find a real place for me in the revue before long. I didn't wish Bea any bad luck, but, being human, I couldn't help longing for a chance to show Charlot—and the audience—what I could do.

Then I found that I was going to have a child. I was quite ill and I had to consult a doctor.

"You should give up your work," the doctor advised.

"How can I?" I shrugged my shoulders. didn't explain that my husband was not arning anything at the time.

The doctor frowned. "It is usually pos- ible to do whatever it is necessary to do."

"Oh, I agree with you," I told him. I lid too.

If my own experience had taught me any- hing, it was that, if a thing had to be done, could do it. That was how I felt about hav- ng the baby. Of course it would be wonder- ul to be so well off you could coddle your- elf. But then I had never been in that state f financial ease. Doctors, I told myself, vere always telling you to rest and relax nd not to worry. It was part of the game. They must know that an actress couldn't ossibly stop working for months simply ecause she was going to have a baby. I ompromised by promising myself that I ould work up to two months before the me the baby was expected; then I would ay home and rest and obey the doctor's rders.

Meantime, I had a great deal to keep me ccupied. The flat took a lot of attention. Ve could n't afford servant. I did all he cooking and, in ddition, I made my aby's clothes—sew- ng them by hand ith all the dainty titches granny had een at pains to teach ne.

One evening, when t came time to start or the theater, I felt eally ill. I said to my- elf, *I can't possibly go n tonight.* As general nderstudy, I was nder contract to re- ort at the theater very performance in ase I was needed. hen I thought, *I'll ave to call up the heater. That means 've got to go out to the orner to the telephone. By the time I've ressed and done that, might as well hop a us and go on.* So I id.

It was ten minutes f eight when I turned nto the alley which ed to the stage door. here was the man- ger, walking up and own, muttering and uming in his impa- ience.

"Come on!" he elled. "Where have ou been?"

I started to tell him I was ill, but he paid o attention. Instead, he hurried me up the teps and in through the stage door.

"Lillie's off. Went riding and the horse hrew her. You've got to go on. We're hold- ng the curtain for you. Here's your chance."

My chance—the chance I'd longed for for ears. As I stood in Bea's dressing room nd her dresser helped me, I thought, *The rony of it. It has happened to me just now hen I am feeling ill.*

The dresser looked at me gravely. "Do ou think you'll manage, miss?"

N a couple of songs Bea was doing male npersonations. For these, she wore a white e and tails. The black broadcloth suit tted her slim, straight body like a glove. I new what the dresser meant and I knew hat everything depended on my being able o wear that costume and look as well in it s Bea. I held my breath while she laced me p tightly; then I got into the trousers and est. I stood before the long mirror and ooked at myself critically. Yes, I would do.

When my call came I went on, and, for he first time in my life on the stage, I knew nxiety. Bea was a tremendous favorite. I could hold that audience, if I could make them laugh and applaud and like Gertrude Lawrence, then the rest of my career was assured. If I could not, I was doomed to stay forever in the chorus.

That night, and for many nights there- after, I sang and danced and tossed my lines across the footlights with all the gaiety at my command. I was no longer anxious—that first night had proved that I could hold the audience.

THE air raids on London were increasing. There was a battery of antiaircraft guns in the court outside our windows. The noise they made prevented anyone from sleeping, and there was always the danger of shrapnel from our own shells as well as from the Ger- man bombs. Frank was terribly jittery; his nerves simply couldn't take it. And I began to get jittery, especially after a piece of shrapnel came sailing into our room one night and embedded itself in the wall.

One day Frank told me he had got word of something in Liverpool that might be good. His brothers were staying with us, but both of them were down with influenza. I went to the theater that night as usual. I felt so faint while I was dressing, the dresser became alarmed. She brought me a stiff drink of brandy, and insisted that I take it just be- fore going on. The brandy warmed me and keyed up my spirits. When I got back to the dressing room to change, and the excitement began to wear off, I felt very ill indeed.

"It's good it's a Saturday night," the dresser said. "You can go home and rest all day tomorrow and Monday."

As I left the the- ater, the street was dark and quiet. I stood wishing a taxi would come by, but none came. Every minute I felt worse and worse. The thought of going out to Maida Vale in a bus was more than I could endure. I thought, *I'll go home to mother. She'll look out for me until Frank gets back from Liver- pool.* A bus came by, going toward Picca- dilly, and I hopped aboard. I would change at Piccadilly Circus for Clapham. I got out there and joined the crowd at the curb, praying I wouldn't have to wait long. Every minute I waited increased the agony of physical pain and terror.

The bobby kept looking at me anxiously. "Where do you want to go, miss?"

"Clapham." Then I added, "I'm ill. I'm going to have a baby."

"Then you shouldn't go there by bus," said the bobby.

"I know, but the taxis don't want to go so far."

The law blew its whistle. A cruising taxi came to the curb. The bobby opened the door and helped me in. He gave the driver the address and then, out of respect to a lady's feelings, whispered something confi- dentially in the driver's ear.

We started, and the man spoke over his shoulder to me. "I'll get you there, lady."

Mother was home when I got there. She took one look at me, and called dad to hold the taxi. "You'll go right to the nursing home," she said to me, "tonight."

"But," I objected, "the baby isn't due for nearly two months."

"Nonsense," said mother. "You can't tell a thing about a first baby." She bustled

The Happy Horticulturist

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

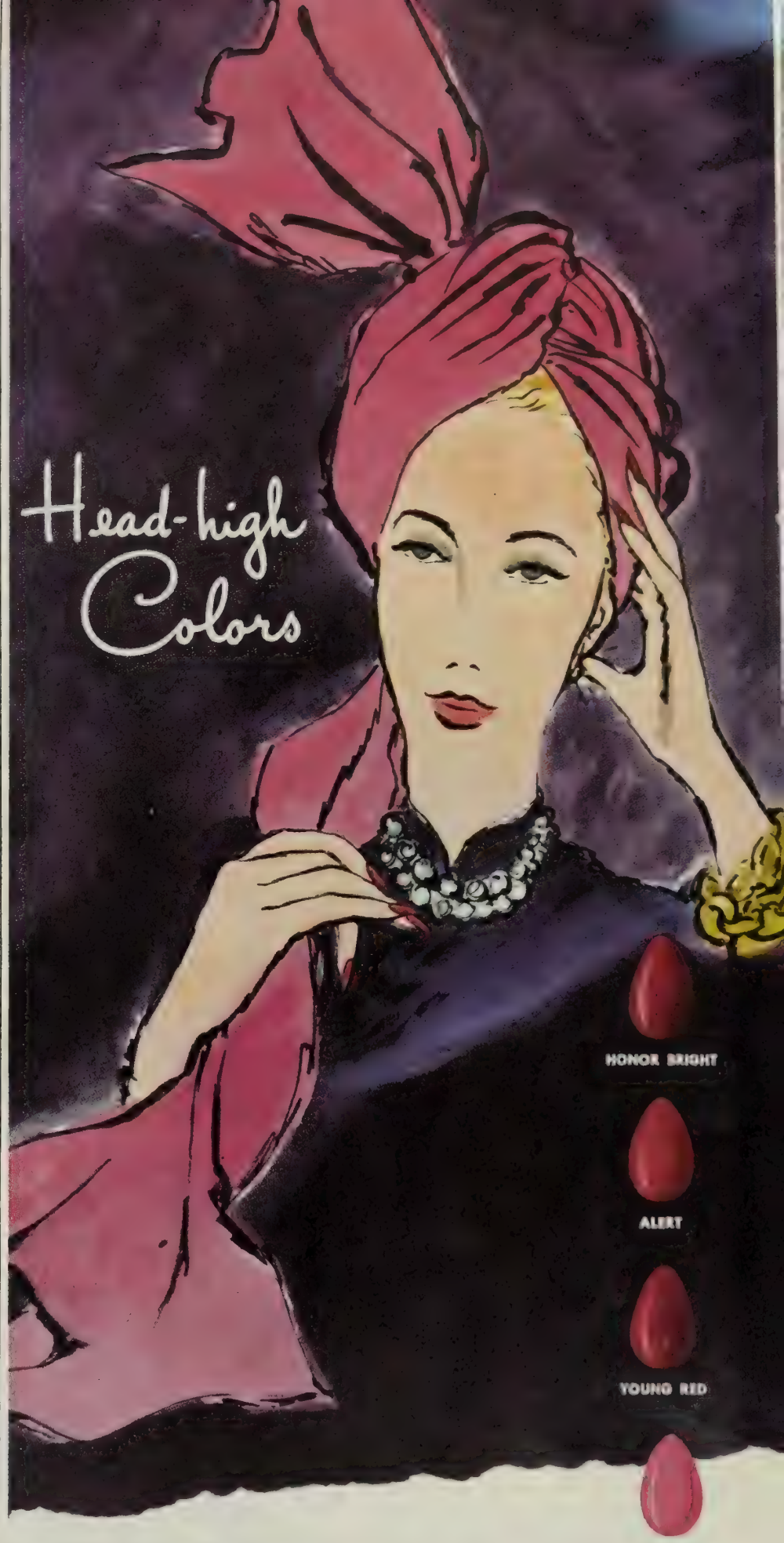
The gophers gulp my onion sets,
The robins swipe my seeds,
While swarms of slugs and mealy bugs
Wolf everything but the weeds.

My neighbors brag of corn and kale,
And woo the giant bean,
But I raise a flock of finer dock
Than any these parts have seen.

Don't sing to me of chard or chives,
Choicer than orchid petals;
You'll never top my thistle crop
Or Mammoth Double nettles.

What broccoli's as rampant as
The locoweed I harbor?
What 'tater patch can hope to match
My poison-ivy arbor?

Your cukes and crookneck squash may be
The cream of Nature's bounty;
But brave my dandelions stand—
The lushest in the county!



SCHIAPARELLI interprets newest Cutex nail shades

Spirited colors—latest Cutex defiance for beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli wraps up their heady excitement in a sky-stretching turban to celebrate the return of Paris . . . We dare you to find a lovelier polish at any price!

CUTEX



VITAMINS

Summer meals found wanting

Astonishing, in vitamin-conscious America, are the following facts. Moreover, they are documented by studies including the survey of national eating habits issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. The facts:

That literally millions of the nation's families were eating meals deficient in essential vitamins and minerals.

That average summer diets lacked essential vitamins and minerals just as much as and often more than winter diets.

Summer sun not enough

Through this evidence, the problem of "hot weather slump" and loss of energy—common to so many in summertime—may be viewed in a brand-new light.

Mistaken are those who think their vitamin and mineral supply is adequate in summer just because they eat more green



Vacation Days
. . . more enjoyable with buoyant energy

vegetables, more fresh fruit, get out in the sunshine more often.

Contrary to the belief of many, sunshine contributes Vitamin D only—just one of the six vitamins known to be essential in human nutrition.

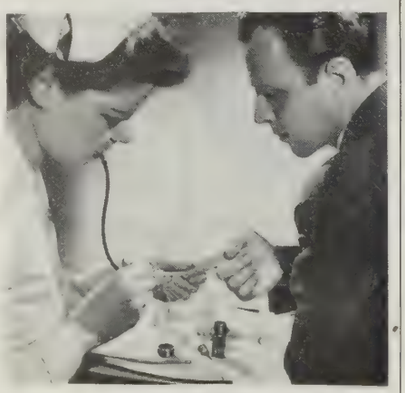
Theory disproved

Other reasons why our summer eating may not include enough vitamins: (1) most of us eat less food; (2) we eat more starchy foods, less meat, more liquids; (3) vegetables popular in summer diets (sweet corn, for example) are often poor sources of Vitamin A and Iron, while leafy vegetables have a tendency to lose their vitamin content in hot weather; (4) cooking robs some foods, even fresh vegetables, of part of their vitamin content.

A comprehensive study reveals that through cooking, spinach loses about 35% of its Vitamin B, cabbage up to 90% of its Vitamin C.

Frequently lacking more in summer diets than in winter diets: Vitamins A, B_1 (Thiamin) and B_2 (Riboflavin); also the important minerals, Iron and Phosphorus.

Disproved, therefore, is the theory that vitamin-mineral supplements are needed only in winter; sensible are those who take



Blood Tests
. . . show need for Iron

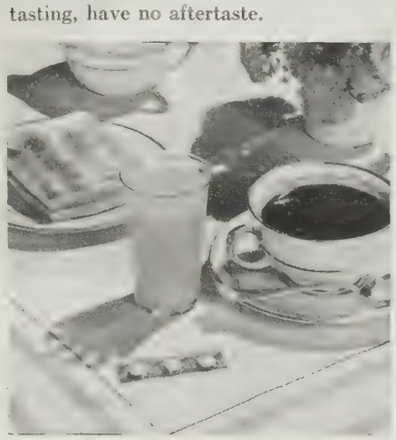
extra vitamins and minerals throughout the year—in summer as well as winter.

Modern way

High vitamin-mineral efficiency in the average diet, both summer and winter, can be achieved by taking Vimms. For Vimms supply all the vitamins that Government experts and doctors recognize as essential in the diet.

Besides vitamins, Vimms supply Iron—often low in summer diets. Iron is essential to the body's production of hemoglobin that gives blood its natural red color. You also get Calcium and Phosphorus necessary for strong bones, teeth and body tissue.

Vimms come in 3 small tablets to be taken daily—preferably at breakfast. Actually no one-per-day product gives you all the vitamins and minerals you get in Vimms. Moreover, Vimms are pleasant-tasting, have no aftertaste.



Three Vimms At Breakfast
. . . assure daily quota of vitamins, minerals

The Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council has adopted Recommended Daily Allowances for vitamins and minerals. Three Vimms daily will raise the average diet of children and adults up to or above these Recommended Daily Allowances.

(Advertisement)

me into the taxi again and on to a nursing home, where I was immediately put to bed.

Monday night, while a raid was at its height, my daughter was born.

No one, apparently, had thought to notify André Charlot. Tuesday morning I received a card from the stage manager to remind Miss Lawrence that a rehearsal had been called for Monday, at which she had failed to appear. The doctor sent a reply saying that Miss Lawrence was otherwise engaged!

On Tuesday Frank came to see me, bringing a bunch of poppies. Of course he was pleased about the baby, but he was terribly worried too. The prospect at Liverpool had turned out to be no good.

We named the baby Pamela, a beautiful, romantic name which did not seem at all suitable for the bluish little scrap of humanity which I held to my breast so proudly.

Premature babies, I was informed, were difficult to rear. They had to have special care, special food and constant surveillance. Doctor Ambrose said bluntly that the reason Pamela was a seven-month baby was that I had worked so hard.

During the fortnight I was in the nursing home, I had time to take stock of a great many things. First, my responsibility toward my child. Pam required expert, expensive care, and this meant I would have to get back to work as soon as possible. I had brought her into the world; she belonged to me as no one and nothing else in my life.

André and Mrs. Charlot were real friends. Charlot let me go back to work as understudy, and I had reason to believe he meant to give me a real part in the new show.

I was still pretty weak, but overjoyed at the slim silhouette the mirror now presented. Anything seemed possible.

We gave up the flat and went to live with mother and dad. The dining room on the ground floor was turned into a bedroom for us. But after a few weeks we decided to put the baby back in the nursing home, where she would get regular diets. I went on with my work with an easier mind. Mother or I called at the nursing home to inquire about the baby every few days. Between times, we satisfied our curiosity by telephone calls.

Frank had not been successful in finding something he wanted to do. Finally the break came. "It's no good going on like this," he said. "We're not getting anywhere."

I could see he was hurt, but I had all I could do just then to take care of myself and pay the bills for the baby. Frank finally left. He said I wouldn't hear from him again in a hurry. I caught the flu and didn't dare visit the baby. It was several days later that mother went to the nursing home to pay the bill and inquire about Pam's progress. The woman who ran the place looked at mother in astonishment.

"The baby's not here," she said. "The child's father came day before yesterday and took her away."

Mother hurried back to tell me what the matron had said.

"It can't be true!" I objected. "I'm paying for the baby's care. How could Frank—or anyone—take her away?"

I went to see the matron. She finally confessed that the baby was still in the home, but she was under strict orders not to allow me to see her. I went to the police court. There I was told that, under the law, a father could exercise complete jurisdiction over his child. The fact that I had paid the bills at the nursing home did not alter the law. However, I did obtain a court order which allowed me to see the child.

I brandished this in the face of the matron and demanded my rights. She said stonily, "That baby is no longer here."

"You told me that before," I reminded her. "Later, you said the child was here. Surely you don't expect me to believe you."

I went through the nursery and could find no Pamela.

I went back to the police court, but again I was brought face to face with the British law, which has its roots in the patriarchal age: because Frank was Pamela's father, he was legally allowed to dispose of her as he wished without consulting me.

I went posthaste to the lodgings where I knew Frank had been living. He was no longer there. Both his brothers were away on tour. I wrote Frank to the only address I knew where he might be reached. There was no answer to my letter.

Weeks passed. Then one afternoon when I came off stage old George was waiting for me with a telegram:

CHILD DESPERATELY ILL. NEEDS YOU. COME IMMEDIATELY. FRANK.

I knew he meant the restaurant in which we had planned our wedding. It was a white-faced, thoroughly frightened Frank who rose from the table to meet me when I arrived.

I asked, "Where's my baby?"

"She's still in the nursing home. She's been there all the time."

Frank broke down under my questioning. He confessed he had hoped, by preventing me from seeing the child, to bring me back to him, but he had found out that he could not keep up the payments in the nursery home.

I could not be shaken from my determination not to live with him again. He dropped his hands in a gesture of futility. "If you can lend me some money, I can go away and open an academy in the Midlands," he said. "And I won't trouble you and Pamela any more."

I gave him the contents of my purse. And then our life together ended in the same spot where we had planned our marriage.

Buzz-Buzz ran merrily on. It was the smartest of the long line of Charlot's successes. The war was over and everyone wanted to forget the sorrows it had brought. People did things and amused themselves in ways that would have seemed incredible five or six years before. Many of the old social barriers were down and the field was open to all riders.

(Continued on Page 68)



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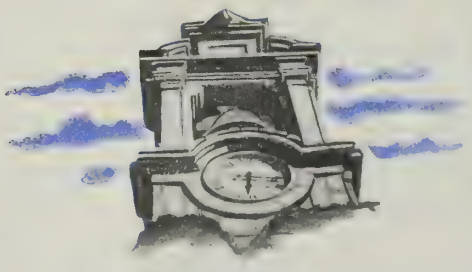
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"*Ravishing*" is his word for you when your skin wears the haunting fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. For its bewitching perfume stirs the romantic regions of a man's heart. *It's the fragrance men love.* A secret wedding of rare perfumes far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap produces this exquisite bouquet. Be dainty! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day. It's ideal for your complexion, too.



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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

ADORNS YOUR SKIN WITH

(Continued from Page 66)

I reveled in the gaiety, which meant all the more to me because of the strain I had been living under after the baby was born. I had taken a little flat on the fringe of Mayfair. Pam was with mother and granny.

H.R.H., the Prince of Wales, was the leader of the young set which had opened its doors to me. P.W., as his intimates called him, was debonair, amusing, charming. He and his younger brother, the Duke of Kent, went about in London's night life, enjoying themselves and spreading enjoyment wherever they went.

My dressing room at the theater had two entrances: one from the passage leading to the stage; the other, an emergency exit, which opened directly from the alley. Many evenings the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent would come up the alley, and old George, the doorman, would let them in. I'll never forget dashing into my dressing room one night between scenes to find the Duke of Kent seated before my mirror, trying on a wig of long false curls. The other members of his party were bedeviling poor Florrie, my dresser.

I had been presented to the Prince of Wales by his equerry, Capt. Philip Astley, whom I had met at Mrs. Walter Guinness'. I can still see the long music room, with its gleaming parquet floor, and Elsa Maxwell at the piano, as I walked across it that night with Beatrice Guinness, who whispered, "Gertrude, I want you to meet the handsomest man in London."

Philip was in the Guards. Besides being the Prince of Wales' equerry, he was also Gold Stick in Waiting to His Majesty the King. This meant that he was in command of the household cavalry and also Yeoman of the Guard. It was his duty at all court functions to stand on the right of the throne of the King, and he rode his charger, in full cuirass and helmet and plumes, beside the royal carriage, during state processions, openings of Parliament, and so on. He was everything a knight in armor should be, as dreamed of by a young romantic girl.

We had to fall in love with each other. It was as natural and instinctive to us both as it was for us to breathe. There could be no thought of marriage for us. I was still married, and any question of involvement in divorce proceedings would have ruined Philip's career at court. So, although in love, we could only be good stanch companions.

Often I was invited to parties which the Prince of Wales gave in his apartment in St. James's Palace. These were always informal and entertaining. You met people from every walk of life and profession at the Prince's parties, but never anyone dull or stuffy. He invited international tennis champions, the newest blues singer, a guitarist who was all the rage in Paris, as well as his own intimate set.

WITH the coming of the summer, I rented a small riverside cottage near Staines, on the road to Windsor, and persuaded mother, dad and granny to take up residence with Pamela and me. It was near enough to London for me to get there every week end by train, and after a while Philip, who was stationed at Windsor, used to pick me up and take me home by car.

Among our gay companions at that time was Lord Latham, and several times he and Philip and the others would stop at Buck's Club, pick up a hamper of chicken, fruit, champagne, and so on, and we would all roar down to the cottage and get mother out of bed to act as hostess.

One night we gave her a real surprise; we all arrived without warning, as usual, routed her out of bed, down she came and we had supper. Suddenly she realized there was a stranger in our midst and that we were calling him "Sir." Her gaze shot down the table, past his face, and fixed itself on my delighted grin; I nodded. I knew she had recognized the P.O.W. She was a triumph in her attempt to carry everything off without comment, and when the party was over, and as we stood at the gate saying good night, the Prince stretched out his hand to her. She curtsied and said, "Good night, Your Highness." I thought of those earlier days in Clapham; of how she always soared above debt and constant orders to dispossess. I put my arm around her.

ANDRÉ CHARLOT was planning a new revue to be called A to Z, in which Beatrice Lillie was to star with Jack Buchanan. I went down to the cottage to be with my baby and the family until something new should come along for me. Suddenly I got a telegram from Charlot saying that Beatrice Lillie was ill again and that they had to open on a certain date. I went up to the theater, read the various sketches, heard the music and signed on. Once more Beatrice Lillie was the cause of my good fortune. From the opening night, the revue was an enormous success. I sang Limehouse Blues for the first time.

A to Z was followed by another revue, London Calling, in which I was starred. The show was written by Noel Coward, who had been cutting his teeth as a dramatist and actor. Noel floated back into my life exactly as if nothing had intervened between the days we were at Miss Conti's and the present time.

Noel is like that. He can disappear completely for three years and then ring you up and continue the conversation you were having the last time you saw him.

During the season of 1924 Archie Selwyn came to London, saw the revue and arranged with Charlot to put us on Broadway that winter. Bea Lillie and I were to be featured as costars with Jack Buchanan and Herbert (Tommy) Mundin.

We sailed from Southampton on the last ship before Christmas, which meant that we traveled with a lot of Americans hurrying to get home for the holiday, as well as a number of British folk who were going to be entertained at New York and at Palm Beach. We had a riotous trip. The instigator of most of the fun was Max Aitken, now Lord Beaverbrook.

Before our New York opening, Bea and I were taken to see all the shows on Broadway. The boys rallied round to show us the town: Eddie Goulding, Josh Gosden, Billy Reardon. I began to love New York.

Lillie and Lawrence,
Lawrence and Lillie;
If you haven't seen them,
You're perfectly silly.

One of the newspaper boys started singing that at a party one night to a tune of his own improvisation. This little ditty ran through our winter in New York. It was very complimentary, even if it wasn't good poetry, and it expressed some of the feeling—the gaiety, the nonsense, the lighthearted fun—that made Charlot's Revue unusual and memorable.

The critics, with Heywood Broun, Percy Hammond and Alexander Woollcott in the

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lead, gave their approval without qualification. The show became immediately the outstanding hit of the season.

I had a number of sketches with Jack and Bea and Herbert Mundin—and I sang Limehouse Blues. In England we never plugged songs as they did in the United States, and I was surprised and extremely flattered to find everyone singing and playing Limehouse wherever I went. As a matter of fact, they still do after all these years.

Bea had been in America for a holiday when she married Robert Peel in 1920, but, like me, she knew nothing of the American theater or the reactions of American audiences. From the minute we landed until the night of our opening, I had gone around feeling as though someone had shot a hole through my middle; then, when we knew the show was a success and made the wonderful discovery that New Yorkers liked us, I felt suddenly like a colt in a pasture. My heels kicked up instinctively.

Bea and I took a duplex apartment in a converted house on West 54th Street, and this soon became a rendezvous for a gay crowd. Many of those who came there were connected, in one way or another, with the theater. They were composers, writers of lyrics, playwrights and newspapermen.

We gave a lot of parties there. For one reason, it was such an easy thing to do. Whenever we gave parties, our friends would send us flowers, sometimes superb food from swanky restaurants and clubs, and a more than adequate supply of wines and spirits. William Rhinelander Stewart sent a florist with orders to plant and maintain the garden at the rear of our apartment, and with the warm sunny weather our parties moved out there. Our steady salonites included such grand people as Neysa McMein, Dorothy Parker, Jeanne Eagels, Bob and Mrs. Sherwood, Richard Barthelmess, Laurette Taylor, Charles Dillingham, Jimmy Walker, Oscar Hammerstein, Howard Dietz, Jerome Kern, Irene Castle, Fanny Brice, June Walker, Estelle Winwood, Lenore Ulric, George and Ira Gershwin, Irving Berlin, Jules Glaenzer, Clifton Webb, Jascha Heifetz, Artur Rubinstein and Alexander Woollcott.

Alexander Woollcott quickly became one of our best friends. I valued his criticism and his praise, whenever he saw fit to bestow either. He had—what is not at all rare in big, rather untidy men—unerring taste, and a sense of the delicacy of a situation. It pleased me no end when he said to me one day, "With no more than a pout, a twist of your shoulders, and two or three lines, you make me feel that I understand exactly how the wheels go round at the back of a girl's mind."

That, I knew, was a real tribute to Gertrude Lawrence, the actress. Meanwhile, Gertrude Lawrence, the woman, savored the flattery of Percy Hammond's remark in his column: "It has been said of Miss Lawrence that every man in New York is, or was, in love with her."

The piano in our apartment was never silent. As a matter of record, Vincent Youmans and Irving Caesar wrote most of the score of No, No, Nanette in our living room, including Tea for Two.

My friendship for George Gershwin and his brother Ira, which began that winter, was to develop into a wonderfully successful partnership when the brothers wrote the score and the lyrics of Oh, Kay! for me a year later. Gershwin was an assiduous worker and never spared himself. I remember going to hear his first performance of the Rhapsody in Blue at Carnegie Hall—and we met at a party at Condé Nast's afterward. George arrived late, with every finger of both hands bandaged from the strain which the rehearsals and première of the Rhapsody had demanded at the keyboard. He was a great man.

I found American men extremely likable and flatteringly appreciative. Perhaps you have to be born an Englishwoman to realize how much attention American men shower on women and how tremendously considerate all the nice ones are of a woman's wishes.

None of us had expected to stay on in New York through the summer. However, business on Broadway was so good that Archie Selwyn arranged with Charlot not only to hold the Revue over, but to move to a larger theater. At the end of September we would start on a twenty weeks' tour, playing Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and the major stands west of the Mississippi.

Our last night on Broadway was a fitting climax. The two front rows of the orchestra were taken by the columnists, critics and celebrities of the theater. The majority knew our songs and sketches almost as well as we did.

In one of Bea's numbers, it was her custom to jump off the stage in fleeing from an apache lover, and regain it again only after scrambling across the auditorium between the knees of those seated in the front row and the orchestra rail. At each performance Bea would drop, unexpectedly, into some man's lap. On the closing night, the lap she selected was Alexander Woollcott's. We thought she would never get back onto the stage that night.

People were always telling us how surprised they were to find that the two women stars in the same show were good friends, even to the point of living together. When we went into the new theater, we found ourselves in adjoining dressing rooms, both small and stuffy. We asked to have the door between the two rooms removed. This allowed us to use one to dress in and the other for our visitors. It seemed to us a perfectly intelligent and not at all unusual way of arranging things, but we soon found that people were amazed by it, especially the manager of the show which was scheduled to follow us at that theater.

"Listen," he said, "the two dames in our show haven't spoken since we opened. That door will have to be closed up or there'll be murder."

On the last night, after the finale, the whole house stood up and cheered us. They pelted us with flowers. When the orchestra struck up Auld Lang Syne the audience and company joined in the singing. Everyone took hold of the hand of the person next to him. The chain of friendly handclasps stretched across the stage, across the footlights and continued through the house.

When the audience was finally pushed out of the theater several hundred of them merely adjourned to the stage door, where they formed such an imposing mob scene that traffic was clogged in Forty-second Street.

When Bea and I came out to get into our waiting taxi, we found the roof of the vehicle packed with the more ardent revelers, who escorted us through the streets of New York, serenading us with our own songs.

So the tour started, and we went to Boston. I very nearly said we went to Harvard, because the theater was sold out, night after night, to Harvard students, many of whom had already seen the show in New York several times.

I had been fending off a cold for several weeks and, as soon as we reached Boston, the climate overcame all my efforts. I was feverish and hoarse. When the company left for Toronto, I felt like something the cat had dragged home, and whenever Charlot looked at me there was a little worried frown between his eyes.

Toronto was Bea's home town and welcomed us with open arms. The house was sold out through our stay, and parties were scheduled for every night. I didn't want to seem a spoilsport, so I kept going, though I alternately shivered and burned with fever.

On Thursday evening, Bea Lillie said to me, "There's a man here I used to be engaged to as a kid. He's giving a party for us tonight at his house."

I said I thought I'd better not go.

"Oh, darling, you mustn't miss it. It's sure to be lots of fun. We needn't stay long."

"All right," I replied.

After the performance, we motored to our host's house, where about twenty people were waiting for us in a big living room. My





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head was throbbing like a sledge hammer, and I was cold all over. I got into a big chair as close to the fire as I could get and basked in its warmth. I had taken several aspirins before I left the theater. I was aware that my chest hurt, but for some inexplicable reason these things no longer mattered. They were happening to someone who was no longer I. Presently, we all went into the dining room to supper.

Out of the mist that surrounded me appeared a short, slight, elderly man who smiled and whispered, "I've been to see your play tonight. My dear, you have the heart of a bullock, but you are riding for a fall. Take care."

I tried to toss off some light rejoinder. *Silly little old man,* I thought. *He looks like Mr. Pim Passes By!*

As though in response to my thought, he floated away again into the mist and was replaced by other figures. There were so many I began to feel dizzy. "I don't feel very well," I said presently. "Please will someone take me home?"

Someone apparently did, though I was past being aware of who it was. The next thing I knew was that presently I was in my bed—and drifting off to sleep.

Suddenly I woke. I switched on the light. Four o'clock. I looked around my room. Everything in it was familiar, but about four times the size it should have been. I found the thermometer that I carried in my dressing case and tried to find out if I had a temperature. The figures on the little glass stick read 104°.

I got up and went into Bea's room. She was sleeping peacefully, but I woke her.

"Bea," I mumbled—and my voice came from miles away. "Do you know how to take a temperature?"

Bea yawned while I held the tube under my tongue for a minute; then she blinked at the figures. "One hundred and four," she said.

"That's what it said before," I told her. "Bea, what happens when you have a temperature of a hundred and four degrees?"

"You die," said Bea, reaching for the phone. "Get back into bed, darling. I'm going to call a doctor."

Meekly, I obeyed. Everything became even more out of proportion. I seemed to be living in a dream, and this seemed all the more credible when suddenly there appeared at my bedside the same kindly old gentleman I had met that evening at the party. "Didn't I tell you so?" he remarked, but not crossly. Then he proceeded to give orders to the nurses who appeared, as if by magic, and I was rolled in blankets and carried downstairs, stuffed into an ambulance and motored away to Wellesley Hospital. I heard someone say, "Double pneumonia." Another voice said, "Pleurisy." Someone else said, "Doctor Ross is in charge of the case."

There may be some substitute for good nature, but so far it has not been discovered.
—ELBERT HUBBARD: The Author's Illustrated Quotation Kalendar. (A. C. Woodford)

Successful marriage: The union of two good forgivers.
—ROBERT QUILLEN.

It has been wisely pointed out that a man's age can be measured by the degree of pain he feels as he comes in contact with a new idea.

I DID not know when the Revue closed in Toronto and the company went on to its next date, leaving me behind. I didn't know that there were stories in all the newspapers, telling that Gertrude Lawrence was desperately ill. I didn't know anything at all until, one day, I opened my eyes and found myself lying practically buried in flowers. Bewildering sprays of forsythia, dogwood and lilac covered the walls. Baskets of roses and lilies were banked against these, and there was an enchanting fully trimmed Christmas tree in the corner. I had apparently been very ill, had had transfusions and missed Christmas—hence the tree.

I was ill for fourteen weeks. Toward the end of that time Philip came over from England and stayed in Toronto to be able to visit me. As soon as Doctor Ross said I could be moved, a nurse was engaged and Philip took us to New York and aboard a ship. Doctor Ross had ordered me a long rest in the sun and approved Philip's suggestion of my going to stay with mutual friends who had a villa on the Riviera where the garden walls were hung with wistaria and there were lemon and orange and olive blossoms—the most romantic stage drop I ever played against. As soon as I was able, we motored about the Riviera and over the border into Italy and Sicily, and we went sight-seeing in mellow old temples. How lucky I was to have seen all that beauty before its destruction by this war.

CHARLOT cabled that the company was scheduled to sail from New York. Philip motored me to Cherbourg to meet the ship, and there I rejoined Bea, Jack, Charlot and the company, and went on with them to England to be ready to open at the Prince of Wales's Theater.

One reason why I have always loved the theater and why I'm still stage-struck is that this sort of life offers variety, constant change, even dangerous and thrilling ups and downs. At heart I have always been an adventurer. The Danish strain in my blood makes me restless.

Throughout my prolonged convalescence, when it was bliss just to be alive and with Philip in the sunshine, sometimes, even in the midst of my happiness, a chilling thought would strike me: *Suppose this is the climax. The ultimate high moment. This is perfection. What more can life give me?* And even in the sunshine I would shiver slightly.

Philip was not given to introspection. He believed in taking life and people as he found them. And he found them good and fair to see. I never felt that he understood me particularly. Maybe I was too young to be very convincing. He had certain ideas about me which, put together, composed a personality, and he was in love with that. We seldom talked about our feelings. If I ever felt moved to tell him how I felt about life, the impulse withered immediately when I thought how Philip, with his social background, would receive such revelations. I knew it would have embarrassed him.

We were having lunch in the dining room of one of Cherbourg's hotels, waiting for word that the Aquitania was coming into port. Our holiday was over. I was both sad and glad—sad because Philip and I had had such a happy time together. And I was glad too—as Philip said—"Because you are going back to your job. Dormouse, I believe the theater means more to you than I do."

"Really?" I said it, mimicking his accent to make him smile. And he did. But inwardly I was wondering—as I did at times—if Philip was right about this. Perhaps he did know me better than I then knew myself.

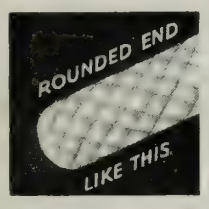
The popularity of Charlot's Revue in America increased the excitement and warmth of our reception when we reopened in London in the spring of 1925. Perhaps there was curiosity as to whether playing to American audiences had changed Bea Lillie's or my style. Bea was very much in the news because her husband, Bobby Peel, had just succeeded to the baronetcy. As Lady Peel, Bea was an even greater hit than ever, simply because she remained the same unspoiled Bea Lillie.

During all this while, Noel Coward had written, produced and acted in many plays of his own, but we seldom met except in a restaurant or at a party. The next thing I knew Charlot had signed Noel to write a revue, London Calling, and to appear in it with me.

I shall not forget the first night of London Calling. Noel's contributions were without parallel, and he and I stood side by side off stage, holding hands, while we listened to the applause. I said, "Isn't it exciting,



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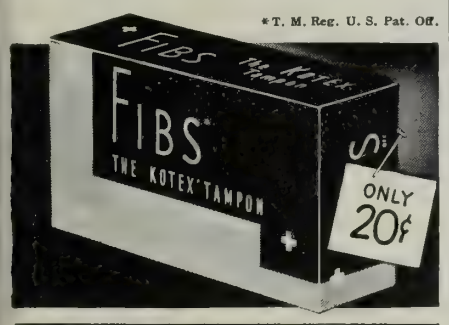
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Noel? Here we are—two kids who have grown up together, standing side by side, author and leading lady." Noel squeezed my hand and we returned on stage for an encore.

London Calling ran for many months. Then suddenly Charlot had an offer to prepare another revue for New York. He gathered his original company around him: Jack, Bea and me. Again we set sail for America.

When we opened in New York, Noel was playing there in The Vortex. Our first night was very heartwarming; all the old crowd turned up, and Uncle Aleck Woollcott wrote in his column the next day, "It was not a performance—it was a reunion."

We had a good show in Charlot's Second Revue. Bea sang There's Life in the Old Girl Yet. We did our Fallen Babies song dressed as one-year-olds, in huge baby carriages. I sang Carrie Was a Careful Girl and Parisienne Pierrot, both written by Noel. Jack, as always, was excellent. But for some reason we ran only six months and after a short tour arrived in Hollywood. There, for three weeks, the town was ours.

On the closing night we gradually noticed that all the Hollywood male stars in the orchestra seats were leaving before the finale. We couldn't understand such behavior! Well, Jack went on in his full Highland costume and sang the opening of the last song, I followed dressed as Flora McDonald, and then came Bea as Bonnie Prince Charlie. By this time there wasn't a single Hollywood male star left out front. We all sang bravely and laughed gaily, trying to carry off our dismay, when suddenly one by one on the stage came the missing males.

They all had their trousers rolled up above their knees; Valentino had on a Scotch headdress borrowed from a chorus girl; Charlie Chaplin had his dinner coat tied round his waist like a kilt; Richard Barthelmess had a tam-o'-shanter on; the Marx brothers had red beards—oh, what a night!

Bea stayed on in Hollywood for a while; she had signed a contract to appear in New York in September in a musical farce. I, too, had made my decision to accept a New York contract. That was for Oh, Kay! George Gershwin was writing the music and his brother, Ira, the lyrics. The book was by P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton. Rehearsals were to begin early in October, so I had time for a brief holiday in England.

I caused some consternation when the press photographers caught me going aboard the Mauretania on a blistering August day with bare legs. I had experimented going stockingless in California and found it comfortable and economical. As soon as it was reported that Gertrude Lawrence was going about bare-legged, the papers began to interview fashion experts and other actresses to get their opinion of the fad I had started. Marilyn Miller expressed ladylike disapproval. One fashion editor was quoted as exclaiming with horror, "The idea is disgusting. It will never be done by nice people."

Pam came back with me when I returned to New York. My little daughter was a surprise to the American press, as I had never allowed her to be publicized or photographed for the illustrated papers. I wanted to keep Pam's life simple and sheltered, with no searchlights turned on her.

Oh, Kay! opened in November and was a tremendous success. Gershwin's score was Gershwin at his sprightliest. The piece had lots of humor and that indefinable something which can only be described as spirit. Oscar Shaw played the lead, and Victor Moore provided uproarious comedy.

It was that winter, my third in New York, that I met Bert Taylor, and immediately my life changed. This tall dark-haired American was like someone one reads about. Bert had been born with a gold spoon in his mouth. His father was president of the New York Stock Exchange. Bert had rolled up an enormous fortune of his own, during those years when Wall Street was holding carnival.

Bert Taylor figuratively knocked me off my feet. From the moment of his entry into my life I began to live in a storybook world.

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I had loved Philip deeply and we were extraordinarily companionable. But from the start of our friendship both of us had known, and had admitted frankly, that we had no future together. That, I really believe, was one reason why I wanted to stay on in America; and why I did stay on. I was not less in love with Philip than I had been, but it was no longer happiness enough just to be with him, knowing that we could never marry and have a life together. I carried back with me to America a feeling of loneliness. Undoubtedly this made me even more susceptible to Bert's great charm.

I wrote Philip that I was seeing a lot of this young American. Philip and I had always been honest with each other. Sooner or later he would have heard about Bert Taylor and me anyway. There were Americans constantly going over to London, and Bert's sister, the Countess di Frasso, was a well-known figure in the international set.

When it was evident that Oh, Kay! was destined to stay on Broadway for many months, Philip cabled he was coming to New York for a visit. And he did. In New York, that winter, for the first time, he asked me to marry him. If he had only done so two years before, I am sure I would have said "Yes," and would have immediately gone about the business of getting a divorce from Frank.

I did not blame Philip. His career was as important as mine, and his career would have been wrecked had he married a divorced woman. Though I was his wife, he could not have brought me to court, since etiquette forbade this. We could not have entered the Royal Enclosure at Ascot—something which may seem petty to Americans but which is extremely important to English people of Philip's position, not merely for what it is, but for what it represents.

Philip's income was not sufficient to pay the heavy expenses of his clubs, his uniforms and all the obligations connected with his career in court circles, and to support me and a growing daughter. From whatever angle one considered it, marriage between Philip Astley and me was impossible.

So I said, "No, darling," when he asked me to marry him. Philip took the next boat back to England, and I went on with my job.

That summer I played Oh, Kay! in London and continued the fantastic existence I had entered upon in New York. Several Indian princes and their retinue were at the Savoy and came to see our play. They proceeded to show their enthusiasm by taking a box for the season. Occasionally the box would be occupied by several ladies in Indian dress, wearing a sizable fortune in rubies, emeralds and pearls.

THE youngest prince took quite a fancy to me. We called him "Baby," because his own names were so many and so difficult to remember. Baby was enraptured by every sort of mechanical gadget and presented me with several cigarette lighters, shaped like airplanes, and a miniature cannon which fired a lighted cigar. He bought dozens of such things to take home with him to adorn the palace at Hyderabad, where he invited me to visit him.

Before going back to India, the princes gave a banquet at the Savoy. It was all very sumptuous, and at every lady's place was a small gold kidskin bag.

I picked mine up. My fingers told me inside were several small round hard objects. *Ah!* I thought. *Nothing less than emeralds. Or pigeon-blood rubies.* I shot Baby a questioning glance. He was beaming, confident of the great pleasure he was giving us.

"It is something you ladies like very much," he said. "I hope you like——"

I pulled the drawstring. Out into my expectant palm tumbled a handful of the betel nuts which Indian women chew to blacken their teeth and gums. I then and there decided not to visit Hyderabad.

I HAD taken a flat in Portland Place and intended to make it my permanent home. Pam entered school in Sussex. The flat was beautiful and I loved it. I had one of the first dining rooms in London to be done in mirrors, a white drawing room with silver sequin curtains. I had gradually collected some fine old Bristol glass and some pictures, including a Gaugin. Also many photographs and *bibelots*. Among these was a charcoal drawing of an animal which was intended to be a pig, though it looked slightly like a rhino, and from another angle like a badger. It might have passed for one of Thurber's creations, but it was the work of the Prince of Wales, who drew it blindfolded, as a stunt at a charity bazaar, and presented it to me.

I didn't buy a Bentley car; I had one built. I took the Bentley to America with me when I returned late in the summer. I also took the smallest baby Austin I could buy. I remember driving the Austin up Fifth Avenue one day and being stopped by a red light. The cop left his post to come over and lean his elbows on the radiator.

"Say, lady," he remarked confidentially, "what do you do with it at night? Keep it under the bed?"

Clifton Webb and Walter Catlett played in Treasure Girl with me, but the show was not the success Oh, Kay! had been.

All that winter and through the summer I stayed on in New York to make a picture at Paramount's Long Island studios. I continued to see a great deal of Bert Taylor. Before coming to America I had applied for my divorce and the court had granted it, though, under the British law, the decree did not become absolute until six months had passed. Bert and I were engaged. I was deeply happy; everything seemed to be coming my way.

Gilbert Miller had signed me to costar in Candlelight with Leslie Howard and Reginald Owen. We were to open at the Empire Theater in New York in the autumn of 1929.

Candlelight marked my first appearance in America in a legitimate play, and I was excited about it. On the first night I had a cable from Noel, who was somewhere East of Suez:

LEGITIMATE AT LAST. WON'T MOTHER BE PLEASED?

My pride knew no bounds when Gilbert Miller hung my portrait in the Empire Theater beside those of Doris Keane, Helen Hayes and Ina Claire.

No one apparently, not even Bert, had any inkling that the autumn of 1929 was to be the end of an era. I began to get the idea that money flowed in without restrictions or with very little effort on my part. When I remembered how hard I had worked to earn fifteen shillings a week just ten years back, it seemed incredible that I should be earning $3500 a week in the theater. Not to mention my paper profits in the market. Of course I had no idea of it at the time, but I was to be one of the victims of the boom

(Continued on Page 74)

If I were growing up again I would cultivate modesty—not because the Bible preaches it as a virtue, but because conceited people are invariably the most crashing bores. I would learn to save money—not for the good it would do me, but for the fun of giving it to those who are in greater need. I would learn in telling a story to whittle it to its absolute minimum. There is no greater pest than the long story-teller. Whatever my profession, I would learn, purely for my own pleasure, to do something with my hands—bind books, carpenter, and so on. I would study as seriously as possible, but as a side issue, one of the arts, whether painting, music, dancing, sculpture, writing or singing. I would always keep one of the world's great books at hand. I would commit twenty good English poems to memory. Finally, I would be fussy about my grammar, improve my speaking voice, dress neatly and, if Providence only gave me strength, learn to mind my own business.

—FRANK CROWNINSHIELD.



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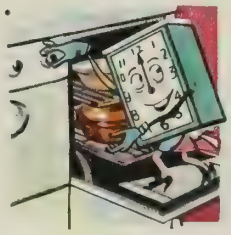
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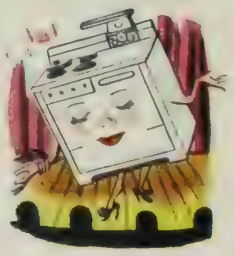


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(Continued from Page 72)

years. It was to be a long, hard time before I was to acquire a realistic attitude toward money.

We opened in Candlelight on the last night of September. Inevitably the play felt the impact of the crash that shattered the bubble of prosperity which Americans—and New Yorkers especially—had been playing with. But the play continued to run with more than fair success.

Bert was up to his ears in worries and responsibilities. Under the circumstances, it seemed impractical for us to marry. At least, Bert said it was. I was free to marry him and I wanted to, just to prove that I loved him and wanted to be near him.

But he said, "No, Peaches. I must fight this thing alone. I can't afford to marry now."

He had called me "Peaches" since soon after we met, which was at a time when the romance of the middle-aged gentleman named Daddy Browning and an outsize young girl called Peaches figured in the news. Bert was amused by the contrast my slim figure presented to the plump Peaches, and enjoyed my fury whenever he called me the absurd name.

But now I did not retort, "Don't call me that." Instead I was willing to go on working to help things along financially. That only hurt his pride more deeply. We were at a deadlock.

When Candlelight closed I went into Lew Leslie's International Revue. I had two excellent numbers, Exactly Like You, and On the Sunny Side of the Street, that I sang with Harry Richman. But, though a lot of money had been spent on the show, it did only fair business. We closed in May. André Charlot had offered me a contract to star in a new revue he was staging, and I signed the contract. My plans for the next season seemed set. Then two men who had figured prominently in my first years in the theater came back into my life.

The two were Charles B. Cochran and Noel Coward. They had a play Noel had written, called Private Lives. When Jack Wilson brought me the script to read I fell in love with it. I was determined that I—and only I—should play Amanda, whose "heart was jagged with sophistication." Noel was to play the male lead in his play, of course.

Noel wrote Private Lives for me. It was his fulfillment of a promise he made to me when Bitter Sweet was produced and I was unable to play it because of my contract for Candlelight. The part was given to Peggy Wood, instead of to me, and Noel said, "Never mind, darling. I'll write another play, especially for you, that will be even better."

Now he had done it.

Noel and Charles Cochran and I decided to go into partnership on the play. In the cast with us were Laurence Olivier and Adrianne Allen (then Mrs. Raymond Massey), and on the first night Noel gave me a specially bound and initialed set of all his plays, including Private Lives, which bore the dedication, "For Gertie, with my undying gratitude for her exquisite, polished and sensitive performance of Amanda. Noel, 1930."

Private Lives was a huge success. The press made much of Noel. Lines from the play were quoted by smart people. When I, as Amanda, observed of myself, "I don't think I'm particularly complex; but I know I'm unreliable," hundreds of women snatched the line as referring to themselves. I also stored up future trouble for myself. Ever since I played Private Lives, people have been confusing me with the heroine of Noel's play. They think I must be brittle, irresponsible and have the emotional stability of a shuttlecock.

Private Lives ran three months in London, even though it could have run much longer. Noel does not like long runs. We sailed on New Year's Eve to open in New York early in January.

My clothes in the play were all made for me by Molyneux. He made me beautiful things. When we came to New York I brought along a sufficient number of dresses for use in the play to last six weeks. At the end of that period Molyneux sent me an entirely new set for the next six weeks. In this way my clothes were always fresh. And even though they were copied, we never

★ ★

Good

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

What is good? It is not far to it:
The living spiral moving down the bit
As the carpenter bores holes in sound wood—
That is beautiful, and that is good.

The authenticities of hammers are
As good as the points and motions of a star,
A hammer's head and handle have been molded
By meanings when the universe unfolded.

The sharp and equal teeth upon a saw
Stand equal with the seraphs before the law,
An ax helve in its curving is as right
As handsomest of bird wings are in flight.

Do not say of little knives that whittle
They are common ware and they are little,
They are good shapes and do essential duty,
An ax's blade is cousin to death and beauty.

Where the workman spreads his thighs and nails,
Where the mast leans forward with its sails,
A deity is bending over there
With any number of nebulae in his hair.

There is no evil where a good tool acts;
A plow is the best and fearfulest of facts,
And where the loam behind its silver curls,
Earth blossoms pink with perilous boys and girls.

Go out and look. The carpenter's in his shed
Making a cradle, with sawdust round his head;
If you look close and see the workman whole,
This night, this late, you will see an aureole.

★ ★



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Let's do a little subtractin'

Maybe I never will learn to add up to ten like the dogs on the stage—but Boss, you and I can do some smart subtractin'.

Let's put the minus sign on my pesky fleas with a weekly dusting of Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder. Rub it into my coat and undersides—and rub out my fellow travelers.

We can keep the count close to zero by using Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap for my bath. It kills fleas *and* eggs, makes me clean and sweet, nice to have around.

The corner drug or pet store has them both, Boss . . . and a new Sergeant's Dog Book, too. Or send this coupon.

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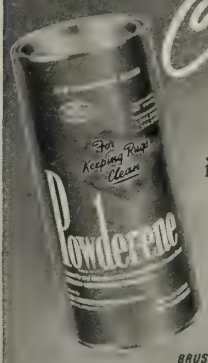
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changed their design. They were part and parcel of Amanda.

One of my properties was an extra-long cigarette holder, and this Edgar Wallace supplied. He kept me in holders, all marked E. W., for the run of the play.

I had expected Bert would meet me when we docked. But he did not. A radiogram to the ship told me he was at Palm Beach. In a few days he returned. I found him strangely different from the Bert who had seen me off to England the previous spring. He was distrait. He admitted he was terribly worried about the financial situation. America was tobogganing into a depression and no one, apparently, knew how to stop it. Like everyone else, I had lost my paper profits and a lot more. But I still had my work. Private Lives was repeating the success it had had in London.

One day I was lunching with Bert and some friends on Long Island. When we left the table I went into the powder room. I was seated in front of the mirror, putting on my lipstick, when I became aware of women's voices in the adjoining room.

"Did you see? That was Gertrude Lawrence."

"Really?"

"Yes, she's back. She's with Bert Taylor."

There was a little ripple of laughter. "I wonder what the other one will do, now that Gertrude's back."

"It will be interesting to see."

The voices floated off. A door slammed. Silence.

I sat and stared at my reflection, which stared back at me. Who was this "other one"? Was she the reason for the change I had found in Bert? I had to know.

I waited until I could stroll out nonchalantly and join Bert outside. We got into the car and headed for New York. I made conversation—gay, inconsequential. All the time I wondered how to introduce the subject which lay heavy on my heart.

We were nearly at our destination when Bert said something about the many changes taking place in America, due to the financial depression. This gave me an opening. I asked him directly if his feeling for me had not changed.

"I feel that it has, Bert."

He did not reply at once. His silence told me more than words could have. So I went on desperately:

"Perhaps there is someone else now?"

"Well—I ought to have told you, darling," he said. "There is a girl I've been seeing a lot of."

"I know," I said flatly.

He went on then to tell me about her. A pang shot through me when he said, "I noticed her first because, in a way, she reminded me of you."

"Have you known her long?"

"No. Only quite recently. You were away, Peaches. You were gone so long. I missed you."

That brought another pang. And the memory of Philip. Philip had waited too long, and had lost me. Now I had stayed away too long and I had lost Bert. I thought, *People write plays about things like this. And it really happens. If I had not stayed in London to play Private Lives, if I had come back to America in the fall, Bert would not have found this girl whose first charm for him was that she made him think of me.*

"You don't know how it is, Gertrude," he told me. "When I come uptown in the afternoon, I'm tired. I want to relax, have dinner, play a little bridge or something and then get to bed at a decent hour. I don't want to sit around alone all evening until your show is over to take you out to supper, and then sit up half the night. I have to be downtown early in the morning. I know it's too much to ask you to give up the theater for me."

Many women, I know, would have answered that wistful half-question differently from the way I had to answer it. Between a young, handsome, charming millionaire and a career in the theater they would have found nothing to choose. In a sense, my own

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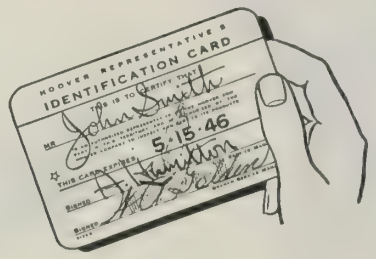
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choice was made for me. The theater was my world. I belonged to it. To ask me to abandon it was like asking a musician never to touch a piano or a violin again.

The price of my career, I thought bitterly in the moment before I gave Bert his answer, *has always been my personal happiness.* Would this always be true? Would there never come a time when I could have a career and a happy marriage—as other women I knew?

"I offered to give it up once before, Bert, and you refused. Now I just can't. Not even for you. Also, you aren't in love with me any more, are you?"

"I don't know," he said. "But I'm terribly fond of you, Peaches. I always will be."

I said, "It's for you to make the decision. You know how I feel about you."

We left it like that. But it was the end, and I knew it. Sooner or later—and I suspected it would be sooner—the news that Bert Taylor and Gertrude Lawrence were "no longer that way about each other" would be a pointed paragraph for the gossip writers. If those two women in the restaurant knew that Bert was interested in another girl, then others knew it. Or soon would. New York, like London, is in many respects a small town.

Noel was wonderfully understanding. He gave me good advice. One evening he said to me suddenly, "I want to talk to you," and followed me into my dressing room. "You think your heart is broken. But it isn't. It's only your pride that is hurt."

I did not answer. My nerves were unsteady, and at this sign of friendship I felt the tears rise. I must not cry. Not over a man who had decided he did not want me. Yes, my pride was hurt. And I had woven dreams around Bert, dreams of a life together which Pam and his boy and girl could share. At least, one part of me had wanted this from the earliest days. But there was another side to my nature, which would not be denied. The side that was satisfied only by the theater and which could not give this up.

One of the most striking experiences of advancing age is the discovery that a great lot of formulas which our fathers foisted on us, and which we duly resented as mere disgusting cant, are true.

—ALBERT JAY NOCK.

The vain quest after a man reaches fifty is to find some article of food that tastes as good as did bread and butter with jam when he was a boy.

Philip had not understood this about me. Nor had Bert. Both had offered me security, and Bert great wealth with the security. But, in each case, at the price of my career.

I tried to get hold of myself, to steady my nerves. But I had lost weight and developed a sore throat. I could not sleep. I jumped when anyone spoke to me. One day I went to the doctor about my throat. He took one look at me and made his decision. I was put to bed in a private hospital. Noel was summoned and told I was too ill to go on that night. I would have to have at least a fortnight's rest.

Noel did a wonderful thing. He refused to play Private Lives with anyone else as Amanda. Instead, he did the unprecedented thing of closing the show for two weeks. He and the others of the company ran down to Nassau for a holiday and I meekly obeyed the doctor's orders.

WHEN Noel came back he popped in to see me. I crowed at him, "Look at me—I've gained ten pounds. I feel fit as a fiddle."

The last two months of the run of Private Lives were even more successful than the play had been at first. When Noel and I left the play in June, my part was taken by Madge Kennedy and Noel's by Otto Kruger, and Private Lives continued its run on tour.

I was eager to go home. On the crossing I kept saying to myself, *I'm going home. Home. This time I shall stay.* I had cabled my friends, including Philip, that I was coming, and their welcomes made me feel glad. Philip cabled he would meet me at Southampton. On the day before we were to get in I had a radiogram saying he could not meet me, as he had to go to the country, but would see me soon in London. I was disappointed, but could understand. Philip's father had died and he had more responsibilities now.

Mother was at the dock to meet me. She had brought Pam. We took the boat train up to London and I went to the Savoy. In those familiar surroundings I began to feel really at home. The six months I had spent in America seemed no more than six days. Each time the telephone rang, I thought it would be Philip, but it was not. On impulse I rang his house in Herefordshire, only to be told he was in London.

WHAT did that mean? He said he would be in the country and couldn't meet the boat. I called his town house. Presently I heard his voice.

"Philip darling, is someone with you?"

"Yes."

"That means you can't talk freely now?"

"Yes. That's it."

"Very well. I understand. But I want you to know I'm at the Savoy."

"I'll come and take you out to dinner," he said.

When Philip arrived he had brought me orchids. He gave them to me with the formal courtesy which was one of the things about him I always loved.

"Where would you like to dine?" he asked.

"What about downstairs?"

"No, no—the Ritz. It's quiet there."

We sat and had dinner. He asked about New York, and how the play had gone. I told him about Bert, and that we were no longer engaged. He said he hoped I wasn't too unhappy about it. Then he asked about my plans for next season. We were like two people who had just been introduced.

When it got to be about eleven, Philip said abruptly, "I've got to be pushing off, Dormouse. I have to meet someone."

"Meeting someone?" I inquired. "Where?"

Philip said slowly, "Madeleine Carroll. She's in a play at the Phoenix. I promised to stop for her and take her to a party."

"Oh."

It must have been my tone, for he said, as though he found it hard to get the words out, "I've asked her to marry me. We announced our engagement day before yesterday."

The day before yesterday! While I was still at sea. What a home-coming!

There was something more I had to know. I asked how long he had been in love with Madeleine. He said, just a little while.

"Perhaps if you had come back sooner, Dormouse. You were away so long."

That was what Bert had said. And now Philip. Would I always be too late for happiness? I thought desperately, *The only solution is to anchor a houseboat in the middle of the Atlantic and never touch either shore again.*

In the course of the next few weeks I learned that though your chosen work may cost you heavily, it comforts you in times of stress. Above all, if you are a woman and therefore apt to be emotional and personal, it compels you to be impersonal. It pulls you up by the bootstraps out of the bog of self-pity.

I held to my intention to remain in England, and turned down several American offers. I felt that I must reidentify myself with my own people and with the British theater.

I was working at top speed, and work was good. I played in Take Two From One, which had been translated from the Spanish of Martínez Sierra. The play was only fair, and the audience did not like me in a role which was so foreign to the parts I had played.

I had better luck with Can the Leopard Change His Spots? with Ian Hunter. Then

(Continued on Page 78)

Something special to serve in a heat wave

. . . a cool-tasting salad . . . deliciously satisfying with *Real* Mayonnaise



It's simple to prepare

Simmer tomato juice, bay leaf, cloves, ¼ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 tbs. chopped onion, ½ cup water and sugar, for 15 minutes. Strain. Soak plain gelatin in ½ cup cold water; dissolve in hot tomato juice. Pour half into 2-quart loaf pan, allow to set. Dissolve lime gelatin in 2 cups hot water, add vinegar, ½ tsp. salt, dash of pepper, 2 tsp. chopped onion. When slightly thickened, add cucumber. Pour into pan. Allow to set. Pour remaining tomato gelatin on top. Chill.



Here are your ingredients

- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 cloves
- Salt, pepper, onion
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 tbs. plain gelatin
- Water
- 1 pkg. lime-flavored gelatin
- 1 tbs. vinegar
- 1 cup chopped cucumber
- Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise
- Cream cheese balls
- Salad greens

Here's how you dazzle 'em

Unmold on salad greens. Arrange your *Real* Mayonnaise on top of loaf, as illustrated, and garnish with cream cheese balls. What a picture! And what a treat! The rich, satisfying flavor of *Real* Mayonnaise is a high spot in this exciting salad. Better serve extra *Real* Mayonnaise for the folks who always ask for *more!* This summer salad is *smooth* eating!

That Extra Something



For extra-thin sandwiches, *Real* Mayonnaise is swell—spreads so quickly and evenly. *Real* Mayonnaise is grand, too, as a sauce for steaming-hot vegetables . . . creamy in texture even when thinned.



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For extra-fine ingredients—this *Real* Mayonnaise contains *only* eggs freshly broken from the shell . . . added egg yolks . . . our own "Fresh-Press" salad oil . . . mild vinegar and spices—all double-whipped to a delightful smoothness.

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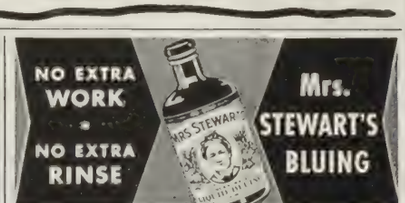
- Make coffee double strength. Use one-half the amount of water with the usual amount of coffee. Pour hot and fresh over ice cubes in tall glass—or
- Make regular strength, cool to room temperature, before pouring over ice.



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(Continued from Page 76)

I spent several weeks lazing in the hot sunshine at the Monte Carlo Beach Hotel reading John van Druten's new play, Behold, We Live. Gilbert Miller had arranged to produce it with Sir Gerald du Maurier, Dame May Whitty and me. Auriol Lee was to direct.

It was a sad play, but deeply moving. Sir Gerald was magnificent. The critics commented approvingly on my "restraint," which pleased me. Those same gentlemen had written previously of my need to develop that quality.

This Inconstancy, with Nigel Bruce and Leslie Banks, followed Behold, We Live, at Wyndham's Theater. When I went into my dressing room I experienced one of the high moments in my life. My name was on the door, in gold letters, added to a long list of very famous names of stars who had been there in the past. Ellen Terry's name was there. And Marie Tempest's.

I was working terribly hard. I needed to. For one thing, I was in debt. I had never recovered from the bad habit of spending lavishly. I know I am bad about money. Some women are. I do not have a true sense of its value. Either I value it too much, so that I am actually stingy about a few funny things, or I spend a great deal too much. The bills and the dunning letters mounted.

I had put some of my affairs into the hands of Fanny Holtzman, a woman lawyer in New York to whom Noel and Clifton Webb had recommended me. Fanny understood the theater and its people. She had helped me out of some difficulties when I was playing Private Lives in New York. But she was in America. I thought, *She'll be coming to London soon. I'll get hold of her then and get her to help me out of the muddle of taxes in two countries, the bills in New York and London.*

Tommy told his father that he was second in the class at the end of the term. "Who was first?" asked his father.

"Oh, one of the girls," replied the boy.

"Well, I'm surprised at your letting a mere girl beat you," was his father's comment.

"Don't forget, dad," replied the lad, "that things are different from the days when you were a boy. Girls are not half so mere as they used to be."

That autumn Charles Cochran put on a play, Nymph Errant, which was made from the novel of that name by James Laver. It has remained one of my favorite plays. Cole Porter wrote the music and Agnes de Mille arranged the ballets.

Nymph Errant was a tremendous success in London. Nonetheless, I was worried. Not over the play, but about my financial affairs. It seemed that the more money I made, the more I spent. My affairs were in a bewildering tangle.

Then the ax fell. The British government came down on me for unpaid income taxes, dating from some years back. I had thought the taxes were all paid up. But they were not. The news of my tax problems which appeared in the press opened the eyes of my creditors. All at once they descended upon me.

The straw that broke the camel's back was a laundry bill for £50. I could not pay it, and as a consequence I was forced into bankruptcy.

I understand that the British law which covers bankruptcies is much more severe than the law in America. I only know it was exceedingly stern with me. When I came out of Carey Street court I had nothing, literally, but the clothes I stood in. My cars, my apartment, my jewels, even most of my clothes were gone.

FORTUNATELY, the disaster did not affect Pam, thanks to a trust fund I had established for her long before. I never ceased to be glad of that. Whatever I had done to myself, I had not injured her.

There came a day when Dorothy, my faithful maid, Mack, my dog, and I stood on the pavement outside the house in Portland Place. We had literally not a roof to crawl under. No money, and no credit. This was all the more extraordinary because I was appearing in a successful play and was, on the surface, a successful actress.

Bill Linnit, my manager, came to our rescue. He offered me his flat in the Albany while he went to his club. It was a friendly, encouraging gesture, and I shall never forget it. Dorothy, Mack and I moved in there.

It was up to me to start all over, this time with a load of debts to pay. I did pay them, all of them. It took me two years. And it took the successful run of Noel's collection of one-act plays which he called Tonight at 8:30.

All the time I played in Tonight at 8:30 I went to the theater by the No. 9 bus from the Albany. My allowance by law of three pounds six shillings a week wouldn't run to taxis. I could have borrowed from friends, even from Noel, but something held me back. It was not just pride. It was a sincere desire to force myself to undergo the discipline which could be learned only by stern self-denial.

WITH the play still running, I started a film, which meant that at five-thirty every morning I was up and caught the workmen's tram to Denham to act in Rembrandt with Charles Laughton. After working all day at the studio I hurried home to the theater to go on in Tonight at 8:30.

Two years of work at that pace, and I was free of debt. When Noel brought Tonight at 8:30 to New York, I was a free woman. Then, immediately I landed in New York, I found myself faced by a new array of debts. It seems that under the British law I could be cleared of bankruptcy in that country while my debts in America remained unpaid. I had not known. I thought I was done with it all, but it was all to go through again—the unpleasant publicity, the court proceedings. This time I turned to Fanny Holtzman.

"What you need is a business manager," she said.

"I know," I admitted. "I can earn money—lots of it. But I can't save it!"

Between us we worked out a business arrangement which left me free to do my own work, to finish the run of Tonight at 8:30 and then to go into Rachel Crothers' play, Susan and God.

Noel read the play and remarked, "The only good thing about it is the title." But I had been impressed by it when Rachel Crothers first read it to me. We talked it over; she agreed that several scenes had to be rewritten, and while she was doing this I ran home to England for the coronation. I went with a peaceful mind. I was really free of debt at last, on both sides of the Atlantic.

I thought, that summer, holidaying in England, *I'm a very lucky woman. I have Pam, grown up and lovely. I have my work, and my standing in my profession. I have friends, hopes for the future; I have lived a full, busy, active and on the whole happy life.* Of course, like any woman who is unmarried, I was sometimes lonely. Often I thought wistfully, *Why can't I have marriage too?*

I shall always be glad I saw London during the coronation summer. It was wonderful, a last burst of splendor before the storm burst.

I came back to America to open in Susan and God, which played successfully on Broadway for months. After its run, in September, 1938, I remember poor Samson Raphaelson trying to read me the script of his play, Skylark, while the radio in my living room gave forth the news of Munich. My heart was full of forebodings. It was not many weeks before those forebodings were justified. While I played in Skylark that winter, war began in Central Europe.

That summer I was asked to play at the summer theater at Dennis, on Cape Cod. The offer sounded delightful and I said I would go. I remember my trip down by train. I could not have told you why, but I

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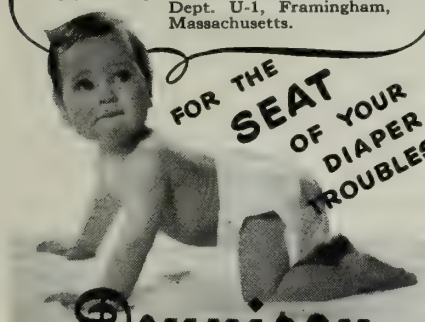
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knew suddenly that I was embarking upon an adventure.

John Golden had recommended my going to play on the Cape. True to his love of showmanship, he sent a fantastic story about me, about the kind of woman I was. It gave the impression I was an exotic creature who drank only champagne, demanded specially heated cars, and refused to sleep in any but her own extra-fine sheets.

I have since been told that when Richard Aldrich, who managed the Cape Playhouse, read this he exclaimed, "Oh, nuts." I have never blamed him.

I got off the Cape Codder at about half past ten in the pitch dark. The man who led me to a car was noncommittal when I asked about my luggage. He was Richard Aldrich, and, though he was passably polite, I got the impression he was not overimpressed by me. He told me he was driving me to the cottage which was to be mine for my stay. I could not see it, for there were no lights in the windows when we drove up. I began to feel that Cape Cod was a very standoffish place.

Mr. Aldrich guided me up the path and in to the door. "Wait there and I'll switch on the lights."

I waited. The lights came on, and people suddenly began popping out from under the tables, out of doors, from everywhere. Voices cried welcomes and "Surprise, surprise." It was a party to welcome me.

I played at Dennis through that summer season. In the winter I was back in New York, starring in Moss Hart's wonderful play, Lady in the Dark. That winter, when I went about town I had a new beau—Richard Aldrich.

RICHARD and I took our time. We both wanted to be very, very sure. I had made one mistake in marriage. I did not want to make another. It was curious about Richard—it was as though he combined in one person the different things I had found and loved in Philip Astley and in Bert Taylor. He was Boston, Harvard and a banker, and he loved the theater! He was the first man in my life who understood what my career in the theater meant to me. Realizing this, the decision was obvious.

And so we were married on the Fourth of July, 1941. We chose this date because it had special significance for both of us. For Richard it was his country's birthday, and for me it was my own.

For years I had said to myself, *When I marry it is going to be a country wedding.* I pictured myself being married in the evening in black lace, in the glow of candles.

Well, we were married in the evening on the Cape. But in the pouring rain. Richard was in white flannels and I in a gray sports suit. We ran through the sopping grass down to a shack in the wet garden and were married there, with two friends and my maid, Dorothy, as witnesses. Then, hand in hand, under one umbrella, we ran back up the path to the house where friends were gathered to greet us.

So we were married.

"And we will live happily ever after," I said to Richard.

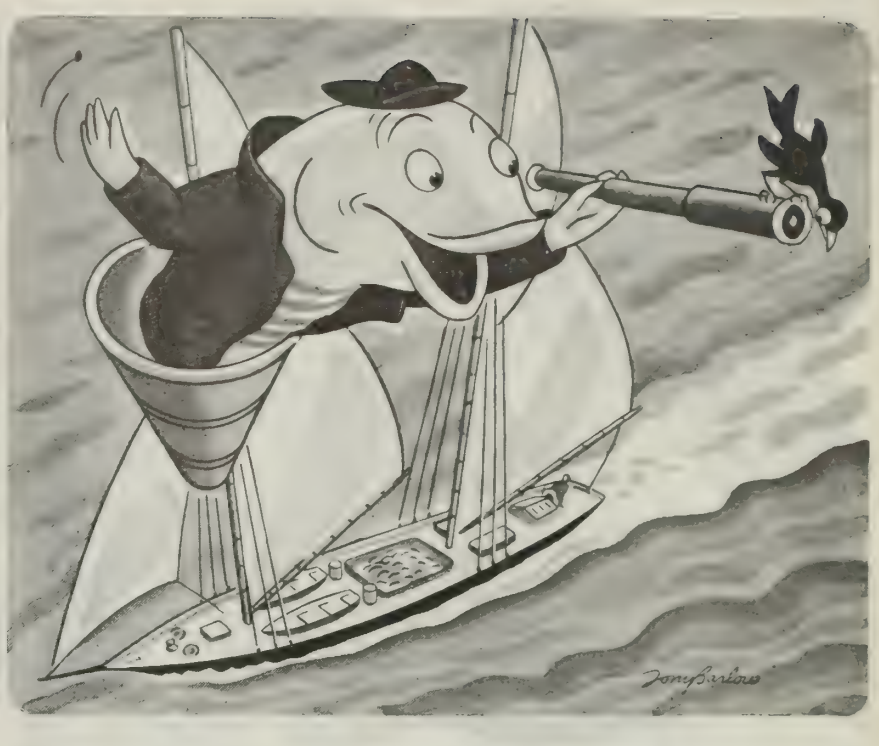
But both of us knew that happiness was not for us yet, nor for the world. Five months later came Pearl Harbor; Richard put on a Navy uniform and, like millions of other husbands, sons and lovers, went away to war.

"I've got to do my bit in this, too," I told him.

"You will," he said quietly.

The rest of my story returns to England in the summer of 1944. At first there seemed to be a great deal of hush-hush about the ENSA unit to which I was to be assigned, where we were to go and—most important of all—when we were to start. All I could find out was that we were headed for an eight weeks' tour of Great Britain, during which we would be called on to give three shows a day with a lot of motoring between.

At the first rehearsal I learned that ours was to be known as the Gertrude Lawrence Unit, a tremendous honor and one which made me feel a bit shy and self-conscious,

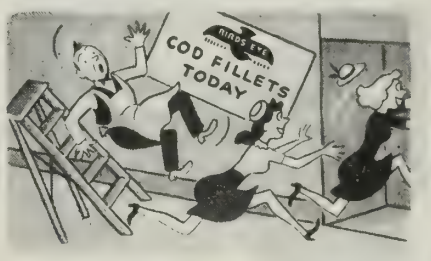


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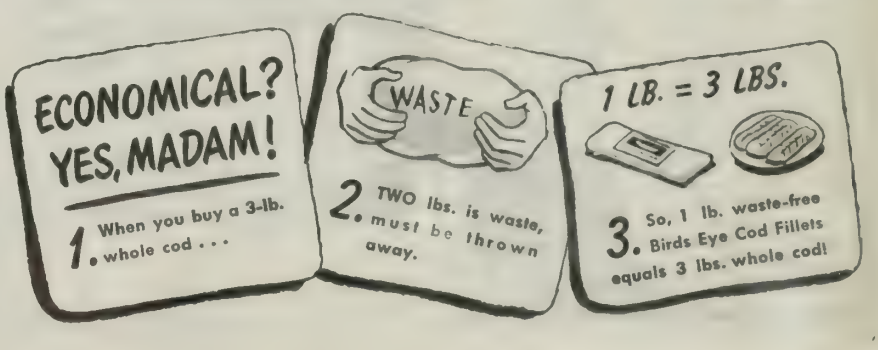
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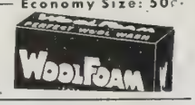
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especially as the others in the unit had all been together since the opening of ENSA.

Every noon we put on the show at a plane factory or a shipyard or in a hangar for the workers, and at night we gave concerts at the camps. Then, in August, Basil Dean came down from London to Manchester for the show we were giving for 8000 servicemen. He introduced me with words that gave me a shock: "Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who is now on her way to Normandy."

This was my first official notice that I was to be allowed to go across to the invasion front. It was what I had hoped for, begged for, worked for—the opportunity to entertain the fighting men at the actual front.

Basil had just returned from Bayeux, where he had been making plans to send the first ENSA units into France. We signed our papers before we left Manchester and received orders to proceed to London for inoculations as soon as our tour ended—in less than a week.

During the next six days we literally raced across England, doing shows for the Navy and the Air Force and the WAAF. We ran on south into the invasion area and all the bustle and turmoil. The sky above us was full of planes, bearing other glider planes with air-borne troops, towed by the famous nylon-stocking line. The roads were jammed with trucks and tanks and soldiers of all the services—literally millions of men and mountains of ammunition—all headed one way. To France.

So we came at last to Salisbury, in the shadow of the famous cathedral. We did a show for the Army at Lark Hill Camp. In Salisbury, Richard was able to join me for a few hours' leave. We had so much to talk over, so many things to tell each other. It was my last chance to see him before going to Normandy. Like so many husbands and wives in these war times, there was no knowing when or where—or even if—we would meet again.

After Richard left to return to duty I packed up for the trip to London. Then, on Thursday, August seventeenth, we started off for Normandy. The diary I kept those next few weeks on the Continent can tell of those days better than I can:

We are off at last. I am writing this by the roadside where our convoy has halted by a clearing camp for the night. We are over fifty trucks, jeeps, and so on, and 110 artists, the largest outfit to sail for Normandy.

We include Diana Wynyard, Jessie Matthews, Bobby Andrews, Ann Rutherford, Ivor Novello, and many others whose names I don't know yet. Each unit or company has its own van, which includes beds and cook's galley. Part of my old unit is with me and we are conspicuous for the three fattest people in the convoy: Leslie, our pianist (300 pounds); Joe, the drummer (300 pounds); and Zoe, who weighs in at just under 200 and has comfortably given up worrying about it. These three, plus Zoe's husband, Basil; Clarence, the violinist; and I share one sleeping coach.

I HAVE just been up the road and vamped some cup hooks out of the local builder so I can hang things up. I have made up Zoe's bunk and my own, swept the floor and put everything I shall need under my pillow, as it will be dark when we are called and no lights must be shown. I must remember not sit bolt upright suddenly in my bunk. The clearance is exactly two feet.

We were called at 3:30 A.M., rose, dressed in the dark and went to mess at the camp, carrying our own mess kits and stumbling the half mile down the road by torchlight. Three ENSA units left for the port of embarkation around 4:30 A.M.; we returned to the convoy until 9:30! When we got going, everybody was excited. We rolled into Portsmouth at 10 o'clock; our passports were examined and we were issued "Geneva cards," in which we are rated as lieutenants in the British Army. This in case we are taken prisoners. We are now actually "away" on our trip to France.

The crossing is due to take about eighteen hours. So we sleep aboard, and are scheduled to arrive in Normandy "sometime Saturday."

A good night and a good breakfast at 7 A.M.

We have been joined by an enormous convoy and by mine sweepers, as we are now in the "mine path." The beaches are almost in sight.

I have been helping the Navy Red Cross to peel potatoes. They tell me that, once on the other side, these LST's become hospital ships and are used to evacuate our own and German wounded prisoners.

Our LST came across like a bird, and we dropped anchor at 12:30 yesterday, at Courseulles, which was one of our first beachheads on D day. We were a tank carrier, so we had to unload by opening the bulkheads, letting down the ramp, and so on. It's frightening at first to see the crew deliberately open the entire bow of the ship; one is sure the sea will rush in and sink the clumsy, heavily laden craft. We had to stand by until the tide was low enough for the tanks to take to the sands.

SOME of the crew went over the side to swim, and I wanted to. Perhaps I looked wistful, because the U.S. LCT (6) 767, which was standing by, called across the water:

"Say, sister, why don't you go in?"

"I would," I called back, "if I had some trunks."

"We'll fix you up. Wait a sec."

Several pairs of hands were laid on a huge sailor. He was pushed, protestingly, behind a group which shielded him and his yowls told that his capacious trunks had been pulled from him. The trunks, decidedly outsize, were tossed over to our deck.

The Yanks had dared me to come on in. There was nothing for it but to find a secluded corner where I could slip out of my own clothes and into the trunks. They hung limply around me, fore and aft.

Zoe supplied a bra—one of her own, and on the same scale as the trunks. I was safely pinned into it, a cap was produced from somewhere, and to the delighted shrieks of our ENSA members I was pushed forward to the rail.

With cheers from the Yanks I dove off the ramp and swam ashore to set foot on French soil for the first time since 1937. It was glorious, and maybe the last time I shall have a complete submerging for a long time, as I am now billeted in a *pension* in St. Aubin, which only yesterday was just four miles from the front line, and madame is entirely without water for bath or *lavabo!*

(I must stop here to tell the sequel to my swimming ashore on the Normandy beachhead. An account of it appeared in Life Magazine. Shortly afterward the editors received a letter from Ens. J. W. Wray, of the U.S. LCT (6) 767, of which the final paragraph read: "The trunks which she borrowed from my 210-pound Mr. M. M. were most becomingly draped. We hope Miss Lawrence did not jettison the trunks during her tour of France, as we would like to have them back to suspend from the yardarm in memoriam."

The trunks were jettisoned, of course. Instead of them, I sent off to the crew of U.S. LCT (6) 767 a pair of my own pink silk lace-trimmed panties with the message: "Keep 'em flying until I can fill 'em.")

As we beached we heard the news that the British had made another advance which brought them to within three miles of Paris.

We drove in convoy from the beach to Masefield, which is a clearing depot. There we met Colonel Haggarth, our C.O., and were sent on to St. Aubin.

We pulled out in pitch darkness. That journey was terrific. Tracer bullets filled the sky. We met convoys of all kinds coming from the beaches—mysterious guns, cranes, vanloads of German prisoners, and miles of Red Cross cars, creeping slowly in the dark so as not to jolt the wounded. We got to the billet by midnight. No food, no light and no water!

We have been here at St. Aubin since we arrived in France, but we are doing two shows a day about eight kilos along the coast at Lion-sur-Mer. The place was occupied only a week ago and is a complete mess of mine craters, barbed wire, bombed and shelled houses, and each day the sea brings in its dead.

Our theater was once the Casino-sur-Mer, very gay and chocolate-boxy, but now it is all *Mer* and no Casino. The building is full of holes; no windows, no roof, no doors, and yet somehow we manage to put on a show. The men come in hundreds. We are the first entertainers they've had since D day.

Several people were killed yesterday when a mine was washed up on the shore. Nobody drives or walks anywhere unless in another's tracks.

I hope to go to Caen on Sunday. In preparation, I shall wash my hair at the officers' mess unit at Lion-sur-Mer today. They have electricity there, so I can get it dry.

Today is again Sunday, and I have been in "Liberated France" exactly one week. If I thought I was in the Army before, I certainly know it now. We have had to move out of our billets to make room for more ENSA units. This morning we were put into an Army camp—literally with the ATS, and the NAAPI and RASC. I am writing this after curfew, by torchlight in a room with plaster walls, bare boards, no bathroom of any sort, and my few belongings doing their best to give the place "the woman's touch." I have put up some nails. It would seem the Army hangs everything up on the floor. We are "out of bounds for officers and troops," meals are eaten in mess, but we manage to have a lot of sort of school-dormitory fun.

FIVE years of war today. Our Army is eleven miles from the German frontier, across the Moselle, and the Gertrude Lawrence Unit has arrived in Deauville. The ride here was torture—through Cabourg and its bomb craters (by misdirection), back again via Caen, trapped in a four-miles-long RAF convoy—through miles of utter devastation. Bodies of dead Germans looking like inflated rubber dolls lying face down in the waters of the Orne.

Deauville is not badly damaged—it is just a dead seaside resort. The Hotel Normandie is so prewar in its French atmosphere that the sight of the good carpets, smart windows and a brass bed made one want to cry.

Leslie and Joe decided to find something called the Officers' Club at Trouville, and the rest of us decided to go to bed early. It was impossible to read or write because we had no light and could not use a flashlight with uncovered windows. So, after unpacking everything, knowing we could relax until the next day, I went to sleep.

Suddenly I was startled by a distant banging. I grabbed my flashlight from under the pillow and stumbled to the door. Without opening it, I said, "*Qui est là?*"

A deep voice replied, "Open up. It's Hunt here."

I didn't know who Hunt was, but the voice was obviously British, so I opened the door a crack and said, "What do you want?"

"I'm Lieutenant Hunt. You are to get dressed at once and come with me."

I TURNED on my flashlight, and there stood a very tired-looking but determined RASC officer. I realized instantly that this was an incident not to be handled alone, so, in the murky darkness, I said, "Follow me, lieutenant," and I took him along the corridor to Basil and Zoe's room. She was already in bed and Basil was in the bathroom with a tiny bit of candle trying to shave in a teacup of water which he had smuggled from the dining room. We all pointed out to Lieutenant Hunt that it was impossible for us to leave. We had no light, no blackout curtains, everything was unpacked.

It was then 10:45 P.M. and the order was for us to drive by truck to the Seine, get across at 6 A.M., drive forty-five kilos to Amiens and do a show on arrival.

The lieutenant looked us over and Basil said, "Well, I don't know about anybody else's opinion. I have just washed my teeth and myself with half a cup of water. I'm going to finish shaving with the other half and then I'm going to bed."

Lieutenant Hunt saw our predicament, said he would return to Major Jamieson and make his report and we all went back to bed to await court-martial! We hung about the hotel all the morning awaiting the summons.

At 10:30 A.M. our new orders came and we started off with Captain Bayliss for St. Valery to join the column we'd missed the night before.

To reach St. Valery, we had to find a bridge or a ferry to take us across the Seine. We rattled along through the Breton forest, past thousands of dead horses shot during the German retreat. We stopped at Quilleboeuf, but the bridge had been blasted away and we were sent on. We moved along the winding shore of the Seine, which almost completes a circle at this point. No bridge remained intact and no ferry was running nearer than Rouen, a good ten hours away. We decided to go on to Creys Ferry at Hauteville, which our own RE's had built.

We finally reached Hauteville at about three o'clock. Here again was a sight I shall never forget, all the signs of utter chaos and frustrated flight which the enemy had left behind. The stench was sickening.

We were told the ferry was not working, but "ducks" were crossing both ways with



"I won't let John drive me to the station until he changes the expression on his face!"



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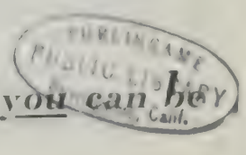
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MOUTHFULS OF GOLDEN GOODNESS

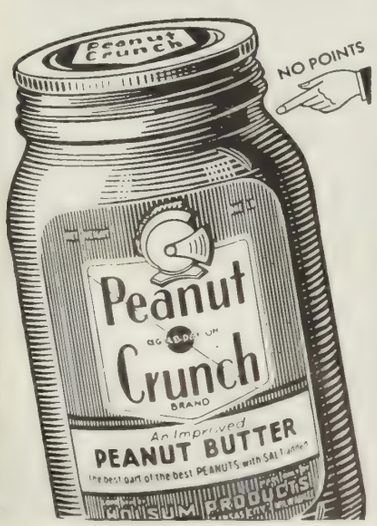


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impertinent ease. It was decided that Captain Bayliss and I should thumb a ride over and find out what help we could get from the other side. So over we went and found the ferry on the opposite bank in charge of Lt. Doug Allen and his unit of Royal Canadian Engineers. He said the ferry was out of action, but there was a pontoon raft which he was sending over for supplies. If we talked to Corporal Pete he would know if it would take our extra weight.

We found Corporal Pete having his dinner on the grass by the mess wagon. He paused, with his mouth full, and stared at me. "Don't I know you? I've seen you before, darned if I ain't."

"I've been in Canada," I said. "Several times."

Corporal Pete's face cleared. "Got it. It was at the Mount Royal. It was 1938. You was there with Air Marshal Billy Bishop. You drank tomato juice. I remember that. And you did as well on it as lots of them do on Scotch. You're Gertrude Lawrence. Shake." He held out a huge paw."

We shook, and—to show what tomato juice can accomplish—Corporal Pete agreed to ferry us across the Seine.

We sent word back across the river telling the others that we were coming for them and hoped to get them and the vehicles all across. The raft was floated by six pontoons, and driven by four motors. She looked all right to us, until we saw the gang start to man the pumps! They pumped and pottered for two hours. "They always take in a little water after a while," said one of the RE's. Finally the raft was brought alongside, a duck was hitched to it by a tow rope and we were taken across. The party cheered as we arrived and ramps were laid on the beach and we started to load up. Our coach got on first, then a jeep, then a supply lorry, then another jeep.

It was 7 P.M. as we cast off to cross the Seine. The current was running fast and strong away from where we wanted to go. However, it had been easy for the ducks and the span wasn't very wide at this point. This time, to my silent dismay, we had no duck to aid us and five minutes after casting off one of our four engines conked out! We started to drift with the heavy current; three engines going like mad, but making no headway. We continued to lose ground and finally Corporal Pete ordered the gang to throw out the anchor, saying we would ride where we were till help came.

By this time it was getting dark, a breeze was coming up and I knew two things which I had not told the others. Each day the Seine is flooded by a bore which sweeps in from the Channel and causes a tidal wave twelve feet high. All light craft are cleared from the water at these times. The night before, sixty-three persons had been drowned. The bore was due to come that night at midnight. It was now nine o'clock and we were at anchor in midstream! My heart was pounding and my senses alert to the danger.

FINALLY Corporal Pete decided to lift anchor and drift over to *any* part of the shore we could make and try to unload the raft. We made the shore about a mile below where we should have landed, and wooden tracks were laid down. One jeep got off and away. Next came the lorry with supplies, but the bank was too steep and it got stuck fast. Just then, in the blackness, we heard the throb of motors and dimly, out of the darkness, there loomed shapes of two ducks. They came alongside, and it was decided to leave the lorry and get it by road the next morning. We put out into midstream again. The ducks were placed one in front towing and one at back pushing and our own engines running. We made a little headway. Then the pontoons began to splash over. It was too dark to bail, the river was a raging torrent and the ducks were going round in circles, taking us with them.

Allen and Pete ordered, "Abandon ship and take to the ducks." The vehicles were lashed down, we grabbed our valuables and all personnel took to the ducks and went hell-for-leather for the landing.

IT'S strange, under stress, what one regards as valuable! I luckily was in battle dress (trousers, shirt and short jacket) so I was sure of being able to swim. But my mind concentrated on the fact that, no matter if all was lost, my job was still to look glamorous, so I grabbed my make-up kit. After all, I can always do a show if I've got my false eyelashes. Luckily, I had my canvas shoulder bag with my diary and all my papers! We finally reached the landing amidst the cheers of the Canadian Engineer Corps who had been waiting for us, and we went ashore fifteen minutes before we heard the whine and rush of the bore.

We were packed into trucks and taken to a deserted château. Here were housed the refugees from the battle areas and here we slept that night—on the bare boards, in our clothes; tired, dirty but lucky to be alive.

Next morning we were awakened at seven by Captain Bayliss to be told to "look outside." We did, and there in the courtyard stood our coach. The raft had ridden the bore and the Canadians had gone up at dawn with salvage ducks and brought the whole thing back to shore intact! We washed out in the stables with the men, went to breakfast at the field kitchen and then got under way on the road to St. Valery. We were all tired and I ached all over from the boards and the cold and the long hours on the crater roads, but now we were really arriving as ordered by H.Q.

Without meaning to be, we are now the most advanced ENSA unit. Basil, Zoe and I are billeted over a plumber's shop. The others are at a hotel. Last night we gave two shows, one for the men just out of the line, and one for those going into battle at Le Havre.

Today, September seventh, we were to join our ENSA column and do an outdoor show, but a storm has come. It is dark and raining, so we are lying around awaiting orders.

These men of the 52nd Highland Division are magnificent soldiers. They were at El Alamein, Sicily, Dunkirk, and have been in again since D day.

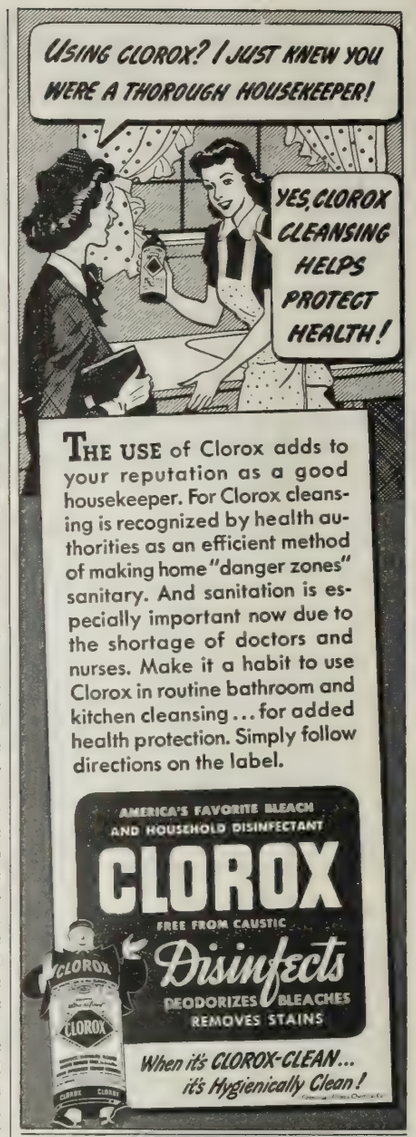
We shoved off again at 10 A.M. yesterday—got here at Bolbec at 12:30. The enemy held the town only six days ago. I went over to the theater to see what it was like and as usual found no lights, no water and everything soaking wet. We had three bulbs connected on a cord which had been given to us at Lion-sur-Mer. So I got them out of the truck, connected them to an empty socket in the ceiling and, oh, wonder of wonders, it worked!

I then swept the room, found an awful old carpet up on the stage, put it down amidst clouds of dust and fleas, but at least Zoe and I had some sort of room to dress in. We have no manager or stage manager with us. Leslie has to tune the piano always, and often has to go out and *find* one. We do everything for ourselves, and I'm the one who does the scrounging.

We are giving two shows a day, at 3 o'clock and at 6:30, and the place is *jammed*. They come in direct from the line, some all bound up, dirty, tired; but all in great spirits, and they sing as though their lungs must

A mature dog is excellent for conversation. Anyone who has ever sent the family away for a holiday, and lived alone with the dog and the icebox, understands why old virgins soliloquize to their cats and canaries. No one, moreover, appreciates the very special genius of your conversation as a dog does. If you chat with him a while, gradually building up the argument and the intonation, he relishes it so that he will roll all round the floor, lie on his back kicking, and groan with joyous worship. Very few wives or husbands are so affected.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY:
John Mistletoe.
(Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc.)





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burst. It's great to be with them and all grouses disappear once the show is on.

I wish somebody—anybody—could come and see what our little unit can do. Three in the orchestra—piano, violin and drums. And three others—Basil, Zoe and me. No ballyhoo, no fuss, no publicity.

Last night we had supper at the château now occupied by the Royal Artillery Anti-tank Corps. It was exciting because several of the officers had just come back from Le Havre, where they saw the surrender of the German general.

There was a wood fire blazing in the great fireplace of the château and I practically sat on it. It is getting colder every day. Today I lined my shoes with newspaper to keep my feet warm. I dare not risk catching a cold or even the sniffles. My job is to sing and look glamorous. Not too easy in the conditions we are living and traveling under.

This business of being without water is worse than all other discomforts. We all have *l'estomac de Normandie* again, and the sanitary facilities are practically non-existent.

Yesterday the stage was twelve feet from the floor. No one had fixed the lights and everything was filthy. Zoe and I wanted to get our things into the dressing room, but could do nothing in the dark. While waiting for an electrician to turn up, we pulled off our coats and pushed the seats closer to the stage. We were only six entertainers in that vast place. Even if the "mike" could be made to work, we had to have the men nearer to us.

Armed with flashlights, Zoe and I went below and poked about in the debris until we discovered a small room with a sink and one electric-light socket. We attached to this our three bulbs on their flexible cord. Those emergency lights and my make-up kit were the most important part of my baggage. We tied the cord to a pipe running round the room and hoped the bulbs would work if—and when—the juice was turned on.

By this time the men were lining up for the show. The firstcomers lifted the piano onto the stage for us. Meanwhile, the electrician showed up. He informed us that the lighting system was controlled from Bolbec, six miles away. He had to go there to get permission to turn it on, *if it would turn on.*

He left, and we sat down to wait, dirty and tired. No one was in a welcoming mood when the public-relations officer put in an appearance and said, reproachfully, he had the cameraman in tow and they had been chasing us all over France. And would we please come out at once and have the pictures done?

You don't say, "I won't," to a three-pipper, so we posed with the boys. I tried to look glamorous, though most of my make-up was gone, and the dust of the cellar had not improved my appearance.

Finally the lights came on and we all rushed below to dress. The men poured into the theater and once again the spirit of the trouper rose to its usual heights.

Just as we were about to begin, our driver discovered that the mike was not working. It was too late to do anything about it—the show had to go on. So we started, but not a sound could be heard from any of us in that huge place.

Then I struck. "No show tonight unless the mike is fixed." After all, as someone pointed out, there were some 600 technicians within call, and plenty of mikes.

We were drinking welcome cups of real tea—our first since leaving England—when suddenly a voice boomed out above us, "Hello, testing. Hello, testing." A sergeant had changed a tube in the mike outfit and it worked.

So we put on another show at once for a newly arrived audience.

Driving north toward Belgium, we made a triumphal progress through towns which had been in German hands not four days before. Our destination was Brussels. The front was very close and we would be entertaining men straight from the fighting line.

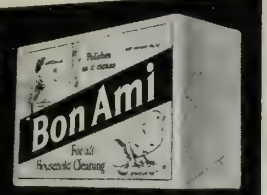
(Continued on Page 85)



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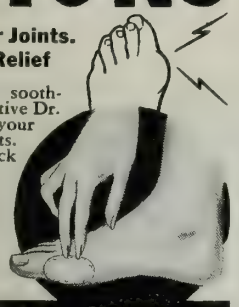


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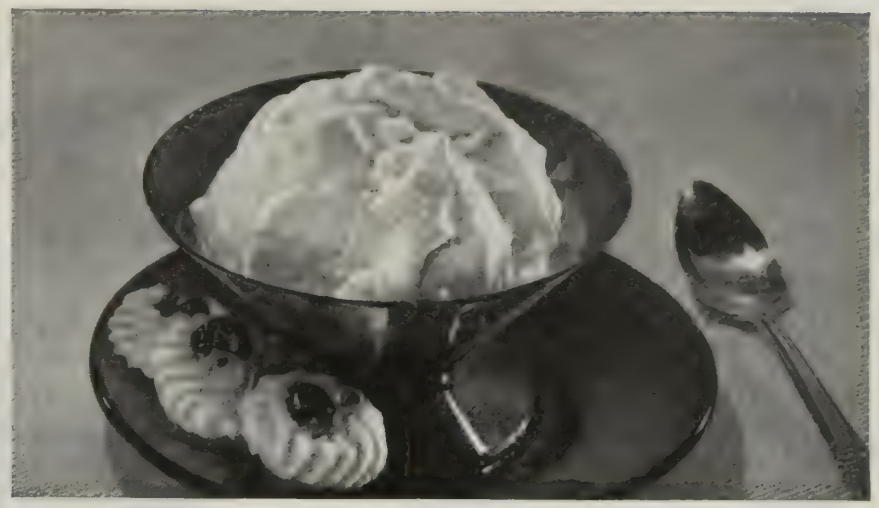
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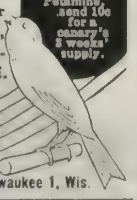
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Woodbury FILM-FINISH Powder

(Continued from Page 83)

Everywhere, people were breathless at the speed with which the Allies were advancing.

Brussels was holding carnival with flags, crowds and the White Brigade patrolling the streets, rounding up collaborationists. As our truck came to a standstill in the Grand Place, people gathered, demanding to know the meaning of "ENSA" on our shoulders. None of us could tell them, so we got out, did a few dance steps and said "Cabaret."

They understood that all right. To make it all clear I added: "*Cabaret pour le soldat.*"

A cheer went up. Then immediately a clamor began: "*Cigarettes? Chocolat? Savon?*" Hundreds of hands stretched out.

Savon (soap) was what I wanted too. That and gallons of hot water, and a bed to stretch my aching body on. Finally we got away to the hotel.

Brussels had a curfew. We were warned that a lot of shootings took place at night. Our soldiers went about with rifles. The city had no tea, no coffee, no butter, no bread. But it had water and lights. And real, clean beds.

The performance that night was in a theater built by the Germans, about the size of Radio City Music Hall. As long as the Germans occupied Brussels, Belgians were not allowed there so the colonel had decided that civilians should be admitted. A van with a loud-speaker, announcing the show, had gone through the streets and the house was filled.

At 7:30 last night—in the theater, while I was waiting to go on—none other than Colonel Haggarth *himself* came to me with an urgent plea that I stay for another three days and go into Antwerp! Three thousand Canadians have just come in from the front line, and, even though the enemy is only three miles outside the city, they want a show, and have asked for the Gertrude Lawrence Unit.

I quickly wrote out two cables: one to Gilbert Miller, who is expecting me to start rehearsals on a new play, the other to Richard.

We drove the forty-five kilometers from Brussels to Antwerp and put on our show at the ENSA Music Hall. It was Gertrude Lawrence's farewell performance on the western front, and it was played to the accompaniment of gunfire. British tanks of the Guards' armored division had captured the city proper just twenty days before, but the Germans were still in command of the suburb of Merxem.

The hall was packed with Canadians and a dash of British and Yanks. I made my entrance to the last eight bars of Some Day I'll Find You, and swung immediately into A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening.

Isn't it? I thought, as a shell burst close by.

I asked over the footlights, "Is there a Joe in the house? Anybody here named Joe?"

Of course there was; there always is. He was sitting in the second row, which made it easy to sing directly to him A Guy Named Joe. He slumped down in his seat and I could see his neck and ears get red, but the other fellows enjoyed his discomfiture and joined in the lyrics. Then an ENSA corporal unrolled a placard with the words of the song on it.

The audience whistled and oohed, whereupon I called on six soldiers from the front row to help hold the placard. They leaped the footlights, among them Joe from the second row. We put on an impromptu skirmish to the delight of the rest of the house, and the six went back to their seats with an imprint of my best lipstick on their cheeks.

I used up a lot of lipstick on my tour of the western front. In camps where we played two shows in quick succession I decorated more soldiers than General Eisenhower had to date.

The program ended with a singsong including Irish Eyes, You Made Me Love You, Wee Doch and Doris and Tipperary. Finally we sang I'll See You Again, and I thought to myself, *It's a promise.*

I am writing this in the plane on my way back to America.

My service on the western front is over. I hope I have repaid some of what I owed to those British Tommies of the First World War who dug into their pockets and brought forth the half crowns and shillings that paid my fare to London and my first real chance in Charlot's Revue.

England is my country, but I am married to an American. Now that I have done my bit for ENSA, I hope the USO will send me out with a show to entertain the American boys. I would like to serve both countries that I love and belong to.

The Atlantic, which is not nearly so wide now as it once was, is below me at this minute. Our plane purrs softly through banks of clouds. Its shining nose is pointed westward, and the passengers—nearly all of them American officers—have the look in their eyes that says, "We're going home."

The skipper passes beside my seat and drops his voice confidentially: "Lunch in New York tomorrow."

(THE END)

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

A popular place near the Arc de Triomphe is The Persian Club—a place where a G.I. must be taken by a Wac and they have real hamburgers with onions in real toasted rolls. There's great feeling about whether a man loves a Wac for her hamburger or for herself.

There are still lots of horse-and-buggy teams in the street. One often sees a G.I. sitting up front driving, with the old coachman sitting alongside enjoying it, and the back crowded with sight-seeing soldiers. These Bello taxies (bicycle-drawn rickshaws) are often the only means of transportation.

There's good music to be heard here every day—there's beauty and there's the same things every city has to offer—except this is Paris in the spring and it smells different.

It was lovely to see Beatrice, even though we had little time to talk. Maybe we'll all catch up after this is over. You should feel the impatience here now—it's in everyone's face.

My best to you and Beatrice and all my friends on the JOURNAL. Affectionately,

SALLY.

Sally Elting, once with our JOURNAL fashion staff, early joined the overseas Red Cross, went through the London blitz, and was sent to Paris shortly after D day. She is one of the G.I.'s favorite girls, as she is ours. ED.

Memories Live Forever

Caldwell, New Jersey.

Gentlemen: A moving letter in your readers' column (After Death—What?) prompts me to write you.

Of course I am no oracle, yet it seems to me like a heartbreaking and futile task to reincarnate those whom God in His wisdom has chosen to remove from our earthly view. Jesus said that there would be no marriage or giving in marriage in the next life.

Dear memories are precious things. They live forever. The memory of the comely youthful countenance lives as long as life lasts. The romance will always remain fresh and real.

"What man is he that feareth the Lord? Him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose. . . . The secret of the Lord is with him—his soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth."—Psalm 25. Yours cordially,

SADIE S. GRUENBERG.

How the World Lives

Charter Oak, California.

Dear Journal: I can think of no single feature in any magazine which has created as much interest as the How America Lives series. How about a series of articles on How the World Lives? This idea occurred to me after reading the article on adult education in Denmark.

I believe that Finland had some public-health ideas that were creating a great deal of interest before she got into trouble.

Not long ago, we saw pictures of the very modern buildings in Brazil. People who erect such buildings must have a standard of living comparable to our own. But when that country is mentioned, most of us think of a full-skirted girl with a comb in her hair, dancing on the earth floor of an adobe hut. Yours,

MRS. MARGARET HENRY.

The second of our series on How England, France and Italy Live appears in this issue. ED.

Such Rude Questions

Clinton, Oklahoma.

Dear Editors: Please find enclosed my check for a two-year subscription to the JOURNAL. I have bought it for years at the newsstand but want to be sure I get one.

The If You Ask Me page is nice, but it embarrasses me for some people to ask such rude questions just because Mrs. R. is nice enough to answer them.

Sincerely,

MRS. H. A. MATTHEWS.

Mrs. Roosevelt has never declined to answer any questions asked her. ED.

Thank Pasteur

Frederick, Maryland.

Dear Editors: Several months ago, the JOURNAL presented a most informative article concerning undulant fever. Just at that time our family moved, and we were called upon to buy our milk from a nearby farmer. Ordinarily we would have considered the clean source of our dairy product as sufficient proof of its healthfulness, but your magazine arrived, and with it, "food for thought." I purchased a dairy thermometer and pasteurized the milk each day.

Now here is why I am writing to you in such deep appreciation. An epidemic of undulant fever has arisen in our county! Need I say more?

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

JEAN E. McCURDY.

Pasteurization at Home

New York, New York.

Dear Sir: As a half-the-year resident of rural Vermont—we have a farm near Wilmington—I have encountered the raw-milk problem. I have seen what undulant fever has done to a valued friend. I have met the situation for my own family by home pasteurization.

I find it simple to pour my three quarts of milk into a granite kettle, which can be set into a still larger kettle containing hot water, on the stove. A floating dairy thermometer costs from thirty-five to seventy-five cents, and can be supported further by a wire through its top, hung over the edge of the milk kettle. Cover both kettles and heat until the milk is at 145° to 155° F. No hotter, or it will taste scalded. Keep at this temperature for a half hour, and then cool quickly and store on ice. It is a bother to keep watching the thermometer, and to make sure of maintaining the proper heat for the given time. But less trouble than illness.

The Department of Agriculture offers a leaflet on home pasteurization, and the Red Cross nursing book has a chapter on it. Yours very sincerely,

EDITH THANE.

Russian Children Grateful

Moscow, U. S. S. R.

Dear Unexpected Friends: A few days ago I came home to find a letter from America on my desk. It was signed by Clare Wagner. This was intriguing, since I had never heard the name, Clare Wagner, before. "Dear Mrs. Effremof," she wrote, "I read your letter to your parents in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I thought perhaps you would also let me send you some things you need."

Heavens! It must have been that letter I sent dad on returning to Moscow from evacuation. I blushed. How could dad have put such a letter in a magazine for



"For carefree internal protection—TRUST Meds!"

Only Meds have the "SAFETY-WELL"—an efficiency feature perfected by a woman doctor to give Meds *greater, quicker* absorbency. For more comfort, more confidence "next time", why not try Meds?

- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds' easy-to-use APPLICATORS are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

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FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



- Meds "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more* so much *faster!*
- Meds' fine soft COTTON insorber adapts comfortably to individual needs.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

all America to read! But Clare went on to write such a warm, friendly letter, telling about her farm near Seattle, about her children and the house they are building, that I stopped being embarrassed. This was a friend writing, and a friend not only to me but to all the Russian people.

Next day I received another letter from America, again with an unknown signature—Mrs. George Fritch, of Allentown, Pennsylvania. Another letter came from Mabel Brenden, of Laurel, Montana. So the letters started coming. My first feeling of embarrassment was turned to joy that apparently my letter had given Americans some insight into what living through the German invasion meant.

But I have suffered nothing in comparison with most families in Russia. After all, my husband and my two children are safe. How many families have no homes, not even any villages or towns to return to! The need is appalling. In the Stalingrad region alone there are 10,000 war orphans in state homes. I saw these children. They told me gruesome stories about how their mothers were killed before their very eyes. Also about how they kept themselves alive by crawling through bombs and shells. Some of these children were wearing your gifts of American shoes and sweaters. You can be perfectly sure that everything you send goes to someone who needs it.

Since I am in no position to hire a private secretary, I am asking the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to publish my answer to all. It's been terrific living through this war in Europe.

With friendship and gratitude,
MARGARET EFFREMOF.

Mrs. Effremof, whose letter to her parents in Haddonfield, New Jersey, appeared in the JOURNAL, is an American girl living with her Russian husband and children in Moscow. As we suggested earlier, if you wish to send a kit of inexpensive household necessities to a Russian family, write to Russian War Relief, Inc., 11 East 35th St., New York City. There is *still* nothing they don't need. ED.

"— You March, You March, You March!"

Puente, California.

Dear Sirs: I've never written you before, though I've enjoyed your JOURNAL for more years than I like to remember; and now I can't keep still any longer. Why, oh why, do your writers always glamorize the Air Corps lieutenant?

What about the infantry lieutenant? Can't you give these wonderful boys a break and put a little of the well-earned glory on their shoulders? Guess I'm prejudiced, as my wonderful boy (27) was an infantry lieutenant and now lies in Normandy, France. He was killed in action one week after D day. Do let a little glory fall on them. Sincerely,
MRS. WM. D. CLARK.

As Sgt. Bill Mauldin said (see Up Front, June JOURNAL), "the infantry is the group in the Army which gives more and gets less than anybody else." ED.

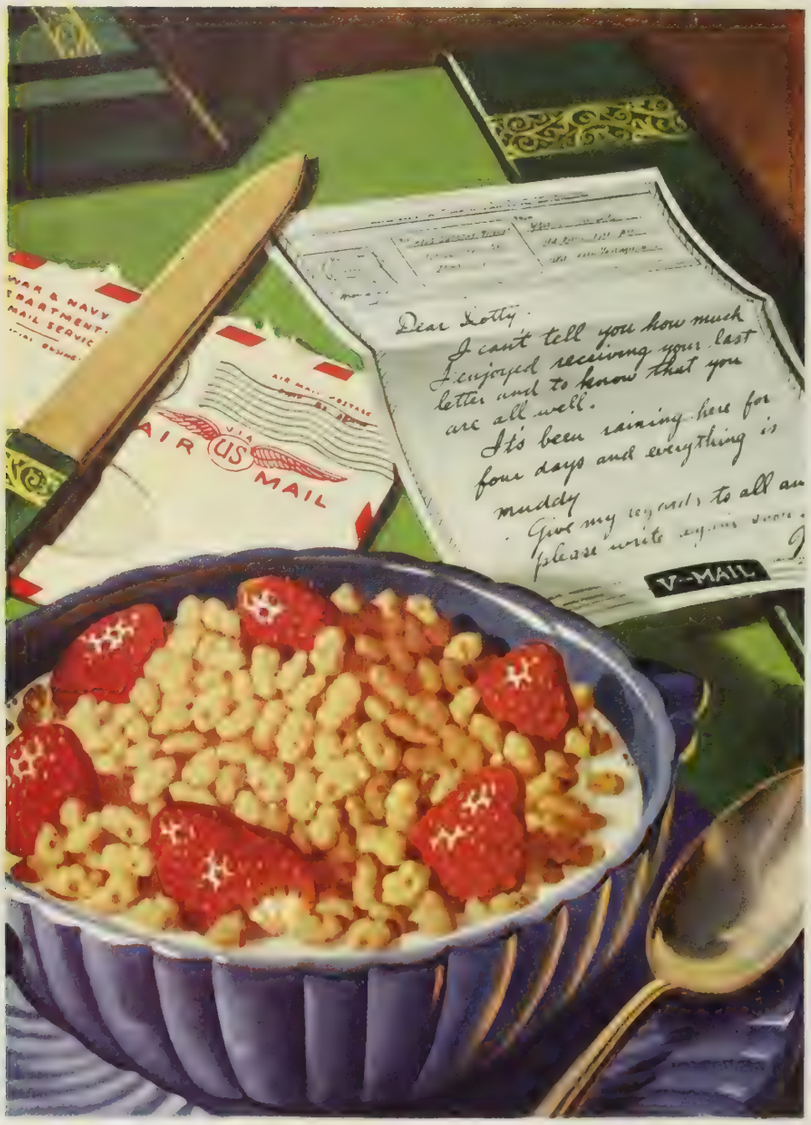
Red Cross Girl's Dream

Somewhere in China.

Dear Folks: You asked about my life as a Red Cross girl in China, where it's natural to be one girl in a group of several hundred men. Well, it's fun!

I've learned to walk right into a G.I. mess hall and whistle right back at them without blinking an eye. I find myself classified as "she can jitterbug," and honestly wish I could be a wallflower. Every shift of hair-do, any change of dress is the topic of the day. I remember I used to be so pleased if my boy friend even noticed my new dress.

Traveling from place to place is via jeep, truck or weapons carrier, and sometimes the grand loan of a sedan and driver. When we drive through town, the townsfolk stare at a strange-looking creature with hair that's yellow instead of black, eyes that are blue and don't bear the remotest resemblance to an almond. They are openly amused at my substantial Size 7's, in startling contrast to the women of "old China" teetering and tottering along on their incredibly tiny feet in gaily embroidered pixy-toed shoes.



Small But Full of Good News

THOSE tiny morsels of bubbly goodness that pour out of a Kellogg's Rice Krispies package are full of good news for you — not just in the flavor treat they promise, but in the downright *food value* they contain.

You see, out at Battle Creek, where they know a good deal about making cereals good *and* nutritious, crisp, delicious Kellogg's Rice Krispies are made the equal of the *whole ripe grain* in nearly all the food elements declared essential to human nutrition.

Which gives you a good reason for serving this famous cereal *often!* Serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies to your family for breakfast, tomorrow!

• • •

To satisfy every taste at your breakfast table — yet give everyone food values he needs — serve all the famous Kellogg cereals: Rice Krispies, Corn Flakes, Pep, All-Bran, Raisin 40% Bran Flakes, 40% Bran Flakes, Shredded Wheat, Krumbles. Good to eat, good for you.



"The Grains are Great Foods"—
W. K. Kellogg

Elsa Lanchester
(MRS. CHARLES LAUGHTON)
Star of Turnabout Theatre



We always use Colman's at our house – it adds delicious extra flavor to food!

DEVILED PORK CHOPS—4-6 pork chops; salt; pepper; 1 small onion, minced; 1 teasp. flour; 1½ teasp. Colman's (dry) Mustard; ½ teasp. French's Worcestershire Sauce; 1 tablesp. vinegar; ½ cup water.

Sauté chops till almost done, remove to shallow baking dish, add onion and flour to fat in pan, cook until onion starts to brown. Add remaining ingredients, mix and pour over chops. Bake in 350° F. oven about 12 minutes.



New Recipe Book FREE
Atlantis Sales Corp., Sole Dist., 3599 Mustard St., Rochester, N.Y.
Please send me New Recipe Book—"Mealtime Magic."
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I share with the G.I.'s the pangs of yearning for a glass of Grade A milk, and would almost trade my last bobby pin for a piece of chocolate. I can vaguely remember asparagus, roast beef, hot dogs and ice-cream sodas.

I wave and smile at every American lad I see (and wonder if, when I get back home, my manner won't seem a trifle on the bold side). My bridge foursome is no longer "the girls," and I have learned that men gossip just as much as the girls.

My heart has ached for the boy whose brother wrote that "she" didn't wait for him, and for the men I know, and the men I don't know, who go away and never come back.

I have been surprised to learn to how many purposes that War Fund contribution to the American Red Cross can go: for hamburgers instead of chop suey in the Red Cross club for soldiers; for a lounge room where they can sit and read or play games; for a dance.

Now, "snafu," "sad sack," "chow," "ding how," "boo how" and "jing bow" are all part of my lingo. I know what it means when a flier hits the silk (I even have a piece of the filmy stuff for a scarf). I can recognize a "fogey" or a "goldbricker." I glibly say "Golden Gate by '48" with the rest of them, and I'm as fit a member of the United States Chamber of Commerce as every overseas soldier and sailor. I dream of white tiles, candlelight that's just for beauty's sake, juke boxes, taxis and superhighways. But I'm as happy as I've ever been in my life, and I wouldn't trade places with any girl back home.

Love,
GUIDA RICHEY.

And Put a Man On!

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Dear Editor: I have been reading with interest the letters requesting a change in cover policy for the JOURNAL. Mostly because I have found the "beautiful ladies" idea quite fascinating and appropriate.

When you make a remark about the girl not really meaning it when she said she wanted pictures of men on the cover, I write a letter. I happen to believe she does mean it. Because if a woman hasn't seen her man lately, even a man on a magazine cover wouldn't be bad to look at once in a while.

So, as an armchair editor of the JOURNAL, here is my layout (idea) for seven covers to appear after peace is declared:

1. Veteran in full uniform plus campaign ribbons, running up the sidewalk. A grin a mile broad on his face. Familiar picket fence and trees on either side. (Every woman will know where he's going.)

2. When is a man most beautiful? When he's asleep. There is a tousled head on a pillow with a not-so-innocent expression of sublimity on his face. A manicured hand reaches from the left to shut off an alarm clock that says seven.

3. How will he look in his civvies? Hence, husband putting on new hat in front of mirror. Wife's smiling face reflected in mirror too.

4. What does he do when she asks for a cigarette? He puts two in his mouth, lights them both and hands her one. Picture of a man lighting two cigarettes in above manner. One eyebrow cocked. (I forget which one.)

5. What man hasn't at one time or another inveigled the little woman into washing his hair? He is likely to again. So we have a masculine head covered with soapy lather. An expression of supreme satisfaction on the face. Feminine hands reach down from above, appropriate rings on third finger left hand.

6. Ever see a man who could take *one* doughnut? This man takes three doughnuts in each hand, while "mom" fries doughnuts in background.

7. As a finale, and to satisfy everyone (a little) a "glamour boy" handing a "beautiful lady" some "flowers for a change."

Your A.C.E. for happier looking,
MARY E. GHIST.

For Reader Ghist, and all the others who agree, we are picturing a returned veteran on this month's cover. ED.



Infuser Tea Service

The Aladdin Infuser Teapot brings a new and pleasurable experience to most folks who love the golden beverage. The infuser holds the leaves for controlled steeping . . . assures pure, delicious flavor every time! The beautifully gold decorated Aladdin is made of genuine Hall secret process china that will not craze or stain. If you cannot obtain it now please remember that the needs of our fighting forces have first call. The Hall China Company — World's Largest Manufacturer of Decorated Teapots and Cooking China.

BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS

Hall

Teapots of superior quality china . . .

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DEALERS





Smart lady! . . . **Summer's the perfect time for waffles!** They can be a quick main dish . . . or, just as easily, a tempting snack.

For example . . . crisp, chocolate waffle wedges with mint wafers and tall, tinkling glasses of iced coffee. For perfect waffles, plain or fancy, you can always depend on Duff's!



. . . just add WATER



Baskets full of health!

Serve a zesty salad daily with

THE ONE AND ONLY

Miracle Whip



No other salad dressing has the just-right flavor, the satiny smoothness, you get in Miracle Whip. Made by a secret recipe, in Kraft's own patented beater, Miracle Whip *combines* the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise.

To make your nutritious salads taste their very best, top 'em off with America's favorite—the one and only *Miracle Whip*. It's the most popular salad dressing ever created!



STILL—ONLY LIMITED AMOUNTS of Kraft Mayonnaise can be made, because of government restrictions. We're sorry if you have trouble finding it.



Your Boy in the Pacific

THE DETAILS HE MAY HAVE LEFT OUT OF HIS LETTERS ★ ★ ★ BY TRAVIS INGHAM

YOUR boy is somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. That's a lot of islands—and water. You may have cruised over it in happier days. But the chances are that you have gone no nearer this tremendous sea than the first pages of the morning paper, and your knowledge of its multitudinous atolls is confined to glamour versions of white sand, nodding palm trees and carefree natives.

There are a few islands which fulfill the most acceptable make-believe standards of South Sea Island magic; but mostly it isn't like that. The coconut trees, in brisk, unromantic rows along the shore, have been planted by British, Australians, Dutch or Filipinos. The beach sand is more likely to be a dirty black than white. The carefree natives are the color of the inside of a derby, with hair either close-cropped or colored orange with lime against the lice. The women wear curious bustles of grass which give them an ostrichlike appearance.

What is it really like, then—the terrain and the living and the thinking and the million-and-one other trivia with which your boy, due to familiarity or incoherence or boredom, does not acquaint you, as he waits for action? That's 95 per cent of the time. The remaining 5 per cent you can read about in the papers.

At an embarkation point your boy marches up the gangplank with his blue B bag over his shoulder, possibly to the deck of a former world-cruise liner. He sleeps in a triple or quadruple tier of bunks in one of the holds or, if he's lucky, in the main salon. He will have at least thirteen roommates, all of whom must shave and bathe in the one hour, morning and night, that fresh water flows from the taps of the single wash-bowl. Should it get warmer outside, since it couldn't be warmer within, your boy will possibly sleep on deck under a lifeboat.

If he is lucky, your soldier will be fed excellent food thrice daily; the kitchen range is hot twenty-four hours a day. Sometimes it is possible to chow but twice a day. In this case, he will supplement his diet with chocolate and cookies from the PX, which is open long hours every day.

As he goes aboard, your fighting man receives a small green bag from the American Red Cross. In it is a pocket-size novel or detective story, a pack of cards, cigarettes and gum, writing paper and toilet articles. He may read the book at once, perched anywhere; his deck chair is the kapok life preserver, or Mae West, which he carries everywhere. In the library, run by the ship's chaplain, he will find such literary gems as you contributed when the book drive was on.

ABOARD ship, your boy divides his time between the deck and his bunk—or "sack," as it is universally known. For several hours a day the latest jive and transcriptions from the big-name radio shows are broadcast through loud-speakers fore and aft. Movies are shown whenever and wherever possible. There may be boxing matches, an impromptu entertainment—and always poker and crap games. But with the exception of daily setting-up exercises, organized activity is out. Daily religious exercises are held in the officers' lounge.

If there is an alert, your boy will not know the cause until it is over. He will be below until it is time for him to go on deck and abandon ship—or relax again.

So much for the cruise.

It is unlikely that your boy will go into action when he reaches his destination. He may have maneuvered in the Louisiana swamps, or even fought in Europe, but the Pacific terrain has peculiarities of its own, and to these he must become accustomed. Most troops participate in garrison duty while becoming familiar with the lay of the land; then they prepare for a mission, and finally they go into action.

Let us say that your boy's outfit is relieving the marines who have secured Island X. The enemy has either been annihilated or relegated to a corner where, since his airpower is now nonexistent, it is necessary only to keep an eye on him. The Japanese have left a pleasant camp site near the shore. But the Nips leave more than camp sites behind them: germs of various kinds, as well as land mines, hover in their wake.

THE first thing your boy does is to dig a foxhole into which he can vanish if the siren so orders. He then clears a space of ground and raises a pyramidal tent, to be his home, and that of from three to seven of his buddies, for six months or more. The tent has a pole up the middle with a small space for ventilation at the peak. An outside frame is constructed at a height of four or five feet, and the sides of the tent attached, for added light and ventilation.

The tent will probably be in the sun, since South Pacific trees have a way of collapsing at the first zephyr. There are familiar-looking trees with familiar names—oak, beech, gum—and the addition of ropelike vines and clinging parasites, such as the orchid.

The rainy season usually starts in October and lasts until March. The boys will therefore carefully trench the tent on four sides. They will knock the head out of a fifty-gallon gasoline drum and place it to catch the rain that coasts down the sides of the tent in an avalanche. Mosquito netting will be placed over the mouth of the drum to keep dirt and leaves from the water, which is solely for washing purposes.

There are two schools of thought as to what to do about the tent floor. One school sets about promoting lumber: driftwood, slabs, and so on. The other fetches in gravel from the beach or lets the hard-packed black earth serve. Proponents of Mother Nature argue that board floors, unless lifted high off the ground, are a housing project for rats and mice. They maintain it is easier to keep a dirt floor clean, and that if a tent is properly drained, this is the way to do. Having listened to rats run relay races, argue over candy wrappers and make love beneath a board floor for many months on end, I am inclined to believe they are right.

A small raised platform for the cot and a plank for bare feet are generally acceptable. Four poles are driven into the ground at the four corners of the cot, cross poles fixed and mosquito netting tied thereto. Old campaigners will have included in their equipment an air mattress weighing but a few pounds when deflated. They may have relieved the transport of a pillow. Sheets are officer luxuries, but mattress covers can be secured at the Quartermaster and make a good substitute. Despite daytime heat of possibly 110° in the shade, nights in the Pacific are usually cool.

If your boy's area is located close to an air strip or road, he will bind about the sides of his tent a four-foot strip of burlap; or muslin, if he has a drag with Medical Supply. In the dry season dust is one of the worst plagues of the G.I. All men are usually issued goggles against glare and dust, and in certain sections these are carried at all times when not in use.

Combat advertisements in magazines often show marines bare from the waist up. Actually, the natives are nude from the waist up; but the chances are that your boy will wear a complete set of fatigues or suntans with sleeves rolled down and trousers tucked into stockings or leggings, also a cap or fatigue hat at all times. Going through the brush or jungle, he will wear gloves and even a head net so that no portion of his body is exposed to the two banes of life and health in the Pacific—the anopheles mosquito and the typhus mite.

The former, which bears the malaria germ, haunts dark, moist places in the daytime and goes abroad at night. Waging constant war on this scourge is the malaria-control unit which accompanies an outfit and frequently precedes it. These physicians with their natives scour the environs of each camp, spraying stagnant water, digging ditches to drain feverish-looking spots, and maintaining ceaseless vigil against the anopheles.

The typhus mite, almost invisible to the naked eye, bites a sick native or Jap, hops on a rat and, when the rat weakens, attaches itself eventually to a passer-by and bites him, usually around the neck or ankles. Every G.I. is carefully instructed in the use of repellent powders and liquids and in covering the exposed flesh. Patrols returning after contact with grass are required to go through a delousing process involving plenty of hot water, strong soap and the boiling of all clothing. There is no inoculation against bush typhus, which, while not necessarily fatal, can knock a man out for a year and a half.

YOUR boy will be fed three times a day under normal circumstances: at six, noon and five. The kitchens are inspected daily (as are latrines), and cement floors laid in covered screened buildings as soon as possible. The men eat from a mess kit containing one section for meat and vegetables, another for dessert. This is carried into a screened mess hall with benches and long tables. There, lamenting loudly at the quality of the chow, the boy eats an enormous meal. Finished, he scrubs his kit with disinfectant and boiling water, rinses it in boiling water, and hangs it up in his tent for future reference.

The quality of the food depends on the location of the camp. If near a base with sea traffic, there will be fresh meat, frozen vegetables, real butter and even eggs, several times a week. If ships are few and far between, the food will be largely C ration: Spam, beef willy, an uninviting chili-bean stew and the ever-present Vienna sausage. The vegetables will be dehydrated, the eggs powdered. Bread is always fresh and margarine usually adamant to knife or sun. Coffee is available at least once a day.

In combat your lad eats K rations, which come in small wax-covered packages marked "Breakfast," "Dinner," and "Supper."

The after-dinner mint is a bright yellow tablet called atabrine. Inasmuch as someone started a rumor that atabrine induces sterility, it is customary to have a noncommissioned officer place the tablet on the tongue of the G.I. and see that he swallows it, while *(Continued on Page 90)*

FROM THE HOLY LAND

(Continued from Page 6)

Hitlerism is not a unique, isolated phenomenon, but a terrible example and warning. It is a symptom of universal moral crisis which even in cries for revenge and reprisal emits the animallike cries of Nazism itself. The very basis of civilized law is the concept of individual responsibility, but over wide stretches of earth that idea has already been replaced by indiscriminate purges, mock trials and mob passions, presented as the voice of the people. Human slavery is called reparations. Military despotism is called liberation. Terrorization or extermination of whole social classes is called progress.

The end of all this can only be the most terrible punishment ever inflicted by God and Nature on mankind: a world wherein people are turned into undifferentiated robots to be directed by scientific propaganda, ruled by whips, pushed about like cattle and trodden into ground by robber conquerors until finally they pull down upon the world the last temples of human culture—blind as was Samson in Gaza.

A PRETTY THING

(Continued from Page 35)

water dashed against the hot lamp chimney had snapped a circle from it, but she had not thrown it away; she had set the chimney on the pantry shelf, remembering a neighbor's saying that such a broken thing could be so painted and decorated as to be an ornament to any parlor. It had stayed there a long time, waiting an hour when, work slackening, she could set a picture onto its glassy bareness. And as the days passed it gave her pleasure, stepping in and out of the pantry, to see it waiting. Between all the necessary thoughts of cooking, a design to set upon the chimney began to work itself out in her mind, a plan which in the midst of kitchen traffic opened a place of quiet and aloneness for her.

Jess, watching her turn the vase about in her hands, said nothing, so she repeated her words. "I planned it to be an ornament, Jess. A pretty thing for our parlor."

Could Jess understand that? Prettiness outside, Jess understood, she knew. Many a time he'd roused her, just fallen asleep, to look at the stars, had carried many a flower inside to her, had called out to her to look at a cloud, a sky at sundown, a bird, a curious stone even. But prettiness inside? Did pillow shams thick with satin stitch and French knots give him a smidgen more pleasure than unbleached muslin bare as when it came from the looms? Did it matter to him whether there were peacock feathers over the grate and gilded cattails in the corner? She thought not.

But a woman lived in a house, not outdoors. A sunset didn't come inside, light the wall behind the kitchen range so's she could see it while cooking supper; clouds taking this shape or that didn't settle down on the mantelpiece to keep her company while mending. The prettiness a woman saw, she had to make, she had to build it up from odds and ends. Did Jess ever note her handiwork? The articles embroidered, painted, stenciled, gilded, dyed? The comb cases, footstools, doilies, tidies, fire screens, rugs, penwipers, lambrequins? Did he see how the bareness of timber and stone had been hidden and softened—until the room, to her eye, showed itself as prettier than any cloud, and not to be outdone, even by a rose?

Jess thrust out a finger, touched one of the swans. "An ornament for our sitting room," he said. "Time on end."

ELIZA noted he didn't say "pretty." Well, that didn't matter. It had come to mean more to her than prettiness, anyway.

"Jess," she said, "I don't know but what in case of fire this'd be the first thing I'd save."

Jess looked anew at the object she held. "Before the family Bible?" he asked. "The letters? The deeds?"

"For those," Eliza said, "I could count on thee."

"But for some things, not?"

Eliza said nothing.

Jess' big nose wrinkled at the bridge. The lines that ran downward from cheekbone to jaw deepened. His large, well-muscled mouth moved a little, as if he were savoring beforehand the words he was about to say.

"There are those," he said, "who say I carry thee around on a chip, Eliza. Figger me a poor apron-tied old fellow, married to a female preacher and not able to call his soul his own."

Eliza knew there were; still, for all they said, there were things Jess was not to be counted on for. Or maybe not Jess. Maybe man, any man.

JESS remembered temperatures: ten below or a hundred and two in the shade. He remembered the dimensions of snowdrifts and the number of inches that had fallen in a single cloudburst. Eliza remembered how she had felt, and from this determined season and weather.

She had started her vase on a summer morning, she knew, for she could remember how warm she had felt standing in her nightdress by the bed. In the half-light, Jess was only a shadowy mound beneath the covers, stirring a little as he settled toward deeper sleep. It was before sunup and, outside, birds, rousing, sang their short easy songs, the ones which could be performed while they were half awake.

It was earlier than rising time, but she had no sleep left in her and was too happy to lie still any longer. In a moment, musing, she then eighteen, there had come to her such bliss in a sudden picturing of what her life and Jess' might be, that she felt she must be out of bed, and advancing toward it; moving forward into the opening years, toward the children, toward the May mornings and snowy evenings, toward the fine housewifery and lovingkindness, toward the old age when she and Jess, sleepless through the long nights as old people are, would say, "Remember, remember," as they lay listening to wind or rain. It all came to her, that summer morning on waking, and she had to be up, out of bed and hastening to meet it.

She carried her clothes downstairs, walking silently with bare feet across floor boards still warm with yesterday's heat. She washed in soft cistern water and dressed in the kitchen. She wished that Jess might have been hungry for seven breakfasts in one, so that she could have cooked every dish she'd ever heard him say he fancied: buckwheat cakes, soda biscuits, sausage gravy, tenderloin, ham with its taste of salt and hickory smoke.

The fire caught and blazed. The fruity, summer air had to take the column of autumn-smelling smoke with what grace it could. Biscuits cut and dolloped with cream awaited the oven. Her nightdress was folded

(Continued on Page 93)

Many years ago, the reluctance of seamen to sail on a Friday reached such proportions that the British government decided to prove the fallacy of the superstition. They laid the keel of a new vessel on Friday, launched her on Friday, named her H. M. S. Friday, and sent her to sea on Friday.

The scheme had only one drawback: neither ship nor crew was ever heard of again.

—Boating Magazine.

A SHAMPOO FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



No Dull Film *remains on your hair*

. . . AFTER SHAMPOOING WITH THIS SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL FORMULA

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 50 years, The F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

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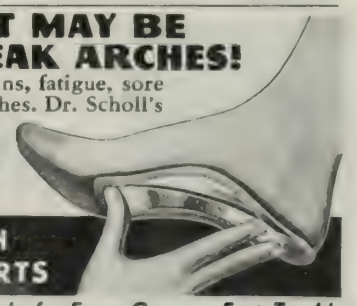
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MOR NOODLE CASSEROLE

Cut 1 can MOR into 12 slices. Reserve 6 slices for top of dish and dice remaining slices. Combine diced MOR with 3½ cups cooked noodles, 2 cups medium white sauce, ½ tsp dry mustard, 1 diced pimiento, ¼ cup diced green pepper and a 2½ oz. can mushrooms (optional). Transfer to a margarined baking dish, arrange slices of MOR on top and bake at 350° F. about 35 minutes. Serves 6.

• • •

MOR POTATO SALAD

1 can MOR
3 cups cooked potatoes, cubed
1 cup cooked peas
2 tbsp. minced onion
1 cup sliced celery
⅓ cup sliced radishes
¾ cup Wilson's Mayonnaise
⅓ cup milk
Green pepper
Lettuce

Cut the MOR in cubes and combine with all vegetables except the green pepper and lettuce. Add Wilson's Mayonnaise which has been thinned with the milk and mix carefully. Cover and let stand at least two hours to allow flavors to mingle. Serve well chilled, garnished with green pepper slices. Serves 6.

It's different

IT HAS SOMETHING

WILSON & CO. INC.

The Wilson label protects your table

(Continued from Page 91)

as precisely as if measured. The best cups were on the table. Psalm 101 had been read and meditated. But it was not enough. Bliss was not yet served. It was then she remembered her vase.

She brought chimney, putty and paints from the pantry and, as she sat at the kitchen table, the design, known to her mind a long time, became now a separate thing, began now to live outside herself, and there seemed able in its expression of her happiness to hasten her advance into the life she had imagined.

Her fingers, remembering flowers, enlarged with putty the meager crimping at the chimney's top to petal-sized scallops. Over the break, mended with putty, she molded a plumed swan, a great bird with arched breast and flaunting tail. About the swan she painted blue water and green reeds, and the swan itself she made a dazzling white. Overhead was the sky of summer, across which long thin clouds like frayed pencils drifted, and the frayings, all raveling out toward the same direction, made it seem as if a wind, light but persistent, blew across the picture.

There were to be two swans, finally, but now Eliza rested. She rose and walked from the table, set the biscuits to baking and moved the skillets to the front of the stove. Still, it was not they, not the laid table or cooking food which seemed nearest to what she had seen, or dreamed, lying upstairs by Jess' side: it was the vase, the swan, the reeds, the summer sky.

"Thee looked it over," Eliza told Jess, "the morning I started it. Came downstairs and rocked on thy toes in front of it."

"What'd I say," Jess asked, "rocking there? I reckon I wasn't speechless."

"No, Jess," said Eliza, "thee wasn't speechless."

"What'd I say?" he persisted.

"Thee said," Eliza told him, "and well I remember, 'What's for breakfast? I'm hungry enough to eat a b'iled owl.'"

Jess rocked a little on his toes now. "Well," he said, "that was something. Better'n saying I could eat a b'iled swan, I reckon."

That was something, and she had not been unhappy, setting the praised breakfast on the table, speaking with Jess of what fruits he would bring in for canning, saying the day would be another scorcher, lifting the pretty cup which, in itself, set their eating apart from ordinary meals. But when breakfast was over, the vase had taken on a paltry look and some of her happiness had ebbed away: it was nothing, she saw, but a mended lamp chimney; the great swan, putty and paint. The wind didn't really blow; that was only a trick of her painting, a thing anybody'd see through.

She set the vase away in the pantry again. She looked up at it there on the top shelf and wondered how it could have been, for a half hour, not only a place of stillness for her, beautiful and far away, but a setting forth somehow of all the bliss and eagerness she had felt before sunup, listening to the beginning bird songs and seeing the children's faces.

It was a long time before she touched it again. The children's faces she had seen upstairs were real faces, and their voices and needs were real—not only May mornings and winter evenings, but all the hours between. The house she trimmed and softened as she had planned that morning, so that now she would often rise from her chair, open a door and surprise herself anew with a room which awaited her, as far from bareness as a grafted tree in full bearing is from a seedling.

She often thought of the vase, but there had never come another moment like that of the first summer morning—and time, for her, was always short. Still, she planned to finish it, set the second swan in place beside the first. There were days when its incompletion troubled her mind, gave her the feeling that she had turned away from something more than a painted lamp chimney; that all the children, Jess, the house, her church even, were not reason enough for having neglected it; that it was more to her than she understood.

In spite of this, the vase waited, unfinished, for years. Then in November, after little Sarah's death, she had taken it from its shelf late one afternoon and with chair pushed close to the sitting-room fire had set about painting the second swan, a companion for the first. It was a miserable day; there had been rain in the morning, but after dinner the air had sharpened and snow had begun to fall, not briskly, so that her thoughts were of sleigh rides or the boys fighting snow battles, but listlessly, so that her mind turned toward the year's end and little Sarah's grave. She had passed from the first period of grief, when her arms had known the loss of her child as sharply as if a portion of her own flesh had been cut away, and she was able to say "God's will be done." Still, she was left with a great heaviness and it was strange, even to her, that this had seemed the hour to finish the vase.

If little Sarah had been alive she would have stood by her side, watching her brush strokes, saying, "Is thee making a bird, mother?"; and outlining the curving breast of the second swan, she thought, *I can never lose her*. She remembered the morning she had started her work, all that joy and vision of joy, as if the whole of life would be nothing but delight, nothing but smoothness with never a setback. How different this was: no vision, never misdoubting that there were sorrows ahead; but somehow a tranquil satisfaction in seeing the second swan, the companion for which the first had waited so many years, take shape, and in believing, once again, that it was a real wind which moved the frayed clouds across the summer sky.

The second swan was never finished, though. It remained a shadow, an outline. As she had begun to touch it with whiteness, Jess, bareheaded, hands and hair wet with melting snow, came in.

"Eliza," he cried, "it is more than I can bear."

She had set her brush aside and said, "What is it, Jess?" though she knew.

"Sarah's grave," Jess said. "Under the snow. She loved the snow so. Thee knows how she loved it, Eliza."

Then he did a thing he had never done, before or since: he dropped on his knees and, laying his head, the red hair darkened with melting snow, on her lap, had cried, not quietly, for Jess was not a quiet man.

"Eliza," he asked, "has thee forgotten that the first words Sarah ever spoke were about the snow?" He lifted his head from her lap and looked toward the windows. "There she stood," he said, "clapping her little hands and crying, 'Pretty flowers, pretty flowers.'"

Eliza had not forgotten. The words had been in her mind all afternoon. "No, Jess," she said. "I haven't forgotten."

"How can thee be playing, then?" Jess cried. "Playing with thy paints? And Sarah's grave there under the snow?"

Eliza smoothed the damp hair. "I haven't forgotten God, either, Jess," she said.

After a time Jess had grown calm, had warmed himself at the fire and gone out to finish his evening's feeding. Then Eliza had set the vase, unfinished as it was, one swan but the dream of a swan, gray and shadowy and without plumage, on the shelf of the secretary. *Let it stand there*, she thought. It was, perhaps, the best she would ever be able to do, and she was content that it should have its place among the other things she treasured—reminding her of so much: the dream before sunup, and much besides that, never dreamed of, had come since that morning.

The rain was still pelting down and Jess had forgotten the vase. "Eliza," he said, going back to his old idea, "not only seasons, but places, I'll venture, could be told from the sound of the rain. The jungle," he said, fired with the thought of so much rain and so much geography, "how'd it sound there? Or on a mountain peak, how'd it sound falling on bare rocks? Or on the sea? Water spanking down on water? Well, here we are," he subsided. "Stuck. We'll never know."

But Eliza didn't feel stuck. She felt at home.

Jess peered out the window. He reconciled himself to rain in Indiana. "Got to make a run for it," he said. "Cows bawling their heads off."

He clasped Eliza to him before he went out, as warmly as if bound—as in his mind no doubt he was—on a journey, and Eliza felt between his clasping arms and herself the vase, which she still held, separating them. And yet, she supposed, seen in another way, it was a link.

After he left, she set it back in the secretary—but she could still feel the pressure of its fluted rim against her breast as she moved about the kitchen, busy with her evening work.

Homelike Hospitality

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

Here is the guest room,
Flounced and rosy—
Really our best room.
Isn't it cozy?
Trimly furnished, a place that sings,
And so convenient for storing things.

See, for example,
The chest, the table.
The drawers are ample,
The shelves are stable.
Of course, since lately we keep our sewing here,
All of them brim till they're overflowing here.

Observe the closet
(Though rather full now
With rich deposit
Of winter wool now.)
And there's the bath, if you care to glance in.
The tub's so nice to anoint my plants in.

Yes, here's the chamber we've furnished for
The sole delight of a visitor,
Where father reckons his business gains up,
Where junior sets his electric trains up,
Where tennis rackets repose, and sweaters,
Photographs, hats, unanswered letters,
Sneakers, shades that we lack a lamp for,
Paper parcels that smell of camphor,
Wraps, galoshes, the gauze for bruises,
And books the library shelf refuses.

This is our spare room,
Mad with chintz,
A blithe, a fair room,
Fit for a prince,
So what a shame
That if someone came
With bag and valise
For a night of peace,
In spite of comforts the room is blessed in,
There's not one inch we could squeeze a guest in.



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Learn about Hair-dos

from the girls who know

Here's DORIAN LEIGH, one of New York's most glamorous fashion models, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl." On this page she shows you what just a hair-do can do to change your personality!

(*Above*) THE SMOOTH, SOPHISTICATED LOOK! Smart, new one-braid arrangement. All hair is combed up, but over to one side, then tied securely with ribbon. To braid, divide hair into two sections, use ribbon as third section. (Ribbon three inches wide.) Small bow conceals end of braid. For that lovely, shining-smooth look, Dorian always uses Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE DEMURE, DISARMING LOOK! For this beguiling effect, Dorian uses an Alice-in-Wonderland comb to push all her front hair straight back from her face. Ends of front hair blend in with back hair. Not a wave or curl, except for the smoothly turned-under ends. Drene with Hair Conditioning action deserves the credit for that gleaming smoothness. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

THE DASHING, DARING LOOK! Fro Paris—through Drene's Paris co respondent—comes the idea for th stunning casual arrangement! A hair is combed sleekly to one side– straight across back (held wit combs at far side) and straig across top. Dorian's hair was fir washed in Drene Shampoo wit Hair Conditioning action. No oth shampoo leaves your hair s lustrous, yet so easy to manag



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HOW FRANCE LIVES



PHOTO BY THERESE BONNEY

Marguerite and Pierre Schneiter holding two of their children born since the war began: One-year-old Vincent (left), and Bertrand, 2½. Anne, 5, stands with older boys, Jean-Louis, 12, and Denis, 10, who have suffered most from family's "near starvation" diet for the past five years.

MEET A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND, PIERRE SCHNEITER, AND HIS FAMILY, OF REIMS

By Sonia Tomara

WHEN JOURNAL editors went to lunch at the home of Pierre Schneiter in Reims, the meal consisted of an onion pie, its crust of dry baked farina and water, potato-and-carrot stew, an apple and a small piece of cheese. There was no coffee and nothing sweet. No fats were used, and there was no milk or meat. American visitors ate in their overcoats. The Schneiters, used to being cold, wore sweaters.

Jean-Louis, twelve, and Denis, ten, oldest of the five children, waited on the table with quiet dignity. Both were thin and pale, with shadows under their sunken eyes. For lack of shoes, they wore the wooden-soled clogs that will always echo in the memory of those who saw this war in France. Both are always hungry, their mother says. Their diet, lacking meats, fats and sugar, leaves them anemic and nervous and they tire quickly. They cannot concentrate on their studies, and many schools have discontinued sports and games because malnourished children have no energy for hard play.

Pierre Schneiter, the father, has not only his own family to worry about. As subprefect of Reims, the highest official in that city, he has had the responsibility



These thirteen hostages, including two women, were machine-gunned by the Germans the night before the Americans reached Reims. One of them is André Schneiter, 26-year-old brother of Pierre. The Germans never learned his identity, shot him anyway. They killed some 50,000 French hostages, but failed to halt sabotage. For his courageous work in the underground, André's funeral was held at Reims Cathedral (pictured at right) with honor guard of FFI. In Reims and its cathedral kings of France were crowned during a thousand years of history.

Schoolteachers, young boy

the French resistance. T

of 115,000 cold and hungry human beings since the liberation. This population has been swelled by 3000 French refugees from the Channel coast and by some 15,000 displaced Russians, Poles, Jugoslavs and other destitute peoples.

Reims, a hundred miles northeast of Paris and the center of the vineyard country, has wine but depends on transportation for most of its food—all of its wheat, butter and meat. Before the war, it used to get 5800 railroad cars of goods a month. Most of these were smashed by bombings or taken by the invading armies. Last January, with transportation concentrated on bringing up supplies for the Allied armies, only 337 loaded boxcars came into Reims. And there were not enough vehicles or gasoline to distribute properly even this meager supply.

"If only I had three hundred trucks," worries Pierre, "I could do miracles."

DURING the past winter—the coldest France can remember—the city was almost without fuel because of Allied bombings of railroad bridges and tracks to the north in the coal country. One sack of coal (twenty-five pounds) often had to last a family a whole winter. Then women and children took little carts, wheelbarrows, even baby buggies and pushed them to the nearest woods to get fuel. Many women whose husbands were prisoners or deportees walked as much as thirty miles each week end bringing back enough wood to cook one hot meal a day, at the same time often providing the only heat the family knew. Some families burned cardboard boxes begged from American soldiers. Many children and old people died in their beds of cold.

Pierre Schneiter was chosen subprefect of Reims by the provisional government because of his part in the resistance. He does not look at all like the popular conception of a reckless and daring *saboteur*. At thirty-seven, he is completely gray—a quiet, slender man with a thin face all in profile. Before the war he was a highly respected member of the *bourgeoisie*, or middle class, whose business was selling grapes to champagne manufacturers. He sincerely discounts his work in the underground:

"I was not a hero. The risks I took were not great. My brother played the dangerous role."

His younger brother André was shot by the Germans the night before the liberation of Reims. Pierre belonged to the same "cell" of ten members of the resistance group. Of that cell, four are now alive, three were shot by the Germans, three were deported—whether they were dead or alive was unknown at time of this writing.

"Our family was not an exception," adds Pierre. "You will find thousands of families like ours in France. There is scarcely a home without some tragedy."

Because this is true, and because the Schneiters are representative of thousands of families in France, the JOURNAL has chosen to tell their story to show its readers what life has been like in France during the war and since liberation. The Schneiters, with five children, are quite a large family for France. Pierre and his wife Marguerite first met when they acted together in an amateur show. She is slender, well-built, and fair-haired like all the children. Behind her black horn-rimmed glasses, her eyes are very direct and gray. Like all Frenchwomen, she can run a house, market, cook and sew supremely well. Like them, she can make something out of little. Her good-looking black winter coat is trimmed with the last remains of a caracul coat her husband gave her before the war. With five young children and no household help, she has no time to follow fashions, however. Her hat is not the monumental turbanlike affair many Parisian women wear, but a brown brimmed felt, and her black platform shoes have wooden soles.

Their twelve-room house, rebuilt after the bombings of the last war, belonged to Pierre's parents. On the ground floor are a large light living room, a library, a drawing room overlooking a little garden, a kitchen and an office. There are four bedrooms upstairs, and on the third floor a guest room and two rooms for servants.

After Pierre's father died from the results of gas poisoning at Verdun in the last war, the two brothers took over his business of buying grapes from farmers and selling them to champagne manufacturers. Before the Germans invaded France, Pierre was earning 70,000 francs a year (about $2000) and had a little income from his family besides. At that time, life was far cheaper in France than in America, and the Schneiters could afford two servants, a car and trips to the sea every summer and to the mountains for skiing in the winter. As subprefect of Reims, Pierre now has an income two and a half times larger, but they are much worse off. Food costs six times more than in 1938, although they never buy from the black market. All other necessities are relatively high.

THE Schneiters have three meals a day—at least, they eat three times a day. Their breakfast consists of "ersatz" coffee made of toasted barley or oats, with milk and a little sugar, and brown bread smeared with applesauce. At the midday luncheon, they might have an onion pie, a cabbage-and-carrot stew and raw apples. A vegetable soup and potatoes with gravy will be served at dinner. The children get their *goûter* of milk and bread at four P.M., when Jean-Louis and Denis come home from Catholic school.

"They are always hungry, always ready to eat," their mother says, "and it is so distressing not to have anything sweet or nourishing to give them. Our great day is Sunday, though. We usually get our meat ration on Saturday and then I can make *pot-au-feu*, the traditional French soup with meat, potatoes, onions and other vege-





"I was not a hero," Pierre insists, but patriots elected him subprefect (chief official) of Reims for his part in the resistance. His job was concealing weapons parachuted by the English. Above: The day of triumph. Pierre (in civilian dress) reviews French Forces of the Interior which helped liberate Reims on August 30, 1944.



Before the citizens of Reims, Pierre pays homage to the brave victims of the resistance. From this city of 115,000 (the size of Cambridge, Mass.), 5000 persons spent war in Germany's monstrous labor and prison camps. In Reims' schoolhouse, General Eisenhower exacted final German surrender and Europe's liberation.

inessmen, workmen—the core of

rmans shot 125,000 of them.

tables. Sometimes we are lucky enough to get some lard from a friend in the country. It is so hard to cook without any fats. The food is always boiled or stewed, and it tastes so flat." Their meat ration, which they don't always get, is a little over a pound a month for the whole family.

The worst food months were from January to August, 1944, when most of the people of Reims got eight hundred calories a day, half as much as the amount required to maintain life at the "famine" level. Babies and pregnant mothers got extra rations and milk, which accounts for the relative plumpness of the three Schneiter children under six—Anne, Bertrand and Vincent. The milk was not pasteurized, however, and in 1943 forty thousand French babies died before they were a year old.

The two oldest Schneiter children, who fall in the six-to-thirteen age group of the food-rationing plan, got only half the proteins and fats they needed, and show serious vitamin deficiencies. Jean-Louis, not strong, "decalcified," should go to the hills. Denis, pale and pensive, has been sick. "We have little to eat, but we still have something to drink," shrugs



Mme. Schneiter buys food not in pounds but ounces. Last year, Reims folk ate 800 calories daily, only one half the "famine" quota.



One month's ration of cheese and meat for one of Schneiters. Meat goes into soup for Sunday treat. There is no fat for frying.

TOS BY THERESE BONNEY



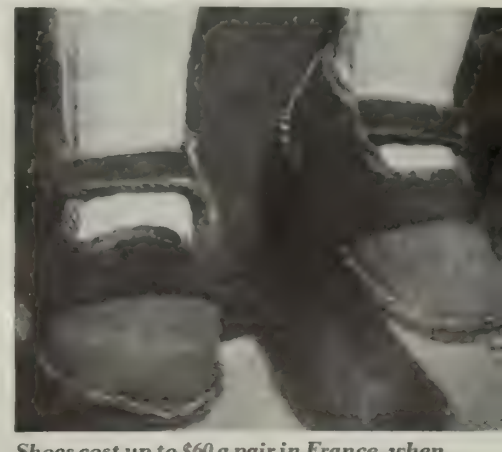
r these rocks and garden wall, n-Louis (left) and Denis watched father escape from the Gestapo



There are no cars, busses or taxis in Reims. Here Pierre tinkers with family's four decrepit bicycles, their only means of transport.



Marguerite visits grief-stricken widow and family of patriot who worked with Pierre in the resistance. Germans slit his throat.



Shoes cost up to $60 a pair in France, when you can find them. Mme. Schneiter made these from an old rug and a brown felt hat.



Lack of soap spread impetigo among the ten children of this bombed-out Reims family. The doctor has no medicine to cure them. All they have to burn in the stove is cardboard.

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE SUFFER IN MIND AND BODY



Barefoot Reims children walk 20 miles a day searching for firewood. Many are tubercular, stunted from hunger. Child (below) in hospital waits for supper of thin potato soup.



Pierre. "The Germans were fond of champagne. They demanded a yearly supply of three hundred and sixty thousand bottles of the best brands and vintages. But the Reims people fooled them. They got the worst, as they were no connoisseurs."

Pierre and Marguerite showed us their cellar, once stocked with coal, ham, lard, preserves, pickles and vegetables, now empty of everything save potatoes, a pile of carrots, a little firewood, and rows of shelves ironically stocked with fine champagnes.

"Our coal supply lasted two weeks this year," says Marguerite. "We had to get a small wood stove, and huddle around it for warmth while we cooked."

Another great problem in Marguerite Schneiter's life is clothes for her children. Points are not issued in France as regularly or as strictly as they are in England. She must stand in line at the city hall to prove that she needs clothes, and she may or may not be given some points. Average number issued a year is about forty a person. A pair of pajamas takes thirty points.

So with great ingenuity Mme. Schneiter has cut down and made over old clothes. Luckily, nothing is ever thrown away in a French household. She solved the shoe problem by making sneakers for the children out of an old rug, an automobile-engine cover and a brown felt hat.

The subprefect spends all his evenings at home. "We never play cards. We talk. There is so much to talk about. For four years we had to keep silent." When friends come for dinner, they open a bottle of fine champagne and drink it with their dinner of potatoes and apples. Neither cares much for the movies, and they have gone only three times since the liberation. They took the children to see Snow White.

Because he is so deeply attached to his family, Pierre had a hard struggle with his conscience before he joined the resistance. He might be arrested, tortured, shot. What would then happen to Marguerite and the children?

At first, in the dark months of 1940 after the fall of France, he believed, like so many Frenchmen, that the Allies' cause was hopeless. "But my brother André never believed in a German victory. He kept saying that the Boche would collapse in turn in a few months. By the end of 1941, I began to believe him."

Great Britain had not fallen, as Pierre feared. The besieged Russians still held Moscow and Leningrad. The United States was not yet in the war, but the might of her arms was slowly beginning to bring the Nazis to heel.

The night in early December, 1941, when Pierre made his decision to join the resistance, his heart was anguished. Marguerite was expecting their fourth child. Was his decision fair to her? Although he yearned for her advice he told her nothing. If he were caught, at least she would be innocent before the Gestapo.

At first Pierre, André and the other eight members of the resistance cell groped in the dark, not knowing what to do. They met in a bank office, in deserted streets, at one another's homes. Later they contacted a colonel who was in touch with London and General de Gaulle. The colonel had under him seven groups of ten men. For security reasons, one from each group knew him, but not the others.

Schneiter's men were assigned to receiving parachuted arms from England. They went out into the country in turns hunting for suitable parachute grounds and for trustworthy farmers who would hide the weapons in their barns.

For a while the Germans suspected nothing. Soon they started watching André.

"The farmers who were given arms talked too much," explains Pierre. "The Boche had spies everywhere. André was not married and, with no family to consider, gave himself entirely to the underground. He abandoned his business. He was constantly in the field."

Not all Hitler's victims in France carried guns. A millio



This site of a German V-bomb factory near Reims is typical of devastated French countryside. With no place to go, families still live in the ruins.

In the fall of 1943, a driver who had taken André out into the country was captured and tortured. The Gestapo rang André's doorbell one chill dawn the following December. His mother looked out the window just in time to warn him.

"When the Germans came upstairs a few minutes later, André was gone over the roof with an overcoat over his pajamas," relates Pierre. "They did not get him that time, but they got me an hour later."

Pierre was held in jail a month. They did not torture him, but questioned him incessantly about André. Marguerite stood in line for hours to bring him food, although she was expecting her child any day. When he was finally released, he told her everything. He piled steppingstones against the rear garden wall for a quick getaway the next time, for he had no intention of quitting his dangerous work.

D Day was now approaching. At first the cell was told the Allies would land on March fifteenth. Bombers flew over Champagne constantly, and between five and six hundred Allied fliers passed through the region of Reims. It was the job of the Frenchwomen to hide them until they could be sent across the Spanish border. Some of them hid five to eight fliers in their homes at one time. One woman escorted an American boy to confession and communion during Holy Week. Some fliers were even taken to the movies. One unguarded exclamation in English, a giveaway such as a stick of American chewing gum, would have betrayed them and their benefactors to instant death.

On D Day, June 6, 1944, the Germans came for Pierre again, but he fled over the back wall into the country. Two days later the Gestapo trapped André. The night before the advancing Americans reached Reims, they took him and twelve others out into a woods and killed them with a machine gun. One of them, left dying, told the story of the execution.

The memory of the brave André, who was twenty-six when he died, is a painful and ever-present one in the Schneiter household.

"It was André the resistance wanted to be subprefect of Reims," explains Pierre. "When he was killed, I was chosen to take his place." As soon as the job of rebuilding Reims is over, Pierre plans to return to his business and his family.

The past few years have taxed his strength and nerves severely. Last winter he stood by helplessly while babies froze in their cribs, and diphtheria, meningitis and tuberculosis took a terrible toll of children's lives. This year he hopes will bring the food to make his four sons and all the youngsters of France sturdy again. Once the railroads and bridges have been repaired, and new locomotives and cars arrive from America, food can once more be distributed throughout the country and the lifeblood will flow again in the people of France, bringing them the energy and courage to rebuild their lives.

ore baby clothes, died of hunger.

PHOTOS BY
THERESE BONNEY

WOMEN AND PEACE

By Beatrice Blackmar Gould

ON these pages is the story of one French family and what the war years have meant to them. The Pierre Schneiter family, of Reims, is in a sense typical, although they are more fortunate than millions—their house has not been bombed, no father or son has been killed or maimed or has endured imprisonments.

Jean-Louis and Denis, 12 and 10, in their apathy and listlessness, represent millions of children in France, in Holland, in Greece, in Italy, in the world; children half sick, prey to tuberculosis, unable to study well, unable to play vigorously. These are the children who, twenty-five years from now, will be making the new world, with our children. These are the ones who will be deciding, by their friendliness toward us or their resentment, whether there is to be another war, in which American children might conceivably take their turn at starving; or they will be supporting with us a wise dynamic program for peace.

Apathy, disillusionment, despair do not provide an atmosphere conducive to peace. "A chaotic and hungry Europe is not fertile ground in which stable democratic and friendly governments can be reared," reported the mission sent abroad from Washington to determine the needs of liberated countries. "The responsibility for providing a substantial share of most civilian supplies will rest on the United States. . . . Since supplies to liberated countries will cut into the ration of the American consumer, a widespread official and public campaign should be undertaken to inform the American people of the gravity of the needs of our Allies in liberated Europe."

JOURNAL editors, flying 15,000 miles in a few short weeks—pausing in Iceland, Greenland, England, France, Belgium, touching Germany, coming back through Italy, Greece, North Africa, Dakar and South America—realized again keenly the war's most urgent lesson: this is not only one world, but with Europe we are one community; the Atlantic is our back-yard fence—over it we look into the lives of our neighbors.

Strict food rationing, probably for at least a year, accepted cheerfully and fairly, without scrounging, is the first duty of American women. If we do not share our food and other supplies generously, if we do not help to heal the scars and restore the shattered bodies of our neighbors across the sea, we will not take even the first step toward that peace which we so greatly desire.

For peace is not simply the end of war, and a mere cessation of hostilities cannot bring us peace.

Peace is something more dynamic than that. It must be created slowly, carefully, with patience, effort and sacrifice, with our minds and our good will, as any good society is created.

In a simpler, more familiar human relationship—marriage—we know that no vows or laws can bind people for forty years into a safe marriage; marriage must be made again with good will each day. So no Dumbarton Oaks charter, however wise its provisions, can constrain the world into peace. No generous gift of food or material resources can bind Europe to us in gratitude—any more than a diamond bracelet can purchase lasting love. A good marriage cannot exist without day-by-day kindness, consideration, generosity and regard for the other's interest. Complete subordination of one's own interest, one's rights as an individual (or country) is as bad for a healthy marriage as a too selfish insistence on one's rights. Peace, like marriage, must be flexible, adaptable to new circumstances, but essentially generous, tolerant and kind.

Walter Lippmann recently concluded an article on United States Claims and the Atlantic Charter with these words: "Let us not then, as champions of international morality, forget that the first rule of morals is the golden rule, and let us not, as so many of us so often do, judge ourselves more generously than we do our Allies and our comrades in arms."

Women can make a true contribution to preserving peace. They should not be overoptimistic, but they should never lose heart about the great part they *(Continued on Page 102)*



WHAT THE WOMEN OF FRANCE THINK

FOR the first time, women in France have the right to vote in national and local elections. Their opinions, expressed at the polls, may be expected to be an important factor in shaping the future of their country. Moreover, in France as in other European countries, women have been personally involved in this war as they have never been in any other—their homes often in direct line of danger from the skies or from attack on the ground, their families exposed to hardships and insecurity.

Since it is true that women—even more than men—must be concerned with the problems of re-establishing peacetime standards of home life, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has conducted a survey, through the French Institute of Public Opinion, affiliate of America's Gallup Poll, to find out what are the views of Frenchwomen on questions of the rehabilitation of their country, particularly in regard to the health and welfare of children and the family as a unit.

Frenchwomen were asked: ***"Has the health of any member of your family been seriously affected by food restrictions since the beginning of the war?"***

In two out of every three homes in France the answer was "Yes": 63 per cent of the women said that some member of their families had suffered seriously because of the food shortage. But in Paris the figure was even higher; here—in contrast to the rural, food-producing areas—75 per cent of the women said there had been suffering in their homes because of a lack of food. Children and old people are the principal victims (42 per cent said "Children"; 41 per cent said "Old people").

That privations have not been limited to food alone is shown by answers to the next question: ***"What will be your greatest personal need after the war?"***

Almost half of the women (49 per cent) said their first need is for clothing—22 per cent said specifically "Shoes"; 21 per cent (chiefly Parisians) consider the most pressing need is for food; 20 per cent for household linens; 15 per cent for drugs, tools, and so on; 4 per cent stated that their chief need is for furniture. Only 2 per cent put books and travel first among their postwar requirements. (Some of the women listed more than one urgent necessity in answering this question.)

IT is the younger women (presumably trying to set up homes once more and draw their families together) who stress the need for furniture, linen and other household supplies. Younger women, too, admitted a longing for "amusements." Many Frenchwomen seem to have suffered from the impossibility of travel and look forward to the return of the automobile and gasoline. Some yearn for the sight of the ocean. Others said that what they want most of all is to take up once more the work or profession for which they have been trained: for instance, an artist said her greatest hope was to be able to secure materials with which to paint. Others, acutely conscious of their intellectual exile from the rest of the world, want books and magazines from other countries.

During the long and painful occupation of France by the German army, the majority of Frenchwomen (58 per cent) were able to avoid any personal contact with the invaders. In Paris as many as 67 per cent said they had managed to avoid the Germans. The women were asked: ***"If you have had any personal contact with German officers or soldiers, have you found them to be obnoxious, indifferent, uncivil, civil or pleasant?"***

Aside from the 58 per cent who answered that they had had no contact with the invaders, 16 per cent found the Germans to be obnoxious, 15 per cent characterized them as indifferent, and 4 per cent called them uncivil. A dissenting minority—4 per cent—said the Germans were civil, and 3 per cent found them pleasant. Most of the women who called them "indifferent" were either peasants or shopkeepers.

Frenchwomen are unanimous, however, in demanding that the German nation shall pay severe penalties for causing this war: 94 per cent of the women said "Yes" to the question, ***"Should Germany be occupied by the Allied armies?"***

Asked how long the occupation of Germany should last, the women's replies varied from the 21 per cent who said "From ten to twenty-five years," to a bitterly vengeful minority (4 per cent) who said "Forever." Here is the report:

	PER CENT
From 10 to 25 years	21
Five years at the utmost	20
Ten years at the utmost	18
From 25 to 50 years	12
Forever	4

Three fourths of all Frenchwomen (76 per cent) would like to see Germany dismembered. More than half (59 per cent) said that a part of the German population should be deported. Those who were singled out, in particular, for exile were members of the Nazi party, Prussians, young Germans and military leaders. A majority of the Frenchwomen would like to see these exiles sent to Russia.

SOME of the women think the deported Germans should be made to work at rebuilding areas of Europe which they have devastated. The majority, however, said flatly that the deportees should be obliged to undergo the privations of inhospitable exile and forced to spend their days at some painful and humiliating occupation. As the women see it, the purpose of reprisals is twofold: to punish Germany for bringing on the war, and to cripple Germany so that never again will that nation be able to throw the entire world into conflict.

Just as decisively, the Frenchwomen spoke up in favor of compulsory military training for all young men of the country: 84 per cent said "Yes" to the question, ***"Should France maintain compulsory military training after this war?"*** Only 9 per cent did not agree. There was greater disagreement over how long a period this training should cover: 31 per cent said two years, 30 per cent said one year, 9 per cent thought eighteen months would be better; 5 per cent would lengthen compulsory military service to "over two years."

Frenchwomen who have lived through six years of war, of military occupation and guerrilla resistance put their hopes for a peaceful future, first, on a disarmed and weakened Germany and, second, on a powerful French army.

The women appear to be less sure about diplomatic measures to insure peace for the world. However, 61 per cent said they favored a "strong international organization of the Allies" as a means to avoid another war; 12 per cent were opposed to such an international organization; 27 per cent said they could not give an opinion.

Forty-seven per cent of the women think a Franco-Anglo-American alliance is the best means to guarantee future peace for France. A slightly larger number (50 per cent) put their trust in a Franco-Russian alliance. Only 35 per cent believe that the best hope for future security is in a United States of Europe.

Wartime conditions have affected not only the physical health of the French people, but also the mental resources of the nation. The general opinion among the women is that rehabilitation will be arduous and long-drawn-out. They were asked, ***"Do you think that the sufferings imposed upon France have seriously impaired its mental health, or do you think they have strengthened it?"***

Only a minority of 17 per cent answered that war's hardships have been a strengthening influence. Three to one, the majority of the women (55 per cent) shook their heads, declaring that rehabilitation will be slow and difficult.

Some women, thinking of the physical condition of the country, believe that rehabilitation depends largely on help given to France by the Allies. It should be noted that other women, on the basis of their deep religious faith, believe that morale has not suffered because of the war. In this respect, sociological statistics deserve attention. Admittedly France can resume her place among the great nations of the world only provided her ratio of population can compare favorably with that of other nations. So the women were asked: ***"In your opinion, how many children should there be in a family?"***

The largest number (38 per cent) said "Three." Only 2 per cent said "One." However, it appears that two children are still preferred to four. Here is the complete report:

	PER CENT
Three children	38
Two children	28
Four children	17
More than four	6
One child	2
None	3
Don't know	6

On the whole, Frenchwomen are not so emphatic as men in their views on political subjects. A direct question about their political opinions did not yield very indicative results. Nevertheless, Frenchwomen will be obliged to become actively concerned about such questions, since they are now called upon to vote. (Women are serving as mayors in several of the boroughs of Paris as well as in the provinces. They are also, for the first time, sitting on juries.) It can be assumed that, in deciding political issues, these women will be considerably influenced by their environment. Therefore this question was asked: ***"Do you think your husband's political views have tended toward the left or the right during the past few months?"***

TWENTY-NINE per cent said "No change"; 20 per cent said "To the left"; 3 per cent said "To the right"; 11 per cent replied that they did not know.

More revealing, perhaps, were the answers when they were asked, ***"What is the general tendency of people around you?"*** Nearly half of the women (44 per cent) said, "To the left"; 8 per cent said "To the right"; 22 per cent said "No change"; and 26 per cent said they did not know.

That the U. S. Army has played an important part in the liberation of France is clearly understood by all its citizens. In general, the conduct of the G.I.'s seems to have created a favorable impression, although there are exceptions. The women were asked: ***"What is your personal opinion of the behavior of the U. S. soldiers in France?"***

Fifty-five per cent answered, "Generally good"; 8 per cent said "Always good"; 15 per cent said "Rarely good"; and 2 per cent said "Never good." Others—20 per cent—said they had no opinion.

It is the young women who were most critical of the American soldiers. Of those who said the G.I.'s conduct was not good, 39 per cent were under thirty-five years of age. However, 27 per cent of women over sixty-five expressed the same opinion. Many women said that the U. S. soldiers were "too daring," and that they seemed to have an unflattering opinion of Frenchwomen. Others said merely that they "behaved like soldiers."

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twenty-six when I left, and just getting to the point where I could afford to think about getting married.

I spent as much time as I could with Bett, but she had a routine that had gone on over three years and she wasn't so free as I was. There was very little in the way of diversion, these days; we could drive around, because my mother and father had been hoarding their gas coupons for me, and we could go to the movies. We did both, and we were silent a lot more than we talked. I didn't mind—just being near her was enough for me—but there were times when it seemed to me that we lived in separate silences. And that scared me.

The third time I saw her—at the river again, one afternoon—she brought up the subject I didn't want to talk about yet. I knew she'd been thinking a lot about it because she overdid the offhand approach.

"When are you going to start practicing again, Bill?"

I produced a grin and counterattacked. "When are you going to marry me, Bett?"

"Doesn't the second answer depend on the first one?" She wasn't smiling with me; she was serious and worried. I looked at her a long time.

"Does it?" I said. "I didn't realize that. I've got a lot of money saved, Bett; where I've been there wasn't anything to spend it for." Except poker, and I'm a darned good poker player.

"But you ought to start getting established first, darling."

"Before John sews up the whole town?" I hadn't meant to say it aloud. I didn't even know I'd done it until I saw her face change.

"That's rotten!" Her voice was low and shaken. "John couldn't help it if they wouldn't take him."

The cold feeling in my stomach was something I had hoped never to know again. "Of course he couldn't. It *was* rotten, and I apologize." I plodded on. "Having you, Bett, would give me a bigger incentive to go back to work. Maybe I wouldn't feel so—tired."

It brought her to me in a rush, when I hadn't really meant to take that sort of advantage. "Sweetheart, I'm sorry I even mentioned it. Of course you need to rest and not worry about things."

"I sort of hoped"—my voice sounded flat, even to me—"that we might get married and go to some quiet place and just—love each other awhile."

She kissed me, too gently. "We couldn't do that, Bill. It's wonderful that you've saved some money, but you'll need it while you're getting started again."

Not "we," but "you." I had to prove myself before she would marry me, and right now I couldn't have proved that two and two make four. I let it drop and grasped another thorn. "By the way, honey, what about the dance next week? Would you—go with me?" A one-armed man at a dance. But I had to ask her; it was something I had to live with and get used to.

She didn't answer right away and she didn't look at me. "John Edwards asked me, Bill, a month ago. Before we—before I knew you'd be home. I could break the date, though." Her voice had no finality; she was offering me her sacrifice without conviction. And she had started to use "we" when she spoke of him.

"Of course not," I said. "I just wanted to be sure you got there." Then I braced myself. "Does John know we're engaged?"

Once more the silence stretched too tight. "It's—so indefinite, Bill. Your being in a position to marry. I——" Her voice thinned out to nothing.

"I see." The words didn't belong to me; they were too steady and controlled. "Under the circumstances, it was dumb of me—conceited, maybe—to expect it."

Her lashes were pointed with tears. "Oh, Bill, I do love you!"

"Sure you do, honey." I started the car.

When Bett was busy I took to falling back on Connie. Habit, association of ideas, the other Shelby girl: it could have been any of those. Actually it was none of them. Connie was as comfortable as a pair of house slippers and I could say anything under the sun to her. I didn't often say it, but I felt quieter and more relaxed just from knowing I could. And Connie, thank heaven, could say anything to me. She never had an inhibition in her life.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Day in the Country

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

Picnicking in the country for the day,
She and the little boy alone together,
She found the time she never seemed to tether
For listening to what he had to say.
And as he prattled, hearing all he said,
Swiftly in her a kind of wonder grew,
Not at his age, or thoughts, or words he knew,
But that she had not put them in his head.

It was more than the world through childish eyes:
Respect for worms and buttercups and toads,
Or cloud boats blithely sailing seas of skies—
All surely found adulthood by these roads;
The marvel was that this day she had been shown
Her child not in her image, but in his own.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We went to movies, too—roughhouse stuff full of ridin' and shootin'—and munched peanuts with the rest of the roughnecks. When spring came without warning one day, the way it does in Alabama, we sprawled on the grass behind her house and talked lazily about things like going fishing.

"I guess that's one I'll have to pass up," I said.

She rolled over on her side and looked at me. "Aren't you going to get one of those artificial arms? I read about 'em the other day and you can learn to do anything with 'em. I'll bet you could even reel in a line."

I'd thought about it since the day they told me how it was going to be. And I'd wondered whether an artificial arm might not be more painful to Bett than no arm at all. The thing that surprised me was Connie's having read about them.

"I don't know," I said. "Would a woman find it a little—gruesome?"

She lay on her back and made an inelegant sound with her lips. "He wants to look romantic and pathetic," she told the new leaves above us. "He'd rather sit on the side lines and make like Cinderella."

"Oh, nuts." I rolled her over and smacked her where it would make the most impression. "I'm serious."

She sat up and glared at me. "You think I'm not? And don't do that again, by the way. I'm a big girl now."

She was, and I kept forgetting it. We looked at each other a long time and I saw the beautiful lines of her body and the clear wisdom of her eyes. Connie knew things that Bett would never discover; she looked at life and didn't turn her face from what she saw. If a man could just have Bett, with Connie's courage —— But no mortal has a right to ask so much.

"That reminds me. Would you go to the club dance with me Saturday night, since you're such a big girl? Your sister has a previous engagement. I thought I'd explain so you wouldn't get any cockier than you are already."

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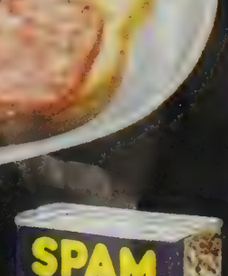
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Connie's face was like stone for a minute, and I thought it was my frankness that had made her so angry. Then she smiled and I wondered if I'd imagined it. "Thank you so much, major. Nobody could turn down such a graceful invitation."

Maybe it was better this way. Once more I could practice on Connie, and if the experiment was too painful I would have saved Bett a lot of unhappiness. Besides, I'd be able to see Bett and John Edwards together.

It was like that for the five days before the dance: Bett, when I could see her; Connie, when I couldn't. Connie and I talked and argued and quarreled; Bett and I kissed each other, said very little and were acutely miserable. I thought a lot about offering to step out of the picture and ease the situation, but Bett was too precious to me. Besides, I could have sworn she loved me. She never refused my kisses; at times she held me with a kind of desperation. I decided to leave it this way until the dance, which ought to clear up a lot of things. When I saw how Bett reacted to me among a lot of people, and in John's presence, I'd know how much she did or didn't want me.

It felt funny to put on dinner clothes again. Mother stayed over the horizon and tried not to flutter; dad came in when it was time for the studs and collar buttons and tie. They're grand people and their attitude was a blend of Connie's and Bett's. But they were learning. If Bett turned me down finally, they'd stand by to help me pick up the pieces.

When it was over and I was done and garnished to a turn, they stepped back and smiled without a sign of a lurking tear.

"The suit fits perfectly," mother said.

"Yeah." With one exception I thought the effect was pretty fair. "I put on a lot of weight and lost it just in time to make use of my old clothes. Efficient."

"Very." Dad watched me rearrange the handkerchief in my breast pocket and didn't offer to help me. He grinned briefly, one man to another. "I don't know who you're favoring tonight, but—luck to you."

"Thanks," I said. "It's Connie. See you later."

As I went out, it occurred to me that they had looked surprised at the mention of Connie, but not especially desolated. I didn't pay much attention; I drove off to test my luck.

By mutual agreement, Connie and I were going to be late. I think we both wanted the decks cleared at her house; we wanted Bett and John to leave first and the dance to be in full swing when we got there. I figured that an hour or two would be enough for my debut.

Connie opened the door herself, and that helped. There wouldn't be any standing around making polite conversation while I waited. She looked feminine and lovely in a pale yellow chiffon dress that whispered when she moved, and my gardenias were in her hair where they belonged. Bett's hair is gold, but Connie's is as dark as a moonless night. I kissed her without knowing I was going to do it.

"My little daffodil." I grinned at her.

"My little penguin." We both laughed then, because a man in evening clothes does look a lot like a penguin. She added unexpectedly, "You're really sort of handsome, Bill, in a ——"

"In a disreputable sort of way?" Her wrap was lying on a chair and I picked it up. "Ready?"

"Whenever you are." She slid into the mandarin coat without much help from me. You need two hands if you're going to be courtly about a girl's coat. I think both of us knew the evening would be important and I think both of us wanted to get on with it.

We didn't talk during the drive. I pulled her close against my side as we started off and she stayed there meekly enough, a warm, human bulwark between me and whatever happened next. Having her there helped a lot.

I'd stayed away from the country club until now, but this was storming it in a big way. I found a parking spot, helped her out with a flourish as phony as a toupee, and we walked toward a lot of light and noise.

"I'll be right back," she said, close to my shoulder. "Meet me in the grill."

She moved fast, bless her, and was there as soon as I was.

People yelled at us as we came in; they patted Connie's shoulder and pumped my hand. It was so much like Old Home Week that the knot in my stomach began to untie itself. Bett and John weren't in sight, so I imagined they were dancing. With all my heart and soul I hoped they were dancing—and not with each other.

We stayed in the grill a few minutes. A kid bounded up wearing a captain's bars, silver wings and no service ribbons. He made a grab for Connie without giving me a look.

"I've been hunting you all night, sugar. How about dancing?"

She snatched the hand from him almost fiercely. "Sorry, Jed. We've just come and Bill and I haven't had our first dance yet." She looked very straight and proud. "I want you to meet Major Phelps." She threw my rank at him, but I loved her for it. "Bill, this is Captain Lewis."

The kid was decent enough to turn red and I forgave him. He was full of youth and beans and blended whisky anyhow. We gripped hands and he muttered something young and embarrassed, then turned to Connie. He was very polite and military.

"I'd like a dance later, if I may."

"That would be fine," she said sweetly.

I could have used a drink after that, and she knew it. She didn't get masterful or pleading; she just said, "I want to dance."

I lied nobly. "So do I."

I wasn't a bit sure about how this was going to work out. Losing an arm threw you badly off balance for a while, but I'd overcome that hurdle. I looked down at her as we stepped onto the floor.

"If this gets too painful, honey, we'll call out the Air Force."

She scowled at me. "How would you like having your ears pinned back?" She meant it too.

The orchestra was playing a tune I didn't recognize, but it was a fair orchestra and a better tune. I put my arm around her and she rested her free hand on my shoulder. It wasn't bad; we'd danced that way occasionally in the past, even when I had both my arms. And dancing with Connie had always been something to dream about. After the first few bars I knew it still was.

Except that I was hunting frantically for Bett above her shoulder—and I couldn't find her. I couldn't find John either.

Connie sensed it, maybe because I tightened up and missed a couple of steps. She tilted her head back to look gravely at me. "She's probably touching up her face, Bill. She does a lot of that at dances."

The possibility helped a little and I was able to grin at her. "Hasn't anybody ever told you, sweetheart, that it's impolite to snoop around in people's minds?"

She grinned back. "Is it my fault if they leave the shades up?"

Yes, Connie was a jewel and a gift from heaven. She could make me laugh even then. Sam Gardiner cut in on me a minute later and I felt panic-stricken because I was losing her. I think she knew it, but she also knew it would be worse to refuse him and so make me a sort of charity patient. I bowed out and started for the grill.

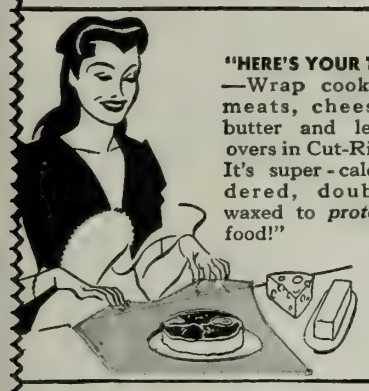
Maybe Connie had remote control, or close-knit organization. I still think the next few minutes were her doing, because the girls involved were her friends rather than Bett's—a generation below me, so to speak. As I went down the hall I met Jeanie Ellis towing an ensign and she almost fell on my neck.

"Bill! Where on earth have you been hiding?" She introduced the ensign and we went through that routine, then she turned back to me. "Aren't you going to ask me to dance?"

"Want to Save RED POINTS?"

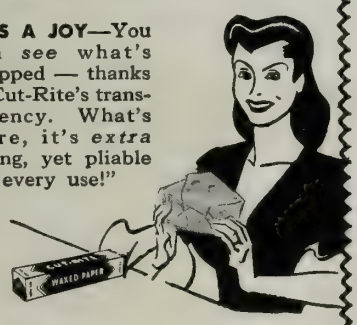
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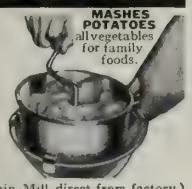
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Of course I said yes, and again it wasn't a bit bad. Maybe it was staged, but if it was, the cast was all-star. Every time somebody cut in and left me stranded, another girl would appear from somewhere and it all looked accidental and spontaneous. I kept on wondering, but I liked it anyhow and I came darned close to enjoying myself. Who wouldn't?

Except that I couldn't fool myself about Bett and her make-up. She was still missing and so was John. Not even Bett could primp this long.

Finally I couldn't stand any more of it. When somebody cut in again I made a break for the terrace. I swear I wasn't trying to snoop; I just had to get away from people and lights and noise.

My girl and John Edwards were a blur at the far end of the terrace. I couldn't see much, but I knew who they were; you know a thing like that with your bones instead of

THIS CAN BE AMERICA

By Struthers Burt

☆ CONTRACT ☆

FAIRLY early in life—I was twenty-four—I learned an essential knowledge. I learned it the hard way, which is the best way to learn anything, for then you never forget it. I learned that although it takes two or more to make a contract, it takes only one to break it; and from this practical lesson I learned a general philosophy as well, which is, that in all the world there is nothing binding but good will.

Give that, and have it, and you have everything. Refuse that, or fail to acquire it, and you have nothing. Not all the seals invented, not all the binding clauses imaginable, not the biggest battery of legal talent available can save a contract if there is bad faith and a desire to break it or, if that is not possible, evade it. Ask any lawyer, and if he is candid he will tell you this is so. A contract is merely the legal expression of what is supposed to be an honest intention. But if back of it there is no honest intention, no good will, then there is no power under the sun, save force, that can possibly save in its entirety that contract.

In the old days of the thinly settled frontier, when personalities stood out and were clearly discernible, people didn't bother much with written contracts. They sized a man up and made a verbal agreement, or else refused to make one; and if the former was the case, they threw a silver dollar on the ground, and the other party to the contract picked it up. That was the sign, the symbol, the seal of good will.

A ranch is an intimate and often isolated place. You live cheek by jowl with the other inhabitants, so I learned in a fairly disagreeable fashion the vulnerability of written contracts. I had one with a partner, an older man. It so happened, for reasons too long to go into here, that I built up the ranch business. At the end of four years, the business being solid, my partner decided I was no longer necessary. It took him just six months to run me off the ranch; and not once did he break the contract, and not once did he raise his voice, and not once was he openly hostile. He was a very clever man. So, wiser in experience but poorer in money, I went upcountry and started another ranch.

At the time, the episode rankled and, for a while, destroyed my faith in human behavior, but pretty soon I came to the conclusion that I was lucky to have learned so early what so many otherwise intelligent and even experienced people seem never to learn. Doggedly and blindly, they insist all their lives that the written word, irrespective of the intention back of it, means something. Assured by legal language and the proper number of witnesses, they lock a contract up and forget all about it. They are miserably astonished when a contract fails. They are unaware that a contract is a living thing and requires occasional attention from everyone concerned. Even if the contract is no more than the buying of a few bonds on your part from a large and remote corporation, you're a remiss party of the second part if you don't find out about that corporation before you invest in it, and, having done so, follow it to some extent from there on.

There is nothing in life completely unilateral except abysmal selfishness.

For I had learned something else too. I began to realize that if I had made myself actually indispensable, thoroughly useful, even my partner would have thought long before running me off the ranch. I was young, hasty, careless, and by no means efficient. So I, too, was lacking in good will.

Now, treaties between nations are no more than enlarged contracts between men, and international relationships are merely human relationships, multiplied. You do not make a contract with a man unless you believe that mutual benefits will accrue; nations do not make treaties save for the same reason; and just as between men, contracts between nations, as we all know now, are not worth the paper they are written on unless there is the intention of good will and, still more, the slow, patient, clear-eyed, intelligent, not-to-be-put-aside searching for it. Just the statement of good will is not enough. If it were, life would be smooth and there would be no divorce.

As in marriage, so in international alliances, written or understood. You do something because you want to, and it seems to be good. As a symbol, you take an oath, spoken or written. But that is just the beginning. From then on, the hard work begins; the constant search for better understanding, the constant attempt to see the other person's, or nation's, point of view, just as you wish them to see yours. The admission that each individual, each nation, is a separate entity with his, or their, own necessary interests; and where these conflict with yours, that there must be good humor, tolerance and a search for proper compromise or, better still, synthesis.

Is it worth while?

Well, in marriage, if you're successful, it means the greatest personal satisfaction that can come to man. In business, if you're successful, it means, not merely riches—bad men have made money—but riches plus self-respect, and the respect of history. In international relationships, it may mean *the end of war*. The end of the blood-red hand of massacre.

But in each instance there must be this initial intention of good will, and then the search for it.

Suspicion breeds suspicion; self-interest, over and beyond what is necessary, ends in the destruction of interest of every kind. Selfishness is a blind mother who gives birth to a litter of blind kittens, who never gain their sight. As quoted recently on an important occasion, Emerson said, "The only way to have a friend is to be one"; and long before Emerson were the words, Luke 6:31 (see also Matt. 7:12) "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Twist or turn, run away from it as much as you can, all roads lead back to just this: good will, the Golden Rule; simple knowledge, never contradicted, known since man first began to think.

"We should behave to our friends as we would wish our friends to behave to us," said Aristotle.

We are now one of the greatest nations man has ever seen—gigantic, growing, all-powerful. Our strength and height will mean nothing unless, like a wise and tolerant giant, we can look over the head of the small, and often confusing, and frequently irritating, present, to the far horizons of the future.

AND THAT CAN BE AMERICA.

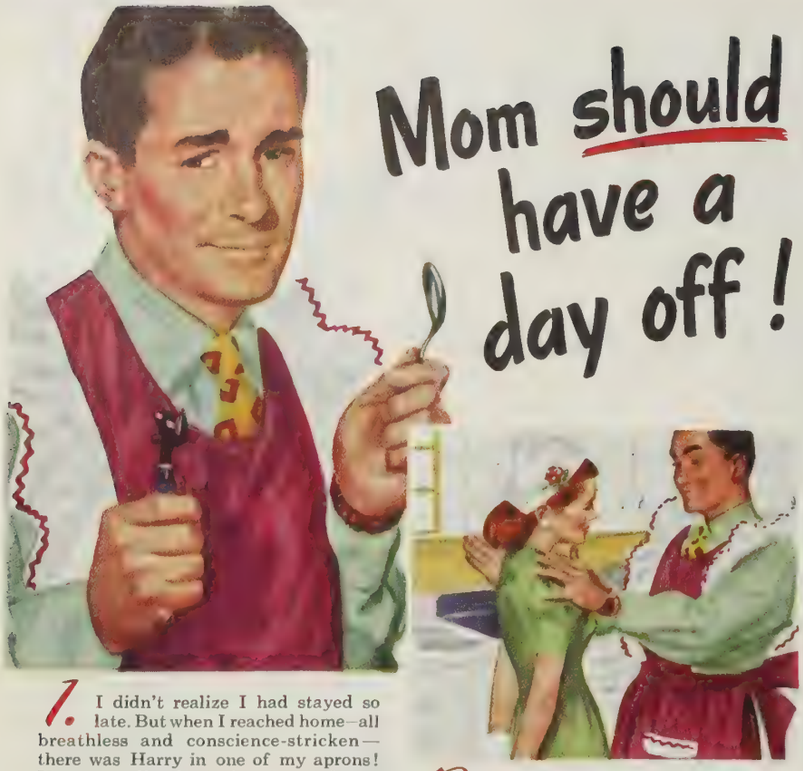
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mellowed in wood
sparkling clear
delightfully aromatic
uniform in strength

Heinz Vinegar

so full-flavored
a little goes
a long way



Mom should have a day off!

1. I didn't realize I had stayed so late. But when I reached home—all breathless and conscience-stricken—there was Harry in one of my aprons! He was valiantly trying to rustle up something in the way of a cold snack for the children and himself.

2. Harry, as always, was a dear about it. He said, "Even a maid has a day off from meal preparation each week—and why shouldn't a wife?" It was an idea all right . . . BUT—ideas don't replace the hot nourishing foods a man and children need.





3. Next day while marketing, *I* got an idea. An appetizing hot meal that could be prepared in only 12 minutes . . . *why, of course!* . . . With Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner, I'd have the whole afternoon free. I bought several cartons then and there.

4. Now each Thursday is "Mom's day off"—and Thursday night is our spaghetti dinner night. And how the family loves it! I'm home just ahead of Harry—but the steaming platter of spaghetti with that gra-a-nd sauce is ready when he arrives!

Spaghetti A La HECTOR BOIARDI*

Ready in 12 minutes!

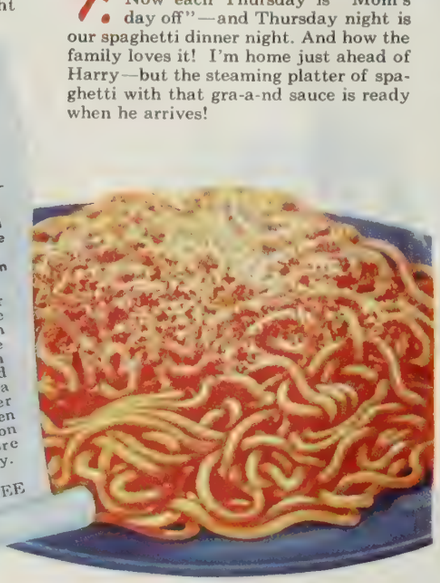
The handy Chef Boy-Ar-Dee carton contains:

1 pkg. extra-fine durum wheat spaghetti
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Cook spaghetti in salted boiling water for 12 minutes. Meanwhile, let the sauce heat over a low flame. Drain spaghetti . . . combine with sauce . . . then top with the grated cheese—and you've a spaghetti dinner Dad and the children will love! One carton serves 3 or more persons generously.

*Pronounced BOY-AR-DEE





Chef BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti Dinner

your eyes. They were huddled close together, talking, and somehow I knew Bett was crying—or had been. I thought, *Does she cry over everybody?*

And suddenly I saw it all, and wondered how I'd been dumb enough not to see it sooner. Bett had wanted to break off with me ever since I came home and she was too honorable to go back on her word. The sight of me, crippled and haggard, had shown her what she was letting herself in for; how much less desirable I was than John Edwards. But because she couldn't bear to hurt me she had strung along.

I didn't dare stop to think after that. I headed for their end of the terrace. "Bett?" I said quietly.

Both of them jumped up. I didn't give them a chance to say anything; nobody knows better than I do about the perilous brevity of your great moments.

"I was looking for you," I said, "because I had to tell you something and this looked like the right time to do it. I—it's taken me a while to realize it, but I'd like to—withdraw from the competition." I couldn't say "break our engagement," because that would be news to John. I managed a smile that must have been grisly. "I'm not standing you up, darling, but I know when I'm licked, and under the circumstances it's easier for me to say it than for you." She tried to speak, but I couldn't afford to let her. My supply of greatness was running out fast. I held out my hand to John. "Good luck. And if she says yes, thank your stars for the break."

I got my hand away with nothing but a few bruises and left in a hurry. When Bett called out, "Bill, wait," I kept right on going.

Connie was dancing with the Army flier. I cut in and she took one look at my face.

"Come on, Bill," she whispered. "Let's get out of here and go home."

She let me drive, even though she must have guessed I was half blind from what had happened. And she didn't say a word; she knew I'd talk if I felt like talking.

After we'd gone about a mile I said, "Why didn't you tell me the score, Connie? *You* know how much use I've got for pity and burnt offerings. How it makes my skin crawl to think about having hung on and messed up the works."

She wasn't sitting close to me now; she was silent and remote in her corner. "I couldn't tell you," she said finally, "because Bett didn't know herself."

"Until she saw me."

That brought her to life in a hurry. "You dope!" she snapped. "Do you think your *arm* had anything to do with it?" She laid a hand over mine on the wheel and her voice grew queerly urgent. "Reverse the situation for a minute, Bill—if you can. Suppose it was Bett who had lost an arm. Would that make you stop loving her?"

"No!" I whispered, trying to visualize it. "I'd love her twice as much."

"Of course you would." Connie's voice had a sudden throbbing tenderness. "Bill—I could weep for the men who come back so timidly, just because they've left an unimportant part of themselves somewhere else. *That's* no barrier when people love each other; it only makes a man a thousand times dearer!"

I stared at the concrete road flowing under the car.

"Then she's loved Edwards all along?" I asked then.

Connie thought it over. "I honestly don't know. I think she's realized that John is more her type; that he wants the same sort of life she wants."

I remembered Bett's concern for the future and my success; I remembered, too, that Connie had never mentioned either of them. She came closer to me and I knew she was getting ready to hurt me and that she hated it.

"Actually, Bill, she's a beautiful, ordinary girl who wants a smooth, ordinary life. Maybe she doesn't see it clearly herself, but she senses it. Maybe she guesses"—there was a chuckle under the next words—"that you'd be entirely capable of throwing over a million-dollar lawsuit because you wanted to go somewhere on a tramp steamer."

I whipped the car into a side road and cut the engine. "Listen; that's going too far. What makes you think I'd do that sort of thing?"

She didn't give an inch. "Wouldn't you?"

"Yes!" I began to laugh, because I'd been thinking of how good it would be to travel when the seas were friendly again. Not on luxury liners; just taking what came. "But how did *you* know it?" I tried to see her face, but she wasn't looking at me.

She didn't answer; she went back to her corner instead. I reached for her hand and it was cold and lifeless in mine. The discovery did something to my breathing, because nothing about her had ever been either cold or lifeless.

"Connie"—I was whispering it—"you know things about me that I don't even know about myself until you tell me. How?"

Without the slightest warning she began to cry. I cursed myself under my breath and wondered if I was going through life wringing tears out of the Shelby sisters. It wasn't surprising in Bett, but it was badly out of character in her sister. And Connie didn't cry gracefully; she did it stormily and thoroughly, so that I had to reach for a handkerchief and pass it over before I could reach for her.

"Don't, baby." I rubbed my face against her hair and the gardenias gave off a thick, bruised sweetness. "Or do, if it makes you feel better."

I didn't fire any questions at her; at least I could show her a fraction of the consideration that she had shown me.

"It doesn't," she sobbed into my shirt front. "It makes me feel awful."

"Then why do it, honey?" I was still in the dark, and astonished to find how her unhappiness hurt me.

"Because it's been building up for years. Because"—she sat up and glared at me—"because, you big moron, I've loved you ever since I can remember. I love you so much I ache all over, and I've been afraid that I'd murder my own spineless sister for hurting you. I knew you wouldn't see how it was, and you'd think—what you did think."

She tried to pull away, but I held on harder. "Don't go," I begged her. "Give me a chance to get used to this. I'm a little slow tonight."

It took only a few seconds, after all. The only thing I had to remember was how happy and rested I'd felt with Connie, and how miserable I'd been with Bett. A concept and a dream, I called it earlier, and that was what it was. It wore Bett's face because I'd loved her when I went away. What I'd known since I came home wasn't heartbreak, but only a sick emptiness, because the dream was so different from the reality. It was Connie who had filled the emptiness; even before I knew how it really was, Connie had been the one who gave me back my courage.

I bent my head closer to hers. "Look up, Connie. Please. Do you mind very much that I haven't got a free hand to lift your chin myself?"

She sobbed once more, but I had a feeling that this was the last one. "Don't, Bill. Say things like that, I mean—ever again. I was just waiting to find out whether you wanted me to. And—praying."

I—oh, what's the use? You'll never know how beautiful it was, and I can't tell you.

Who is there who has read more than a single chapter in the book of life? Most of us have faltered through scarcely a dozen paragraphs, yet we scribble our sure opinion on the margin. We hear a trifling pebble fall in a muddy pool, and we think that we have listened to the pounding of the sea. We hold up our little candle and we consider that its light dispels the general night.

—CHARLES S. BROOKS: Hints to Pilgrims. (Yale University Press.)

WHAT'S YOUR MAN LIKE?

(Continued from Page 27)

of the embryo, which produces the skin and its appendages, including the central nervous system and the sense organs. "The Ectomorph has a flat, linear physique with stringy muscles. He has relatively more surface than mass and, being thus more vulnerable, he tends to become less aggressive, more introverted. For the Ectomorph, the main thing is to escape the 'tyranny' of both gut and muscle."

In temperament, the Type III person is Cerebrotonic (ser'-e-bro-ton'-ic), a term which refers to a functional pre-eminence of the hyperattentional, forepart of the brain. The Cerebrotonic is always conscious of what he is thinking. He leads a rich fantasy life, possibly as real to him as his actual life, and he knows what he dreams. He can see both sides of a question and therefore hesitates. He may make a good judge but a bad lawyer. From his group come many people of high accomplishment, according to Sheldon, though cerebrotonia is not to be confused with intelligence.

He has small bones, long fingers and toes, and a tense, restrained way of sitting and walking. While Type I will 'sprawl,' completely relaxed, Type II will sit up straight and Type III will hunch over with his feet wrapped around the chair legs.

Extreme Type III carries his body stiffly, has a shrinking tendency and overly fast reactions. It is as though his sense organs were stuck out in front of him to meet the situation before it reached him. He gets tangled up in his own reactions, often stumbles over his own words, is never at ease in the presence of people it is important to impress, especially people who may have any sort of authority over him. He blushes and blanches quickly and has a complete lack of poise. There is often a slight working of his mouth, and his facial muscles are very much alive. His is a highly responsive face—"like a many-faceted mirror which complexly reflects the world," Sheldon says. "It is impossible to express *just one* specific character trait in this face." For this reason, a Type III person is never an actress or actor.

He lives a mentally intensive life. His sharp eyes and ears miss nothing. "He is naked to his environment, overexposed, vulnerable to overstimulation. He lacks insulation and has an incessant sense of insecurity."

The person who is predominantly Type III stands tearless at a grave, though the grief he holds back may be much stronger than the emotional gush of tears from the Type I person. He has intense feeling, but he is secretive about it. His energy goes into restraint.

He always looks younger than he is. In his youthfully intent face, his eyes flash from point to point, never seeming to light anywhere and always evading a direct stare. When he is under scrutiny he completely lacks self-possession, and often keeps a watchful silence which is misunderstood as furtiveness.

He resists habits, good as well as bad. He seldom smokes, drinks, or even goes to bed at a regular time. He usually does not snore, he sleeps lightly, and frequently hates to go to bed at all. He does not completely relax and reach a deep sleep until near morning. He often does best in a job without routine, where he can sleep late, get up when he feels like it and work till all hours of the night.

THE RIGHT MAN TO MARRY

Many followers of Sheldon believe that constitutional psychology will help in selecting the right person to marry or in understanding the person you did marry.

"Constitutional psychology promises to cast light on otherwise insoluble problems of

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

NOTE to parents: Be as cautious about a child's companions as a laundress is about throwing a black sock in with the white clothes.

Daughter with perfect pitch: "I don't think the teacher should always ask me to sound A; it may make the other children not like me. Next time you know what I think I'll do—I'm just going to sound A flat instead."

Our family cat has had so many sets of kittens she now goes to the delivery room (a corner of the garage) of her own accord and in plenty of time.

A child can learn to balance himself not only by climbing trees, but by serving the dessert at dinner.

One working mother has discovered a perfect way to entertain her children at night and at the same time get in some relaxation for herself: she lies on the floor and lets the children tramp up and down her spine.

Parents should never disinherit children from their fortune of experience.

Important information: what every husband is full of the moment his wife starts telephoning.

A boy with six forward speeds.

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who like shortcake made of cake dough and those who want it made of biscuit dough.

Between his wife and his mother, a man is sometimes like a worm between two chickens.

If we scratch the surface of adolescence ever so slightly we find that our children are pretty much as we were at the same age.

It sometimes seems that civilization is only the difference between quarreling over bananas in the supermarket instead of in the jungle.

Children deprived of pets may tell their parents about it someday.

Child's unexpected comment about a giraffe: "Oh, mother, what a short back that animal has!"

Complete understanding: what every parent has when his child is sound asleep.

A child whose parents agree is like the center flower in a perfect bouquet.

Small child about to face the dark alone: "You know, I'm really a lot tougher than I think I am."

A certain superintendent of schools refuses to hire a girl who doesn't believe herself beautiful—even if she's as homely as a mud fence.

My husband reads to me while I do the dishes, which is the best lift he can give me.

In buying books for children it is as necessary to get their book size as it is their shoe size: neither so large as to give them mental calluses, nor so small as to pinch their imagination.

The chairs in some homes are set as if they'd been brought up in church.

★ ★

Fruit Waffles and Cool Salad Pep up Midsummer Meals

TWO IDEAS for wilted summer appetites—fresh vegetable salad tossed with Wesson Dressing...and fresh fruit waffles for dessert! Into both the waffles and salad dressing goes Wesson Oil, America's favorite salad oil! You already know that light, delicate Wesson Oil makes delicious salad dressing. Now try it for making these tender waffles...or *whenever* a recipe calls for *melted shortening.*



★ ★ ★

FRESH FRUIT WAFFLES
(No sugar needed)

2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs
1¾ cups milk
½ cup Wesson Oil

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Separate eggs; beat yolks until light, stir milk into them and add Wesson Oil. (Isn't that easy? You don't have to "melt" Wesson Oil. Simply *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix. Saves time, too!) Stir this mixture gradually into dry ingredients, beat until smooth, then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake on hot waffle iron. Serve with raspberries or other fruit in season. For an extra-delicious touch, pour a little orange juice over raspberries and sweeten them to taste before putting them on the crisp, hot waffles. Serves 6.



★ ★ ★

WESSON DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix and shake in a jar. Pure, delicate Wesson Oil lets all the tangy seasonings stand out! Never drowns them under a heavy, oily taste.

For Occasional Variety: try adding ¼ cup crumbled Roquefort-type cheese, or a chopped hard-cooked egg, or 1 tablespoon chopped onion.

P.S. Wesson Oil has many other uses! Try it for digestible frying; for brushing cake pans, and for basting meats and poultry. You will find this pure, delicious salad oil one of the handiest foods in your kitchen.

Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

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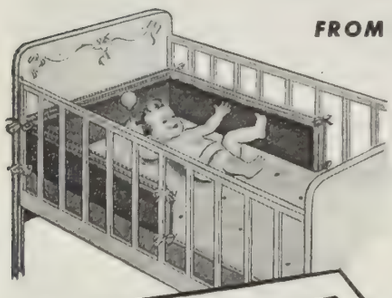


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sterility in married couples. It is well known that Type III hens are the champion egg layers and Type III cows (such as delicately boned Jerseys) are the prize milk givers. Observations in pediatric hospitals have shown that Type III human mothers are most productive of milk. It is possible that the most *fertile* women will be found, after further study, to be those within another temperament and body group—perhaps the Mesomorphs (Type II) who are without too much Endomorphy (Type I) or complicating Cerebrotonia (Type III) are candidates for this honor."

But most troubles in marriage center around eating habits, sleep habits, taste in clothes, people, entertainment, furniture and choice of profession. Constitutional psychology helps to teach husband and wife to know who is who.

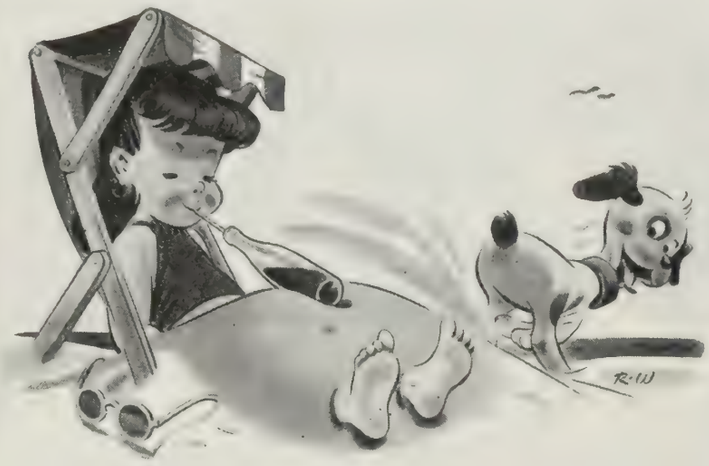
A woman in love with a man who is predominantly a comfort-loving Type I will waste her time by trying subterfuge. Attempts to baffle him will only puzzle him slightly, like the buzz of a mosquito which he will brush away. He wants comfort, and if you don't supply it, he'll find it elsewhere. You can never tell him too often that you love him, that he's wonderful, that he is the only man in the world. He'll believe every word of it. He's immensely susceptible to flattery, and your life will be one long sweet song if you remember this. But with the flattery, be sure you set a good table. The extreme Type I is often a gourmet. He loves one beautiful dish, served well, with the proper wine. He likes to know the French names of dishes and probably he enjoys cooking up a good ragout himself.

The extreme Type I man is usually easy to live with because he will give in, rather than quarrel. He is thoughtful: he will never forget a wedding anniversary or a birthday, because he loves polite ceremony and he's sentimental. He *loves* to tell you that he loves you, because it makes him comfortable to please you, and yet his sentiment is sincere. But don't expect him to be a mad lover; and if you're a dramatic gal, better make up your mind that you'll find the going a little dull in spots. Never a surprise in a decade. If he sends you flowers (and he will) they'll be roses, and there'll probably be an even dozen in the box.

If you are in love with a man who is predominantly Type II, Doctor Sheldon might prescribe as follows: *Give him something to work on,* a world to conquer. He isn't looking for reassurance: he is self-sufficient. You must baffle him now and then or you'll bore him. His interest is piqued by a woman who would dare to defy him, even a woman who has been his wife for twenty-five years. The extreme Type II is a man to handle as cleverly as a fisherman handles a marlin. You must know when to give him plenty of line, and when to keep the line taut. He will keep you on your toes. He likes to think of you as the "little woman." See that he never underestimates the power of ——!

The extreme Type II man loves exercise and gets logy without it. And if you are a comfortable, placid Type I or a nervous, self-conscious Type III, he will be impatient with you for liking to stay indoors. "What you need is a good brisk hike," he will say, as he throws open the windows and fills his lungs with air.

If you are an extreme Type III woman married to a man who is predominantly Type II, your life will have the painful sensitivity of a bare hand picking up a hot frying pan. Type III is shy, painfully sensitive and extremely conscious of what she is thinking, and what people are thinking about her. If you are a Type III, you don't want people making a fuss over you and you can't endure the emotional gushiness of Type I. When you hear bad news, you want to "go into a corner and hide," to think it over; but if you are married to a Type II man, you will be dragged out of your corner, because Type II must have action and exercise. When he hears bad news, he grabs his golf sticks to get outdoors. He will constantly "hurt your feelings" because he is a callous creature. He just doesn't see what you are talking about when you make a big fuss over something he has forgotten to do. Remember, Type II can step on a worm without noticing

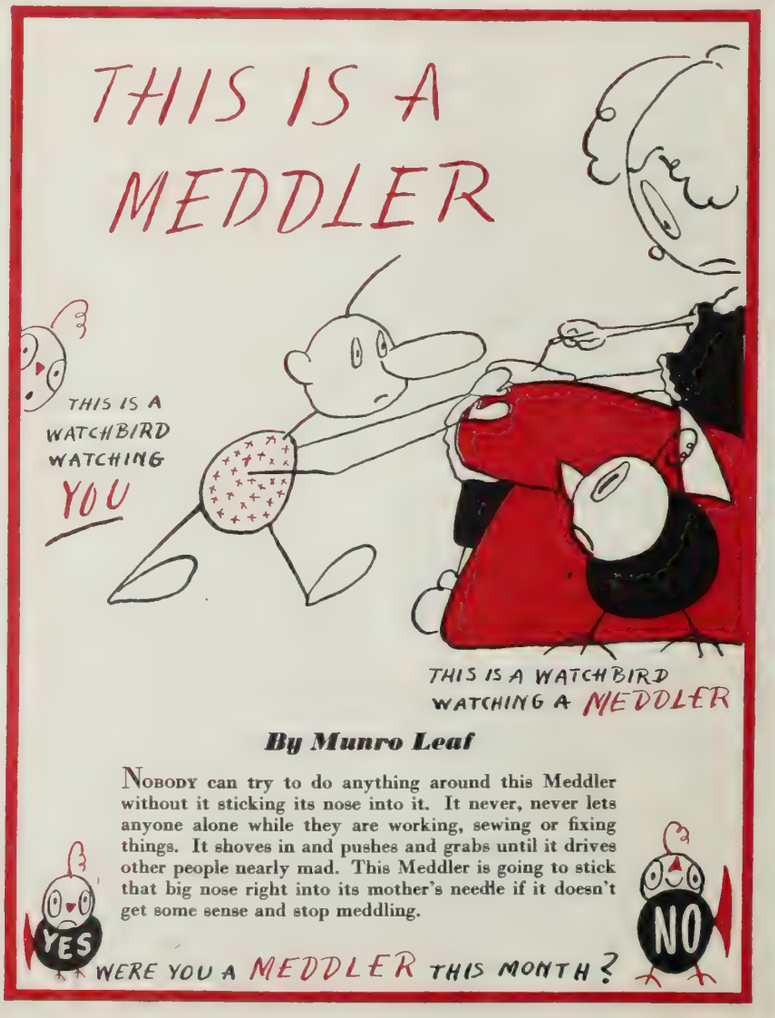


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it is there, and if you are "wormlike" he can "step on you" without a bit of squeamishness.

A woman in love with a man who is predominantly Type III should be spiritually equipped with a Norden bomb sight, since she'll never be able to "hit the target" in simple contact flying. With Type III, there is no "contact" flying. He seldom communicates his thoughts and feelings. Writing a letter is an ordeal because the words won't flow: they are chipped from his pen in an agony of effort. He goes over each word, crossing out, rewriting, thinking better of it and not mailing the letter after all. He is often thought cold, when internally he is a volcano of suppressed feeling. Life with him will never be dull, because it will be full of moods. But it won't be the life for a party girl: parties are torture for Type III, though with a few choice friends his wit blossoms like flak.

If you're wise, you'll spare the extreme Type III man the agony of large dinner parties and crowds of people. Encourage him to develop his independence. Never nag him: he needs peace. With alcohol, his true nature comes out: he becomes morose, fatigued, quiet. He's a great worrier, but he keeps his troubles to himself. He craves understanding, but gives you little chance to show it. The extreme Type III often marries a woman much older or younger than he is because his morale needs bolstering, and also because he matures late in life and therefore often clings for a longer time to the "mother relationship." The Type III male is the Thurber male: the victim of the predatory, uninhibited Type II female who may "take him in" easily, and also the victim of the Type I female who likes to mother him. Type III is much happier married to Type I, who will mother him, than to Type II, who will henpeck him.

Think of your own faults the first part of the night when you are awake, and the faults of others the latter part of the night when you are asleep. —FROM THE CHINESE.

The extreme Type III person seldom breaks down in tears: restraint holds back all display of emotion. But a Type III woman married to a Type I man will be shocked occasionally by the sight of her husband in tears. Type II hates to see other people cry, not from a sense of pity but because he is impatient with any sign of weakness. He must dominate, but he is a little scornful of those under his thumb.

If you care where you live, consider this: Type III loves old houses, tucked away under a hill and shaded with apple trees. Type II likes a big house on a hill with the wind and sunshine sweeping through it. Type I, of course, lives in the house by the side of the road.

THE REARING OF CHILDREN

Constitutional psychology offers some revolutionary ideas on the education of children. And is it possible to classify children? "Even at birth," Doctor Sheldon says. For example, if your healthy boy baby of average height weighs sixteen or seventeen pounds at the end of his first year, he is probably Type III. But if he has quadrupled or quintupled his weight during his first year, he is undoubtedly Type I, and you'd be wise to direct him into social channels. He'll make a success of meeting people, provided you encourage in him every ounce of his Type II aggressive trait—his leadership. A Type II child, by his vigorous kicking, can be recognized even before he is born, says Doctor Sheldon.

"Never encourage Cerebrotonic (Type III) children to try to be social leaders. By doing so you can only give them false ambitions and may lay the foundations for profound disorders of personality. Encourage them to stand apart, to walk alone. Let Somatotonics (Type II) be the childhood leaders, fighters, athletes and spokesmen." With this in mind, imagine the torture of a Type III child forced to go to nursery school, to summer camp, to progressive school to be "socialized," to take part in athletics to develop his muscles (which he will never have), forced to be a "good fellow"! These socialized institutions are made for Type I and Type II children, Sheldon says, but Type III children should be protected against them. "Otherwise you may make a neurotic or delinquent of one who in his normal milieu of relative solitude might have developed into a gifted personality." Constitutional psychology holds that it is as suppressive to a young Type III to make him be noisy, join in the dance, mix and socialize as it is suppressive to Type II to make him sit still for hours on end.

"Athletics are not good for all children," Sheldon says. And in trying to force *all* children to be athletic we may create frustration and confusion in the Type III child who has neither the muscle of Type II nor the social instinct of Type I. "This is not to say that we need less physical education, but *more*. But it should be constitutionally differentiated."

NEITHER should a Type III child be encouraged to learn "the manly art of self-defense." This may do him a great deal of harm if he is not by nature a fighter, and may build up in his mind entirely false objectives.

The normal Type I posture is relaxed. The normal Type III posture is round-shouldered. But we try to force all children into the erect, straight-backed posture of Type II.

Singers, actors and public speakers are always Type I or Type II, or a combination of these. *The extreme Type III person can never learn to speak or to sing in public.* Money spent on voice lessons for a Type III child is money invested in a frustration. He may have a good natural voice, but he'll never be able to "let it out." Lauritz Melchior and Kate Smith are predominantly Type I. Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, Risë Stevens and Gertrude Lawrence are in the main Type II. Helen Hayes and Lily Pons are not tall, but they are definitely Type II: strong, straight; powerful energy. Frank Sinatra has the Type III's "lean and hungry" look, it's true, but his bony face and prominent chin give away his dominant Type II component.

Extreme Type III children are the most "difficult" from every standpoint: they are nervous, elusive, inquisitive. They resist habits. They hate to go to bed. They are choosy about food and are easily upset. They are indeed fortunate when their mother happens to be a patient, placid, easygoing Type I with enough Type III component to understand her child.

HEALTH, WEIGHT, SUSCEPTIBILITY TO DISEASE

It has long been known that body and temperament have much to do with the ills our flesh is heir to, but the most advanced work in this field, many believe, has been done by the constitutional psychologists.

First, there is the old bugaboo of weight. "Doctors sometimes tell you what your weight should be by reading off averages from charts which hang on their walls. This is humbuggery. Because two women are the same age and height it no more follows that they should be the same weight than that they should live on the same street. A woman whose primary component is Type I, and whose height is five feet four, might weigh as much as 155 pounds if she is to reach her best health, efficiency and happiness. But a Type III woman of the same age and height should weigh possibly 107 pounds.

"A Type I woman may diet frantically and find she's lost no more than six pounds, while she's gained circles under her eyes, headaches and a sense of frustration and fatigue. The Type III, on the other hand, attempts to gain and heroically eats fattening foods over a period of months to find she has added possibly two pounds which are deposited, alas, all in one place and project like the crown of a derby hat below her waist."

Second, there is the matter of susceptibility to disease. Sheldon has found that gallbladder disease, more common among women



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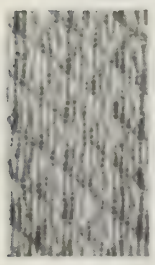
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than men, is rare except in women who are predominantly Type I.

The extreme Type II person rarely faints and can stand pain without flinching, but he is peculiarly susceptible to a number of diseases. True appendicitis is a common and dangerous disease with him, especially if he is the florid variety of Type II. He is especially susceptible to sinus infection, to cancer and sometimes to infantile paralysis.

A person who has an uneven mixture of Type II and Type III components often has peptic ulcer. He is also frequently alcoholic. According to Sheldon, alcoholism results from conflict, and what struggle could be more violent than that of the shy, sensitive, inhibited Type III person who has enough Type II component to needle him to constant effort in a competitive world?

A person who is predominantly Type III never looks exuberantly healthy: he is tense and hunched and wears an air of apprehension the way a Type II man might wear a well-tailored topcoat: that is, as if it were made for him. But don't worry about his health. He'll usually outlive the plump, ruddy Type I and the heavy-boned, athletic Type II. And in spite of his "nerves," he will never have a nervous breakdown, is not subject to cancer or high blood pressure, and though he is frequently operated on for what has been diagnosed as appendicitis, this is generally found to be an incorrect diagnosis. However, the extreme Type III person suffers from such petty annoyances as mosquito bites because they often swell, burn and itch for days!

> **To love our friends is a work of nature, to love our enemies is a work of grace; the troublesome thing is to get on with those who are betwixt and between.**
>
> —SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS: The Pardoner's Wallet. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

The person who is predominantly Type III has chronic fatigue and low energy and has to hoard what energy he has. Exercise does not refresh him, but wears him out, leaving him neurotic, frustrated and unhappy. He is subject to violent and periodic head colds, and to acute strep-throat infections. His temperature rises rapidly to a high peak. On an operating table, a Type III person will require a disproportionately large dose of an anesthetic.

THE extreme Type I recharges his energy with the stimulation of people, Type II with exercise and action, and Type III with solitude. Type I depends on social contact to get him what he wants, Type II depends on the force of his own body, and Type III depends on his acuity and wariness.

Third, food preferences indicate a person's predominant type. Type I likes everything, especially roughage. He lives to eat and enjoys immensely the actual process of digestion. After a large, sociable meal, he will settle back and let digestion set in. He is not easily affected by emotional upsets.

Type II likes to eat in a hurry and get it over with. He wolfs his food and is on his way.

Type III is finicky about his food. He dislikes roughage. He usually can't eat radishes, unripe fruit, cucumbers, spiced foods without suffering pangs of indigestion. He has "butterflies" in his stomach when an emotional crisis comes up. With his inefficient digestive apparatus, he requires concentrated, quickly available food, especially protein or meat. He gets ravenously hungry often and suddenly, and is quickly satisfied. He should have four or five small meals a day rather than two or three large ones.

Fourth, there is the question of relaxation. If you can't relax, stop worrying about it. You may be a Type III, in which case relaxation is impossible—or a Type II, in which case it is often unpleasant. If you are naturally a bustler, be a bustler, and take comfort in the fact that most people who live to be ninety are the people who never relax. At a convention of Civil War veterans, Sheldon found that most of the octogenarians and nonagenarians were either Type III or lean examples of Type II. The athletic Type II man with a strong mixture of florid Type I, and a tendency to fat, is generally short-lived. He goes out early with diseases associated with high blood pressure—notably apoplexy.

And now, before you answer the questions to find out who you are, we'll remind you that most people show an average mixture of the three components and will classify around 4–4–4 with variations; that few people are extreme in any one type—that is, few will classify as 7–1–1, or 1–7–1, or 1–1–7. If you have more than a 4 rating in any one group of questions, you belong *predominantly* to that type.

And then what? And then you have the key to what's "different" about you. You will have a new understanding of your own personality—its limitations and its strengths. You will know who you are and you will not try to be what you are not. And that discovery, if carried out, will lead you toward a happy, well-integrated life. You will have found where you belong. You will be on your own.

WHO ARE YOU?

Below are twenty questions under each of the three types. If the answer is "Emphatically yes" or "Always," mark a 7 in the scoring space at the side of the question. If the answer is "Sometimes" or "An average amount," mark a 4 at the side of the question in the scoring space. If the answer is "Seldom" or "An extremely slight degree," or "No, never," your score on this question is 1. When you have objectively (better ask somebody else) answered the sixty questions, add up each column of figures, divide each by 20, to get your score on each column. The three numbers you then have will be the key to *you*, and in the order in which the numbers stand, they tell the degree that you are Type I, Type II and Type III.

Type I

1. Do you sit relaxed with your arms and hands limp? . . . . . .
2. Do you prefer low, well-upholstered furniture? . . . . . .
3. Are you slow and cumbersome at all kinds of athletics except in the water? . . . .
4. Do you particularly love good food and do you think of food in your daydreams? Do you, in fact, gloat lovingly over the thought of your favorite food? . . . . . .
5. Do you like to sit at the table and talk after dinner? . . . . . .
6. Can you eat "indigestible" foods without discomfort? Is digestion fun? Do you *enjoy* it, as an athlete enjoys exercise? And do you think elimination is fun? . . . . . .
7. Do you like people to be solicitous and ceremonious? Do you deeply enjoy ceremony and polite manners? . . . . . .
8. Do you warm up in company? Are your best hours those you spend "with folks"? .
9. Do you like most of the people you know? Are you an amiable, genial person? . . . . . .
10. Do you constantly feel the need of human approval and attention? Are you hungry to be loved? . . . . . .
11. Do you have a good "instinct for people"? Do you always know whom to trust and to whom to go for what you want? . . . . . .
12. Can you express your feelings evenly to all kinds of people and in all sorts of situations without becoming choked up or flustered or losing your temper? . . . .
13. Are you content to accept the world and most things as they are without wanting to change them? . . . . . .
14. Do you consider yourself a happy, contented person? Are you satisfied with yourself and with your lot? . . . . .
15. Are you hard to awaken when you are asleep? Could someone get into bed with you without waking you up? . . . . . .
16. Are you placid, easygoing? Is it difficult to arouse you to anger? . . . . . .
17. Do you find it easy to show your feelings? Are you an extrovert at expressing sympathy? . . . . . .

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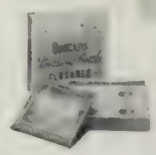
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and the child is rendered more liable than ever to attack by germs in the air he breathes. Repeated infections may involve the tonsils and adenoids; finally, the child's normal growth and development may be modified.

Fortunately, this unhappy chain of events can be prevented. When nasal discharge occurs, unaccompanied by symptoms indicating that the child has a cold or other disease, or when the discharge continues after other symptoms have disappeared, mother should seek the doctor's advice without delay.

Examination will soon reveal the cause. Sometimes an easily remedied local infection in the nose is responsible; or perhaps enlarged adenoids—the spongy, tonsillike tissue at the back of the throat—cause the running nose. If the sinuses are blocked, the doctor's examination will show whether the cause is infectious or noninfectious. When an allergy is found, tests will be needed to seek out the irritant. Occasionally this turns out to be difficult or impossible to remove altogether. In such a case, treatments may be undertaken to diminish sensitivity to the substance. Together with careful avoidance of contacts, these treatments will usually bring the symptoms under control.

The commonest type of infectious inflammation of the nasal passages and sinuses starts with an ordinary head cold. Often it is impossible to keep an infection from spreading. However, mother can always help to prevent this by keeping the child as inactive as possible when he has a cold.

Even when infection has reached out as far as the sinuses, it will still clear up quickly in most cases if treatment is started right away. Sometimes the doctor will insert a medicated cotton applicator or tampon into the nasal passageways to shrink swollen membranes and "open the doors" to the sinuses. Modern methods also include the use of ultraviolet and infrared light and heat rays to aid control of inflammation. In short-lived infections, any of these measures may speedily re-establish normal functioning. But in more persistent or long-standing cases involving the sinuses, surgical operation to open up and drain the cavities may be necessary.

FINALLY, the doctor may find some focus of infection, such as the tonsils or adenoids, or infected teeth, which is responsible for continued reinfection of the nasal area. When this happens, mother must make up her mind that the youngster will suffer less in the long run if the focus of infection is removed promptly. The doctor who recommends removal of tonsils and adenoids is thinking of the child's welfare.

Because of the ease with which infection spreads through the passages leading away from the nose, mother should take particular care to keep the nostrils free of dirt and dried mucus. Children must be taught to keep fingers away from the nose or germs may be transferred to the nasal passages. Always, the nose should be cleaned with a fresh handkerchief. To soften hardened material a small amount of plain petrolatum or oil may be applied.

When a cold fills the nasal passages with mucus, the child will feel a need to blow his nose violently to relieve the feeling of stuffiness. Often mother unwisely encourages this practice. Blowing should be gentle and steady; delicate membranes may be injured by pressure. Blowing hard may force infected mucus back into the throat instead of out. For the same reason, children should be taught never to blow the nose with both nostrils held shut.

As a final precaution, mother should be warned against the use of nose drops except when the doctor prescribes them. Until the precise cause of the discharge has been determined, drops are useless; they may even add to the discomfort instead of relieving it. Once the diagnosis has been made, the doctor will prescribe the best method in each case for clearing up excessive mucus and at the same time treating the underlying condition which causes it. To do anything less is to invite a repetition of the symptoms. Remember—the child with a running nose is a sick child!



1. It was the kind of scene that can leave a family unhappy for days. I'd left Timmy and Big Tim at home while I went out to work on our Paper Salvage drive. That's one of the *very* important jobs in our war effort and one I'm always glad to help with.



2. Well, that afternoon Timmy needed a laxative, but he balked at the "bad-tasting" stuff, so his father tried to *force* it down him. When I got home, Big Tim was threatening to spank the child, and Timmy was crying.



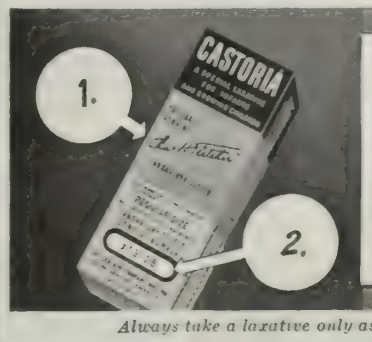
3. "Tim," I said, "maybe *we're* at fault about this. Let's call Sally. She used to be a nurse." Tim agreed *anything* was worth trying, so I phoned Sally. "Heavens!" she said, "you *shouldn't* force medicine down the child.



4. "Forcing can upset his whole nervous system. Give him a *pleasant*-tasting laxative . . . Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for children. They *like* to take it. And it's effective, yet gentle. Why not try it?"



5. We got a bottle at our druggist's and Timmy took Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb! It worked wonderfully, too. Big Tim grinned and said: "Well, that's a home problem licked. Now, get on with your Paper Salvage!"



Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria packages . . . both Regular Size and money-saving Family Size:

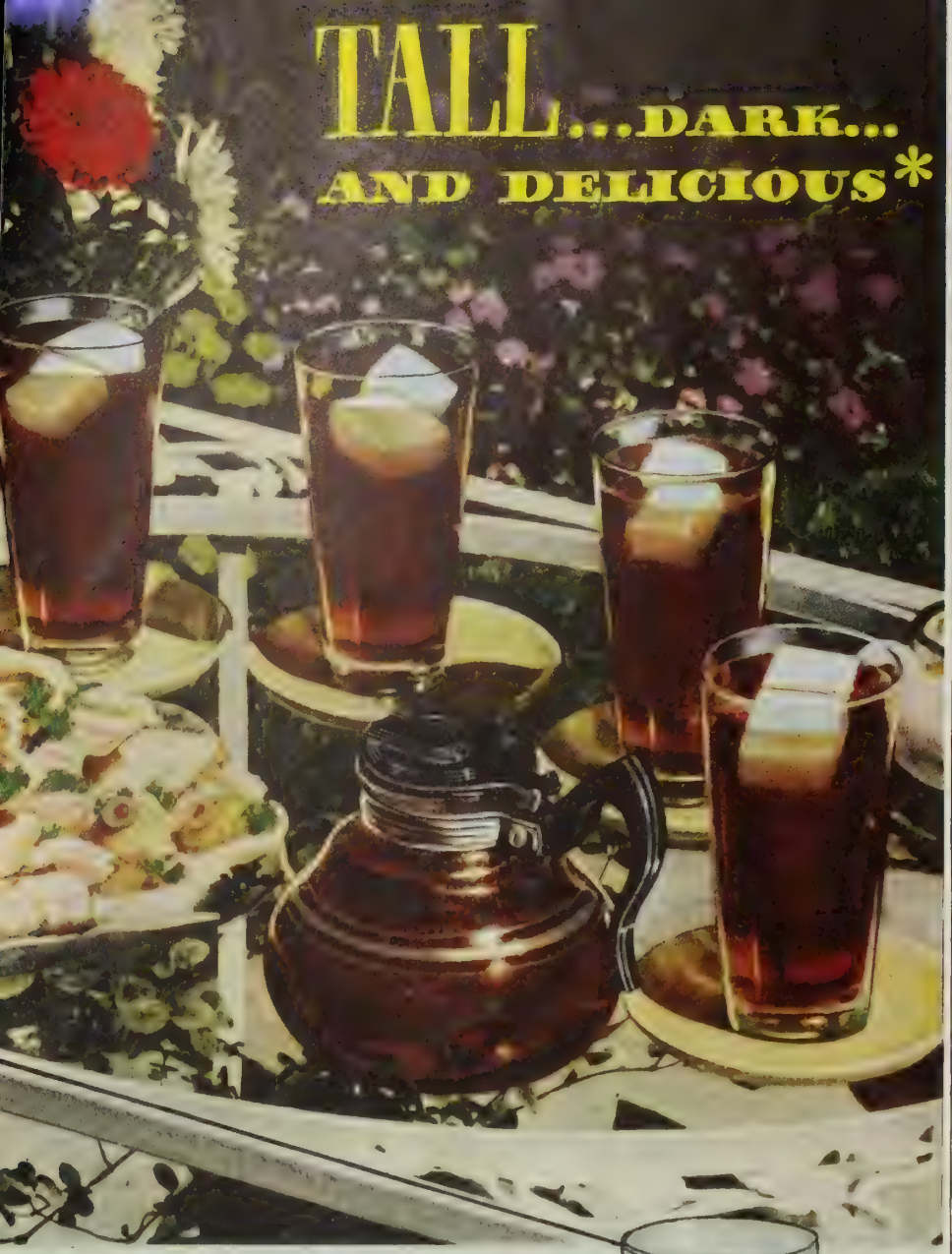
1. *The green band* on the package identifies new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. *The Serial Control Number* is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies the *three* rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, biological—made on each batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for children



Of course it's a Cory...

The secret of perfect iced coffee lies in rich, full-bodied flavor. That's where The Cory excels. It extracts the FULL flavor by *filtering coffee through coffee*. There's nothing to mar this perfect taste when coffee touches only taste-free all-glass as it brews the Cory-way. Even the patented Cory filter rod is GLASS!

Only The Cory with its beautiful hand-decorated glass comes complete with all these outstanding accessories: hinged decanter cover, safety stand for the upper glass, accurate coffee measure and the famous Cory GLASS filter rod.

Owning The Cory *means owning the best.* Sold at better stores everywhere. $3.75 to $5.25. Slightly higher in Canada. Cory Glass Coffee Brewer Co., Chicago 1, Illinois.



Look for the Cory glass filter rod when you buy!

It's a patented Cory feature. Insures delicious coffee every time. Does away with messy filter cloths. Eliminates metal, too. And so much more convenient. Just rinse off, and it's clean. *Fits all standard glass coffee makers,* and you can buy it separately. 50c at your favorite store.

CORY

the only All-Glass coffee brewer

Copyright 1945 by
Cory Glass Coffee Brewer Co., Chicago

*
Recipe for Perfect Iced Coffee: Start with a good grade of coffee. Make identically the same as for hot drink except use twice the amount of coffee. Pour fresh hot coffee over ice in tall glasses. It is then sufficiently diluted to make a delicious beverage. For perfect coffee, iced or hot, brew the Cory-way.



Design for dinner—high in fashion, low in points.

Patterns for Plates

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

SUMMER menus should have all the qualities of a lovely summer frock—be cool, colorful, crisp-looking, simply designed and well made. Keep an eye on the colors of foods—how they are going to look together—the textures and flavors. Garnishes—ones that you can eat—are as important to a well-dressed plate or platter as accessories are to your clothes. So don't banish them with the thought that they are superfluous.

Here are some menu patterns that are simple and easy to make. Tailor them to fit your own family's tastes.

Batter-Fried Shrimps
Tartar Sauce in Lemon Basket
Casserole of Vegetables
Stuffed Tomato With Coleslaw
Relishes
Melba Toast
Iced Melon With Berries
Coffee
(pictured above)

BATTER-FRIED SHRIMPS

Wash and shell 2 pounds *raw* shrimps. Remove the black veins. Wash and dry the shrimps on absorbent toweling. Prepare the batter: Beat 1 egg light—blend with 1 cup milk. Sift 1 cup flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add liquid to the dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Dip shrimps in batter and fry in just enough hot fat to float the shrimps—temperature, 385° F. Drain on absorbent paper. Keep hot in the oven. Serves 6.

When you do make desserts, sugar will be your first consideration this summer. Here are a simple cake and two refrigerator ice creams—neither of which makes much of a depression in your sugar supply.

LEMON COTTAGE-CHEESE ICE CREAM

Beat ½ cup cottage cheese with rotary beater or electric mixer beater until smooth and fluffy. Add ½ cup thin cream. Beat until well blended. Beat 1 egg until thick and lemon-colored. Add ¼ cup sugar gradually, beating until as thick as custard. Then add ¼ cup light corn sirup, ½ teaspoon grated lemon peel and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Combine the two mixtures. Pour into a shallow refrigerator tray. Set up refrigerator to coldest position. When frozen around the edge and just a small portion in the middle is still soft (this takes about one hour), scrape into a chilled bowl. Beat up quickly. Return to tray and freeze until firm—about one and one half hours.

MOLASSES ICE CREAM

Warm 2 cups light cream with ¼ cup molasses, ¼ cup dark corn sirup and 1 teaspoon vanilla—stirring constantly. When comfortably warm, not hot, remove from heat and add 1 rennet tablet dissolved in 1 tablespoon cold water. Stir a few seconds. Pour into refrigerator tray. Let stand until set. Follow freezing directions above.

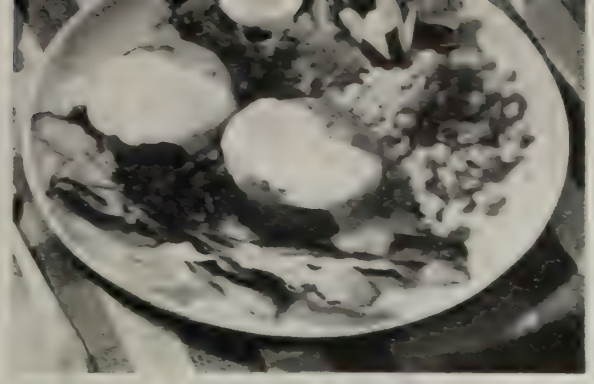
APPLESAUCE CRACKER CAKE

Cream ¼ cup shortening, ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind until fluffy. Add 2 well-beaten egg yolks, then ½ cup chopped nuts and 1 cup seedless raisins. Crush and roll enough graham crackers to make 1¼ cups. Stir in 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon salt. Blend together thoroughly and add alternately to the creamed mixture with 1 cup sweetened applesauce. Beat until well mixed, bake in a square pan in moderate oven, 350°F., fifty minutes to one hour. (If you use unsweetened applesauce, increase sugar to ⅔ cup.)

★ ★ ★

Grilled Tomatoes
Cheese Sauce
Crisp Bacon
Swiss Chard
Corn, Cut or on the Cob
Raw Relishes
Bread and Spread
Applesauce Cracker Cake
Mocha Cola

★ ★ ★



MOCHA COLA

Put ½ cup semisweet chocolate bits and ½ cup triple-strength coffee in the top of double boiler. When chocolate is melted, blend until smooth. Remove from heat; stir in 1 cup milk and ½ cup more triple-strength coffee. Chill. For serving, pour ¼ cup Mocha milk into each of 8 glasses. Fill glasses with chilled bottled cola-type beverage. Serve at once as a dessert beverage with cookies or cake, or alone for a company drink. (Mocha mixture base may be kept in refrigerator for several days and used as needed.)

★ ★ ★

Cold Boiled Salmon
Mustard Sauce
Radishes
Sliced Cucumbers
Creamed Potatoes and Peas
Crusty Rolls **Spread**
Fresh Cherry Pie or Tarts
Iced Tea

★ ★ ★



MUSTARD SAUCE

Press the yolks of 3 hard-cooked eggs through a sieve. Add 2 tablespoons chopped scallions, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard and ½ cup French dressing. Season with an additional tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar, ½ to ¾ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Last of all add the whites of the eggs finely chopped. Makes 1 cup. Keep in a jar in the refrigerator—a zippy salad dressing as well as a sauce for cold fish.

★ ★ ★

Chili-Rice Casserole
Fruit Salad
Cottage-Cheese Dressing
Relishes **Rolls**
Peanut Strips
Iced-Coffee Froth

★ ★ ★



CHILI-RICE CASSEROLE

Brown 2 onions and 1 green pepper, chopped, with ¾ pound ground beef in 3 tablespoons melted shortening or salad oil. Add 2¼ cups canned tomatoes. Cook ⅓ cup rice in 2 cups water and 1 teaspoon salt just ten minutes. Drain but do not rinse. Combine with tomatoes and meat. Season with 1 teaspoon chili powder, ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Pour into a casserole and bake one hour in moderate oven, 350° F. Serves 6.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

Sugar is vital for victory. Don't apply for canning sugar unless you actually intend to can. Last year far more people applied for far more sugar than they actually needed for canning. Don't use precious canning sugar for the table or cooking and baking. When you do can, use only 1 pound sugar for every 4 quarts fruit.





"... I've a whole month, and plenty of sugar-points for a wedding-cake. Unpack that wedding silver, honey, and get ready to live a lifetime fast."

GORHAM STERLING now available in about a dozen favorite patterns, averaging about $23 per six-piece place-setting, including Federal Tax. Remember you can match-and-add when Gorham returns full-time to making its world-famous sterling.

From top to bottom: CHANTILLY, LYRIC, ENGLISH GADROON, CAMELLIA, BUTTERCUP, FAIRFAX, GREENBRIER

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"Teen-age" girls
glamour-bathe *your* hair like gorgeous
Powers Models



What Powers Models say about Kreml Shampoo



JOHN ROBERT POWERS, one of America's foremost beauty authorities, advises his models to use only Kreml Shampoo. And here's what some of these lovely beauties say about it.

DORIS ANNE MOORE: "Kreml Shampoo brings out the natural highlights in my hair. As it's necessary for me to re-arrange my hair style several times each day—my shampoo must not dry out the hair. It's always Kreml Shampoo for me."

RUTH STUART, another enchantress says, "Kreml Shampoo gives my hair a natural sheen that lasts for days. It certainly makes my hair look and feel like a million."

SHIRLEY POIRIER: "Kreml Shampoo makes my hair feel silky as a baby's. It brings out all the natural lustre."

Leaves Hair 'Spanking-Clean' Silken-Soft, Bright and Glossy for Days!

Here's a beauty tip from some of the world's most gorgeous girls—those million dollar Powers Models—many of whom are still "teen-age" lassies themselves.

Powers girls—noted for their enchantingly lovely hair—are advised to use only Kreml Shampoo to wash it and here's why:

1. Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp clean of dirt and loose dandruff.
2. It actually *works* the natural, sparkling beauty and highlights that lie concealed in your and every girl's hair.
3. Leaves hair shining bright for days.
4. Positively contains no harsh drying chemicals.
5. Invisible, its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry.
6. Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It rinses out like a dream and helps keep your hair looking its ravishingly beautiful best for days.

Buy Large FAMILY SIZE. At drug, dept. and 10c stores

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

The Case of Marjorie Brown

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

Every woman knows some moment of deep discouragement. Loss, estrangement or grave illness places a load upon her heart that seems almost more than she can carry. This is the story of how one woman met the crisis in her life, and found her own particular road back to courage.

What kind of ending would *you* write for this story?

WE will call her Marjorie Brown, since this is a true story. We have asked Marjorie's permission to tell you what we know of the facts about the breakup of her marriage, because we believe there may be other women like Marjorie in our country, whose bruised hearts and hurt pride will find comfort in thinking, "I am not the only one this has happened to."

Perhaps, too, these other women will be encouraged by Marjorie's experience to overcome heartache and win back some of their pride as Marjorie has done.

On the seventeenth of last December Marjorie Brown decided, for the first time in her life, to write a letter to a magazine. This decision climaxed six wretched months of bitter tears and frantic wondering what had really happened to her marriage. Here is her letter, in part:

Dear Editor: I have been married nearly nineteen years and have two children, a son seventeen and a half and a daughter eleven. I am thirty-eight years of age.

My husband joined the Marine Corps almost two years ago and holds the rank of captain. He has been in the Pacific area over a year and I have been keeping the home going with the thought in mind of his return. Last summer he wrote and asked me for a divorce or separation. This certainly was a shock to me. He wants to come back in honor and glory and does not feel that he wants to share this with me. He has always lived on excitement, where I have felt that being a good wife and mother was sufficient in marriage.

I know that my marriage is worth fighting for and will not allow myself to accept a defeatist attitude.

Will you take me under your wing and help me hold my marriage together? My husband may be back in the United States soon. I do not have much time. MARJORIE BROWN.

Our Editorial reply follows:

. . . This letter is principally to ask you for further details about yourself, so that we can outline a practical program for you. You are wise to recognize the fact that there is no better medicine for a woman's morale than to set about reconditioning herself physically.

. . . Your letter shows that you have a fine undismayed spirit. We cannot help but feel that you will win out.

. . . Now to our plan. Tell us anything about yourself that would help us in preparing your prescription.

It took several exchanges of information and a growing closeness to Marjorie's situation before her reconditioning program was in full swing. For always behind the bald fact of a marriage gone awry, there is an important personal history which needs understanding if honest help is to be given.

Marjorie's background is so familiar that it could be that of your next-door neighbor. As one of several daughters in a comfortable middle-class family, she spent her girlhood in the country, not far from a big town. She was friendly and fun-loving, with all a girl's natural dreams of romance, but in her devotion to her Catholic faith she was completely serious.

At seventeen, she met her husband-to-be on a coasting party. Bert Brown was a vigorous, dark-eyed young man of her own church, twenty years old and just starting out on his first job. They had two years of happy courtship. Then they were married. So, as Marjorie says, "it was not one of those sudden affairs."

For their first home, they were glad to set up housekeeping in three sparsely furnished rooms. There wasn't any money in the bank to speak of. But they were very much in love and proud to follow the time-honored American tradition of starting out simply and building together. And, for nineteen years, their dreams came true. Promotions came along, with increasing income. There were two fine children, a son and a daughter. Finally, a house of their own.

Bert was fond of the babies and gratified by their healthy good looks. He was even willing to exhibit his handiness in the matter of fixing formulas and changing diapers—as long as it didn't interfere too much with his personal plans.

The family life revolved about his wishes. He never balked at spending money on the house, or for a piano, oil burner or other modern equipment that reflected credit on him. But he rarely encouraged his wife to buy clothes, or particularly noticed what she wore. Unexpected gifts or candy or flowers did not occur to Bert Brown. Family entertainment was usually a trip to the movies, with Chinese food afterward, which Bert liked.

Marjorie didn't protest. In fact, when there was any money to be spent she usually had something in mind to buy for the children, so that she came out on the short end herself. She wishes now that she hadn't been so self-denying. She believes it was bad for her husband—as well as herself.

Two years ago Bert enlisted in the marines. He simply announced his decision and Marjorie knew there was no use talking about it. After he went to the Pacific he continued to write, two or three times a week, "not demonstrative—he was never that," but the letters seemed friendly and natural enough. At the end of his first year he came home on furlough. But, as Marjorie explains, there were so many people to see and things to attend to in a brief period, they didn't actually have a great deal of time alone together. He did not, however, seem disturbingly different from the Bert who had gone away. He was full of his new life, but then he had always been a restless type, absorbed by the latest adventure or the prospect of one still to be met around the corner.

On his return to the Pacific he was promoted to captain. He increased his family allotment. Marjorie wrote him she was banking the extra fifty against his return.

Almost a year passed before the blow fell—the bald, brutal letter asking for a divorce. No real explanation was offered—only the bleak statement that he felt they had come to the end of their road together. He thanked her for all that she had contributed to their lives, said that he realized she was far too good for him, but that he felt he could never return to the old life.

Marjorie still doesn't know exactly what happened the day that letter came. By the time her son, now an eager, strapping lad of seventeen, returned from school, she was so far dissolved in unbelieving, tragic tears she could only hand him his father's letter.

What—*what* had happened? Marjorie still does not know, for no other direct word has come since then. The next shock came in the form of a visit from a lawyer, who arrived with an authorization from her husband to ask for a divorce.

She refused flatly. Such a step was unthinkable. Her religion and her deep-rooted ideals of home life were completely against it. The lawyer suggested a formal separation. That, too, was refused.

Marjorie got into a bad emotional state. She couldn't sleep. She got jumpy. She frequently burst into tears which she couldn't

control. She just could not believe this dreadful thing was really happening to her.

Then, deep down inside of her, her fighting spirit stirred. She decided to pull herself together and meet her problem squarely. Even in her desperation she realized that a bedraggled woman, sodden with tears and self-pity, does not offer great inducement to a freedom-minded husband, no matter how much right is on her side. It was then that she wrote her letter asking for guidance.

THE PRESCRIPTION

There proved to be nothing *ab*normal about Marjorie that needed correcting. Her devastating experience had, however, understandably reduced her natural healthy appearance to a *sub*normal state. Her eyes and mouth were tired. Her skin was tired. The very outline of her figure looked tired too. The burden in her heart had been translated into an outward burden of apparent years. She seemed ten years older than her age. But when a careful medical checkup showed that she was perfectly sound organically, an intensive improvement program was launched.

It was made intensive purposely; not only because of the need for saving time, but because when people are unhappy it is better for them to be actively driven by a full-time obligation. Marjorie's obligation was to herself: to make herself into a woman filled with pride and purpose so that she could meet her future with confidence, no matter what it held.

She joined a class of women who, for various reasons, were also determined on self-improvement, and were working to that end every day, under expert direction.

Marjorie Brown never faltered. She exercised her discouraged body back into a condition of firm fitness. She ate the health-giving foods that freshened her skin and her blood stream, and found that her viewpoint was being freshened at the same time. She learned to brush and arrange her brown hair with its pretty frosting of gray. She encouraged her faded skin back to honest color and learned how to accent eyes and lips to bring out their own good qualities. She lost twelve pounds and was taught to stand and walk with the light grace of youth. Of medium height, she found that by the time the scale dropped to 122 pounds she had also brought her proportions to enviable measurements: bust 35½", waist 27", hips 34". A bit more off the waist and she would be satisfied! By now, getting into good shape had become a stimulating experience. Her health was tremendously improved. The sound rules for diet and exercise had reinvigorated her. At the end of her active days she slept like a top. Her eyes became brighter and her voice took on a new lift. Best of all, her shrunken self-confidence returned to normal proportions. Her most admiring audience was her children. Even worse than the loss of a father to whom they had not felt very close, had been a mother lost in grief. Now she had come back to them, prettier than ever, and with a courageous new outlook.

Today, Marjorie Brown is capable of making a good life for herself and her children, whatever may lie ahead. Her pride and her confidence are restored and she is prepared to face the important decisions that will confront her, honestly and wisely. The chances are that with her new-found viewpoint, those decisions will not be so painful as she once feared.

When Bert Brown does come home to this new Marjorie, will his attitude toward her change again? Will Marjorie, in her new pride in herself, want him back?

What kind of ending would you write?

Pretty as a Picture



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Rouge 50c
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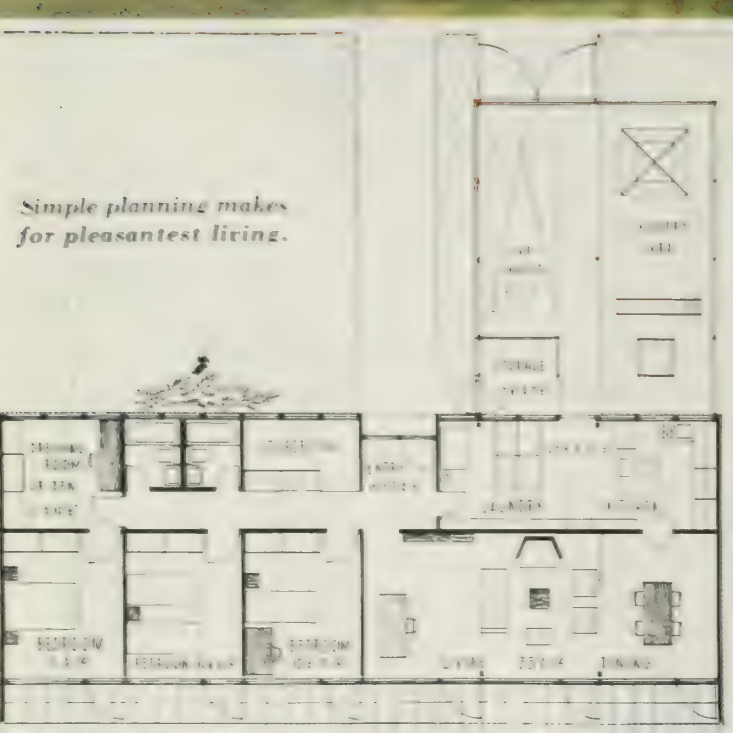
Tune in "Romance, Rhythm and Ripley," with "Believe It or Not" Ripley, Marion Hutton, Larry Douglas, Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursdays, 10:30 P.M., E.W.T., Columbia Network.

As Simple as That

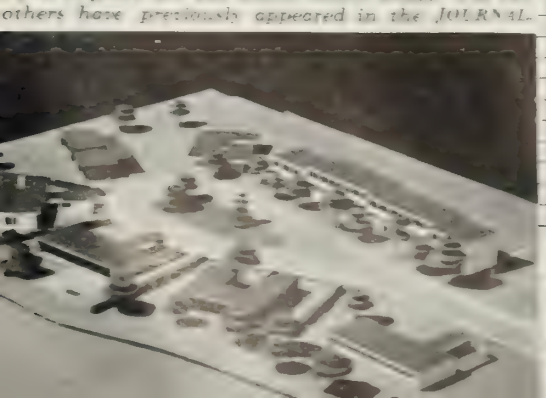
PHILIP JOHNSON

Fixed glass panels alternate with glass-panel doors across the whole private sheltered side.

Simple planning makes for pleasantest living.



The first lesson in good community planning features here the semiprivate loop drive that serves each cluster of houses, all of which face away onto green and gardeny outlook. The first and third houses from the right in front are the house shown above. All the others have previously appeared in the JOURNAL.



BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

It is my guess that the Greeks would have liked this house. They believed in the beauty of simple forms that came to life through the process of fine proportions. But for us today the simplicity of this house, both in plan and appearance, opens up possibilities of another very practical nature which couldn't have concerned the Greeks of old who had no housing problem. We have—and its solution is vital to us all. We need better, less expensive houses, by the million. So let's see how a house like this can help the situation.

But first the floor plan, which, thanks in part to modern uncluttered design and construction, has a new high for livability through simplicity. See for yourself. Down the path, into the front door and an entry with elbow room. Or in through the kitchen from either path or car shelter. Look how the kitchen and laundry work together with streamable dining close by at the faraway end of the living room. Then back off from the entry, three bedrooms in line with a dressing room, study or guest room to spare, two baths, and a large daylit storage room at the handiest location in the house. And note with what directness the architect has created this most livable layout, easy to manage and pleasant to occupy, not an inch of wasted space, not a chance for wasted work.

And now, instead of being put together, piece by piece, with fifty thousand separate parts, like the average house, this house could be assembled in a single day with a mere few hundred fully finished panels, parts and units. Floor, roof, walls, windows, doors would come as properly sized panels, complete, from the factory, ready for fastening into place. Bathrooms, kitchen, laundry, closets, cupboards and fireplace would come as packaged units, ready for instant installation.

You can see what savings this would effect in time and labor at the site. But even bigger savings would have been effected before the panels, parts and units arrived on the ground. These would be the savings effected by fully organized mass production, the benefits of which have been unavailable up to now. Unavailable because the home-building industry, vast as it is, has never been really co-ordinated. Also, the possibilities of greatly improved materials and much less expensive methods have never been fully explored. Home building, as a result, is frankly high in price, low in quality, when compared with what it could be if it were given a chance. And as this is primarily your personal problem, here is what you can do about it.

You can urge your congressmen to get behind Federal legislation which would initiate and stimulate public and private research into materials, methods, industrial co-ordination, financing and community planning—all designed to make homes better, less expensive and more secure. For it is only fair that the fruits of victory should be ripened by the same kind of research which helped to hasten victory. If half a billion dollars' worth of research for military aviation has given us air supremacy in war, just think what a fraction of that would do for home improvement in peace.

There is something further you can do about better, less expensive living. You can help promote the well-planned community in which you want to live, whether city, town or countryside. This is more than a matter of civic pride; it is a matter of your own security. For no home is better than its neighborhood. Good neighborhoods, however, don't happen of their own accord, any more than good houses. But there is a simple pattern for the planning of both houses and communities which you can understand, if you will only try. So every month from now on, with every new house we show, we shall show how a good neighborhood grows—how life in a well-planned community can be happier, healthier, safer and less expensive—and how you can help to make all this happen.

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. . . That's how it will be. And when the "go ahead" is flashed, we'll be ready to start production plans. Meanwhile, the full Ford resources are engaged in helping to speed the final Victory.

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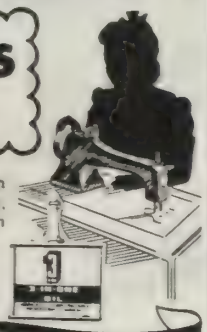


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ROSEVILLE
DECORATIVE ART POTTERY

SAY THAT JIMMY KISSED ME

(Continued from Page 28)

with Larry because all the girls went for him and he was the star fullback and the best dancer in the crowd. But still she liked the way Jimmy laughed. She liked the way he did things, always seeming to be helping somebody out or making them feel better about something. Sometimes you couldn't put your finger on it, exactly. It was just that there was always a better feeling with Jimmy around. If somebody wasn't dancing, Jimmy would come up with some kind of remark: "Hey, Joe, how about swinging it with Marian for a while and let me have a chance to cuddle up to that gal of yours?" And nobody thought anything about it—but Marian would be dancing, and Marian wasn't good-looking at all, but she was nice and she loved to dance. Many times, too, she had seen Jimmy slip the guys some money, even though he never had a lot for himself. And he never made a show of it. Sometimes Larry did. But Jimmy—well, Jimmy was the cutup and he couldn't be really serious about any one girl. He often said that. "Me for the mob—blondes, brunettes and redheads." That was why she couldn't believe him—that was why it was so hard to believe—on the night that she put away the sweater and the skirt and the ankle socks and the low-heeled shoes.

It was the night of the Junior Prom, and the prom was formal and Larry had gone away suddenly to visit his uncle in New York over the Easter holidays.

The day that he left, everybody was in Looie's after classes, drinking sodas, and Jimmy walked up to the booth where she was sitting and asked her:

"Are you the girl reported to be lost by the wolves?"

"Not exactly," she said.

"Seat reserved, Doris?"

"Certainly not."

"I didn't mean to be smart or anything, honest. But I guess you aren't in too much of a mood for wisecracks along about this time."

"Of course I am, Jimmy," she told him. "After all, there's nothing so tragic about Larry taking advantage of a chance to go to New York. His uncle always shows him a swell time—better than he could have here, even at a prom."

"Sure."

She knew she wasn't putting on a good show at all. She wanted to laugh at something, but she felt sure that it would sound forced and that everybody would recognize it.

She tried to smile, and when the flicker crossed her features, Jimmy grinned and said:

"That's it. That's what I've been waiting for, kid."

"What?" she asked, feigning doubt.

"The smile. The big smile with the eyes. The sunrise."

AND somehow, when Jimmy said that, she did smile widely, felt like smiling expansively—for Jimmy, for the way he was looking at her, the knowing grin playing about his eyes, delight warming his features, as though he had dedicated his day to making her smile and was, now, quietly elated with the results.

"That's it, Doris. That's the super one. That's the one that would send Superman himself. Check?"

And then she started to laugh, although she didn't know where the laughter came from, really, because her spirits had been so low. Jimmy laughed with her and they got up to dance to Glenn Miller's Sunrise Serenade, which was slow and dreamy, and he said:

"Doris, would I be cutting in if I asked to take you to the dance?"

"I don't see why, Jimmy," she said, liking the way he held her closely, his face pressed warmly against hers, as though, even with his nonchalant manner and his wisecracks, he would rather be dancing with her than anybody else, liking the freckles on the tip of his nose. "After all ——"

WELL, after all, it wasn't as though she were engaged to Larry, or they were even going steady; and he had run out on her at the last minute; and she didn't really owe him anything. He had always been—well, more a jitterbug partner than anything else. And it had been the same with Ken, when she was only a sophomore and, she admitted, awfully naive, actually. And with Dave, who was a real tennis junior champion and had visited the Langstons the summer after Ken. She had kissed them, of course, when they took her home at nights or when she walked out on the club grounds with them at intermissions. But the kisses had always been disappointing, really. There had never been anything special about them, although sometimes she made herself feel that there was; never any of the thrill she expected from kisses, nothing like the stories you read or the movies you saw, none of the meaning she had always felt would go with kisses and make them glow.

Her mother had fixed her hair, sweeping it gracefully behind her ears and knotting a cute fluff at the front so that none of it fell over her forehead. The pearl necklace that had been given to her on her birthday accentuated the whiteness of her skin.

Her father, called into the bedroom from his den that always smelled of pipe smoke, had approved the dainty black lace gown which flowed over the new silver pumps. Standing by the dressing table and looking at her with a practiced and discerning eye, he had said, "Beautiful, Doris." Her father had never called her beautiful before. Cute and sweet and attractive—but never beautiful. And he repeated it. "Yes, sir, beautiful," he said.

She turned herself once more in front of the mirror, her seemingly casual self-inspection taking in every detail of her outfit, feeling a delightful warmth and a new assurance flow through her body like a heady wine, feeling, suddenly, much older.

"Then you would say I'm ready, daddy?" she asked.

"That I would, Doris." Her father always used this phrase now. He had picked it up from the Irish bartender—County Kerry—at Mitchell's Café, where he always bought the beer for the icebox. "That I would."

"Mother?"

"You look lovely, Doris."

"Gee, I'll begin to feel like a Cinderella girl or something," Doris said. "I just hope Jimmy agrees."

She walked out of the bedroom slowly, the dress rustling slightly on the carpet, and started down the stairs. As she stepped around the turn she saw Jimmy, hat still in his hand, gazing up at her. She would never forget the way Jimmy looked as long as she lived. She would never forget the way he turned, cast his eyes up at the stairway casually, and then simply started to stare point-blank. Nor how she, then, in that moment, was old enough to smile when he stared at her, smiling just enough, not the smile that would have overflowed with the

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nfidence she felt or the happiness that
rged through her when Jimmy looked like
at.

"Hello, Jimmy," she said softly.

"Doris," he said.

"Yes."

"You're a queen."

She laughed and said, "No, I'm not. I'm
oris Gramway. Remember me?"

And then he laughed and said, "No.
an't place the lady at all. Where have you
en all my life?"

"Oh, around. Jitterbugging and helping
u out with French Two once in a while."

"Pardon me a minute, will you?"

"Of course."

"I'm going down and see a doc about
asses."

And she laughed fully, then, with all the
rmth toward the whole world in her heart,
d she took his arm and they both shouted
urried good-by to the household at large
d walked out the
or.

She was very so-
isticated that
ght, and when
nmy brushed his
nd through his hair
d said, "I can't
t over how differ-
t you look, Doris,"
e said, "Why don't
u always say nice
ings like that?
u're really a very
ce guy at heart.
d sentimental, too,
l bet, underneath
those wisecracks."

And when he said,
One thing nice about
is formal stuff is
at the girls can't
much jitterbug-
ng, and that's a
eak for me," she re-
ied, "No, a girl
esn't feel exactly
e cutting a rug
en she is wearing
evening gown. But
en I never really
red too much for
tterbugging. I
ean, it never was
y whole life, so to
eak, Jimmy."

And when he said,
t sure would be nice
you had forgotten
about Larry to-
ght," she said, "Oh,
t I have, Jimmy.
mpletely."

And then she lost
the sophistication
d all the age she
d acquired so quickly in one moment
intermission time. The two of them
alked out of the gymnasium, where the
nce was being held, to the narrow, tree-
ed street that led to the football field,
mmy with his arm encircling her waist;
d they had taken only a few steps when
e stopped her, turned her body to his, and
id:

"Doris, I've always been a guy with a lot
wisecracks, but now I'm serious, very
rious; and as a serious guy, I'm going to
ss you."

She smiled and she was still sophisticated
d she didn't say anything.

"Okay?" he asked, and he seemed em-
arrassed by her silence and her smile.

AND then she looked at him, her eyes know-
g with that sophistication, and said,
Well?"

"Okay, Doris," he said, and he pulled her
dy tightly to his and his mouth was press-
g hers eagerly, hungrily, and she answered
ith her lips first and then with her body,
ibrant, yielding, and she felt his strong
rms enfolding her even more completely,
racting even more of her ebbing strength,
trength which she yielded gladly and un-
tintingly. And then, as the pressure of his
lips relaxed, as his hold lessened, and his fingers started to caress her face tenderly, she lost all that sophistication and all that age. And she said, simply, with a child's innocence:

"Kiss me again, Jimmy darling."

FROM a great distance, it seemed, she heard him murmur, "Sweetheart," and she gave both her lips and her body to him once more, proffering them proudly and unashamedly. And this time, when the hurrying passion had been spent and his hand touched her nose and her lips with a gentle wonder, she heard him say, "Doris, sweetheart, I love you." And it was close, so close that it drummed a symphony of joy into her heart. And it was real, as real as his hand, which she still gripped tightly. And it was big and meaningful and significant. It was all those scenes in the stories she had read and the movies she had seen come to life for her. It was the kiss with meaning and power, the moment bursting and overflowing with all the emotions she had dreamed she could feel. And there had never been anything like this before and she knew, she was certain that night, that there could never be anything with more feeling or meaning or importance for her; that there could never be anyone except Jimmy. And she said simply and again with a child's innocence, a child's innocence and his certainty:

"I love you, Jimmy. I think I've loved you for a long time."

There had never been much more than that for the two of them. Never much more than their kisses and the hope chest and the few dream castles they had been able to build together before he went away. There hadn't even been many nights, or many hours, or many kisses—such as most people had. Graduation had come quickly and slipped by them in a flash, like a speedy halfback on his way to a touchdown, almost before they realized it. And Jimmy had gone to work and one night—it didn't seem any time after that, although it was a few months—he had come to the house for her and they started for the movies and he said, "Doris, I've joined the Army." Like that, simply, as you would have expected Jimmy to say it, something of the hurt which he knew she would feel in the softness of his voice. They hadn't even talked much about it, actually. There had been no fake heroics, no false drama. They knew that he would be away, that he would be gone for a while—and they accepted it. There never was any real doubt about anything else. They didn't know how long he would be gone, but they were certain of the other things.

"It may be a long time to wait," he said, one night before he went away. "Maybe you'll get fed up just waiting around for me and maybe it's not fair for me to ask you to, sweetheart."

"I'll wait for you, Jimmy," she said. She knew she didn't need to say anything else, that the statement needed no bolstering or embellishment when she and Jimmy knew each other so well and loved each other so much.

Miss X—

BY JANE REID

Every Thursday in the bay window,
Sharing the sunlight with seven plants,
The sewing woman sits in the armchair
Darning stockings, putting buttons on pants.

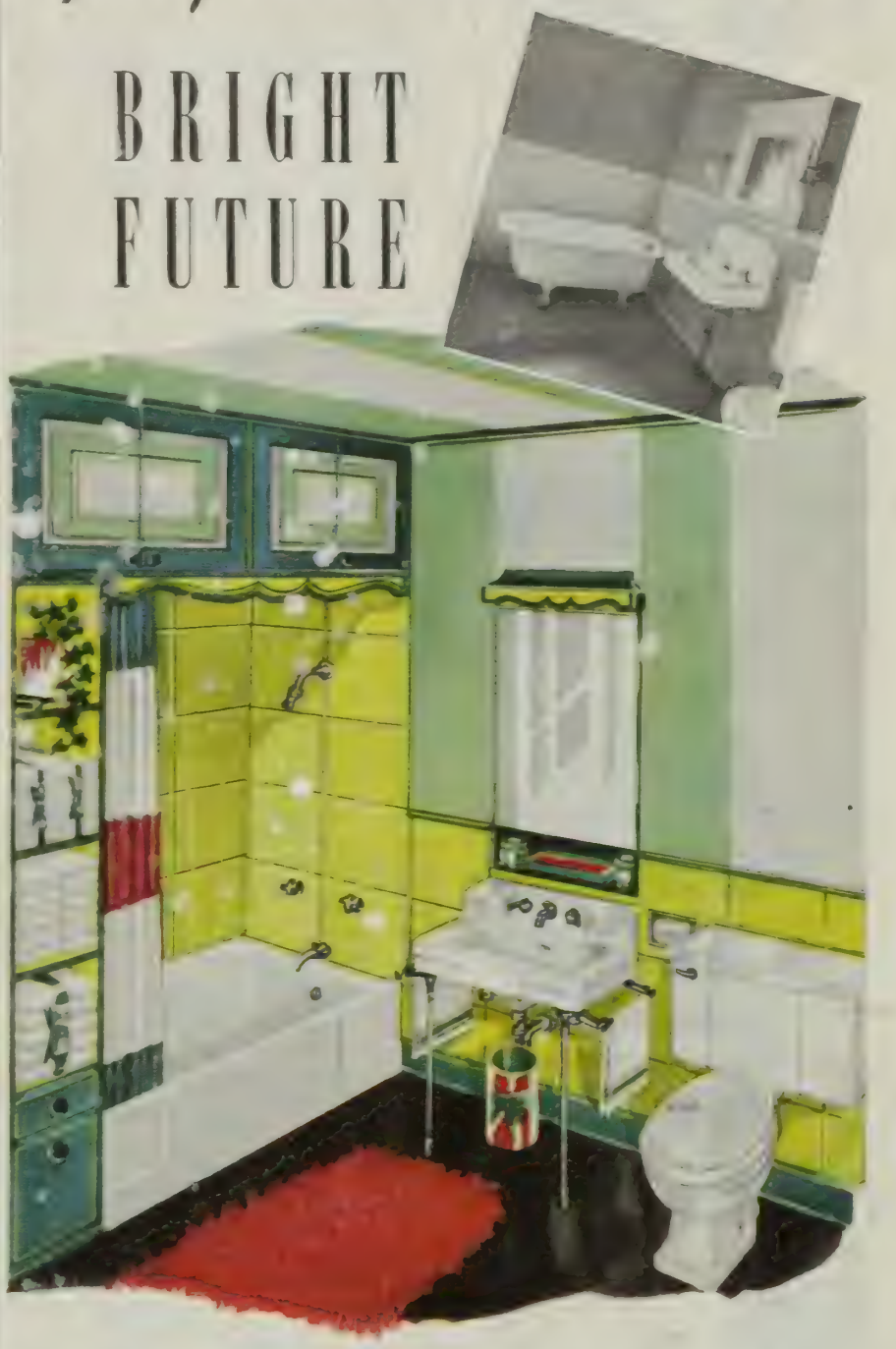
She lets down old hems and turns old collars,
Few things she touches are fresh and new.
The dog comes to sit close to her shoe tips,
He likes someone to sit with too.

The clock ticks on, the telephone jangles,
Mostly she sits by herself alone,
Thinking her own thoughts over and over,
Remembering the people whom she has known.

Lives wear out as well as cloth does,
A heart may be torn as well as a sock—
Torn and mended. She sits remembering,
Her needle monotonous as the clock.

Your present bathroom has a

BRIGHT FUTURE



If your present bathroom is old fashioned—or just plain uninteresting—if you lack adequate storage space or if the arrangement is inconvenient—be of good cheer.

It isn't difficult—or expensive, either—to transform it into a modern practical room—a room that will express your personality.

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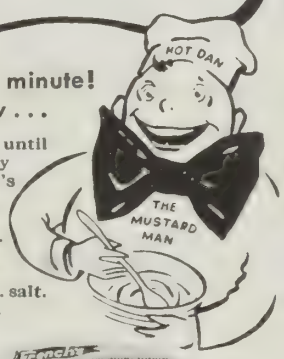
To help you plan your new or remodeled home we have prepared a booklet, "Step Planning Your Bathroom and Kitchen," a copy of which will be sent without charge.

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HOT DAN'S SALAD DRESSING

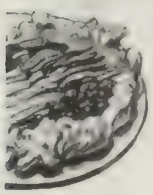


Made in a minute! Here's how . . .

Beat together until light and fluffy 4 tbsp. French's Mustard, 2 tbsp. light cream or evap. milk, 2 tbsp. sugar, 2 tbsp. vinegar, ¼ tsp. salt. Makes ⅔ cup.

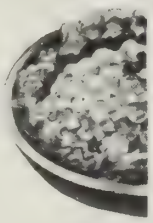


★Mixed Vegetable Salad



Combine 1 cup each cooked peas, carrots, beets and string beans with 2 tbsp. chopped onion and ¼ cup Hot Dan's Dressing. Serve in crisp lettuce cups. Hearty, satisfying and delicious. Serves 4.

★Potato Salad



Combine 4 cups cubed, cold boiled potatoes, 1 small onion, chopped, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 tsp. salt. Mix well with ½ cup Hot Dan's Dressing. Serves 6-8.

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"We don't have anything saved. We don't have any start at all. And it will probably take us a while, even when I do get back."

"I'll be waiting for you always, darling. Whenever you get back, I'll be here, ready to start everything with you."

"I knew that in my heart, sweetheart, but still I wanted to hear you say it more than anything else in the world." And she smiled and he said, "And I'm the guy who used to be known for his wisecracks."

"You're still the same, Jimmy," she told him. "You still make everybody laugh and feel good all the time. Look at me; I've felt strictly wonderful ever since the night you took me to the Junior Prom."

"And you knocked me out with a right to the old heart."

"It's just that you'll be putting the wisecracks away for a while."

"In cold storage."

He had given her the hope chest the night before he went away.

"It's old-fashioned, I guess," he said, "but I sort of thought it could be like the start of a house. Or something like that—for us. It's sort of hard to explain everything I feel these days. I'm not so good with the words any more."

"But you always seem to say the ones I love to hear, Jimmy."

"Like 'I love you.'"

"Like 'I love you.'"

No, there had never been much more than kisses for the two of them.

She got up slowly from her seat in the booth at Looie's, walked tiredly back to the juke box, pressed the button for No. 7, watched as the records were shifted and her selection fell into place and started to whirl under the needle. Then she returned to the booth and waited for the words she knew so well, lyrics voiced with a husky, feeling tremor by Dinah Shore: "*I'll walk alone . . . because to tell you the truth I'll be lonely.*" Never much more than kisses—and she had been walking alone for a good many months now, for a young lifetime, she guessed. Because Jimmy had gone to the Pacific a short time after he had left for camp and he had been there ever since, writing his lonely, loving letters from foxholes and under fire, writing them as regularly as he could, telling her not to worry, telling her to have fun, telling her not to miss anything worth while or anything that would make her happy just because he wasn't around, his pleas and his hopes always between the lines or unwittingly scattered between his words of love. He had been missing in action for one fearful, frightening, terrible month when her days and nights, sleepless nights, were one drab and despairing monotone of existence, days moving into nights and nights becoming mornings with a relentless hopelessness. And then the telegram to his parents and the immediate telephone call to her had brought an elation, an overflowing joy and a deep gratefulness unlike anything she had ever known in her life, a joy so powerful that it left her weak and helpless and she hardly had strength to walk into the living room from the hall and sit down and sob quietly in the chair by the fireplace.

When the song ended, the words of this one poem started to run through her mind, as they had many times. She had been reading a lot of poetry in the past year. She liked the sound of it and the way so many of the poems were sad and seemed to voice all the things she felt so much better than she ever could. But this one was her favorite, this one by Leigh Hunt. This one that went:

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

"*Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,*" she thought. "*Say I'm growing old, but add, Jimmy kissed me.*" *Jimmy kissed me. Jimmy kissed me the night he took me to the Junior Prom and I was wearing the black lace gown and my dad called me beautiful and I took Jimmy's breath away while he was standing in the living room and Jimmy kissed me and there was never any kiss like that, ever. And Jimmy kissed me right under the street light one night when we were walking home from the movies because he said he loved to see my eyes under the lights. And Jimmy kissed me, real quick kisses, in Looie's many nights. Right here in Looie's. Right here in this booth, where I'm sitting now. Jimmy kissed me. "Say I'm weary . . . say I'm growing old, but add, Jimmy kissed me." Jimmy kissed me and we have a hope chest and that's the start of our home, my little hope chest, and there isn't much more than that. There isn't much more than the kisses that we had together.*

Quietly she picked up her purse, placed the dime for the soda on the check stub which lay on the table, and started out of Looie's. "'By, Looie," she said, as she opened the door. "See you tomorrow."

"Hokay, Doris," he said. "Take care of yourself."

Looie was a rotund and cheerful Greek, whose ice-cream place had been the "night spot" of the high-school crowds for a decade and who took pride in the number of graduates he counted as friends. He turned now to the thin, bespectacled boy whom he had hired as a new soda jerk two weeks before.

"Swell girl," he said, nodding toward the door. "Swell girl, that Doris Gramway. Has a swell boy friend too. He's been fighting over in the Pacific ever since the war started. I remember when they were just kids. Just kids in school, always laughing and cutting up and dancing and having fun. Seems a pretty long time now—since the two of them walked in here together. That Doris, she was just about as smooth a jitterbug as you'd ever see."

Outside the Sweet Shoppe, the girl stopped for a moment and gazed around idly at familiar sights, hearing familiar sounds without interest. Then she started up Fourth Avenue to her home. She was wearing a brown suit with a plain white blouse and she walked almost tiredly in her high-heeled shoes. There was no jauntiness in her step, no brightness in her manner. She walked unsmiling, with a preoccupied frown wrinkling her forehead slightly. A fluff of her brown hair tumbled across her forehead and she blew air between her lips, as though this would return it to its proper place; but she did not bother to brush it back with her hand. The way she walked it didn't seem to particularly matter whether she got home now—or later.

Wherever you went, then, in those days of "a little yellow basket" and "three itty fishies," she was singing; and unabashed brightness went wherever she walked.

And there she goes now, the swing kid of '38. There she goes, graduate *cum laude* now in the imponderable technique of waiting for all the jaunty, cocksure kids who went away to the wars, grown-up girl with a sad little poem running through her mind and a forlorn longing and an aching loneliness camping in her heart. Not old, understand. But old, this swing kid of '38, for a girl of twenty-one. Very old, and too familiar with too many universal truths for twenty-one.

And this is the story that the learned sociologists and the astute psychologists and the sage editorial writers are much too busy these days to write. This is a story especially for her.

If you feel that admitting your errors will make you appear ridiculous, ask yourself if you ever saw a man who looked like a fool while he was saying, "I've been an awful fool." Certainly you haven't. The people who apppear ridiculous are the ones who pretend they never make mistakes. —PATTON LINDSAY.

If we could see ourselves as others see us, we'd never speak to them again.



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POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
BALTIMORE 24, MD.

WHY I AM AGAINST THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT

(Continued from Page 23)

have a higher tuberculosis rate than men. Young women workers cannot stand for long hours on their feet as well as men can, nor can they lift heavy weights; older women have their special handicap, housework and the care of children added to the hours of factory work.

It is true that the Walsh-Healy Wage and Hour Law applies to men as well as women, but it covers only those industries that enter into interstate trade, not those that are strictly within the state—restaurants, hotels, laundries, stores and the white-collar industries. For these, state laws are necessary, to prescribe a minimum wage and maximum hours. Of course it would be better to extend such laws to cover men also, but this has never been done. We should be giving up a reality for a vain hope.

We do not need, we older women, to ask what will happen if all the laws protecting workingwomen should be revoked, for we remember only too well what happened before those laws were passed. In Illinois we fought for years for a ten-hour law for women. I knew a young Irish girl in Chicago who had a job as night waitress in an all-night eating place out near the stockyards. She worked six nights a week, twelve hours a night, seventy-two hours a week, and it could have been raised to eighty-four so far as the law was concerned. There were no minimum-wage laws in 1912 when, out of five million workingwomen in the United States, half under twenty-four years of age, a million earned less than $4.00 a week.

In those days I hated to shop in Chicago stores, for I knew so well the lot of the girls who worked in them. There was no vacation; not even in the hot summer months could the employers be persuaded to close for one weekday. It was a ten-hour day with plenty of overtime—paid for usually by a lunch—especially before Christmas; wages ran from $2.50 to $10.00 a week and very few ever reached that latter figure, yet a girl could not then support herself in Chicago on less than $8.00 a week. Even to get seats for these girls meant a long fight. I remember a girl who was a worn-out, middle-aged woman at twenty-four, after ten years' work in a department store for never more than $7.00 a week, all of which went to her widowed mother. She had had no normal girlhood, no fun ever, for her Sundays must be spent in sleep or in mending and laundering.

The women who are pushing the Equal Rights Amendment insist that to limit the hours of work for women and to insist on pauses for lunch, on separate toilets, on provision of seats—all these things handicap women in getting jobs, and that they want to be free to compete with men on equal terms. I think that is probably true of a small number of women in industry, such as linotypists on morning papers, and ticket sellers on elevated roads and subways, who are not allowed to work on the night shift. But in normal times their number is infinitesimal compared with the number of women who welcome these safeguards. Of course in wartime all restrictions are suspended in most of the states.

I can assure you that when Ohio passed laws for the protection of women workers, Ohio women did not envy the freedom of the women of Kentucky to work as long hours and for as low a wage as they pleased; Massachusetts textile workers did not move to Rhode Island to free themselves from the wages-and-hours laws; the women of the Northern States did not look with longing at the untrammeled freedom of the South. There is no articulate organization of workingwomen that favors the Equal Rights Amendment.

For more than half a century the struggle to alleviate the lot of women workers has gone on, and we can point with pride to what has been gained. Twenty-six states have minimum-wage laws, and this means that some four million women in hotels, restaurants, laundries, and so on, must be paid a decent wage. Forty-three states limit the hours which a woman may be required to work. Less essential, but still important, are the regulations which require seats—and their use—separate toilets, time off for lunch, and so on, and these are in force in practically all states. And such laws have not limited the employment of women, handicapped them in their search for jobs; on the contrary, it is during the past twenty-five years, when these laws were passed, that the employment of women has increased steadily—not only during the war—and in just those states where labor laws are strict. All this gain would be swept away by the adoption of the Equal Rights Amendment. Is it any wonder that workingwomen have dubbed it the "Unequal Rights Amendment"?

In theory, of course, women should fight for their rights as men do, but in actual fact they seldom do. Even now, in wartime, only about three million of the seventeen and a half million women wage earners belong to unions, and the majority of these are in war industries, aircraft and automotive production. When the war is over few of them will remain in those industries; they will have to go back to their old jobs, most of them in unorganized industries or with far less strong unions. Surely they will need as much protection as they did before the war.

The Equal Rights Amendment will not free women from discrimination; no laws can do that. It will not make it easier for professional women to advance, nor for workingwomen to get or to hold jobs, but it will sweep away the few measures which now make the lives of the wage-earning women less hard. It will remove from the wife and mother all consideration for her as a woman and will place her on a legal equality with her husband, an equality that is mostly imaginary, has little basis in hard fact. The legal injustices under which women in some states still suffer can be removed one by one with far less effort than was needed in earlier years, and without sacrificing what is good in order to get rid of what is bad. If women in and out of industry understood clearly what the proposed amendment would do, it could never be passed.

STRIKE UP THE BAND

(Continued from Page 36)

PIN-WHEEL COOKIES

Use any rolled sugar-cooky dough or vanilla refrigerator-cooky dough. Roll out. Sprinkle with red sugar. Roll up and chill. Slice when cold. Bake as usual. It's very easy to "color" sugar. Put a little in a bowl. Add a drop or two of red coloring—blend well with pastry blender or a fork till you get a nice red, but not a wild magenta. It's red you're after, isn't it?

Ever hear of lemon with coffee? Well, listen and wait a minute. This may surprise you or it may be as familiar to you as baby's left ear. But it is something you ought to try, and right off too.

Make a pot of very strong coffee. Put strips of peel cut from 2 lemons into a pitcher and pour the hot coffee over the peel. Let it stand five minutes to bring out the flavor of the peel. Pour at once, while hot, over ice in the glasses. It's best without sugar, but you may add sugar if you like, but *never* any cream. This is a delicious thing—and if it's new to you, that will be all to the good for your party.

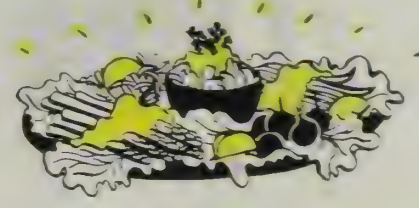
All for today. I hope it will be hot and sunny all day on the Fourth, that somewhere parades will flaunt the flag in many a leafy street. And that, after the last rays of the sunset have flickered and gone out, somewhere, tired and happy, the folks will wander home, hearing in the distance The Stars and Stripes Forever, played by the village band.



CHILLED FRUIT JUICE

A generous dash of fresh lemon points up the flavor of canned and fresh fruit juices. Serve with easy-to-squeeze lemon quarters . . . just as you do with tomato juice and sea-food appetizers.





***CHILLED VEGETABLE SALAD PLATE**

Here's a grand warm-weather entree that features variety *and* flavor:

Sea Food in Tomato Cups *Pickled Beets* *Carrot Coleslaw*
Asparagus with Lemon Mayonnaise *String Beans*

Chill thoroughly—arrange with crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with plenty of easy-to-squeeze lemon quarters and parsley. For Lemon Mayonnaise blend 1 tbs. of fresh lemon juice into 1 cup of prepared mayonnaise.



***LEMON ANGEL PIE**

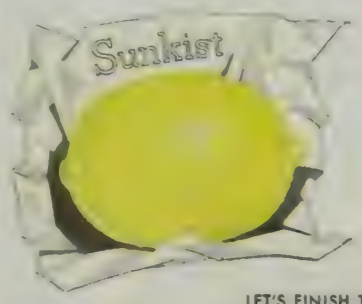
For an unusual pie the whole family will love: Cream 4 egg yolks and ¾ cup sugar. Add ¼ cup lemon juice. Cook in double boiler until thickened, stirring often. Add 1 tbs. butter. Remove from heat and fold in 2 beaten egg whites. Pour into baked pie shell and top with meringue.

HOT OR ICED TEA WITH LEMON

Tea just isn't complete without the tang of lemon. Handy quarters provide more juice for that added bouquet and flavor everyone wants.



As you see, lemons can be your most helpful food in setting a tastier table. But there is another reason for using lemons liberally—HEALTH. For lemons are a rich source of vitamins C and P, a good source of B_1. They aid digestion, alkalinize. Sunkist's famous Lemon Recipe Book has over 100 recipes. It's free. Write Sunkist, Sec. 207, Los Angeles 55, California.



Sunkist Lemons in trademarked tissue wrappers are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California-Arizona citrus growers.

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LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS



Honey's sun tan is year-round: a clear, golden coat the color of sunshine through amber.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

I LOVE to look at the pictures of summer lounging that fill the magazines. Women in frosty white play suits and *alpargatas* (romantic word, that is). Men in cool, elegant summer slacks and pastel shirts. (My daughter Cicely used to call them uptops when she was little.) And oh, the chaise longues or beach chairs, the little wicker tables laden with tall glasses and mint-cool drinks. There is such an air of leisure as they sun-bathe and acquire that lovely magazine tan. Often a stately gentleman great Dane or a lady Dalmatian in her black-and-white summer print sits motionless just at the edge of the picture.

Stillmeadow summer lounging never remotely resembles this. On a hot July afternoon I may decide to take a sun bath in the back yard. The summer play suits are always faded and have paint spots on them. Instead of *alpargatas*, I don white moccasins well carved with tooth marks from puppies' chewing. My hair—alas and alack!—is never freshly waved for the moment, but is what the family refers to as my summer bush. I take up my book, which always turns out to be something much too massive to hold while lounging—something like Beard's Rise of American Civilization, or Thomas Jefferson.

I tiptoe to the yard, so I won't get interrupted, and ease myself into the chaise longue. This object may have its dreams of bygone glory, but now it needs paint on the white metal frame (not frosty any more). The pad has quite a lot of holes in it. Silver has never outgrown her puppy days, and Melody isn't above a passing chew on anything so nice and soft to the teeth.

I look up at the sky and see the lovely clear blue and I close my eyes to feel the golden sun on my lids. Then plunk! plunk! plunk! Three cockers land on me amidships. They have discovered me. Oh, how marvelous, how exciting, how very gay! The book falls on the grass and Hildegarde sets a damp paw on the open page. Four more cockers emerge joyfully from the house and join the party. Of course I have been around the place all day long, but this is different. This is summer lounging. The table goes over and Melody puts a tentative tongue in the glass to see if lemonade is really all right for a girl to drink. It's too sour.

When I can breathe again, I notice two cats have materialized, looking very photogenic. Silver makes a slight gesture toward Esmé and gets slapped. I try to explain that all ten cockers simply can't lie on the same chaise longue with me. The phone rings with peculiar urgency in the house, and the hour is over.

Some people might think the cockers could be shut up. Well, I have tried that. I found, however, that lounging in plain view of the kennel fence did not make me feel elegant or relaxed or peaceful at all. The mournful faces pressed wistfully against the wire, the hopeful tails twiddling every few moments as I turned a page, the anxious whoofing noises, not to mention Melody's frantic efforts to climb out—these might be withstood by a really sane woman; but for me, I always weaken and get up and go over to let them join me. There is something about that passionate desire cockers have just for your wonderful presence close to them—it is something that makes you humble and grateful just to experience.

In July we usually have some company for week ends. City people get a special urge to walk on grass when the pavements are hot to the feet. Before the war we used to put forth a great deal of effort on entertaining, but the war changed things. I believe everyone will always live more simply and economically from now on; the habits of the past years will leave a mark. It is very easy to feed numbers of people, really it is. It is the nervous preparation that brings fatigue, not the actual work. Often one is all tired out before the company comes, just anticipating it.

When I have a rough estimate, as the contractors say, of the number, I try to decide on the main meals and get them cooked and in the icebox while I am by myself, undistracted. I choose things that can be reheated and be just as good or better. Then I

ining "corner":

Make it easy for yourself! Eat right in the kitchen . . . in front of a cool "herb garden" window. Use a "dining table" drops down out of the way between meals . . . a wainscot of that amazing new gowall. And then — most important of all — put down a sparkling bright Gold Seal ngoleum rug! Its smooth surface is easy to clean with the swish of a damp cloth. And able! Why, its wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel is actually al in thickness to 8 coats of best floor paint applied by hand. But — when you buy your ngoleum rug — look for the familiar Gold Seal. Without it — remember! — it isn't ngoleum . . . the only enamel surface floor ering with the famous money-back guarantee!

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

ld Seal Congoleum Rugs . . . . product Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, New Jersey. Canada, Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.

ely on package mixes for muffins, biscuits, vaffles. I get the packages lined up near the tove too.

If we have a lot of people, we serve all neals buffet. The house is too small for a ompany dining-room table anyway. I now many people, especially men, really prefer a sit-down tablecloth service, but you can't have everything, and I notice the most particular manage to eat everything they have at Stillmeadow.

A big salad is always my choice for supper, with or without a cold-meat platter. Plus hot small biscuits and apple butter or honey. A chef's salad is not hard if you have everything washed and crisped ahead of time and the dressing in a quart jar ready to use, and the salad bowl rubbed with olive oil and garlic.

Our neighbor, Grace Wright, makes the best chef's salad I know, and if you ask her now, she always says, "I put in whatever I have." She uses Worcestershire sauce in her French dressing, a good teaspoonful, and a clove of garlic. The salad, in a big cool bowl, may have slivers of cheese, canned meat, hard-cooked egg, olives, onions and all the greens available. I like to use chives and celery tops in mine, too, and a few leftover Lima beans or peas or beets. Beets may be shredded raw.

There should be several kinds of greens too. Raw spinach is a leader, mixed lettuce, endive. And the addition of any kind of meat makes the salad heavy enough for a meal, and saves meat too! Slivers of chicken or beef or lamb are good, and any of the spiced luncheon meats in cans is excellent.

I usually have one molded salad ready too. I like a molded egg salad. This calls for two envelopes of plain gelatin; soak five minutes in ½ cup of cold water, then hold bowl over boiling water until the gelatin dissolves. This is mixed with 2 cups of mayonnaise or boiled dressing. Then it has added 8 diced hard-cooked eggs, 1 cup celery, diced, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, ¼ cup pickle relish, 2 teaspoons salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice or white wine vinegar. I turn it into a mold and chill until firm. This is best garnished with pickled-beet slices or crisp carrot sticks. And I always pickle a few eggs, too, in the beet vinegar and have them on hand to garnish salads with.

The garden vegetables are a source of endless satisfaction now. I think many people who began to garden because of the war will never be without a garden again. It seems to me our whole national way of life has changed. I think even dyed-in-the-wool city dwellers will like to go week ends to a little house in the hills, work in the sun in the day and stretch their muddy shoes in front of a fire while their own home-cured bacon sizzles in the pan.

To have a small country place requires determination and faith in the future, and a cash income, small or large. You can't make a fabulous fortune raising things, whether it be mushrooms or muskrats. But you can live better on less, and you can save more. You need cash for the light bills or the kerosene, for the coal or wood, for clothes and medical bills.

Of course if you buy an old house, it will eat up all the money you have as fast as you get it. An old house demands. It is so beautiful and you love it so, surely you can spare some more money to do over the cellar or insulate or get new storm doors. You may dream of living in it as it is, camping out, but just move in and you will be bending every effort to satisfy the little darling.

How often have friends of ours bought little old houses and said, nose in air, "It is merely a place for relaxation for us, and we don't want to work at it."

I visit them a few months later. It's one of my favorite sports. They are always clad in old clothes and greet me as if they loved me but really hardly could stop painting the kitchen floor or sawing up the boards fo. the shelves John is going to build "all by himself!" Then you do a tour. Here is where the barbecue will go as soon as they get a minute to build it. And they must scrape the paneling in the front room, and they plan to wax it themselves winter week ends, and also paint the bedrooms upstairs.

The yard, where they planned to lie at ease and read books, is already chewed up by amateur attempts to dig and plant. They hardly have time to eat any more, they say, and they look tired out, but oh, so radiant. I never, never say dreamily, "I thought you weren't going to do anything to your place." I offer them violets and iris from our beds. They will collect them as soon as they get that closet under the stairs built.

We sometimes get a cold gray day in July when New England remembers it is Northern. Then I make an Italian *pizza*, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, and we eat by the apple-wood fire with the coffee extra rich and hot. This imitation *pizza* is a candidate for an all-time hit parade with us.

Split English muffins and toast lightly, and place in a pie tin. Spread thickly with tomato paste (one of those small cans of Italian tomato paste), top with thin slices of cheese (American or, better, the white round Italian cheese). Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese, salt, cayenne (a wee bit), one teaspoon of olive oil or salad oil over each, bake in hot oven (400° F.) fifteen minutes. If you have no tomato paste, use three quarters of a cup of stewed tomatoes simmered with bay leaf, onion, clove of garlic, basil. I also season the *pizza* with garlic salt and mixed herbs.

Honey keeps asking me when our cocker book, Especially Spaniels, will be out. She feels she helped make it and she wishes to see it. She hopes the paper shortage won't delay it again, and that by the first week in August she can see it with her own picture there too.

There is a lot of paper in our own books here. We have given away as much of the library as we could manage to do without, but the old favorites are a part of the life of the home. A good book is like a walk down a woodland lane: every time you go through it you find new enchantment.

I like to reread Rupert Brooke, who sang so bravely and died in the other war. He had a kind of young vision we need:

Sets your star, O heart, for ever?
Yet, behind the night,
Waits for the great unborn, somewhere afar,
Some white tremendous daybreak.

These are good words for our time.

The air is sweet with fragrance in July: warm grasses, summer flowers, ripening beans and golden-tipped dill. The herbs are spreading; how silver gray the sage grows, how blue the borage flower. The weeds in the garden begin to have their way, after the first week in July. There is a new school of thought, as a matter of wonder, that believes in the weeds! They keep moisture in the soil, they say.

Time to pick the ripe vegetables, time to can and preserve. A little at a time, when it is at the peak, is our rule. Those first tender Wonder string beans must be gathered just at the right moment before they begin to harden their pods in full maturity. The first baby beets are the ones to put down in jars, either pickled or plain, and of course our old friend the chard is doing its stuff all too faithfully.

Rose Wilder Lane has the best new device for storing jars I ever saw. She takes old bricks and supports her shelves with them. She can thus raise or lower a shelf by adding or subtracting the bricks that hold it up. The shelves may be taken down for cleaning. And it looks so neat and tailored!

The moonlight is whiter than pearl over the meadow these July nights. The small businesses of the day and the worries are magicked away by the soft glow. You can step from the door of the little white house into a white foam of moonlight on the dark crest of the waves of night.

Esmé steps delicately on her cinnamon velvet feet along the terrace where the dew has not fallen. Her eyes are lit with moonlight, they are sapphire flame. On the fence black Tigger sits, his body melting in night but his eyes shining, too, pure topaz or sea green as the light reflects in them.

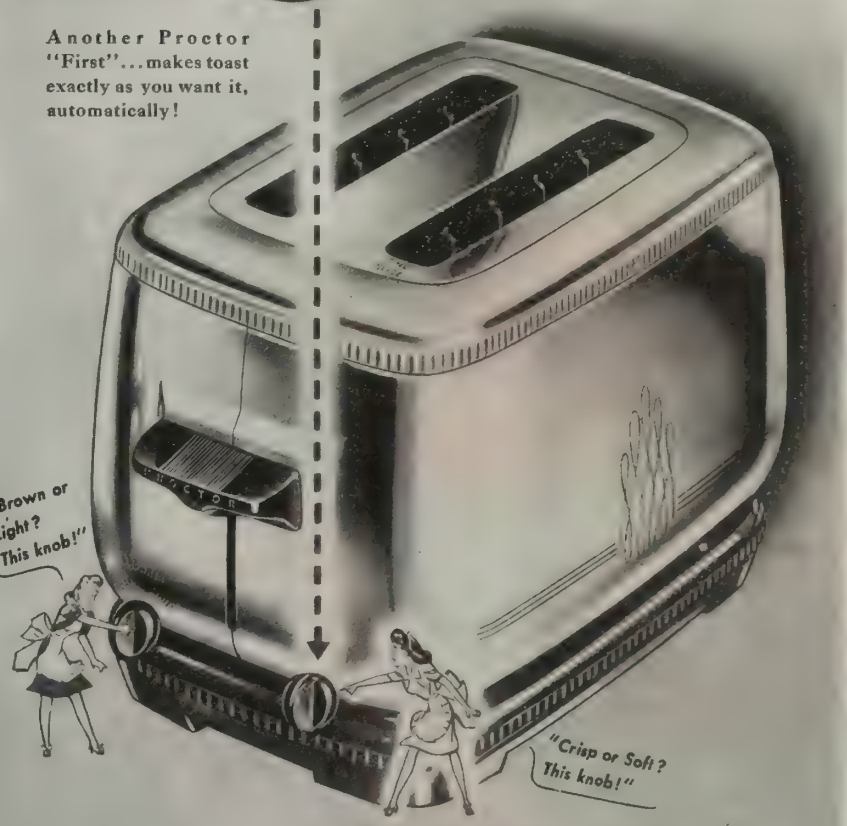
The magic knob

THAT REVOLUTIONIZES TOAST MAKING!



Only the Proctor "Toaster with the Crisper" can toast *soft* or *crisp*, either brown or light . . . or anywhere in between.

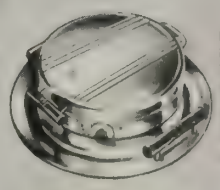
Another Proctor "First"... makes toast exactly as you want it, automatically!



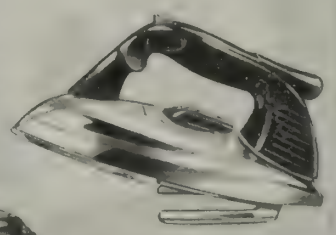
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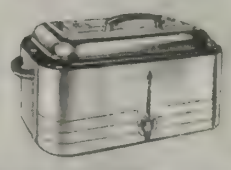
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Proctor Automatic Waffle Iron. Thermostat shuts off current when waffles are ready. Glow cone signal tells when.





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New Tricks with Old Stitches

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

THE most beautiful accessories in New York shops these days are useful ones. Charming items which you can make yourself, out of odd bits of cherished materials tucked away in your scrap bags. These items are expensive to buy but simple to make, and any of them would make delightful Christmas presents. There is nothing tricky to the making. The dimensions of the cases, bags or pincushions will be determined by your preference or the size of your materials. Any shoe sole, traced, gives you the size and pattern for the slippers.

The quilting is hand-done, before the article is made up, and you can machine-stitch all inside seaming for greater strength, if you like. Use cotton, wool or silk materials, as you prefer, and don't hesitate to introduce your own designs where it pleases you. For instance, you might like to quilt monograms on the slippers or bags; block initials are easy and you can buy a whole alphabet printed on a sheet at any pattern counter.

Anywhere you look, you will see designs which you can trace or copy for quilting—drapery fabrics, wallpaper, dress prints, embroidery patterns, old needlework, borders and motifs from every source, including old magazines, are adaptable. Try other shapes of bags and pincushions. Make bags for sewing, shopping, traveling accessories, automobile use, and to protect all the scattered perishables in your bureau drawers.

To do it the easy way, cut a pattern first out of useless material and experiment with that for size and shape. You can buy yellow, white and pale blue carbon paper for tracing onto dark materials. Always trace your design lightly, and after quilting remove all remaining marks with cleaning liquid.

A needlework bag with a top casing eased over a wood strip, and an elephant pincushion with ears tacked on. The traveling slippers fold into the matching case.



The wastebasket cover has an appliquéd spray cut from chintz; the Victorian pincushion is to remind you, in case you have an old one you might copy. Quilted cushions may have whimsical designs, and the eyeglass case is strictly feminine.



Sets of cases are useful in bureau drawers, perfect for traveling. The faille slippers have an appliquéd rose cut from chintz. Use chamois skin, available in dime stores, for soles, tracing around an old slipper for size. Ease in plenty of fullness at toes.



For the hot-water-bottle cover, cut a spray of flowers from chintz, appliqué it onto the muslin background before quilting. Finish the bottom with a slide fastener. Make the round pincushion and handkerchief holder from pretty scraps.

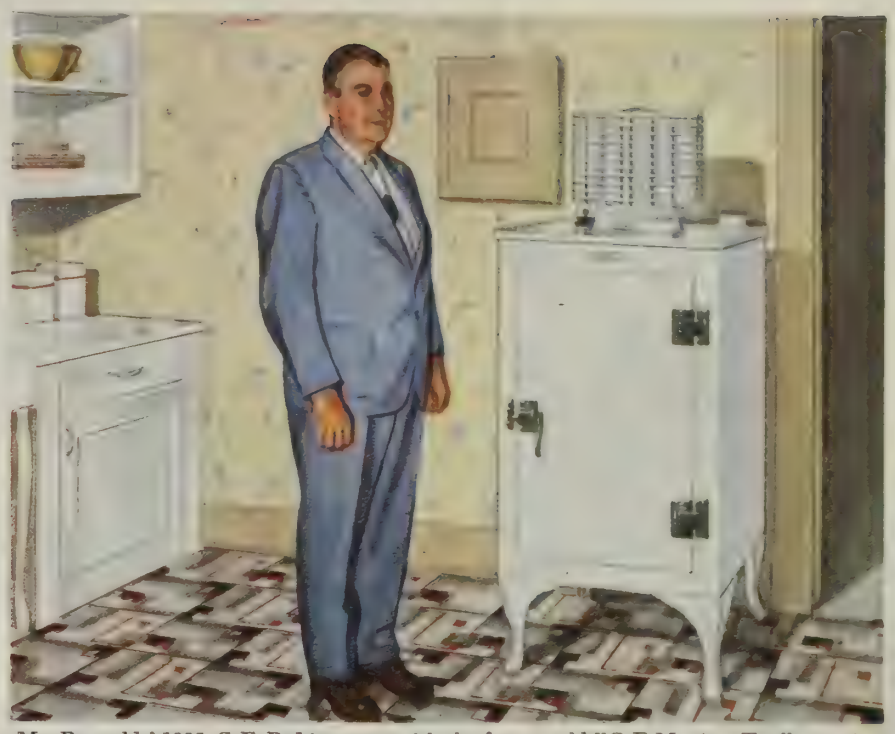
"Bought secondhand in 1934 . . .

My G-E refrigerator has never failed me!"

"Permit me to offer my heartiest congratulations to you, your engineers and your mechanics, for having designed and built my 1932 General Electric Refrigerator, which I bought secondhand in October, 1934 . . . for $105.00.

"During the ten years I have owned this secondhand machine, it has never failed me. It is the most wonderful piece of machinery with which I have ever come in contact!"

—from a recent letter by Mr. Floyd R. Reynolds, B. S., Industrial Arts Instructor in the San Antonio schools.



Mr. Reynolds' 1932 G-E Refrigerator, with the famous old "G-E Monitor Top" containing one of the earliest G-E "sealed-in-steel" cooling units. This unit has now run for 12 years without attention of any sort. The modern G-E Sealed Unit—more compact, more efficient and hidden *under* the cabinet—is still finer, still more reliable.

How women in the know will choose their new refrigerators

s tempting to think of your postwar refrigerator in ms of its "extras" . . . the little conveniences and tures that mean so much to a woman. The G-E frigerator has always had more than its share of h features, and always will.

But the first and most important job of any refrigtor is to *preserve food efficiently*. Every hour of every day and week. Year after year after year!

That's why—if you're interested in years of high-quality, worry-free refrigeration—we think you will look beyond the "extras" *to the very heart* of the refrigerator: *its cooling mechanism.*

• The "sealed-in-steel" cooling unit

19 years ago, G-E engineers developed a new cooling unit—so free from trouble or wear that it could be *permanently* sealed up in an airtight steel case.

Not a drop of oil could leak out. Not a speck of dust could seep in. It was safe from moisture, air and corrosion—sealed for good!

It was this kind of refrigeration that made the G-E Refrigerator famous. *A million G-E Refrigerators, in service ten years or longer, are giving faithful service right now.*

We are quite sure that this is an unsurpassed performance record. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

he G-E Refrigerator in your postwar All-Electric Kitchen will be lovely to look at. Packed with conveniences. But ore important, it will be built around the famous hermetically sealed G-E unit—for years of attention-free *service!*





Your postwar Home Freezer, for summer-fresh delicacies all year 'round, will hold so *much* perishable food that it must be reliable. That's why G-E models will be built around the famous hermetically sealed Cooling Unit—safeguard against breakdowns and food-spoilage.

TUNE IN: *"The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday thru Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday thru Friday, 6:45 p.m., E.W.T., CBS.*

KEEP ON BUYING AND HOLDING WAR BONDS

GE Refrigerators

A MILLION IN SERVICE TEN YEARS OR LONGER

GENERAL ELECTRIC



(Continued from Page 128)

and often, before soil or perspiration has a chance to settle down and take up permanent residence. They're easier to do in the early stages too.

THE WASH THAT REFRESHES

Use gentle soap, and enough of it to make lively suds that sparkle with vitality all through washing time. For the average washing, two to three inch standing suds is fine—yes, you may measure with a ruler. But the more soil, the more soap, naturally.

Hardhearted water is maddening—needs plenty of softener both while sudsing *and* rinsing. If you soften washing water only, leftover soiled suds form horrid little curds, when soaped clothes find themselves in hard clear rinse water.

Believe it or not, but that dingy off-white look can come from too much washing! Run the machine about five minutes for lightly soiled clothes, ten for very dirty ones. If clothes are still soiled after a ten-minute run, extract those wornout suds and begin again with fresh reinforcements.

Another thing that can make white clothes prematurely gray is underrinsing. They need at least two suds-removing rinses in clear, softened water (if you are in a hard-water area) with the machine running about two minutes for each.

EVER WASH WITHOUT SOAP?

After the war there'll be many new detergents (cleaning agents which aren't soap but which coax soil out, often even in cold or hard water). They're definitely something to keep your up-to-the-minute eye open for. Some make suds, some don't. All that we've tried give the water a silky slippery feeling, quite unlike the suds we're accustomed to—but they do wash things clean.

BREAKING INTO PRINT

We hate to explode such a comforting theory, but salt has no value in "setting" colors. In fact, there's nothing we know of can stop a color in the mood for running away. Better test an inconspicuous bit first in clear warm water. If the water becomes even slightly tinted, proceed with caution! Here's the best method of laundering prints to make colors feel disposed to stay where they belong. Wash separately—never soak—use cool suds (85°–90°F.)—do the job as speedily as possible—have the last rinse water practically cold. Place a Turkish towel inside, wrap it in another, then unroll at once and apply the quick-dry electric-fan method.

TO STARCH OR NOT TO STARCH

That, indeed, is the question on washday. For starch can help or starch can hinder, depending upon your skill in "saying when" for various fabrics.

Our answer is: *None*—for baby clothes, underwear, sleeping things, hankies or any permanently finished fabric. *Thin*—for blouses, tablecloths and napkins, collars and cuffs, or house dresses of cotton or linen. *Thin*—for heavy cotton slip covers, draperies or children's sturdy play clothes. *Medium*—for lightweight slip covers and draperies, for curtains, nurses' uniforms, the collars and cuffs of your husband's shirts. A really *thick* starch is used only for those fabrics which require a heavy finish—chintz, for example.

Brush up the "Welcome" mat for a new ready-made liquid starch just appearing on the market. You won't have any trouble getting this to a perfect consistency. Just add water. Bluing is already in it.

HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?

Treat woolens with great respect when washing, whooshing through softened lukewarm water and mild fluffy suds with a tender touch. Be quick about it, too, for woolens hate to soak, resent being twisted or rubbed hard; they'll show their dislike of such treatment by matting and shrinking! Dry them in the shade of the old apple tree, or stretch out flat indoors on floor or table—but not in direct sunlight or too near artificial heat.

To make sure that your sweater gets back to the shape it was in, trace around it, before tubbing, on a big sheet of wrapping paper. Afterward, when it's clean and ready to dry, coax it back to match this outline, securing to the paper with rustproof pins.

TONICS FOR TIRED WASHABLES

Suppose you have a two-year-old flowered print rayon (or even silk!) dress, whose lines you still love, but whose spirits are definitely drooping. Run down to the corner drug store and buy an ounce of powdered gum arabic. Now pour over this a pint of boiling water, stirring over a low heat until the gum arabic is completely dissolved. Dilute this mixture with two to three and a half quarts of lukewarm water, depending upon how much encouragement your dress needs to get back its former pep and vitality. Dry it up quickly after dipping in this mixture. And of course all this takes place after the tired dress has been refreshed by laundering.

Put the flirtatious flutter back in a rather bedraggled veil by ironing it between two pieces of waxed paper.

A smidgin of dye in the last rinse water will restore that lovely glow of health to some pastel dresses or underwear grown a little pale and wan. Dyes made especially for this purpose can be bought—and *please* do just what it says on the box.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

OPA DOLLARS-AND-CENTS PRICES FOR COTTONS

Coming into your stores soon--a few are already here--are cotton clothes marked with exact OPA ceiling prices. House dresses and slips for you, overalls, rompers and dresses for your offspring, shirts and shorts for your husband. The OPA prices will be on a tag or label, which has been put on by the manufacturer, and are the highest prices your clothing dealer can charge. Look for those ceiling-price tags and save money!

Within the next few months the big proportion of all low and medium priced cotton clothes in your store will have these OPA dollars-and-cents ceiling prices marked on them. Those made of fabrics, like cotton and spun-rayon mixes (less than 25% rayon), print cloth, carded broadcloths and poplins, will have the lowest prices.

The clothes made of finer fabrics--fine lawns, organdies, combed twills, combed poplin and broadcloth, piques, voiles--will naturally have higher ceiling prices, but a woman's dress even of these, for instance, will be ceiling priced at $5.50 or less. Only a relatively small proportion of civilian cotton fabric will go into expensive clothes.

That's all the result of a joint program of the War Production Board and the OPA to get more of the limited civilian supplies of cotton made into essential clothes at reasonable prices.

Early to bed hasn't made you wise!

If she were wise to a slick trick named Mum—she'd be dancing the night away!

NO LOVE—no luck at snaring herself a date. A looker like that! And she owes her long and lonesome evenings to a fault she's not even aware of. Yes, she's guilty of underarm odor.

If only she'd realize this: a bath washes away *past* perspiration. But it takes a dependable deodorant like Mum to guard a girl's daintiness against risk of underarm odor *to come*.

Half a minute with Mum—and gone is the risk of offending. You're safe. You're sure for the day or evening ahead. And there's nothing better than serene and certain charm to boost your popular appeal. Mum, the smoothie, won't harm skin or injure fabrics. So smooth it on before or *after* dressing. But do it *today*.



Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Printed in U.

...ies' Home — The Magazine Women Believe In ★ August, 1945 ★ Fifteen Cents

JOURNAL

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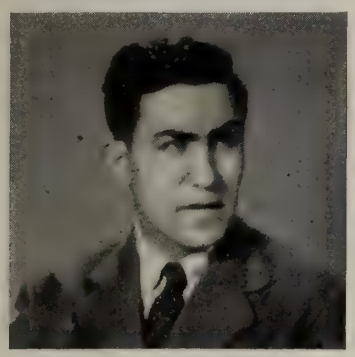


GUERRILLA WIFE ★ By Agnes Reid Spencer

RHEUMATIC FEVER IS NEXT By J. C. Furnas



LOUISE REID SPENCER, author of *Guerrilla Wife*, says, "Born in 1912 on a cold March night in Westmount, Quebec, I weighed ten and a half pounds—and was promptly given the lengthy name of Beatrice Louise Mortimer Reid. Educated in the Montreal public schools, which I detested, I finally raised 'old Harry' at the end of my third-year high and enrolled in a business school for stenographers. I took a position and loved my work. But reading and traveling have always been my two chief delights: reading, because I cherished a secret desire to write; traveling—even if only to some friend's house to dinner—because it could be used as subject matter for writing. Then, when I was twenty-five, my chance to combine the 'two delights' came when I left Montreal for the faraway Philippine Islands to marry my American mining engineer."



HARRY SYLVESTER author of *Moment of Decision*, says, "I've been writing for about fifteen years, having sold the first story I wrote (unfortunately) while a senior in college. Was a newspaperman in New York until 1935, but have been free-lancing ever since. Having periodically done Mexican correspondence for magazines, I expect to return to Mexico City this September to cover the preliminaries to the 1946 presidential election there. My wife and three children will go along, too, and I plan to enter the children in the famous American Foundation School there. We may go to Fortin."



NANCY SHORES writes, "I was born with a wandering foot and a green thumb and contrive to exercise the latter between spells of the former. My husband and son directed me to New York when they went overseas, with instructions to get to work on some stories, so I went looking for an apartment. There weren't any; so I took an old house in Greenwich Village which I am happily rebuilding into two duplexes and a flat. What really sold me on the house was a bathtub which had hung out of a first-floor back window for twenty-one years. *Greenwich Village Bum* was inspired by a cat named Gus, who walked in one night and announced that he lived here now. And so he does. He is probably the homeliest and most affectionate cat in the world, and is fond of

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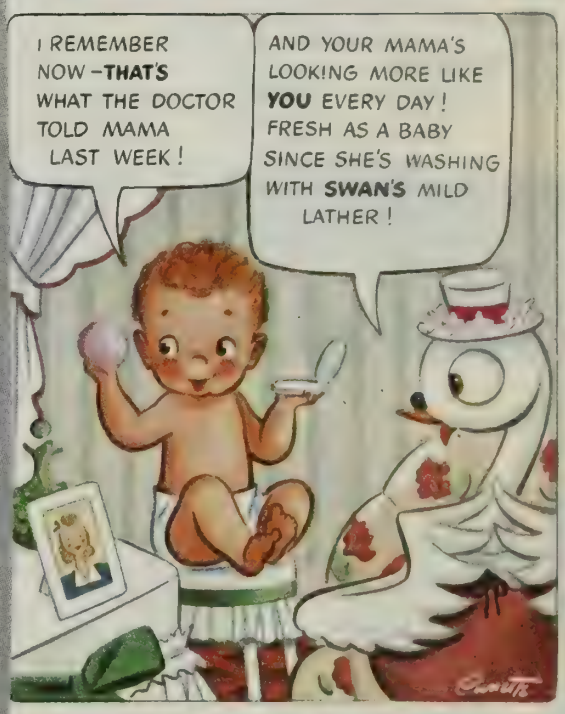
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L WAR MATERIALS!"

SO THIS IS LOVE?



THE SUB-DEB ★ ★ ★ ★ BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

LIFE'S been lovely lately. A little of this, a little of that—love of various sorts. These past fourteen months have been enough to make a girl's head spin. Your heart has pounded fiercely and it's fluttered feebly. You've been dizzy—and utterly sane. You've entertained hot flashes and cold chills. You've lain awake at night hugging happy memories and fighting nightmares. You've been high happy. You've been low low. You've been rushed off your feet. And time has hung heavy on your hands. You've felt wanted. You've felt rejected. All the emotions. Gleeps, how you've lived!

It began last May a year ago. You were a rash of radiance over Jim. You'd seen him around. But of a sudden you saw him. He walked right into your focus. And Jim was different. You'd never noticed a man's ears particularly. But Jim's were noble. His chin was nice too. And the shape of his hands. Your own hands itched to smooth down his cowlicked lock. You finally weakened and did just that. You curled up tight inside the first time you danced with him and he sang in your ear. You went absolutely limp when he smiled deep into your eyes. And when he touched you, you could've died. It was gorgeous. Being in love with Jim. He loved you too. Right from the start, it seemed. It was more of the same for exactly seven months and seven days. It stopped on New Year's Eve—seven days after you'd given him a Christmas present too.

And then you two were unstrung. Nothing really happened to blow your love to bits. You got separated at that party somehow, and it didn't seem to matter whether or not he kissed you on the stroke of midnight. You didn't stop to think much about it until you got home. And then you realized that here was a new year and you were starting it without Jim. You'd had no words of good-by. You just knew in your deepmost heart that he didn't matter any more. It must have struck him the same, 'cause it was nearly three weeks before he phoned you to ask back his class ring. Even then there were no words. The ring meant nothing to you—so you tied it up carefully and mailed it to him. And that was the end of that. But it was the beginning of something else. You'd belonged to Jim and had followed the hands-off policy yourself for so long that wherever you looked, the field was an empty waste. Your phone just never did ring with a question mark. It was always one of the girls.

But the middle of February brought you a valentine! It was Peter, seriously and shyly offering you his heart done up in lace-paper frills. It seems he'd always thought you luscious—but you were Jim's. He'd been waiting for you to get over Jim. And now could you see him, please? You thought to yourself, *Why not? Peter's no seven-day wonder. But it's a date he wants!* You couldn't help comparing him with Jim. You couldn't help thinking his dates were pretty tame stuff. It would have been nice to glow over Pete. For he did have his points. He thought you were wonderful! So you loped lightly by his side, trying not to disillusion him or wound his wonder.

He took you around. And you looked out and about. And there was Bart. What dark eyes he had. And what shoulders. And dancing feet. He wasn't taken either. But he just didn't take to you. You waged a merry chase, remember? You got Pete to take you to places where Bart would be. You never talked about him, of course. You just maneuvered in secret. But Bart wouldn't be taken in by your tricks. You knew, everybody knew, that he had gotten the bite from Betty. And now he was stalking in solitary splendor. He'd just take his time. So you never got any.

But there were other lads who took yours. Bob liked your backhand, and Sam took you swimming, Don liked to dance with you, and Dunc thought your dad was swell and liked to talk with you both by the hour. There were lads in your life. They weren't in love with you. You weren't in love with them. It made you wonder.

What is This Thing? It's spelled *l-o-v-e*. It makes life lovely. But you can manage to live without it. Is it chemistry? Is it lightning? What does it get you? Everything? Or nothing?

Take Jim. He wasn't too awfully different from all the other guys. But to you he was special. Were you more polite to Jim, more considerate, more fun, more understanding, more attractive—just because you loved him? Weren't you equally considerate of Pete, whom you didn't love? And just as attractive—even though Bart didn't like your looks?

It could be falling in love is the easy way out. And being in love is a selfish pleasure. You want to be with the guy always—which is just craving stimulating company for you. You ask him repeatedly, "Do you love me just a little bit?" which is reassurance that you're not slipping. You cringe if he does anything awkward—which is your own pride shrieking in protest. He's utterly beautiful, you think. But it could be your own imagination. You bristle if anyone criticizes him. He's your choice and it's your taste at stake. When you're apart you save up things to tell him, you want to share your experiences with him—because you want an audience. You make him need you and depend on you—for your own security. That is selfish, isn't it? More cold-blooded than hot.

But taken from that angle, love is something you can take or leave alone. If it happens, all well and good. But you can live without it. And have fun too. With Bob and Sam and Pete you have plenty of company. With Dunc you get willing ears. With Don you have glamour and music and dancing. As friends they're all evidence of your good taste. Their behavior affects your pride. Their attention inflates your ego. Their variety is stimulating. Maybe they don't love you. But they like to be with you. You're on their list. Some call it being a sister. I call it being smart! But no matter what you call it—you'll find it has definite possibilities!

PERSONALITY REPORT CARD

A shining light or a dusty bulb? Are you doin' all right—or could it be better? One or t'other, you don't want to miss the complete list of Sub-Deb booklets and prices on page 142. Heading the list is PERSONALITY REPORT CARD, No. 1514, 5¢, a must that'll dust you off and get you ready for fall. Don't be a Dim!



Keen about her knitting . . .

Dumb about her Dandruff!



The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

Pityrosporum ovale, the "Bottle Bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

An Itching Scalp with Ugly Flakes and Scales is a Warning You Should Heed

Many an otherwise intelligent man or woman fails to look upon flakes, scales and itching as a warning that infectious dandruff may be present.

Before they know it, they may be in the grip of a condition that *can*, and *does*, play hob with your scalp . . . impairing your natural good looks.

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

At the first sign of such symptoms start with Listerine Antiseptic and fingertip massage . . . the easy, delightful home treatment that has helped so many.

Make it a part of your regular shampoo and, if you do not see rapid improvement, follow the treatment twice a day. Remember, in clinical tests the twice-a-day Listerine treatment brought improvement or complete relief to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a cool, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus".

This tough, hard-to-kill customer is looked upon by many a noted dermatologist as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Flakes Disappear

You'll be delighted to see how rapidly those embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear.

Note how much better your hair looks and how much better your scalp feels.

You will actually look forward to the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's so cool . . . so refreshing. And literally thousands say it's so effective!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *The Tested Treatment for* INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF



Here's a simple way to bring close friends *closer!*

HALF THE PEOPLE who are accused of being "high-hat" aren't guilty at all. It's just that their distance-vision is so hazy that they frequently fail to recognize approaching friends.

If *your* eyes are putting you in this kind of predicament—and at the same time are making it difficult for you to read easily—then you should know the happy benefits of Univis 2-Way* Lenses as prescribed by your eye consultant.

When you wear these lenses you will, in full truth, find close friends drawing closer—because you recognize them instantly and never miss the opportunity to greet them. Distant objects stand out clearly before your eyes—you see a whole world of things you've been missing—and you can read small type without strain.

There is a "naturalness" in the use of Univis 2-Way Lenses that helps you to accustom yourself to them quickly. This ease is due in part to advanced design and precision manufacture. The almost invisible reading segment has an identifying *perfectly straight top* which permits shifting from distance to close-up with accuracy, *by movement of the eyes only*. Head-tilting and awkward mannerisms are absent.

Have Your Eyes Examined Regularly

If you think your vision is faulty see your eye consultant—the sooner you get the benefits available to you through the scientific services and technical skills of Ophthalmologists, Optometrists and Opticians, the better for you. They can mean so much to you in providing for your visual efficiency and comfort.



Univis makes optical elements for thousands of precision instruments used in modern warfare, in addition to the manufacture of corrective lenses for the public.

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Life Looks Brighter through **Univis** *2-WAY LENSES*

UNIVIS FINEST QUALITY 2-WAY AND 3-WAY LENSES AND PRECISION OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS

Our Readers Write Us

No Spotlight Needed

Seattle, Washington.

Dear Editor: This morning I washed the living-room windows and rearranged the furniture. My new magazines, as usual, were on the magazine table. This noon my fifteen-year-old son dashed in for lunch and exclaimed, "Boy! This room looks nice with that beautiful JOURNAL cover lighting up the whole place."

Sincerely yours,
MRS. R. O. KIRKPATRICK.

"This Blessed Plot —"

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: I have just paid a visit to the airfield which I have never been able to mention to you. We used to picnic there in a lovely stretch of country. Today planes filled the air, like currants in a bun, and then, at a signal, came down. Out piled the returned prisoners of war. One of them fell down and kissed old England's honest soil.

I was taken over the village camp by Colonel Lacey, a kind, fatherly-looking man in a Monty beret. The military atmosphere has been kept as unobtrusive as possible, and a most efficient organization deals with the boys, starting off with a free telegram home to mother or wife, saying, "Arrived safe. See you soon." In some cases families have disappeared completely, what with the blitz and one thing and another. But the police, said Colonel Lacey, are wonderful, and unearth lost mums and aunties with incredible speed and skill.

Some of the boys are very weak. And one and all have forgotten things we take entirely for granted—our money, and the difference between half a crown and two shillings, and how to use the automatic telephone. Here in the camp they get spruced up and outfitted, and given papers, money, badges and tickets. The Red Cross and the Women's Voluntary Services have charge of the mending department, and run a sort of club in a dismantled country house. I talked to one lad who had been captured at Arnheim. He fell into the hands of the Hitler youth—little skunks of fifteen and sixteen who wanted to kill him out of hand.

Did I ever tell you about our V-E Day? No bells rang in this village. There was no one to ring them, and the crowd who came out to the bonfires was a curiously quiet and sober one. I hear there were gay scenes and vast crowds in London, but down here everyone seemed stunned with thankfulness.

I stare at intervals, still bemused, at the garden, and try to get used to the idea that, after all, I may keep it as mine. That the plan Mary and I once hatched, of giving injections to the invaders and throwing them into the pond, will not have to be put into execution, and the goldfish can remain in peace too. After all, if there had been an invasion, we were sitting none too pretty, just twenty-eight miles from the most vulnerable part of the coast.

Well, now I suppose we shall all have to face with what courage we can muster the rigors of the peace. To me, and thousands like me, whose boys won't come home, some of the thrill of victory has gone. We have nothing very great to look forward to. But it is nice to know we shall come and go quietly, and not feel any more that sick sinking in the stomach that came over a lady with a shopping bag when the sirens wailed and, willy-nilly, she had to wait for the fish. We shall not awake at night to a sinister moaning overhead and the crash of bombs and splintering glass, and the dust—the sickening dust it made. The night sky is all quiet now, lit only by stars. And somehow we have got to manage to keep it that way between us.

Love to you all over there,
DOROTHY BLACK.

Later. The papers a while back were full of jeremiads about further ration cuts, but nobody seems to care much. Nothing that's coming can be as horrid as what has gone, and so say all of us. I had Dorothy Disney down here for the week end, with Milton MacKaye. They had both been in Germany. Dorothy said dryly how amazing it was the way you traveled around Germany these days, and never met a single Nazi. Everyone dewy-eyed and innocent, and not knowing a thing about it all.

Later. Horsham yesterday was full of German prisoners, unkempt and grim, marching to some prison camp near by. It must come as a shock to them to see this part of Southern England, which they had heard was a Sea of Flames, or a Heap of Rubble, or hidden under a Cloud of Black Smoke, lying so green and pleasant and in the main unscarred. They whistled as they went, but rather gloomily.

It was pitiful to note the difficulty the average Briton had not to throw them cigarettes. But nobody did.

Cover Girl—28 Years After

Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen: We were happily surprised on opening our JOURNAL for June to see on page 10 a reproduction of the cover of the March, 1918, issue which had three pictures of our daughter Lois.

It seems strange that after twenty-eight years, a copy should turn up in France and be sent to you by a soldier of this war. I am taking the liberty of sending you copies of your letter of December 11, 1917, also a photo of her as she is today, an ensign in the WAVES.



Same girl, new uniform.

Sincerely yours,
MARGARET LAINHART.

We salute our 1918 Cover Girl, and her role in World War II. ED.

Hostel as You Go

Northfield, Massachusetts.

Dear Friends: Ten years ago hosteling was only a dream in America. Today there are 252 youth hostels in twenty-seven states. During these ten years a total of 101,346 American youth have registered 325,721 overnights. Their travels have included hostels of Canada and Europe as well as "temporary hostels" in Mexico and South America.

The next ten years should see hosteling in America so common that no town, village or city will fail to open its door to our youth and the youth of the world.

Our new travel folder and a historical folder will gladly be sent free upon request.

Cordially yours,
MONROE SMITH.

National Director, American Youth Hostels, Inc.

The ODT for the past three years has consistently warned against unnecessary train trips by civilians. This year, railroad and bus passenger mileage are at an all-time high, and there is *no* extra equipment to take care of vacation

(Continued on Page 13)



Goldfish bit me, Lady!

It's a good gag, all right. But it's no joke.

It's the stock reply a certain hospitalized vet makes to eager sympathizers who want the story of his injury.

And, as any service doctor will tell you, it's the prodding questioners, the people who feel they can't be properly sympathetic until they get all the details at first hand—who actually hold back the mental and physical recovery of the disabled soldier.

So, don't do it. Don't stare. Don't ask him where he got his injury . . . and how . . . and when. He'll tell you when he's good and ready. Then, by all means, listen. But in the meantime, help him to forget.

He may be awaiting your first reaction to his changed appearance. So, if you can't look at his injury without having your feelings betray you . . . don't look. Control your emotions!

(On the other hand, don't pretend he hasn't changed. He knows that he *has*. And he expects you to be honest with him.)

Include him in all possible social gatherings. There's no better way for him to learn that his disability hasn't changed him, as far as you and his other friends are concerned.

All he wants is to be accepted back into a peacetime society as a useful, worthwhile member of it. A society to which he has given much to preserve.

And one for which his wartime experiences have made him more valuable than ever. Let's not put any stumbling blocks in the path of his return!

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc. in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.

This stands for honorable service—Remember . . . the man or woman who wears this button has been honorably discharged from our armed forces.

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

TRUSHAY—The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Over 21 Times Funnier Than The Play That Rocked Broadway!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Irene DUNNE

Alexander KNOX
(Star of "WILSON")

Charles COBURN

in

OVER 21

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN Production



Adapted from the play by Ruth Gordon • Screenplay by Sidney Buchman • Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

This picture has been chosen for showing to our Armed Forces overseas.

Continued from Page 3

travel. More than ever appropriate is the AYH slogan—"Travel on your two steam." ED.

He's Right!——

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Editor: I think Doctor Bundesen is right about the needless fear of childbirth.

With certain feelings of dread I approached the birth of my child. Then came an explanation from a friend—simple words—yet I was to recall them vividly in a hospital delivery room, words for which I will be forever grateful.

"Having a baby is like driving on a one-way street. *There is no turning back.* You must look forward to the end of the street—keep driving and you will come to the end."

Very sincerely,
MRS. FRANK R. BURTON.

——He's Wrong!

Washington, D. C.

Dear Editors: I have been interested in the comments about Doctor Bundesen and his naïve conception concerning the "discomfort" of childbirth. In contrast let me cite the very real contribution of Drs. Robert A. Hingson and Waite B. Edwards, who introduced "continuous caudal analgesia." Thank God for doctors who work to overcome pain and may we have fewer of those who shut their eyes and ears and say "It isn't pain. It's just your imagination."

Sincerely,
S. R. G.

——He's Misunderstood!

Tacoma, Washington

Dear Editors: Perhaps Doctor Bundesen's attitude toward childbirth has been misunderstood. Being a man, he doesn't know what labor pains are like and never will, but the point he has stressed is not that a patient in the throes of difficult labor is expected to go through it without anything, but that needless fears during pregnancy tend to make a normal labor difficult and a difficult one almost unendurable. Having seen several labors both normal and difficult, and having recently had a baby, I know this is true.

Before my baby was born I read Doctor Bundesen's complete Baby Manual, and feel he has helped many mothers-to-be look forward to labor with less apprehension and more interest than they otherwise would have. Also, he has done a great deal to reduce infant and maternal death rate in Chicago. He is a great man.

Sincerely,
MRS. E. FJERMEDAL, R.N.

The Bundesen pro-and-controversy has broken all records in Our Readers Write's. Even though the subject has universal and age-old appeal, we write finis with a feeling that all sides have been heard from. ED.

Salt-Water Sewing Circle

FPO, San Francisco, California

Dear Editors: We attended a sewing circle last night—in mid-Pacific. It was all-male. All-sailor, in fact. And it was held in the crowded mess hall of a man-o'-war.

Aside from those rather major discrepancies the gathering might have been in the parlor of Mrs. Minnie Lurch in Schenectady. There was just as much buzzing of gabby tongues. There was also coffee-cake and coffee.

The seemingly preposterous idea of a sewing circle on a fighting ship in a war zone originated with one of the officers. We've seen men, day after day, struggling to put a hem on the shortened legs of a new pair of dungarees, repair a rip or replace a button. Invariably minus even the convenience of a thimble, sewing for wartime sailors (the old-line regulars accept it as a matter of course and are usually adept at it, becomes a thing of dread. So the problem was how to get the men to do the necessary sewing and like it. And that's how the salt-water chapter of the Mother's Little Helper League was born. The men off watch were invited to bring their sewing to that overcrowded little compartment which does duty as mess hall, sleeping space, film palace and church.

The amateur Betsy Rosses traded thread, pinned up one another's trouser legs to proper length, gave advice on how much of a seam had to be taken in and discussed what Joe said when the division officer discovered a speck of dust.

We hadn't got an electric sewing machine, promised to the Navy for making flags in an emergency, and its master was a thirty-eight-year-old seaman first class who had been some professional tailoring. Seams and hems that would have taken an hour's struggling on land were run up in a matter of seconds by our sailor tailor.

The big cabinet steam kettle in the chow hall was filled with coffee and on one of the tables were trays of cruller cake—making the *Kafferklatsch* complete.

The improvement in dress this morning is definitely noticeable. Buttons appear where they belong, dungarees which take mighty severe wear on a warship are neatly patched, rolled-up trouser bottoms no longer exist to trap sailors and the boys enjoyed it. The first meeting of our sewing circle, without a doubt, calls for more of the same.

HERB HUDEN, [illegible]

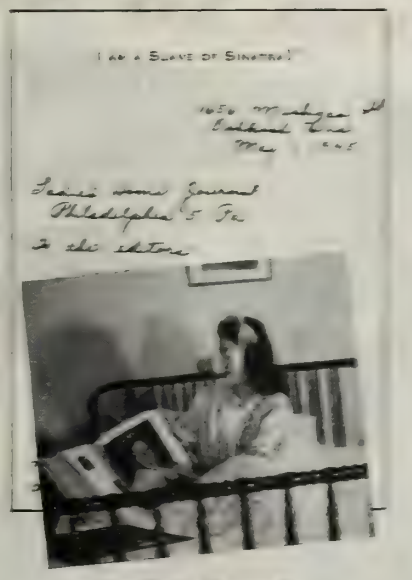
Mariners' wives may have to fast a fancy thimble to keep up to standard when their boys come home. ED.

Frankie Fan-atic

Warren, Washington

To the Editors: As you've no doubt guessed, I think Frankie is pretty wonderful. Just when per[illegible] sensational droop and on so sight and evidently.

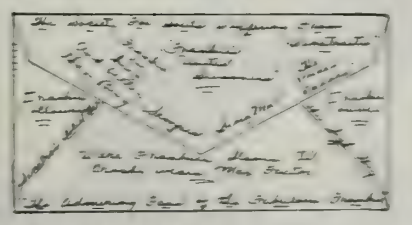
Since I've been sick in bed the past nine months I've been kept terribly busy keeping my scrapbook on him. It's real



DeeDee's Devoted.

thick—about five inches—showing his fan clubs and writing to other Frankie-fanatics all over the U. S. and one in England. (Guess I'd better switch off for now.) I remain,

Sincerely yours,
DIANE DEEDEE STEVENS (Age [illegible])



She does have. ED.

How the Japanese Army Lives

Somewhere in the Pacific

Dear Editor: The Japanese encampments are in direct spite of the hills with pockets of trees and native servants. Of course they live much more simply than we do and their entertainments are not nearly so elaborate.

You are struck by the amazing number of books, magazines and so on, they have about. What the subjects are I don't know. There were no pornographic American pin-up pictures—or at least only a few, but many, many photographs and pictures of the home life and the home land—whole albums of the former which it seems a matter of pride for them to [illegible]

Continued on Page 148

START WITH AN *Idea!*

You want a dressing table?

All you need is a pretty case of the right size. Line it with bright wallpaper, top it with the same and a piece of plate glass then hang with bouffant ruffles of pretty chintz or embroidered muslin. Presto—you have room for all of your pet cosmetics—and more your best beaux!



That unframed mirror looks too plain?

Border it with a gravity removable mat from a roll of wallpaper that harmonizes with the walls. Paste the remnants on as you like, then overlay over the mirror—and it will look as though the mirror were built right into its surroundings.



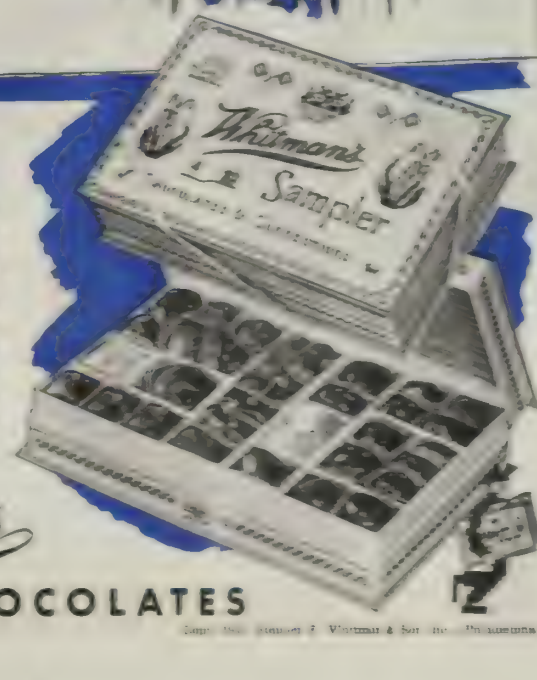
What to do with your magazines?

If you've no place to part them, a closet door is the answer. Then wood strips painted to match the trim turn any door into a very attractive magazine rack—and the gaudy covers will help to dress up the room.



A good idea always

—a Whitman's Sampler, when the family and "company" can always count for it. Whitman's Chocolates are so delicious, they are favorites every time. The chocolate has just the right degree of sweetness—and you'll find every type of center you desire, from luscious creams and fruits to the unusual nuts and chewiest caramels.



Whitman's CHOCOLATES



I'm never, never up a tree
For meals of wide variety—
I shop where I've found
Fine selections abound,
In our neighborhood A&P!



There's hardly a show we don't see;
Yet our movies are practically free!
It's a pleasure, the way
We save so much each day,
By shopping at our A&P!



When the mercury hits eighty-three,
It's iced A&P Coffee for me!
Refreshing? You bet!
And the thriftiest yet...
In three blends* at our A&P!

*Eight O'Clock, Red Circle, and Bokar Coffee

No wonder women agree...

It's time to turn to A&P...



You'll find scores of quality foods, at truly thrifty prices, in all six big departments of your friendly A&P Super Markets. Take coffee and donuts, for instance. A&P Coffee is so grand-tasting, it's America's best-liked coffee. And Jane Parker Donuts, as well as Marvel Enriched Bread, are dated "fresh" daily.

A&P

No need to spend time "shopping around" for food bargains. Simply go straight to your nearest A&P Super Market where hundreds of fine "buys" are gathered together under one roof. You'll shop quickly from the shelves and bins piled high with delicious, high-quality foods, and you can take your pick of the choicest and thriftiest.

And remember, A&P is hard to beat for really big values. You see, A&P sells so much food it can be content with small profit on each transaction. That's just one of the reasons why you get such grand values on everything you buy! And not just on week ends... but every day in the week! Stop in today and see for yourself! You'll agree with thousands who say *It's Time To Turn To A&P!*

A&P SUPER MARKETS

A&P

● Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees ● Jane Parker Cakes and Donuts ● Marvel Enriched Bread and Rolls ● White House Evaporated Milk
● 33 Ann Page Foods ● Mayfair, Nectar and Our Own Teas ● dexo Shortening ● Sunnyfield Hams and Smoked Meats, and many other fine, exclusive foods.

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



AT the Asbury Park baby parade of August, 1895, the prize for originality went to The Coming Woman, who sat on a papier-mâché lobster attached to a tricycle. American housewives complained of the high price of prime rib roasts—18 cents a pound in New York. Blackbirds sold for 30 cents a dozen. A woman in Little Rock, Arkansas, was arrested for wearing bicycle bloomers, and Dorothy Parker celebrated her second birthday.

"Each member of the family should come to the table prepared to say something pleasant," advises the JOURNAL of August, 1895. "Any bright little story or merry joke at breakfast—how it will increase the brightness of the day!"

"C. J. It is not proper for a young girl to enter a restaurant with a young man unless accompanied by a chaperon."

"Do not sign your bank checks 'Miss Mamie Webster.'" Ruth Ashmore tells the working girl. "Write your name Mary Webster, and so stand in the bank's estimation as a dignified woman and not a foolish girl."

"No Need to Wear Bloomers," runs a JOURNAL ad fifty years ago. "Use Peterson's bicycle skirt holders. Keeps the skirt from creeping and blowing up. Invisible. No need to detach from skirt when you are walking."

"Augusta: A well-bred man does not dream of asking a woman if he may smoke in her presence. And the woman who gains his respect will be the one who tells him, should he make this ill-bred request of her, that she cannot permit it."

"I personally believe in pure wool underwear," says JOURNAL fashion editor Emma M. Hooper.

"New Hampshire: A boy of two can wear dresses made from the same pattern as a little girl's."



"Bessie: I do not think a girl should have more than one proposal of marriage, and that should be from the man whose wife she will become."

"If more of our weary, languid, tired-out women would grow flowers," believes one Eben E. Rexford, "there would be less demand for tonics and sedatives, and more bright eyes and ruddy cheeks on our women."



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

Journal editors Richard Pratt, Beatrice Blackmar Gould explain Journal houses to Commerce Secretary Wallace.

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

AT the opening of the Museum of Modern Art's current exhibition of the house models you've been seeing in the JOURNAL for many months now, one of the most interested visitors was ***Henry A. Wallace.*** Secretary of Commerce. "How much better will they be?" and "How much will they cost?" were two of the questions he put to ***Richard Pratt,*** who told him, "If everybody works at it, they should be twice as good and cost half as much." Which didn't seem to surprise Mr. Wallace at all—one man who knows what can happen in America.

According to a telegram from ***Monroe Wheeler,*** *director of exhibitions at the museum, the* JOURNAL *small-house show has broken all holiday attendance records for the past five years. Don't miss it if you come to town this summer.*

You'll soon be seeing STORY OF G. I. JOE, in which ***Burgess Meredith*** plays the late ***Ernie Pyle.*** Before



Two Pyles—which is Ernie?

the film got under way, Burgess tells us, his wife, ***Paulette Goddard,*** called him to the phone one evening. Said whoever it was wouldn't give his name. The voice asked Burgess, "Are you the boy who's supposed to look like Ernie Pyle?" . . . "Why, yes," said Buzz. "But who are you?" . . . "Well, I *am* Ernie Pyle. Just wanted to say how glad I am you're going to do me."

It's Ernie's birthday, by the way, this month—August 3.

C. S. Forester, who did the story on the Grays in the May JOURNAL, puts himself to sleep at night reading the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Just finished it for the second time. . . . All warships are called "she," according to ***Admiral Nimitz,*** because it costs so much to keep one in powder and paint. . . . In England, ***Mary Cookman*** told ***Dorothy Black*** how much she looked like the famous British composer, ***Frederick Delius.*** "Maybe," explained the novelist, "it's because I'm his niece." . . . The silver lining: "You'll sho' be late to work, Miz Johnson," we heard a colored lady say on a crowded bus one morning. The serene reply: "Ah's never late till Ah gets dere. Ah's always early on de way."

Nuptial note: More wedding rings have been sold in the past twelve months than in any year in history.

Louella Shower *lunches around at the restaurants to see how the chefs make up for wartime shortages, but, except for the proprietress of a tiny place uptown, who's developed sixty-seven different kinds of omelets, there's nothing much you don't already know—like serving cottage cheese, a lot more sea food than before, and non-top pies. Incidentally, however, she's seen customers come in with their own linen napkins, and some that bring their own butter.*

From the New York State College of Home Economics, ***Helen Powell Smith*** writes ***Alice Blinn*** about how she teaches dressmaking by radio. Tells her listeners exactly what to do, so clearly, that after fifteen broadcasts a lot of them came to a party she gave, wearing what they made—house dresses, afternoon dresses, dinner dresses and suits. The mixture was amusing, she said, but the workmanship wonderful.

Something we never knew until lately is that a lot of people have color associations for numerals, letters, days, months. Have you? ***Louise Benjamin,*** *for instance, sees Wednesday as straw-colored and a sort of horizontal shape; the numeral "1" as a deep prune black; August as a real plum color. Which, to Mrs. B., makes Wednesday, the first of August, something like a dirigible at dawn.*

Walter D. Fuller, president of Curtis Publishing Company, has been telling us about sixteen-year-old ***Charlotte Harris,*** of Jacksonville, Florida, who has collected more wastepaper in the salvage drive since Pearl Harbor than anybody else in the country—131,765 pounds, up to the time she appeared here recently on We the People. That was just about what they picked



A V-E Day victim in New York.

up around Rockefeller Center after V-E Day, when New Yorkers tossed 2,000,000 pounds out of skyscraper windows. "That's when I wish I'd been here," sighed Charlotte.

The best novel for August—in this department's opinion—is RICKSHAW BOY, by ***Lau Shaw,*** a story lovingly told about an honest, cheery Chinese boy who ties your heartstrings into knots. . . . Another good novel is ***James Hilton's*** latest, SO WELL REMEMBERED—England, a nice husband, a mean wife and a postdivorce clash. . . . And still another, ANIMAL FAIR, by ***Evelyn West,*** filled with the always-fascinating details of family life, and a heroine who finds family life stifling. . . . While BEHOLD YOUR KING, by ***Florence Marryne Bauer,*** tells a stirring tale about the worldly nephew of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the surrounding New Testament characters come amazingly to life.

"Only the people, the determined common people of the world, can make

Longer Life

for the flower-fresh beauty of summer prints with cool-water IVORY SNOW

the "snowdrop" soap that goes a step farther in making loveliness last!

America's pet fashion . . . frosty little washable prints for hot American summers.

You love them! You live in them! "Ho" says you're a dream in them. Naturally you keep them looking lovely—*longer*—with Ivory Snow!

You wash them—AND wash them! Gentle Ivory Snow care is so kind to colors . . . gives longer life to their pastel prettiness . . . their flower freshness.

It's the latest thing! Newer than flake soaps! Different from cake soaps! Ivory Snow is Ivory-pure, Ivory-mild *and* granulated for quick sudsing—even in cool water!

Wonderful Ivory Snow! The only soap that combines Ivory-mildness with this speedy sudsing "snowdrop" form. It carries protection a step farther than other soaps are Ivory-mild.

That's why so many women give *all* their cherished washables Ivory Snow care! It keeps them lovely—*longer*.

P.S. Careful, Miss! Ivory Snow is made of vital war materials. Don't waste a bit of it!





CHECK! COMPARE!

For a month, wash all your nice things only with Ivory Snow, following tested directions on the package. Decide whether any other soap has ever given you all these wonders . . .

- ✓ Such suds even in cool water!
- ✓ Such quick-dissolving "snowdrop" granules!
- ✓ So kind to colors!
- ✓ Ideal for stockings!
- ✓ Inexpensive to use!
- ✓ So quick-cleansing!
- ✓ So easy-rinsing!
- ✓ Marvelous for wools!
- ✓ Gives longer life to the glamour of washables!

Ivory Snow is the [illegible] soap that is both Ivory mild and granulated for speedy sudsing!



Cool-Water IVORY SNOW

Longer Life for Nice Washables

99 44 100% Pu



GUERRILLA WIFE

By Louise Reid Spencer

The thought of being disappointed now, of having to return again to the hills made my blood run cold.

For twenty-three months she lived on the very edge of terror on an island, one of the Jap-held Philippines.

★ ★ ★ *A true story, complete in this issue.* ★ ★ ★

"SPENCE!" It was a man's voice, calling from outside. Spence, awakening, said tensely in the darkness, "Yes, who is it? Oh, Ben."

"Get up; the Japs are coming."

Spence, my husband, was already on his feet, pulling on his pants. "How do you know they're coming?"

I sat up in bed, shocked into complete wakefulness, yet too stunned to move.

Spence kept firing questions: "Where are they? Who told you?"

"Mr. Rowe got a telegram from Masbate and asked me to notify you."

By this time Spence was fully dressed, and I found myself out of bed getting into my blue culottes, shirt, a pair of socks and rubber-soled golf shoes.

Continued on Page 64

Copyright, 1945, by Louise Reid Spencer. This is a condensation of the book soon to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

HOMER and the lilies

In which Jess found the answer through a boy who dared to wonder • By Jessamyn West

WHEN Jess was eighty years old, somewhat gnarled, but still a very sturdy man, he came to know for a short time an asylum boy, as he was called, by the name of Homer Davenport. Homer was an orphan, aged twelve, black-haired, freckled, pale-lipped, very thin. When Homer was excited a pulse would rise suddenly in his throat and beat there as if the life in the boy had grown tired of confinement in anything so meager as Homer Davenport, longed to be free, say farewell, become a part of the world outside Homer and upon which his black eyes rested so intently.

Jess first saw the boy on a fine afternoon toward the close of September: Jess sitting on a stump by Rush Branch side, Homer stepping quietly along the farther bank. Jess had come down to the stream with some idea of fishing; he had his fishing pole with him, but after an hour or two on a stump watching the silvery dart and slip of minnows and the slower turnings of a big black bass, he had no relish for eating what had given him so much pleasure.

Let it be one thing or another, he thought. *Don't let eye and stomach feed on the same object. Don't make a fish, in one afternoon, be first thy picture, then thy supper.*

Jess felt bemused by the quietly sliding water. Rush Branch was dappled by sunlight which fell through the little chinks left it by the sycamore leaves. The stream flowing onward, disturbed by the fish beneath the surface, carrying the flecks of sunlight like golden seeds, moved beneath Jess' eyes with such likeness to all the streams he had ever watched that he felt that Rush Branch at its source might be that small trickle at Colerain where he had done his first wading. And that it might be, as well, the Muscatatuck, the White, the Wabash, the Ohio, and finally the Mississippi itself, and those great reaches of water into which the Mississippi emptied.

But upon those final waters Jess did not meditate that afternoon. To them, in God's good time, he would no doubt come. What he was thinking of when suddenly he had the feeling of being watched was the branch behind the barn at Colerain—and the way a spring freshet would send the waters over the meadow grasses there, bending and silvering them in the same way the wind had bent and silvered them the day before. Aged four, Jess used to think, *Does the grass care? Does it know the difference?*

When he lifted his eyes, focusing them upon the present landscape, he saw Homer quietly stepping along the farther bank, but with head turned so that he could regard—grandpa asleep upon a stump, Jess supposed.

"Howdy," Jess called across to him. "Come on over. I'm tired looking at fish. Like to rest my eyes on something without fins for a change."

Copyright, 1945, by Jessamyn West.

Homer paused for a second, then waded seriously across the stream as a good boy, bade by his elder, would be obliged to do, Jess plainly saw. He stood beside the stump, unspeaking, smiling a little, his black eyes trying to make out what kind of man had hailed him, the pulse in his throat jumping.

Jess put a hand in his pocket. "I been sitting here," he said, "studying on fish for so long I declare I'm famished. Backbone rubbing on my ribs. Have to bolster myself up with a little food. Thee care for peppermints?" He pulled out a handful. Homer held out a thin brown hand and Jess poured a half dozen in it. "Six for thee. Six for me. Two for the fish." He threw two into the stream. "The fish won't eat 'em—at least I've never seen a fish eat a peppermint—but the flavor ought to be a pleasant change after so much branch water."

The pulse in Homer's throat died down a little, and he, like Jess, crunched away.

"Don't seem as if I've seen thee around here before," Jess told the boy.

"I'm Homer Davenport," the boy said. "I live with the Perkinses. They took me from a home."

"Oh, yes," Jess said. "I recollect now I did hear something about it. Well," he told Homer, "Amos and Etty Perkins are good people."

"Yes, sir," said Homer.

Amos and Etty Perkins were very good people and they gave Homer a good home. He had a neat little weather-tight room up under the eaves where in summer he could hear the rap and clatter of rain not six inches from his head, and still lie dry and snug beneath his patchwork quilt. In winter he would hold his breath—for the sound of falling snow is like that of breathing, and only in perfect silence could Homer tell whether or not the first flakes had begun to sift downward. On spring mornings he could hear the birds prancing across the shingles on their toothpick legs and would laugh to think how surprised the birds would be if the roof could suddenly turn to glass and the birds look down out of their little bird eyes and see a human being so close and staring. He would laugh and wriggle with pleasure upon his button-sized behind at the thought of what he knew and birds didn't: that he was lying beneath them listening to their dry twittering sounds.

Then, having laughed, Homer would step into his pants and run downstairs for breakfast. If food would have fattened Homer, Mrs. Perkins' biscuits and hot cakes, her sausage and cream gravy would have turned the trick; but Homer was never very hungry, he filled fast. Homer was looking for something the Perkinses' table didn't provide: he wanted someone to talk to. Homer was lonesome.

The Perkinses were childless—and they were very nearly speechless. They had been married for forty years, and such conversation as they had once had had now about died out. Since they were like-minded, they had nothing to argue about; and there seemed little point to either of them in remarking upon events about which they were in perfect agreement: in saying, "Eggs look oval today," or "The cow appears to have had a calf."

The Perkinses were used to oval eggs and to cows that calved; they were used, Homer sometimes thought, to everything in the whole world. There was nothing he could say to them to which they didn't reply kindly, looking over their spectacles, "It's more'n likely, Homer," or, "I wouldn't be a mite surprised." And there the talk would end.

Homer was constantly surprised and wanted to speak with someone about what had surprised him. He was filled with wonder at a hundred sights: the colors a colorless icicle took on when the sun touched it, and the way flames leaped in to attack a hickory burl, then leaped away again as if the burl were fighting for its life; he noted how the smoke on a cool evening curled about the house like a tongue, and the way grass could push a stone over, and how through the buckwheat batter bubbles like eyes would make their way up to the surface. And the buckwheat eyes, Homer thought, would stare at him, and Homer, filled with wonder, would stare back. But the Perkinses wondered no more about anything—let alone buckwheat bubbles.

Nothing. Day was their right, and night a time of darkness made for their rest. The earth thawed and froze again; corn leafed and came to the full ear; cows that had dried freshened, and it was all no wonder to the Perkinses.

But it was to Homer, and he often wished for the other one hundred and eighty-seven boys from the asylum, who would have wondered with him. There, they had found out things: whether a tadpole was jelly all the way through or not; whether a mouse, if it had to, could run backward; and if an ant, swallowed alive, could chew its way out of your stomach.

"Do you think a mouse can run backwards, Mr. Perkins?" Homer had once asked.

"I wouldn't be a mite surprised, Homer," Mr. Perkins said, so there was no use telling him. Homer wanted to surprise someone.

Jess breathed through his open mouth so that he could feel how cold the air was against his peppermint-coated tongue.

(Continued on Page 91)

Homer said nothing, only drew deep breaths, as if a bed of lilies were a serious matter . . .



Greenwich Village

BY NANCY SHORES

MIKE came home in an awful temper. She looked in the mailbox where the gilt letters on black said "Michaela Foster," and there wasn't anything in it, and she kicked the door hard. The key stuck, and that was more aggravation. She went in and through her ground-floor apartment, and sat down in the grateful shadow of the kitchen and leaned her head back on the cool chintz of the couch. Here was haven.

It was one of those floor-through apartments one finds in Greenwich Village, with a pocket-sized garden in back, and three big rooms, with a fireplace in the living room and another in the kitchen. The kitchen was bigger than the living room by a few feet, and it was just as well, because it was the logical place for people to congregate. There was a big couch in it, and a record player and an eight-foot trestle table and a lot of genial disorder—magazines and such truck. But nobody ever banged the bell and came tumbling in to make for the kitchen. It was a pity, because it was a swell place.

The whole apartment was like that, inviting and friendly and comfortable—but it was empty. Even when Mike was home, working at her typewriter, it was empty and a little lonely.

The hefty gent watching her through the kitchen window was a Greenwich Village bum. He was a born moocher, with lovely manners, but he hadn't been gifted with an aim in life. He was charming and aimless. Also, he'd just been chased over the fence. He sat on the kitchen window sill and watched her. He thought she was probably a sucker for a few affectionate gestures. Greenwich Village was full of writers, whether for radio, books or magazines, and the female writers were always an easy touch. He watched her carefully. You could tell a lot about women by just watching them.

From the looks of the apartment anyone could see she was moderately prosperous. And the refrigerator in the kitchen purred with a fulsome sound. Smells of past cooking clung around it in faint but beautiful aromas. He sneered slightly. Prosperous and a good cook. He slitted his eyes and watched her. Probably a push-over for any male who'd praise her cooking by asking for seconds.

He waited a long time, gauging it carefully. Whatever she had in that big copper kettle, it was sending out beautiful smells before he made his presence known.

She came to the door with a big ruffled blue apron over her white shirtwaist and black skirt, and he had to admit she had a nice expression. Actually, she wasn't a bad-looking job. She had straight red hair coiled on top of her head in that new-old way, and long black lashes over sherry-colored eyes that were big and almond-shaped. She wore a size-twelve dress, but her shoulders were slim and wide, and her throat was a long curved column. Not that he cared—he was hungry. He still resented his swift scramble over the fence. She was just another woman to him.

He mumbled something, and hoped she'd misunderstand it. She did.

She said, "Hi, bloke, where'd you come from? The toils of the law?"

Very funny. Very funny. He came in and gave her a look of stark hatred and walked over to the stove.

"Oh. Hungry, huh?" she inquired unnecessarily. "You want a handout, huh? Okay, chum. You asked for it." She ladled him out a substantial portion, and he ate it, and right then everything went off schedule. It was beautiful food. He'd meant to go back and scramble over the fence and get some of his own back out of pure revenge, but that was the kind of meal that unsettled him. It made him think of his younger days, when he was the son of an honorable family.

He sat there on the floor and looked at her. All his ideas of mayhem underwent an abrupt revision. This woman needed someone to take care of her. Someone to scare the rats off. He walked over to the door, and hiccuped slightly. That last bite of lamb had undone him. He shrugged, and swayed a little. A scent of catnip and other mints came in from the garden. He turned around and looked at her. She was reading a newspaper. He sneered again, but the expression ran together, and he became aware that he wanted to sit beside her, to put his head in her lap. He did.



She put her hand down, in a knowledgeable way, and placed the tip of a finger back of his ear and then ran it down his jaw and under his chin to the exquisite soft place which so few people knew about. He stretched his chin out farther. She stroked the lovely place a few times, and then shifted over a little, absently, and by that he knew humbly that here was a woman who knew cats. He was in her lap in an economy of motion, and she went on, still absent-mindedly, stroking his underchin, and he began to purr helplessly, as if he were still a young kitten instead of a year-old and evil swashbuckler and moocher, and his front paws alternately clutched and recalled the air in a blissful relaxation.

He was sunk, if he only knew it. "Why, you're a lovely cat," she said, and he sank deeper into slavery.

After that, for quite a long while, she worked at her typewriter, and he crouched in the doorway smelling the lovely night smells, but with no intention of exploring them. He slept for a time. And then she touched him with gentle fingers and said:

"Hi, bloke, you going home?"

He yawned at her, but he didn't want to go. He got up, nevertheless, stretching his hind legs one at a time, slowly and carefully, and went out the door she held open. He knew, then, that she was the sort of woman who would never hold a man back from his job.

He went out about his usual duties, but there wasn't much zest to them tonight. Oh, he howled at a few windows, he chased that gray cat from Charles Street, he prowled a few garbage cans, but it was all waste motion. He wasn't hungry, so it wasn't important if there was food there or not. The gray cat—well, she was a female, and females didn't know any better. He watched his entrance shrewdly, cleared a coal slot, ran down the slot, found the broken window and sat out in the open court for quite a long time, washing his face. He was going back for breakfast, and he wanted her to think well of him. She was the first woman he'd ever wanted to see again.

And when he got back there, the door was closed. He sat there a long time and looked at it morosely. He leaped up on the window sill and looked inside. The room was empty. He huddled down in the sunshine and thought about it. His ear had felt so good when she twiddled its root. His throat—she'd stroked it so expertly. She was a woman worth waiting for.

If he came back once that day, he came back a dozen times. It wasn't just the food. It was *she!* She was a lovely woman. He could no more have stayed away than he could have walked in front of that police dog on Fourth Street. When the light finally went on in the kitchen, he walked up and down for a while, and then he yowled lonesomely. She opened the door and said, "You still here?" and invited him in. Well, what could a guy do? He went right in. She poured him a saucer of milk and put down a paper plate of lobster scraps, and he felt warm all over. They were restaurant lobsters, and she'd saved him most of a portion. He knew it, right down to the quivering tip of his tiger-striped tail. He ate them and he loved her. There were two raw oysters in them, too, without sauce, and he chewed on them soberly, but he couldn't make much of them. The lobster was better, but she'd saved the oysters for him and he downed them like a man.

He sat there then and looked at her expectantly, and after a while she sat down. He'd washed his face very carefully in the interim, and both front paws, but he got up beside her hesitantly all the same. She was sweet; she didn't look at him or speak to him, but after a while her long fingers came down around his ears and slowly, exquisitely, down his throat, stroking him, and he just gave in. This was his woman. It wasn't just that she knew how to cook. She knew how to treat a gentleman.

It was a couple of weeks later that he moved in. There was the matter of the catnip and the mattress, for instance. There was a wicker bed around the mattress. He took to washing all over.

These things took living up to. He got so one could see where the stripes left off and the in-between color began. He was sunk. He went out less and less where those fascinating fences made a checkerboard of the back yards, and he stayed *(Continued on Page 111)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Bum

She didn't know what the Bum used to do for a living—but just that he was a tough guy, and had softened gradually.



Girl's Head

Painted in 1943 by Edward Melcarth. Melcarth, now serving in the Merchant Marine, is one of the youngest of our romantic painters. Girl's Head is in the tradition of the Italian seventeenth-century artists who used strong contrasts of light and shade to give their portraits a dramatic intensity. Melcarth is one of several young painters who are striving to bring to American art some of the elegance and distinction of great European figure painting, but without sacrificing native strength.

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

I have often wondered if you were born with the talent for giving the soft answer, honest and sincere, to some of the viciously rude questions that have been asked of you, or if you acquired this great art. Won't you please tell how you accomplished it?

I do not think that one could say that one was born with an attitude. Of course one acquires certain attitudes through the years. Living in the public eye accustoms one to accept criticism. One learns gradually to take it objectively and to try to think of it as directed at somebody else and evaluate whether it is just or unjust.

Perhaps the most truthful answer would be that one ceases to be really hurt by what people think and say unless one knows, respects and has an affection for the critic. Then, if the criticism brings one the realization that one has actually been at fault, it is helpful. Otherwise, one is so accustomed to public criticism made by many people who have no knowledge and no real desire to be fair, that one becomes fairly indifferent; and even when one recognizes that the criticism has some validity, if the critic is unknown and therefore lacks knowledge, one takes it as though it were directed at someone else—and it is always easy to be reasonable about criticism which concerns other people!

Why is it that only Army men are included in the point system for discharge? Although I realize that the Navy still needs a great number of men, I should think that in fairness to all the services this system should not be restricted to just one group.

I saw in the paper the other day that the Navy Department had now decided to work out a system whereby the men would get shore duty according to the time aboard ship and overseas, but the plan is not yet in final form.

Why hasn't a smaller-denomination bond been issued? I mean a $10 bond at purchase price of $7.50 that would have the usual rate of interest. So many people buy gifts who would rather buy bonds, but few of us can afford to pay $18.75.

Many suggestions for the issuance of $10-denominational bonds at $7.50 purchase price have been presented to the United States Treasury. The Treasury feels that its facilities are taxed to the limit by the present issues, and they could not undertake to make available generally to the public bonds in the denomination of $10.

The cost of issuance, handling lost bonds and numerous other transactions and the ultimate redemption would be greatly out of proportion to the receipts from the sale. It is felt that the $25 bond is as low as the Treasury can safely go and be sure to meet the public demands.

Availability of the War Savings Stamps in denominations of 10 cents to $5 and the widespread pay-roll-savings plan which amount to partial-payment plans for bond purchases open to 27,000,000 workers would seem to cover adequately for the very small investors.

In your opinion, is voluntary childlessness a bar to successful marriage?

I think that very few marriages are entirely happy if people voluntarily give up having children. Children are both a joy and a responsibility. They bring both pleasure and sorrow into the lives of their parents, but they are a tangible expression of the real love that exists between man and wife; and if you could have children and deliberately avoided it, I think something would be missing in the marriage relationship between young people.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

If you were a boy twelve years old and your parents wouldn't let you have a dog, what would you do?

I think I would do my best to persuade my parents that I was a responsible person who would take care of a dog if I were allowed to have one. Most parents object to a dog because they think their children will not take full responsibility, will forget to feed it and exercise it and the animal will become more of a burden on the grownups than on the boy. If you can persuade your parents that you can be completely trusted to care for a dog and will avoid allowing the dog to become a nuisance to them, I think they will be more inclined to let you have one.

Are there any American soldiers buried in Germany? I am thinking particularly of members of our Air Force who were lost over Germany before our Army entered that country.

The International Red Cross reports that 2162 American fliers are buried in Germany, as well as other military personnel.

Does your family go in for nicknames? Do they have one for you?

Yes, my family goes in for nicknames. Many of the children are rarely called by their real names, and I sometimes wonder if they know what their names really are! I do not think that anyone has a nickname for me today, but when I was young I did have a nickname which I really liked very much. As I grew up it became so inappropriate that I thoroughly disliked it, and I think only a very few people remember it now, except a few of my relatives and old schoolmates.

This is not written through curiosity, and I hope you will not take it in that manner. I have been wondering why you don't live in the Big House at Hyde Park. I understand that this property was not to be turned over to the Government until your death or the death of your children.

It was made possible by provisions in my husband's will for me or for any of the children to live in the Big House at any time on due notification to the Government, provided that we paid all expenses and taxes while we lived there.

My husband had told all of us, however, that he doubted very much whether we would feel we had a right to shut people out of the Big House who came as sight-seers. We would, therefore, have very little privacy, which would make it difficult to live there with comfort or pleasure.

It would be a very heavy expense and I do not feel that I could afford to live there. I certainly do not think any of our children could afford it either. If at any time they wish to, they can notify the Government and live there for either short or long periods, or they can do as I am doing, renounce now all rights in the property. I prefer a far simpler way of living, and since I am now alone, a small house is easier to run and gives me much less sense of loneliness.

One argument in favor of compulsory military training is that it would improve the health of our youth. Don't you think that when a boy is seventeen or eighteen, it's pretty late for improvement?

I think a great deal can be done for the health of boys at seventeen or eighteen, but I do not think that waiting until then to begin would be a satisfactory solution to the health situation among young people in this country. I think we have to begin and improve the care of our mothers and babies, and from then on the young people should have far better care than they now get during the school years, with special attention in their adolescent years.

This can be achieved only if citizens in every community become interested in how they can improve the health of the community, and back whatever Government plans seem to be working toward an improved situation.

What do you consider your greatest contribution to your husband as his wife?

I am afraid that that is something which I am entirely incapable of answering. I have never felt that in any relationships which had much depth, one could evaluate the contribution made by one or the other person. I am quite sure I could not say in many of my friendships, or even as regards my children, what is the contribution made on either side, so I certainly could not do so where my husband was concerned. I think only he could have answered this question.

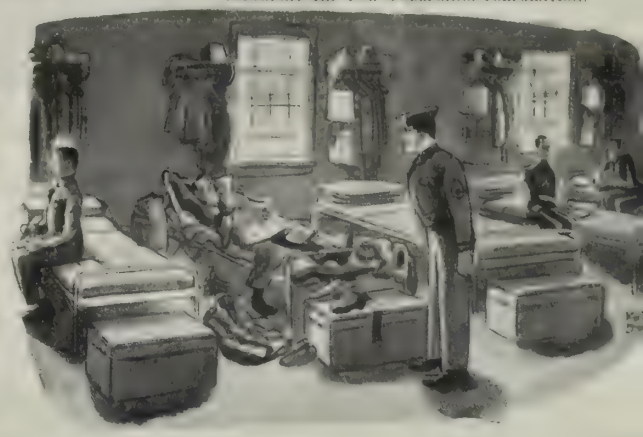
We know it will be many, many months before our husbands come home from the South Pacific and other shores. Is it true that the Government is planning to send the wives of these men to them—overseas, I mean? Could we wives get up such a movement? If so, how would you suggest we begin?

At present the War Department policy prohibits such travel of civilians for the purpose of joining military personnel upon whom they depend. The only exception is the Caribbean area. The reasons for this are shortages of transportation, shortages of food and housing, as well as the unrest in these countries. When the decision has been made as to when civilians are permitted to travel, the information will be disseminated by the War Department.

Do you feel that having an "only child" is unfair—to the child? If it were impossible to have more than one, would you advise the adoption of a sister or brother?

I think if it is possible to have more than one child, it is better for the child you have. So many things are learned naturally when children grow up together which have to be taught with considerable difficulty if a child lives largely with grownups. If, however, it is impossible to have a brother or a sister, the question of adoption is again something which no one can advise about. Each situation is different. No child should be adopted unless it can receive the same love and care as you give your own child. Only two people who have thought it over carefully can decide whether this would be the case or not.

CARTOON DRAWN BY ROBERT DAY, REPRINTED PERMISSION THE NEW YORKER COPYRIGHT THE F-R PUBLISHING CORPORATION.



"Pardon me for asking, Wilkins, but are you an only child?


GANNAM
There was always
that feeling of tranquil
content given by knowing
an Encyclopaedia



The NATIONLESS

By Lia Nash

THE older woman, moving her hands among the teacups, said, "It is over now? If I speak of it, it won't be—an intrusion, Margaret?" Her delicacy, her air of civilized understanding, of willingness to withdraw to impersonal ground, matched her looks and her sitting room. She was in her late fifties, white-haired, with warm brown eyes, a narrow, well-bred face, a smiling, impulsive mouth; her sitting room was exquisitely furnished, yet that taste unobtrusive, making it a comfortable and peaceful place—a room which her children and her children's friends would remember with longing and love.

The girl opposite her answered calmly, "Yes, it is over. You can say anything. I don't mind." She belonged completely, in appearance, to the older woman and the room—her tall, coltish grace, her transparent skin, her fine soft brown hair, slender hands and feet, the neat khaki of her officer's uniform.

"Tell me, Margaret"—again the delicate, tentative query—"before I try to say what I so much want to; tell me, do you have that hope, perhaps not even admitting it to yourself, that he may come back? Other men have been missing——" The words sank, leaving unsaid what might have been too exact and therefore hurtful.

The girl said calmly once more, "No, I have no hope. I do not believe he will come back."

A note in her voice, empty yet resonant like an echo, made the older woman look up in concern. The now troubled brown eyes searched the girl's face for the remembered roundness of youth and found it gone; found also the clear-cut features now too fine and sharp, their brittleness altogether disturbing. She said, praying to break the just-sensed barrier of unnatural tranquillity, speaking from her heart, hurriedly, earnestly, disconnectedly:

"My dear, what I am going to ask is so selfish; but maybe, after a little while—some months, longer if you wish—could you begin to think again about marrying my John?"

The girl turned her head away suddenly; the other watched with compassion and satisfaction the calm break as she had hoped, the convulsive movement of Margaret's long, round throat. "Dearest Beth," the girl said in a tight whisper; she jumped up and went over to the window, and pressed her forehead against the glass, looking out. "Dearest Beth. Are you forgiving me too? Please don't."

Margaret felt the glass burningly cold under her forehead; she could hear her whisper repeating itself endlessly and sibilantly between the floor and ceiling. With this repetition, the words lost the spontaneity with which they were originally spoken, they became hollow and ridiculous: *Are you forgiving me, too, please don't, are you forgiving me, too, please don't, are you forgiving* — The numb calm with which she had answered Beth's first questions about Leon's death began again to pad the edges of her senses like gray cotton wool. Behind her, yet seeming at a great distance, were the sounds of the fall of coal in the grate, the tinkle of a spoon set down in a saucer, the flutter of magazine pages which Beth, in fact, was leafing over idly. Outside in the familiar garden were crocuses buried in rough grass: the swing, empty of children, rocked by the wind; the uneven thatch, the white chimneys of the village began beyond the farm buildings; the curate rode uphill past the gate, bent over his handle bars—all these details which should have been evocative, which should have stirred her to memory and emotion, composed themselves into a small wooden scene, absolutely without meaning or association. Margaret passed her hand over her eyes and felt the palm heavy, dry, with a burning center. The flutter of pages gradually became a rhythmic beating of wings. She realized she must be ill. *(Continued on Page 56)*

SHE COULD NEVER TELL THEM WHAT KIND OF LOVE, FOR SHE HERSELF HAD NEVER KNOWN.

Illustrated by John Gannam

Now is the time to declare



war on the most ruthless

enemy American children

must face — Rheumatic Fever!

RHEUMATIC FEVER IS NEXT

By J. C. Furnas

PHOTOGRAPHS of grinning young men in Navy, Army, Marine Corps and Coast Guard uniforms line the walls of this otherwise businesslike room, which is part of a famous New York Hospital clinic. Each picture represents a rheumatic-fever case who is also a good fighting man. Theoretically, a history of rheumatic-fever recurrence, which many of these boys had experienced, disqualifies for military service. Only these youngsters, bent on fighting, neglected to mention their records and got away with it.

All told, 134 of them did fine in armed service. Four are fighter pilots, others are in such rugged branches as the Rangers, paratroopers and Seabees. Several have been discharged, not because their disease recurred but because of wounds acquired in combat in which they held up their ends with anybody.

Many parents these days are newly conscious of rheumatic fever as a threat to their children and to national health. Too many, learning alarming bits about this insidious disease, become overanxious. That mass of photographs could go far toward dispelling overanxiety. But they hardly tell the whole story either. Try the other side of the picture, in another clinic:

Lying here in a few-bed ward is Tony, ten years old, skinny and pale—most of the small fry here are pitifully pale. He hasn't seen his home for four years because, having once laid hold, rheumatic fever refuses to let him go. When his parents come to visit, they must wear masks to avoid the risk of giving him an infection that might ruin the small chance he has of ever going home. Since the clinic considers children especially likely to bring other diseases into wards, his brothers and sisters can never visit him at all. Occupational therapists and teachers from local schools are doing their best to give him something like a rewarding child's life—Tony is a tragic little whiz at spelling and arithmetic. But about all that can justifiably be said about him is:

"The poor kid—that sort of thing should never be allowed to happen to anybody."

IN another small ward is a pretty blond girl, trying to lick an acute recurrence of the disease, while her Army husband spends most of his pay frantically cabling for bulletins on how she's doing. Down the hall is another youngster of eight sufficiently recovered to be on his way home next week. Chances are two out of three that patients entering these doors will be able to lead reasonably normal lives—always subject to expert and regular medical checkup. It is also true that, of every hundred patients, mostly children, at least one out of five will die of the consequences of rheumatic fever. Tony may well be among them.

There are the best and the worst of a disease that does more annual damage to American school children than either pneumonia, tuberculosis or infantile paralysis. One authority thinks over a million Americans probably suffer from it, many without knowing it—the most conservative estimate is still dismally high at over 500,000. There is no doubt whatever about its killing 40,000 annually. Rheumatic heart disease, aftermath of its attacks, was cause of half of Selective Service heart-defect rejections. Apparent barracks epidemics of it have been even more of a military doctor's headache in this war than last.

Doctors specializing in rheumatic fever often look wistfully at infantile paralysis which, though drastic, is not so prevalent nor, from several points of view, quite so mean. Some doctors consider practical recovery from infantile possible; from rheumatic fever, never. A single attack of infantile gives immunity for life. A first attack of rheumatic fever means merely that, without luck and the best possible precautions, more attacks will follow at unpredictable intervals, each probably damaging the heart further. Yet research into and care of infantile get millions of dollars for every hundred thousand devoted to rheumatic fever. And generous efforts to divert some of infantile's ample funds to combat rheumatic fever are always stymied by legal restrictions.

Research was never worse needed. Dr. T. Duckett Jones, of Boston's House of the Good Samaritan, a renowned center of rheumatic-fever work, picks up a volume published sixty years ago—before the tuberculosis bacillus was discovered, generations before anybody had ever heard of vitamins or penicillin—and says: "This book, old as it is, still contains practically everything we know yet about rheumatic fever."

Yet, for lack of funds, the House's research work has stopped dead. Two of its wards, completely equipped, stand empty while Boston youngsters who need hospital care for rheumatic fever cannot find room. An odd situation, considering the importance of the disease.

The medical detective story about this villain, with hundreds of thousands of lives staked on solution, is still two thirds unwritten. Describing the culprit is difficult: one expert says that, in teaching the subject, he tells students rheumatic fever is characterized by "definite indefiniteness" and emphasizes the development of experience and medical know-how to carry the brunt of diagnosis. Among better known symptoms are "growing pains," particularly in the back of the knee and the heel; painful, swollen joints; fever; cantankerous behavior; the uncontrollable, jerky movements called "St. Vitus's dance" by old-timers and "chorea" by doctors; nosebleed; rashes or blotches.

They do not necessarily appear all at once, some may never appear. They can be so faint and scattery that a child can have a first attack, harbinger of more to come, without even observant parents' scenting danger. That sort of detail makes many doctors think it unwise to tell the public too much about rheumatic fever. Every publicity campaign brings flocks of alarmed mothers with their children to doctors' offices, misinterpreting temporary stiffness or a dash of nosebleed. Yet the alternative—allowing the disease to be a looming mystery without detail—is probably just as dangerous.

First attacks can kill, but seldom do. The characteristic danger lies in successive recurrences, each adding to the damage to the heart valves and to the swelling of the whole heart which are part of "rheumatic heart disease." The longer further attacks can be warded off, the better the child's chances of a long and normal adult life. First attacks are most prevalent in the age group between five and seven. The disease often slackens its hold around puberty, and from then the outlook is far better. But—here is only one of the seventy-three contradictions coming up—in both World Wars crowding young men together in barracks often produced a serious epidemic of rheumatic fever, even though the victims were far beyond what is supposed to be the susceptible age in civilian life.

ABOUT the only thing that can be crisply said about rheumatic fever, without immediately taking some of it back, is that the best way to avoid it for your children is to avoid giving them the wrong parents. There is much old-wives' nonsense about certain diseases or tendencies being "in the blood." In this case not the disease, but the susceptibility to it—as in diabetes and a few others—is unmistakably heritable. After generations of suspicion that "rheumatic fever runs in families," medicine recently got down to brass tacks. Research at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, where large numbers of families covering three generations were studied, revealed that hereditary susceptibility is a recessive inheritance. It works out like this:

If both parents are positive—having a history of rheumatic fever—chances that their child will get it are practically 100 per cent. If one parent is positive, while the other has merely a positive father or mother, chances that a given child will get it are 50–50. If neither parent is positive, but each has a positive parent, chances are 1 to 4. Infection passed from parent to child or child to child apparently plays no part. It is doubtful, in fact, if direct person-to-person infection is involved at all.

A MYSTERIOUS genetic factor called "penetrance"—label for the fact that genetic probabilities sometimes fail to work out exactly in individual cases, which may imply special resistances due to environmental factors—does exist, and certain doctors itch to get the funds and personnel to study it out. But by and large, these odds check with what actually happens to flesh-and-blood children.

That is obviously important. Two young people with rheumatic-fever histories can marry with clear consciences, but somebody should make sure they know they are making the disease practically certain for any children they may plan. Modern families are often small enough for the children of a 1 to 4 marriage to be born insusceptible. But some of such insusceptible children may be genetic "carriers," passing the tendency on to their own children without ever having shown it themselves.

The Robinson family—not their actual name—long-standing and carefully checked clients of a well-known clinic, will do for example. Father died six years ago, with "heart trouble" involved. Mother had joint pains as a child. All her sisters had rheumatic fever. Every one of her nine children developed the disease, the clinic fighting tooth and nail to keep them as nearly unhandicapped as possible. One girl child held out a long time, but finally came down with it and died in spite of all a good hospital could do. To dwell on that, however, would be again a mistake on the overalarming side. For three of her elder brothers—with the same heritage, all having had trouble—are in uniform and doing O.K., thanks to the clinic's sound and realistic care.

With such solid knowledge to build on, rheumatic-fever clinics—where they exist, which is all too spottily—can do much good. Every case of rheumatic fever turned up means

(Continued on Page 98)

PHOTO BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

He didn't know her well... but she was close enough to tip the scales in his

MOMENT OF DECISION

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

BY eight o'clock of Saturday night the Plaza at Veracruz was crowded. The two double lines, one of men and one of girls, were parading around the frescoed iron bandstand, the band was playing La Paloma and the first rockets were reaching upward into the gathering dark. The cathedral across the Plaza from the sidewalk café of the Hotel Imperial had begun to light its windows for Benediction, and whenever the band stopped playing, the brash, liquid music of the marimbas rose and fell like surf.

Although it was a spectacle he loved, this quickening and coloring each Saturday night of all the life of the Plaza, it could not be said that it made William Bannon happier or even easier in his mind on this particular evening. His discontent now, as always, was on more than one level. He had realized this only within the past two or three months, for he knew that the accident had made him thoughtful; in fact, the accident had worked in him a change, a kind of belated coming of age, an intellectual puberty. It had not been entirely a good thing, he knew—not for a flier—this sudden access to imagination, this by-memory-and-experience-reinforced knowledge of pain. Most dismaying of all, perhaps, he had discovered only tonight that he did not care for responsibility.

It had begun with Lindeman, the first lieutenant in charge of the Ferry Command station here, being called rather suddenly to Mexico City on business and Bannon, by chance the ranking one of the many second lieutenants at the station, being placed in command. It had happened before, when Lindeman was away on leave, but his leaves were always short, never more than three days, and always the work had been common: routine dispatches of battered planes north, of new planes south, the pilot assignments made well in advance by Lindeman, an old barnstorming pilot, a man in his forties.

There were fewer planes coming along this route than a year ago, and Bannon had hoped there might be none while he was in command today or tomorrow. Late in the afternoon a radiogram arrived saying that a crippled fighter plane from Italy was coming up by way of Yucatan and was to be flown "in present condition" to the States. Such planes came through occasionally, planes which because of some peculiar weakness of structure or because they had behaved unusually well or unusually badly, considering their particular injury, headquarters wanted flown back as they were to laboratories in the States. It was in such a plane that Bannon, himself, had crashed on the sands of the Gulf shore between Veracruz and Tampico.

And now one of them was coming through sometime this afternoon, and sometime this evening he would have to assign someone else to fly it. He would have preferred flying it himself: the thought was more of an irritation than a consolement. Indeed, he wondered if there were not mixed in with it some fear to fly in such a plane. He had flown enough since the accident, but not one of those "present condition" jobs.

That was his most obvious source of discontent, the patent and even formal shape of his concern. But he realized that under it, informing it and yet in contrast to it, was another unrest, a kind of sad and melodic current running in counterpoint. It was entirely too obvious that this undercurrent should be associated in any way with Miss Calnan. Yes, indeed. He glanced up, as though hopeful of seeing her in the crowd. It was not entirely a futile, an adolescent gesture: she would certainly know where to look for an American flier if she came here—and, at the curious moment of their parting, she had indicated that she might come here.

Alone at his own small table where he had just finished dinner, he saw that some of the others had begun to gather at the big round table set back a little farther from the sidewalk. It was odd, he thought, that none of them related this round table to that other round table they had read about when they were boys; at least none of them thought consciously about it, although one or two correspondents had mentioned the connection. To Bannon, though, the connection was an ironic one, for he could never, not even when he had lain hurt on the sand, forget that they were not combat pilots.

But now the pilots had begun to gather, as every night—but especially on Saturday nights, when the life of the Plaza took on color, light and a richer meaning—the sergeants and corporals of the ground crew, the second lieutenants, silver-winged. There was a kind of stylization to them: their clothes, of course, but also their talk and even the drinks reappearing before them, the rum-colas, the half-dark Montezuma XX beer. He wondered again which of them he should assign to the flight tonight. There was a rough order or system of priority, but nothing so definite that in slack times any one or two were automatically selected. No, there was always the matter of choice and decision. It was his own reluctance to make this choice or decision that bothered him and revealed to him in a kind of chagrin something he realized he should have known about a long time ago, this reluctance to accept responsibility.

The pilots, too, in their way were uneasy. One of them called across to Bannon, asking who was getting the assignment tonight, and when Bannon glanced up he saw they were all looking at him. A sense of panic—or, rather, its shadow—passed through him. He felt his jaw lock.

"I don't know just yet," he said. "I'm waiting to see how Golembeski is."

This seemed to satisfy them, although he was left with the fresh shock of having named Golembeski and the question of why, without forethought, he had named him. It could not be said that he knew or liked Golembeski better than six or eight others; indeed, there was no one Bannon felt in any way close to. It was just that Golembeski had been with him on the three-day pass when at Fortin they had met Miss Calnan. It was, he saw clearly, a kind of spontaneous and unjust leaning backward on his part to show that he was not trying to favor anyone.

He turned his back on the round table and ordered a Bohemia beer. It was lighter and *(Continued on Page 123)*

"I'm afraid I acted rather young," she said. "Well," he answered, "you are, aren't you?"





She came into his arms like a lost child come home.
(He could not have known that she was an outraged and still-angry woman.)



'IN BROCADE afternoon dress is molded and draped to the side figure; by Adele Simpson. John Frederics' black veiling halo.

ST

ar, the new trend is in width of shoulder, deeper es, important-looking sleeves—or, in the case of n or dinner dresses, padded cap shoulders and t all. Suit skirts are slim and straight; dress t or flared, side-draped or with front fullness der, pulled-in waistline. Hats have stovepipe flare. If your basic wardrobe color is brown nstead of black, you'll choose your dress or . Since change is in the air, and the time dd one of these eternal essentials, we're show- ificant versions, from a simple daytime wool inner dress.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Strictly for glamour–
ILLon's sleeveless black s

NG BLACK TAFFETA, for many parties, afternoon or evening; leeves and shoulders, front fullness. An Adele Simpson design.
Invitati
taffeta b



***SATIN DINNER AND DANCING DRESS** with matching gloves, by Rose Barrack; worn with or without a hat; with changes of jewels or flowers.*



Menu

Cottage Cheese Potato Chips

Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers

Corn on the Cob

Olive-Stuffed Eggs

Relishes Hot Rolls

Peach Velvet With Melon Balls

Butterfly Crisps

Iced Tea With Lemon



As Summery as a Butterfly

BY ANN BATCHELDER

I HAVE never written at any great length about a butterfly. This creature has been always too elusive and ephemeral for me to pin down on paper. But fascinating, withal, and possessed of charm as compelling as a rainbow after a summer shower. Its inner life is its own. Not to be shared with heavy-handed mortals—its own mortality so brief. Its span so soon over. A day—but a day may be eternity. I think it is all a question of relativity. And what to us is an hour lost in time, to the butterfly may be a long lifetime consumed in space which we may never comprehend. Perhaps it is the disembodied soul of summer. I think it is. And that is my thought on the butterfly. Of its grace and beauty I shall allow myself to speak later. Now—enough is enough. Sufficient that it has reminded us that it is summer and that we, too, should enjoy it while we may.

"Better is a dinner of ——" You know the rest of it—or if you don't, you'll find it in the book of Proverbs. What if the butcher hasn't any meat today? This is August. The garden is at its prime. And with all the cool succulence of ripe tomatoes and crisp cucumbers, nothing goes so well or is so satisfying as cottage cheese. Of which, thank heaven, there is plenty.

One who was brought up on cottage cheese calls it "cottage cheese" and no "pot cheese" or "clabbered" what not about it. It was *made* in cottages—those cottages where lamps burned through tiny-paned windows and cheered the weary traveler as he slipped and slewed up the icy streets of a winter night.

In those spacious and hospitable kitchens, on the back of the old coal range, the great tin milk pans warmed their fragrant freight and over the towel racks or whatever hung, presently, the cheesecloth bags of clabber, losing its unwanted juices into the pans below. In the morning it was properly squeezed, salted, touched with magic and compounded with alchemy. And cottage cheese was achieved. (Have you had it with fresh-baked gingersnaps? You *haven't?* Heaven help you!)

All things are possible. Cottage cheese has its peculiar characteristics. Don't be fooled. It is or it is not. See that the sweet grains are separate and distinct. Lightly—but not too lightly—salted. Salt is the life of this lovely product. Fork it—don't use a spoon and bog it down. Lift it—keep it light and *(Continued on Page 135)*

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER



Line a Day

1 *"But truth, like ancestors' brocades, can stand alone." . . . "Do you know any nation about to besiege South Hadley?"* ANCESTORS' BROCADES, the newest book on Emily Dickinson's poems, by Millicent Todd Bingham, is the student's and the romantic's book of the year. Even so, I found it irresistible.

2 Chicken hash can beat the star boarder to the draw if you season with herbs. Make it with mushroom soup and bake in a casserole. Serve it with spaghetti.

3 A chicken croquette is notable—but after all it is hash, shaped and fried. And it is way ahead of chicken on its feet. Or in the pan. Besides, a little makes a lot.

4 Canapés aren't meant for a main course, as we all know. They come close to it, though, if you follow Chapter II.

5 Chapter II: Take a can of crab meat (or the same amount of fresh), then a cup of thick cream sauce, mixed with half a cup of grated cheese. Now stir in the crab meat. Season well with salt, pepper and a little basil. Heap high on rounds of buttered toast, strew with grated cheese, brown under broiler.

6 *Deep South department, granite section:* Prepare fruit juice—sweeten to taste. Combine what you will. Leftovers go well in this. Freeze to a soft mush and serve in tall frosted glasses with sprigs of mint.

7 Creamed halibut (or any fine white fish flaked fine) gets a terrific lift if a teaspoon of meat paste or a bouillon cube is dissolved and added with the other seasonings. Sprinkle (ramekins are the dishes) with grated cheese and bake till brown in a hot oven.

8 Ever eat a banana fritterette? That's my name for them. Purée the ripe bananas, add a little sugar and a mere suspicion of nutmeg. Now mix in a few tablespoons of crushed nuts. Shape in fingers, roll in fine cracker crumbs, dip in beaten egg, again in crumbs, and fry. Dust with sugar, serve hot.

9 *From an old cookbook:* "Young housekeepers should set their bread at teatime or at latest right after supper. Then it will be ready to bake very early in the morning. Otherwise it becomes the dread of the whole family." Arise or take the consequences!

10 A little chopped crystallized ginger (should you have it) added to the gingerbread or gingerbread-waffle mixture is a thought. And ginger-flavored whipped cream or hard sauce gets a hand no matter when you spring it.

11 Sweet mustard pickle in those picnic ham sandwiches will call the fishless fisherman right out of the alders.

12 Favorite at our house is the corn omelet. Chop the corn as fine as thread lace. Don't drain it. Make the omelet. When it is almost ready to fold, spread the corn, well seasoned, on the omelet. Fold—turn out.

13 Another old stand-by at Low Bridge is a dish of baked tomatoes. This, if you can bear it, is a two-way receipt—and worth the space.

HILLTOP AUCTION

There's nothing like an auction
To bring the townsfolk out,
Just to hear the auctioneer,
To see old friends from far and near
And learn the latest gossip—
I haven't any doubt.

How spirited the bidding goes
On Uncle Abner's bed.
And there goes grandma's soup tureen;
Who got that patchwork spread?
It's just a country auction;
I hope I find one soon—
You'll hear some first-class bidding.
(The lunch is served at noon.)

14 Pick small ripe tomatoes and scoop out to make a nice center. Fit them quite closely in a deep casserole. Season with salt, pepper and sugar. Fill the centers and every bit of space with fresh "buttered" bread—not crumbs, but broken up fine. Cover with the bread, sprinkle with sugar and bake until the tomatoes are done.

15 Should you hanker for a sporting kind of sandwich, flake sardines, squeeze a little lemon juice thereon. Add a smattering of horse-radish and spread on thin white bread baptized with mayonnaise.

16 Jellied salads are wonderful for summer, and this is summer if I ever saw it. Sea food in lemon jelly is *one* idea. And you can mold most anything in tomato aspic. No sugar—but why did I have to mention it!

17 *Receipt:* Have some tender veal sliced almost paper thin. Sauté—don't brown. Now poach the slices in tomato purée. Season well. Serve on rice.

18 Never dream that a garnish can take the place of the food to be garnished. The hole in the middle always has to be filled.

19 Probably you know this as well as you know your wedding ring. It is fresh pears stuffed with cottage cheese mixed with chopped crystallized ginger. Serve on lettuce with currant jelly—salad and dessert in one.

20 Another pear salad: Slice pears, oranges, grapefruit and avocado; toss them up in lemon French dressing.

21 Of course you know that *fresh* pears, peeled, just scream for lemon juice to keep them from looking like an Indian squaw just off the reservation. Brown.

22 *News item:* That pineapple vinegar that makes a fruit French dressing memorable. And folks don't get it at first, either.

23 *More news:* A jar of pretension if there ever was one. Chill it, whip and flavor it and you've got whipped "cream." It's a vegetable milk, but tastes right, looks likewise, and serves the purpose beautifully.

24 *Quotation from an epicure of long ago:* "A cultivated imagination is part of the cake-maker's equipment." I agree 100 per cent.

25 Discovery in sugar saving: molasses goes fine with vinegar and spices. Use it cup for cup instead of sugar for chili sauce, catchup, and some garden relishes.

26 From the best-dress department: Take slices of thin buttered toast. On each slice put a thin piece or any remnant of cooked ham you can come by, sautéed in ham fat. Touch with mustard. Pour over it hot mushrooms in sour cream. Season sky-high.

27 When you arrange your hors-d'oeuvre platter, keep a space for tiniest hot "buttered" pocketbook rolls. Better than hard-bitten canapé shells you find nowadays.

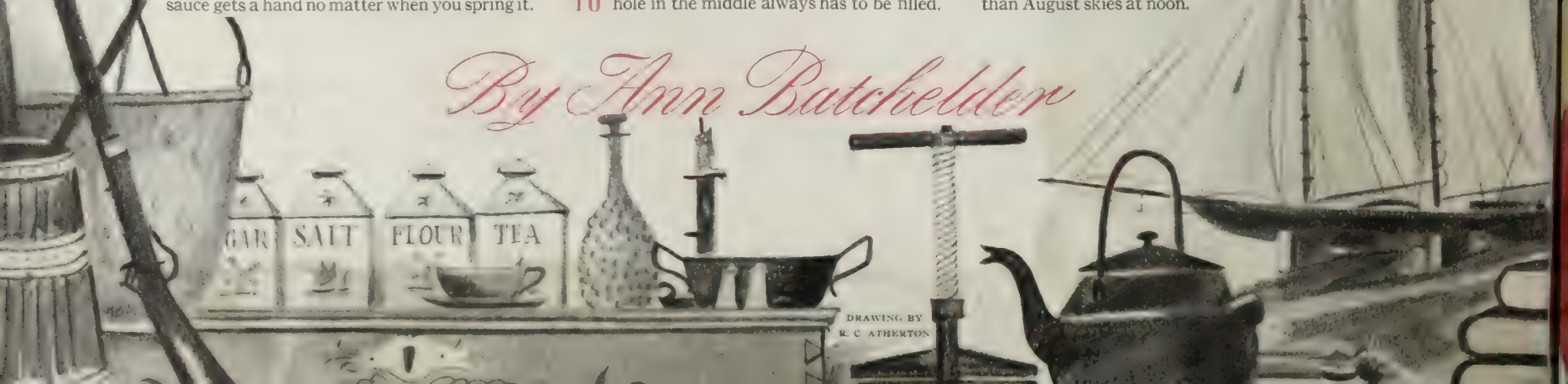
28 One thing I forgot to say about corn. No matter how you fix it, remember that, of all vegetables, it asks for pepper.

29 A pinched melon is a melon disgraced. Press from the stem end—put to the ear and shake. Chill.

30 An egg can be a tricky customer. Scramble in a double boiler. Spare the spoon *or* spoil the egg. Use fork or wire whisk.

31 August hath thirty-one long, lazy (?) days. Bees are everywhere, crickets are abroad in the land. No bluer sky than August skies at noon.

By Ann Batcheldor



All these—

and good beef stock, too

You'd get a thrill just out of seeing all the many different vegetables—each so perfect, every one so enticing—which Campbell's use for their vegetable soup. Altogether there are fifteen kinds of them, each one contributing its own goodness—succulent sweet corn, fresh green peas, tender lima beans and a dozen more! Then the vegetables are combined with a rich beef stock, and the result is a soup tempting in taste and abundant in nourishment.

That, of course, is the reason why so many mothers say that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is almost a meal in itself. In fact, it's the ideal summer-time "one hot dish". You can serve it with only a few minutes of kitchen time—yet with every assurance your family are eating mighty well!

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

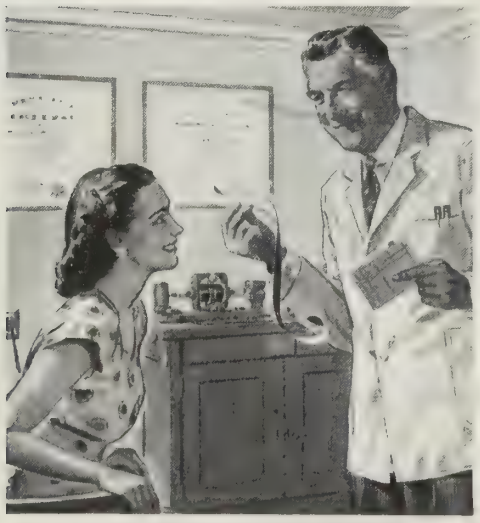


The myths are a mile from the truth about

HEART DISEASE

MANY myths and false beliefs have caused misunderstanding of the words, "Heart Disease." Doctors say *this* results in nearly as much trouble as the disease itself.

Truth, based on modern medical science, replaces doubt with facts . . . bringing new hope and comforting reassurance to all who have been worried about their hearts.



Myth #1

If you have the symptoms, you *must* have the disease.

That's not true! Such symptoms as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heartbeat, *may* be signs of heart trouble, but frequently come from other sources.

Consult your doctor if these symptoms occur. His diagnosis, aided when necessary by the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph, may enable him to reassure you that you do *not* have heart trouble.



Myth #2

If you're going to get it . . . you're going to get it.

That's not true! Everyone, particularly those over 40, can do much to forestall heart disease by following these rules:
1. Exercise regularly, but moderately. **2.** Keep your weight down. If overweight, *bring* it down. **3.** Get plenty of sleep—8 hours a night for most people. **4.** Eat moderately. Be moderate in use of tobacco or stimulants. **5.** Have a yearly examination by your doctor. Follow his advice.



Myth #3

If you have heart disease you will be a permanent invalid.

That's not true! Thousands of people who have heart disease are leading useful and nearly normal lives by following their doctor's advice.

There's a lot of truth in the expression, "To live a long life, start taking care of a bad heart early."

For helpful information concerning your heart, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, 85J, "Protecting Your Heart."

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HO, THE FAIR WIND!

(Continued from Page 31)

She forced herself to turn, hot with indignation, to escape. But the voice materialized. Its lighthearted wantonness became a man who stood, black and square, across her faintly illuminated line of retreat. A sheet of lightning, spread over the sky behind her, showed her that the swarthy, vigorous face was flushed and blurred-looking. He drew a long chord out of his instrument.

"Don't frown at me, Miss Frosbie," he said. "Mine is a little fourteenth-century ballad, hallowed by antiquity and a simple honest sentiment which you should respect, since you are, I believe, honest. I composed the air myself. I'm rather pleased with it."

"At least," she said, "you should have the decency not to sing it here."

"Why not? I'm outside the camp limits. Besides, the saved need a devil to complete the tableau of salvation. I supply the devil."

"You seem to suffer from illusions of grandeur," she said severely. "And you have been drinking."

"And you must be very upset, to make such an obvious accusation. Certainly I have been drinking, as you have been doing, to escape."

"How dare you ——"

"Spiritually speaking," he conceded demurely.

"I am not a coward. I am not trying to escape."

"I agree that you are not a coward. It is not necessarily cowardly to escape. It is a proof of a free, vigorous spirit. Prisoners not broken by their jailers escape."

"Neither you nor I are prisoners."

He pulled out a soft, thoughtful chord. "I wouldn't be so sure. You're a funny little piece, Miss Frosbie. You're five foot nothing, but if ever you meet the Lord God face to face you'll stand right up to Him, every last inch of you, and tell Him what you think."

Preaching: when a father objects to his daughter drinking and dancing all night, and being insolent to anybody outside her own set, he is said to be preaching.

Self-expression: doing whatever you please. A parent who punishes a child is said to be interfering with its self-expression.

—J. B. MORTON: Morton's Folly.

She was stung by his penetration, and perhaps by his exact and teasing estimation of her size.

"You called yourself the devil," she said. "And I agree with you."

"Don't be silly, Miss Frosbie. For one thing, you don't really believe in the devil, who is a poor hard-pressed scapegoat for your rather cowardly little world. You probably realize as well as I do—when you allow yourself to think—that we are all victims of a bad practical joke, and the worst of it is that we take it seriously." He put out his hand so that it rested detainingly on her arm. For all his curiously mannered speech, he had sounded bitterly in earnest; so, against her judgment, she waited for whatever he still had to say. "As a matter of fact," he went on, "I was wandering round tonight on the faint chance of meeting you. My mother, who wishes to thank you personally, invites you to dinner. She is very mad, as you no doubt know, but Maria Pia is an excellent cook in the Portugee manner. You might spend an interesting if somewhat alarming evening."

"Please thank Mrs. ——"

"THE name is Caval—a corruption of the original Cavalho. It is not, I might add, my father's name."

"That was unnecessary," she told him acidly.

"Well," he drawled, "I did not want our acquaintanceship to ripen under a misapprehension."

"Your origin is no concern of mine," she flashed at him. "But your rudeness is intolerable." The first rain fell on her hot, uplifted face. She added, with forced composure, "Please thank your mother. But I am the Allyns' guest. I am not at liberty ——"

"I can well believe it. The Allyns would disapprove—excessively. Well, I have delivered my message. My mother will be disappointed and, I fear, a little hurt. She imagined she saw in you a kindred soul. Good night, Miss Frosbie."

"Wait, please. I don't want to seem discourteous or to hurt anyone."

"To hurt is sometimes a Christian duty. Some Christians find it an agreeable duty."

"That's not true—of me."

He was picking thoughtful notes from his accordion and piecing them together into a new tune. But he had swung back on his heel and his voice had taken on its softer, singing quality. "I am sure of that. You have a heart for frightened, untamed horses—and perhaps for sinners. But, like your unhappy female form, it is too tightly laced." He laughed. "It would be a pleasure, Miss Frosbie, to cut the strings for you."

SHE walked away from him toward the camp lights. Now only his voice followed her.

"Run—run for your life, Miss Frosbie. The storm will still catch up with you."

In confirmation of his derisive warning, the sky overhead ripped wide open and through the gash a livid light flooded down on the huddle of cowering trees and tents and little frightened houses. The thunder, exploding instantly with the horrific crash of mangled steel, might have been a signal, releasing a torrential rain. But Ellen Frosbie refused to run. She walked sedately, with her head up, and her bonnet clinging to her head, her hooped skirts drenched through and swaying cumbersomely against her ankles.

He was very old. The elders called him Father Brerton. Thirty-five years ago he had been among the first to preach under the shade of the great trees. He reached the severe two-storied building where the association kept its stores and held its meetings, and made his way stiffly up the lighted stairs. Though practically ignored as a member whom time had left behind, he still had a voice in these consultations and, as he entered the committee room, men already gathered there stood up respectfully.

Hebron Allyn made room for the old man at his side. He was grateful for this comradeship. He had felt alone among these straight and godly men. They had shaken his hand and congratulated him. But he knew in his heart that his address had left them unmoved and that the congregation's fervent response had disconcerted and even antagonized them. He listened to the superintendent's measured accents.

"We have called this unusual meeting, brethren, because the last year has brought great and seemingly dangerous changes to our beloved Grove. But since they are part of God's plan, it is my conviction that we should acknowledge and accept them. Is it unreasonable that we should make this time of godly withdrawal from the world as comforting and refreshing to the body as to the soul? I think not, brethren. My opinion is that we should accept Captain Norton's proposed plan to open up the land between us and the sea to visitors with the same courteous good will that he has extended to us. Since we are in no financial position to buy the land ourselves, our opposition would be both unchristian and ineffectual." He had not finished. It irritated him that young Hebron Allyn should jump to his feet and take the word from him.

"I for one," Allyn declared passionately, "do not agree with what is in truth a cowardly surrender to the world. It is a compromise, and all compromise with evil can

(Continued on Page 42)

I left an office for THIS!



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"I am a great sinner, Ellen—I have stumbled often and fallen. I shall fall again."

"I shall fall too. We shall help each other up out of the dust." She held up her face and Hebron Allyn kissed her gravely on the forehead.

"You must go to your rest now, Ellen. Tomorrow we will talk the future over calmly and reasonably." He put her away from him. His flesh was still weak. He had not dared look at her mouth for fear that he might imagine his own pressed down on it, crushing its calm purity to a bruised and submissive sweetness. "Good night, Ellen."

"Good night, Hebron."

She climbed the dim, narrow stairs slowly. She had forgotten her bonnet. Hebron Allyn stood tensely still, staring down at it. He waited till he heard her footfalls overhead. Then he turned out the lamp and the gray bonnet vanished, like an exorcised ghost, into the dark.

The low-ceilinged kitchen had a foreign air to it. Albert Potts stood on the threshold and could have fancied himself a thousand miles away. The smells were garlic-flavored and warm with spices that Maria Pia cadged from the foreign ships that put less and less often into Edgartown for supplies and casual trading.

Albert Potts, having exchanged his fisherman's clothes for a servingman's cutaway black coat and trousers, had adopted a manner of genteel formality. "Her Ladyship proposes to drive out," he announced, "and has given orders that you accompany her, Maria Pia."

He had his desired effect. Maria Pia, who had been bent confidingly over her kitchen stove, threw her thin arms over her head and wailed. For all that she and Albert had traveled over the length and breadth of Europe together, he had never learned more than the blasphemies of her language, but he knew her and that she was appealing to God and to His saints.

Albert came over to Maria Pia's side and sniffed at the huge black cooking pot and sighed contentedly. "I must say that for my females—good cooks to a man. Sometimes I think I'll make an honest woman of you, you old crow, just to make sure of you. I don't promise nothing, mind. It's just a notion."

"What woman," Maria Pia wanted to know, "would marry a crooked evildoer such as you?"

"You would," Albert said. "And mind you, you ain't the only one." He pulled up a chair and stretched his short bowed legs under the scoured table. "Well, and how's the captain?"

"The wind's to the northeast," Maria Pia said. "He cannot rest."

"He should be more careful," Albert remarked. He plunged his spoon into the dish of broth that Maria Pia had slapped down before him. "There's still a price on him, and a lot of strangers on the Island. One fine day someone with an empty pocket and a thirst is going to see the old scamp prowling up there on the roof. And then we'll have another neck cracked in the family."

"All of us," Maria Pia declared gloomily, "are under the curse of God. Two years since I confess my sins and hear Mass. If I die now I burn in hell forever."

"Don't you believe it," Albert said. "God's reasonable. He knows it ain't our fault that there ain't a priest on the Island. Besides, you ain't going to die today. I told Her Ladyship there wouldn't be another packet in for a week. Your neck's safe for that long."

Maria Pia snorted with fury and relief. "Name of God! You tell me lies to frighten me!"

"Well, I have to have my bit of fun. But I'll tell you something else what ought to make even you laugh. There's visitors next door at Mrs. Thankee Allyn's—no less than nephew Hebron and his bride-to-be. She's to stay till the wedding day. P'r'aps Mr. Hebron felt it weren't right or safe, her being under his roof and him being that hot-blooded." Albert spluttered gleefully. "She's

"The starch is all you say it is".



FIRST, IT MAKES IRONING EASY—
WON'T STICK, WON'T PULL

The CHANGE is to QUICK STARCH



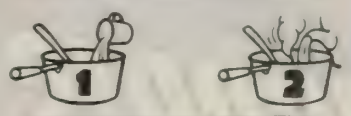
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Powdered Starch in cool water. Then, I stir this cool water cream as I pour boiling water right into it. And, that's it . . . I'm ready to dip my things. Do it, yourself . . . you'll wonder why you've "strung along" with the slow kind all this time.

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FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

a little 'un. But, from the way she handled Saladin, I wouldn't wonder if there was more to her than meets the eye."

"Villain!" Maria Pia said simply but without venom.

The two houses on North Water Street stood shoulder to shoulder without quite touching each other, and looked over the harbor at slightly different angles, so that they gave the impression of strangers who have been forced to become neighbors and are determined, for excellent reasons, to remain strangers. This attitude on the part of Mrs. Jereboam Hooker's foursquare, four-storied residence was understandable, for though structurally it lacked elegance, it had been scoured, trimmed and furbished to an implacable respectability. The widow's walk might have been the quarter-deck of a tough old whaleman, proud of his ship and determined to do her seaworthiness honor. The large doorknob on the tight-lipped front door twinkled aggressively. It asserted that here, at least, order and decency prevailed.

Mrs. Hooker's neighbor, like a once lovely, now debauched woman, trailed its disgrace brazenly. A first-floor window, whose ancient glass gave off warm colors in the sunlight, had been cracked in the corner nearest the door. The paint was gray and peeling. The widow's walk, overshadowed by Mrs. Hooker's starboard bow, had a broken rail which gave it the look of a disreputable hat set on a drunken head. The front door stood ajar, hanging sottishly on weak hinges. (But there was no other fanlight in Edgartown to touch its gracious, sorrowful beauty.)

In the Caval house Maria Pia's cleanliness went no farther than her kitchen—which, as distance goes, was not more than an arm's length from Mrs. Hooker's parlor. If Mrs. Hooker had not been talking firmly herself, she might have heard Albert Potts' shrill voice. But Mrs. Hooker, in her parlor, was not listening.

"I am not," she stated, "partial to females. They weep and faint at the first breeze. My late husband, Captain Hooker, felt the same way about them. He told me on his deathbed—a forty-ton bull had stove his boat and snapped off his right leg—that he thanked God he had not married a petticoat but an honest pair of sea boots." She kept Ellen Frosbie, seated erectly opposite her, under a watchful stare. "Jereboam had a somewhat levitous manner of speech," she said, "but he was a godly man and I am glad to say he had a godly crew. At least," she amended, "they were godly when I brought 'em into port."

Ellen said gravely that she made no doubt of it.

CAPTAIN HOOKER'S widow had discarded the sea boots. She was dressed with a certain severe opulence in black alpaca, but her full skirts disdained the fashionable hoop, thus asserting that there was a point in feminine imbecility beyond which they would not be driven.

"You're very small, Ellen Frosbie," she remarked. Her steely eyes seemed to Ellen to be tapping her all over, testing her metal. "But small men often make good seamen," she went on. "The late Captain Hooker was on the small side, too, and I have known him knock a blasphemous six-foot mate senseless."

"I cannot promise to knock anyone senseless," Ellen said gravely, "but I can promise, under any circumstances, not to weep or faint."

"Maybe you wouldn't. My maid, Rosie, has a reprehensible tendency to gossip. She told me you had saved Leonora Cavalho and her foreign companion from a serious accident." Mrs. Hooker tightened her mouth significantly before allowing herself to add, "I doubt whether you performed her or our community a service. Leonora Cavalho is a fallen woman and very properly afflicted. But as an off-Islander, you could not have known that."

"In any case," Ellen said, "I should have done what little I did do."

Mrs. Hooker grunted. "I understand, Ellen, that prior to your marriage with my nephew, you are returning to Concord."

"Yes, Mrs. Hooker, for a short time."

"Might as well begin as you'll go on. Hebron calls me Aunt Thankee." The smile glinted again. "The Island calls me Old Captain Thankee—behind my back."

"Then, Aunt Thankee, I shall not stay in Concord any longer than I must. My life there is over. But I have my house to dispose of and certain family possessions to bring back."

"You will be welcome here," Mrs. Hooker said. "My house will be your home until your marriage."

"Thank you—I am very grateful."

"Are you a God-fearing woman, Ellen?" Aunt Thankee shot at her.

"No," Ellen answered tranquilly. "There is no sense in being afraid."

"Absolutely none," Aunt Thankee agreed. "But I trust you believe in Him?"

"I believe I do."

"As Hebron's wife, you'd better. In certain ways, Hebron has been a disappointment to me. I am convinced that the Almighty does not approve of all those goings on about Him. I don't myself. But Hebron is the last male of my family and I had hoped he would follow in my footsteps. He hasn't, and I can only trust his children will have more sense. I shall rely on you, Ellen."

"We are middle-aged people, Aunt Thankee," she said. "We may not have children."

"Gammon and spinach. I have yet to hear of a female of twenty-five who was past childbearing, or of a man of any age. Well, that's neither here nor there. If it's not for children, for what are you marrying? Not for a home. I understand you are a rich woman and have a fine house of your own."

"It's too big—too empty, Aunt Thankee." She controlled herself to complete steadiness. "Hebron must have told you—all my people are dead. I do not wish to become what has been described as 'a shrewish New England spinster.'"

"I should have thought there were men aplenty to marry a rich woman."

"Even a homely one," Ellen said, smiling. "But Hebron is not one of them. For whatever else Hebron is marrying me, I know at least that it is not for money." If she had been looking at her companion she might have seen the alert eyes flinch as though spray had been blown into them. But she was lost for a moment in her own thoughts.

The older woman spoke more gently. "Well, then, it's settled, niece. You come home here."

Hebron, who had made the ordering of seed for his fall planting an excuse to leave them together, now stood in the open doorway. "Ready, Ellen?"

She stood up and laid her mittened hand on the arm which he held out awkwardly but gladly to her. "Aunt Thankee and I are agreed, Hebron. When I return, I am to be her guest—until our marriage."

Hebron bent down and kissed the older woman's grimly offered cheek. "This is our great night, Aunt Thankee. The Lord will be working mightily in our midst. Won't you come with us?"

"I will not. The Almighty and I can hear what we have to say to each other without shouting." But her quarter-deck voice softened. Whatever Hebron's spiritual goings on, she loved him. "But I'll always be right glad to see you, nephew."

"Next time I'll be bringing Ellen to stay"—he smiled down at the woman beside him with a shy tenderness—"for a little while," he said.

Ellen climbed into the shabby four-wheeled rig while Hebron unhitched hi

(Continued on Page 47)

The wish for twins is twice as often fulfilled in Northern countries as in Southern climates, but there are only 10 triplets born for every 1365 sets of twins.

—H. G. BEIGEL: Marriage: Fables, Facts and Figures.

(Continued from Page 44)

placid old Bess. He took his place beside her and gathered up the reins.

It was pleasant to roll over the gently undulating dirt road, listening to the sleepy plod of Bess' hoofs and the crunch of sand and dust under the wheels. They trundled in and out of short tunnels of wind-bowed trees where the air, warmed by the interlacing sunlight, was heavy with the scent of bayberry and of pine and sweet peppers.

"One day," Ellen said, "I shall know the Island as you do, Hebron. When you can't take me, Clara and I will go together."

"Who is Clara, Ellen?"

She laughed. "Don't be afraid. Clara's my little saddle mare—my father's last gift to me. I plan to bring her back with me."

"You mean—to ride?"

She explained equably, "You know I have ridden ever since I was a child. My father believed that to be a good horsewoman was part of a gentlewoman's education."

Hebron said stiffly, "When you marry me you will be a farmer's and a preacher's wife."

"Does that mean that you are not a gentleman, Hebron, and that your wife ——" She checked herself. She did not, in fact, know how to handle his queer, lurking severities.

He said quickly, almost apologetically, "My wife will have all that I can give her," so that she was disarmed and for a moment softened. "Our Island women ride, too," he added, "but not for idle pleasure."

"I had never thought of riding as idle," she commented. And then the shrewishness got the better of her. "I suppose if your women enjoyed it they wouldn't ride."

"You are laughing, Ellen."

"I am trying to laugh."

"What I meant," he plodded on patiently, "was that the idea of your riding alone over the Island troubled me. You seem so small and frail."

"But in fact," she said with malice, "I am strong and stubborn as a mule." Then she took remorseful pity on him. "Hebron, you said yourself the Island is the safest place in the world. Even if Clara bolted with me, she couldn't bolt far. In the end we'd have to come home to you."

She heard him sigh deeply. "Thank God—that's true. The Island is a fortress with a great moat around it."

They drove on in a silence that again lost its tension and became as peaceful as the land about them.

"Are you tired, Ellen?"

"No indeed."

"I thought we might turn off for a moment to Tye's Cove. One of my people lives there. She's a strange lonely soul—nothing but a batch of old, useless hens to care for. She writes a sort of poetry about them and buries them like Christians." Ellen, looking straight ahead, guessed that he frowned. "Maybe that's a sin. But God will have pity on her poor twisted mind—more pity than her fellow creatures. Some of them drive out just to stare at her and tease her."

He had turned Bess down a narrow cart track. Here the scrub oak and underbrush grew dense and strong and made a winding, airless passage of shadow to an open space and a gray-faced cottage. A tall old tree threw its battered branches over the roof. To the right of the cottage a high, nail-studded fence, like a stockade, had been set up and through raw, recently broken slats Ellen saw what seemed a cemetery, crowded by little marble headstones. The freshly turned earth showed a new grave.

"Nancy!"

A strange, sad figure answered Hebron's call. The woman was old—perhaps much older than her years. She wore a short woolen skirt. Her naked feet were thrust into ragged slippers. A sort of cowl covered her head and shoulders, in whose folds she nursed what might have been a child.

Hebron spoke with a gentle friendliness. "Come out into the sun, Nancy. It would do you good."

She shook her head. "It isn't safe, Brother Hebron. Cruel people are out there in the bushes, waiting for me and my little darlings."

The bundle she carried stirred violently and an old hen's head broke out grotesquely, with a feeble squawk of protest. Ellen felt her throat constrict, but not with laughter.

"Who are they, Nancy?" Hebron asked.

"I don't know. They were strangers. I thought they came as friends to buy my poems. But they laughed. When I would not let them in they were angry. Some of my little ones were frightened at the noise and ran out. They threw stones at Kate, and Jenny was hurt too. Her wing is broken." She stroked the featherless head. "Maybe she would have been killed, but a man rode up on a great red horse and scattered them. He was dark and angry. He was one of God's avenging angels."

"Nonsense. God does not work with such tools."

She seemed not to hear him. "He and I buried my poor love. We knelt together and he gave up a prayer for her. He is going to make me a cross with her name carved on it."

"That's blasphemy, Nancy. You should be ashamed." It was as though Hebron had taken his pity between his hard, strong hands and wrung it dry.

Ellen touched his arm. "Please, Hebron—you are hurting her," she told him.

"She must be hurt. Sin must be punished."

"But it was no sin. You said yourself God would have understanding." She leaned forward. "You must not grieve too much, Nancy. We all die. But perhaps one day we shall be together again—those of us who love each other."

Light and warmth came into the tragic face. "That's what he said. You are kind too. Maybe you'd like one of my poems." She fumbled at her breast and drew out a sheet of dirty, crumpled paper. "I wrote this last night for Kate. Maybe you'd like it."

"Yes indeed."

Hebron sat straight and rigid, frowning in front of him. Nancy looked up timidly. What she saw in Ellen Frosbie's eyes must have reassured her. She stretched across Hebron's knees, holding out the crudely written sheet. "For you, kind friend," she said.

Hebron fumbled in his pocket. But Ellen's hand on his arm tightened. "Not this time, Hebron. This is a gift."

She smiled down into the piteous face. But her inner vision was turned back on the fantastic scene that must have been enacted here. She, too, had recognized the red horse and the dark horseman. He must have ridden his half-broken stallion into that vulgar, cruel mob, as old Nancy had said, like an avenging fury.

Hebron shook the reins. "We must be going. God send you His light into your darkness, Nancy."

That was not what he had in his heart to say. But a confused anger had submerged his native kindliness. He hated Jocelyn Caval with an unregenerate passion, and in his terrible effort to control it his very voice became uncharitable.

"You shouldn't have encouraged her, Ellen. It is true that she is not wholly accountable. But no soul is too small or poor for the devil's snare. One day, if this Island is to have peace, that man must be driven out of it."

"Why? Because he saved that old woman from a crowd of teasing sight-seers? Would you have done less? Why are you so angry?"

"He made a mock of religion, Ellen. Are you claiming an immortal soul for a dead creature, created for our human sustenance?"

The Bosnian bridegroom strikes the bride three times. The first blow is to make her forget her parents, the second to make her forget former lovers, the third to make her fear her husband.

—H. G. BEIGEL:
Marriage: Fables, Facts and Figures.

He didn't forget to kiss you, honey!



You are the one who forgot—to keep yourself nice to be near!

IF KISSES were rationed they couldn't be scarcer. But she doesn't dream it's her fault. Poor, puzzled wife! *Foolish* wife—to trust just her bath alone instead of topping it off with dependable Mum.

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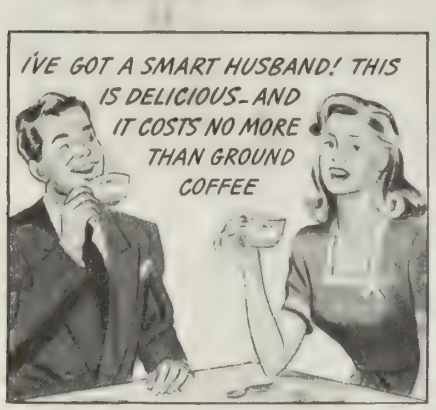
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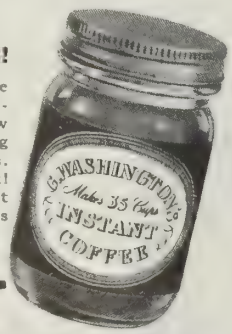


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NOTICE!
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INSTANT COFFEE

"How do you know, Hebron, what is mortal or immortal?"

"Are you one of those so-called free-thinkers?" he asked bitterly.

She considered the question, her mittened hands folded firmly on her lap. "Thought should be free, Hebron. Perhaps it's the only freedom that truly matters."

"Maybe," he said sternly, "you have lived too long among folk who are proud of their insolent doubts and questionings."

A proud, indignant answer went down before his sincerity and the knowledge that she had hurt him. They had trundled through a cluster of little houses and had taken a rise of land at Bess' self-appointed pace before Ellen spoke again. Then it was with a grave friendliness.

"Do you know what I was thinking, among other things, Hebron, when poor Nancy spoke of her verse? I thought, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes Ellen Frosbie!'"

"Ellen!"

"Yes, it's true essentially. After all, she was young and happy once. She must have had a father and mother who loved her, and perhaps brothers who played with her. Perhaps some man she believed in went away and never came back. Just such a loneliness as hers might have grown over me in time."

He turned to look down at her. She saw, to her moved astonishment, that there were tears in his brown eyes. "You will never be lonely now."

"Hebron, loneliness isn't just a physical thing. Our minds must be together."

"You think too much about your mind, Ellen."

"It is God's gift to me," she returned resolutely.

This time he forbore to answer. He had pulled up again, and before a scene so dear and familiar to him that all the conflict within him and without him resolved itself into a sweet content. This white, trim and soberly prosperous house seemed not to have been built but to have grown out of the friendly earth. Oak trees threw a kindly shade over its low roof; clean, bright pasture surrounded it and sloped down to a quiet-flowing stream on whose lush banks sleek cattle and plump sheep browsed lazily in the mellow afternoon sunlight.

"Ellen, this is Allyn's Farm. This is our home."

"It's very lovely."

"Won't you come in? I wanted you to see it before you left."

"Not now, Hebron. I have a feeling that it would be unlucky." She felt the protest rising in him and laid her hand on his arm to check it. "I know—I know, my dear. There's no such thing as luck—only God's will. But this is a great moment in my life. Humor me. Let me be just a little foolish."

He laughed, boyishly condescending, and jogged his old mare back into her shambling trot. With their silence, peace flowed back between them.

Old Jeb and Minnie sat side by side on the bluffs and looked out over the sea. The sun, sinking behind the land, sent shafts of fire up into the sky and in turn the sea caught the reflections, transmuted into bands of blue and green and gold on its polished and unbroken surface. It was like Joseph's coat, Minnie said, of many colors. They sat quiet a moment longer, then stood up and began to walk back to the Grove, whose lights had sprung up among the trees like fireflies.

From the mouth of a path that cut through the circles of tents and houses, Ellen Frosbie came to meet them. "I've been looking for you, Jeb. You know this—this Jocelyn Caval?"

"Sho, I'se heard tell of him."

"Then you know where his place—his tavern is?"

"Well, Miss Ellen, mos' Island folks knows where it is. It's up Eastville way—a mite just beyond a mile."

"I want to go there."

"Miss Ellen, it ain't no place for no woman—no decent woman."

"Nonsense. A decent woman can go anywhere. I have a message I must take myself—at once."

He rolled his eyes at Minnie in consternation. Minnie shook her head at him. "You do what she say, Jeb. You better. I'se goin' wid you, Miss Ellen."

"You'll do no such thing, Minnie. You're too slow. Go back to the Allyn house. I hope to be back before the meeting. If anyone asks for me, tell them I've gone for a walk."

Old Jeb turned obediently. "I'll get my lantern. It'll be rough goin', Miss Ellen. I ain't takin' no responsibility."

Her gray-bonneted head went up a little. "I'm taking it," she said.

Albert Potts, crouched behind the bar, handing up freshly washed glasses to the man beside him, sent up a conspiratorial whisper. "I'd keep a weather eye open, guv'nor. They're sore as boils, and you standin' 'em treats just makes 'em sorer. Makes 'em think you must have skinned 'em in your time."

Jocelyn caval, intent on polishing a glass, did not bother to answer. But he had thrown a quick, expert's glance over the tavern parlor. He knew the men over whose faces tobacco smoke threw a gray, softening veil. He had sailed with them. Hunched clumsily over the wooden tables, they played their greasy cards and cursed at one another and waited for their drink to set them free. Among them Frank Wilbur, the gaunt, ravaged-faced son of the Ohio couple, appeared like some strange fowl among a flock of hawks. But he, too, in his fashion, could be dangerous.

"Give 'em a song, guv'nor," Albert pleaded. "It'll take their minds off their fleas."

When it concerned viciousness, Joss Caval respected the Runt's judgment. He sang negligently, as if for his own satisfaction:

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But, while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say."

It wasn't the rough chantey which the men liked best, but Joss Caval liked it. The words and tune had stayed with him ever since the night when, as a birthday treat, his mother and father had taken him to the Haymarket to hear The Beggar's Opera. He had been ten years old, but in spite of his age and his velvet suit with its lace collar he'd felt a sort of friendly understanding for the ribald, carefree highwayman and had hoped passionately that the hangman wouldn't get him. He himself, and still in spite of the velvet suit, might have been a small highwayman, black-haired, black-browed and happy-tempered. His mother may have thought him one. She'd called him *Mon petit méchant*, and had adored him. He'd adored her too. In his eyes—and perhaps in fact—she'd been the loveliest, best-dressed woman in that crowd of sleek, fashionable people, just as his father had been the handsomest, most elegant gentleman. But though some of the audience had bowed distantly to him, none of them had looked at her except fleetingly, and whispering slyly to each other.

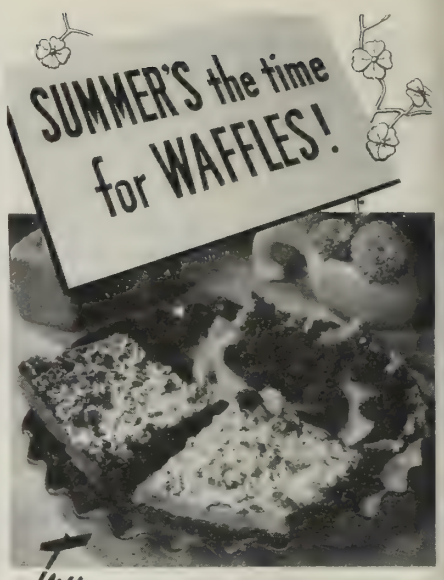
"Damn the lot of them!" his father had said loud enough for the whole parterre to hear. He'd shouldered his way out. "Let's go somewhere where we can breathe, Leony."

So Joss Caval had never known whether or not the gallant highwayman had escaped the gallows.

Albert Potts, still crouched among his glasses, heard Joss Caval's voice snap off like a hawser under a sudden, too heavy strain. Albert peered over the counter edge and his own jaw dropped.

"Gawd's truth!" he said. "It just ain't true!"

For a moment Joss Caval didn't believe it himself. He supposed he must have been carrying the wretched stiff-necked little female around with him, like a small mental ghost which had now materialized. There she stood in the doorway.



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"My dear Miss Frosbie!" Joss Caval murmured.

She looked incredibly composed. She might have been standing in a church doorway, looking for a pew. Her eyes passed, seeking, over the tavern parlor—over Joss Caval's face. The parlor wasn't quite what she had braced herself to expect. A huge peat fire burned on the brick hearth, over which a ship's anchor had been hung like a symbol of brotherhood. The bottles, ranged shelf upon shelf behind Joss Caval's head, glowed warmly against the dark pine paneling.

Now she had found what she had come for. Perhaps Frank Wilbur, drawn by the general stare of sheer astonishment to look at her, recognized her purpose. He was the only one, as yet, to laugh.

"My dear Miss Frosbie," he said, "you must have lost your way," and turned back to the new hand that had been dealt him. It had to be good. Most of the greenbacks he'd stacked at his elbow an hour ago had scattered themselves about the table. An hour ago, too, he'd been dead sober and half crazed with pain. Now at least he was drunk and the pain had growled itself to sleep.

"Frank," Ellen Frosbie said clearly, "your mother sent me. She would have come herself, but she was not strong enough. She asks you to return at once. There is still time."

She meant that the Rev. James Wilbur had not yet missed either his son or the funds entrusted to him. She was trying to spare this boy a last humiliation. After all, he was not responsible. This man—these men had taken advantage of his sick, disrupted youth. She looked them over, countering their ribald but as yet silent stare with a severe, unflinching resolution.

"Please, Frank, come at once!"

Young Wilbur's face flushed to the roots of his disordered hair. "You've given yourself a useless journey, Miss Frosbie. Before you start giving me orders, try a Minié bullet in your innards—a bullet that doctors can't dig out and which one day will eat its way out and make worm meat out of you. You'd say like I do, 'It's a short life, but it's got to be a merry one.'"

"But it isn't merry, Frank ——"

"On the other hand," Joss Caval interposed, "you are hardly in a position to judge. The lamb in the fold can't speak for the wounded beast in his lair."

"Be quiet!" she told him.

Harry Cartwright guffawed from sheer astonishment. Whatever you thought of Joss Caval you didn't, if you valued your neck, give him orders.

Joss Caval merely raised his eyebrows. "Mr. Wilbur is a wounded veteran of our late lamented war," he said. "As such I should have imagined he had cut loose from apron strings."

"You'd better go home," Frank Wilbur said. "My mother's a good woman and a fool. I did what she wanted. I came to her precious grove. I tried her prayers. They don't even stop a bellyache."

"They have helped her. If you weren't so young you would know there are worse pains than yours."

"So you think. I'll exchange for any of 'em." He stood up and kicked over his chair. "Damn everything! Damn the whole blasted world! Damn my mother too! What right has she to make me responsible for what she suffers? How long do I have to be grateful to her? I didn't ask to be born. And now I'm dying." He made a frantic, hysterical gesture.

"You know," Ellen Frosbie said, "that you are only trying to forget you love her." She left the door and crossed over to Frank Wilbur's side. "Frank," she said, and laid her hand on the young man's arm, "believe me, whatever comfort remains to you, it cannot come to you in this way. Be kind. Have compassion on someone besides yourself."

He blinked down at her, moved for the first time. Perhaps if there had been no spectators of his surrender, he might have made it to her. Or perhaps if his last dollar hadn't crossed the table, leaving him to irretrievable disaster.

"I'm going to drink myself blind, sister," he said, and shook himself free of her. "After that, maybe I'll take to the sea with these fine fellows."

"They don't want dying men, Frank."

"Then," he said wildly, "the sea can have me."

But she could not go back. "Please, Frank, I am asking you as a soldier and a gentleman to see me safely home."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Soldiers aren't gentlemen. And you don't have to worry. Who would want to endanger such a prim, homely little thing? Leave me alone! What does it all mean to you?"

"A great deal."

"Well, prove it then!" His tormented mind took a new and malicious turn. "I'll make a bargain with you, sister. Have a couple of drinks with me. A drink to my drink and we'll see each other home."

He had almost beaten her. In white-hot indignation she had half turned to go when, for a moment, she looked full into his face. She drew an empty chair to his table and sat down. She said calmly, "Very well, Frank. You have offered me an ungracious bargain. But I accept it."

The shout of laughter, the thunderclap of applause seemed to support her. The men crowded about the tables hadn't moved. Nevertheless, they hemmed in that small, stiffly upright and still incredible figure. This was a great show, worth any water-front fight. Harry Cartwright had filled his glass and handed it to her with a sarcastic, lumbering bow.

She heard the slam of the counter flap as Joss Caval strode from behind his bar.

"That's enough," he said. "I'll have no drunken woman on my premises, neither to save your hide nor soul, Mr. Wilbur."

He had his hand under her elbow. He lifted her to her feet and tucked her arm through his. Jocelyn Caval guided his prisoner, not to the tavern exit where the stricken-faced Jeb waited, but to an inner room whose door he closed and locked. He pushed his chair toward her.

"I have a reputation," he said shortly. "It's as important to me as your kind is to you. This is the way I make a living. I am not going to let your friends make you an excuse to run me out of it."

"I did not come here for that purpose," she told him. "I am not concerned with either how or why you live."

"Do you want me to believe that you are concerned for that self-pitying whipper-snapper ——"

"What I tried to do was for his mother's sake."

"—— or to show me that when it came to a spiritual tussle you could lay me flat, here, on my own ground?" He must have seen her involuntary change of expression, for he laughed. "What, Miss Frosbie, made you imagine anything so idiotic?"

"An old woman," she said, "and a dead hen."

This time she had him. Like a fencer whose guard has been broken, he seemed to drop the fight and stand at ease, amused and a little rueful. "So that's it!" he said. "The truth is, I'm good or bad as the mood takes me or circumstances constrain me. The day I chased those pious witch-hunters I must have been feeling good"—he shrugged—"or out of temper. Who knows?"

"Your conscience, Mr. Caval."

"Oh, keep your religious aphorisms for Husband Hebron." But his momentary exasperation had passed. His manner regained

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—ANON.

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something of its sarcastic formality. "However, I do recognize a determined purpose in you. I salute it respectfully, but I regret I cannot further it. On the other hand, I cannot take you by the scruff of your small stubborn neck and throw you out."

"You can throw Frank Wilbur out. You can make the men who robbed him restore his money."

"No one has robbed him. Harry and his mates are honest gamblers. I do not permit cheats. Frank himself is the only thief on my premises."

"A poor, nerve-shattered, dying boy."

"We are all dying. His way isn't the worst. To die slowly—in the mind—that is the worst."

"Now you are thinking of your own mother."

"Yes—I do think of her, Miss Frosbie. Why should you be surprised?" But he brooded for a moment, looking away from her. "You made a bad bargain with Frank Wilbur. Will you make a better one with me?"

"I will consider it."

"How cautious! How wise! However, here's the offer. I understand that you are to be old Captain Thankee's guest. That will make you my mother's neighbor. My mother may be neither virtuous nor sane, according to Allyn values. But she is a great lady. She may call on you—as one lady on another." He hesitated. "I do not want her hurt." He looked up, to meet Ellen Frosbie's darkened eyes. "She may ask you to dinner again, Miss Frosbie."

They considered each other through what seemed to both of them a long minute of silence. Then she made him a formal little bow. "I shall accept with pleasure, Mr. Caval."

The path was steep and narrow. The stones hurt Carly's feet, constricted in her best black button boots. The sweet-pepper and bayberry bushes, flecked with swamp iris and the soft pink of Island roses, snatched maliciously at the hooped skirts of her good dress. But at least the path, with luck, led to freedom, and the dress and bonnet, freshened by Joss' roses, gave her a sense of being alive again. Maybe she wouldn't find much fun where she was going, but at least the psalm-singing sisterhood would have no visible cause to look down their respectable noses at her, and if by any chance she ran into Joss Caval he wouldn't be ashamed.

Hot and breathless, she at last crested the hill and reached the dirt track that led from Tisbury to Holmes Hole and thence by the county road to Wesleyan Grove, and flung herself down on a bank of sun-drenched pine needles to rest and wait for a stroke of luck. Without luck she'd never make the grove and the booths where she'd do her bit of marketing and maybe pick up a ride with some venturesome spark on one of Squash Meadow Pond's gaily painted pleasure boats. It was a chance she had to take, if ever she was to break out of that stinking hideaway and a lonesomeness that made her feel she might go mad and do some crazy thing.

It was worse after Joss Caval had been with her. When he went away she knew it might be for weeks. Then New Bedford and the riotous memories tugged at her. She'd been a sort of queen there, making her own wayward terms with life. Until she'd come on Joss Caval, lying battered and unconscious in the gutter. After that he'd made his terms with her. "You can come along if you want to," he'd said, and she'd given up the good times and the good money as though she couldn't help herself.

He'd never marry her, drunk or sober. He'd said so, laughing at her, and the laughter had been like a drop of poison, eating into the vitals of her passion for him. Still, she wasn't beaten. She would never be quite beaten, not so long as there was a spark of life left in her strong, stubborn body. Joss might find out one day how strong she was.

Today, at least, her luck was in. Seth Farrows, in his newly painted surrey, pulled up and held out a hand to her.

"Wherever you want to go, sweetheart," he said, grinning all over his silly face, "I'm taking you."

She would have enjoyed snubbing him, but for the ride's sake she let him slobber half-witted endearments into her ear unchecked.

"You're lookin' a real lady, Carly. Pretty enough to eat. Maybe, when you've done your marketing, we might have a bite and a drink together and I'll drive you home."

"That would be fine, Seth."

But it wouldn't happen. She knew better than to drive back with him.

For the camp meeting it was the end of summer. The brethren were pulling out, making their way on foot, in oxcarts and buggies as they had come, to the landing at Eastville where the Manoshansett waited to take off the first boatload. In the big community tent, old Father Brerton offered up a last prayer before a little group of devoutly kneeling men and women.

Across the invisible frontier between the Grove and the encroaching world of booths and vulgar pleasure-offering enterprise, a dark-skinned, fantastically dressed little man ground out a strident tune from an ancient hand organ. A few of the travelers smiled at the bewhiskered little monkey, tethered by a chain to the man's wrist and comical in its soldier's coat and kepi. It wasn't a clever monkey. It knew no tricks and only a few pennies were tossed into the tin cup that its owner held out invitingly. When he tugged with surreptitious cruelty at the chain, trying to make it dance, it cringed and chattered piteously.

Carly and Roberto, the Italian organ grinder, knew each other from New Bedford days. She stood laughing at his resentment and the monkey's terror.

"She is stupida," Roberto said. "Two days ago I buy her. I pay big money. But she no good." He gave the frantic little creature a sly kick of exasperation.

"Don't do that!"

Carly looked round to find the owner of that clear feminine voice. Roberto swept off his greasy cap to it. "*Grazia, signora, grazia.*"

"You needn't thank me. I'm not giving you anything. I'm telling you not to be a brute."

Carly knew this woman on sight because of Hebron Allyn, who walked on one side of her, his plump, rosy-cheeked sister on the other. The two Jebs, with hand luggage, and a stout colored woman brought up the rear. No doubt they were escorting Brother Hebron's bride to the Manoshansett.

"She bad little monkey, *signora.*"

"She's not as bad as you are. And she's terrified and half starved."

"*Signora*—two days ago only I buy her," Roberto said.

"I don't care. Don't hurt her today—or any day—or I shall have you hurt."

It was a futile threat. This wretched little man knew it too. She saw the impertinent knowledge showing through his threadbare obsequiousness. Her flurry of indignation became a cold, implacable resolution.

"It's no good, dear," Hebron said. "If he doesn't kick her now he will kick her harder later. But one day, I hope, we shall have rid the Island of him and all like him."

"That won't help this little creature," Ellen said sharply. She bent down and caught the monkey in her arms. It cowered and chattered against her breast and dug its claws into her cloak.

Roberto met her eyes, the color of cold steel, and blinked.

"How much did you pay for her?"

He thought fast. "I pay for her—twenty Americano dollar."

"I'll give you thirty."

"Sister Ellen ——"

"Be quiet, Martha. I can't endure cruelty. Hebron, here is my purse. Please pay him." She unhooked the chain and, turning, blundered almost into Carly's arms. She drew back in embarrassed apology. "I am so sorry. How clumsy of me." She did not really see Carly at all. She saw her bonnet and the red roses. She added with a little sharp-drawn breath, "I hope I didn't hurt

ou," and did not wait for an answer. She alked on quickly.

Hebron, too, had seen the roses in Carly's onnet and recognized them. He took llen's free arm on his and held it close gainst his side. "Ellen, there is something must tell you before you go. I have been upidly, sinfully remiss. I should have explained at once. Now my sin has found me ut. You saw that wretched woman and the owers she wore. I know you recognized em. They are like those that you believed had given you. They were given you—but ot by me. Unclean hands tossed them up nto the wharf, that day I waited for you. did not touch them. Indeed, I had forotten them. Then your apparent pleasure in em took me unawares. It was difficult to xplain. I did not want to hurt or dispoint you."

She felt the monkey sigh and relax like a ck but comforted child against her breast. I guessed at something like that, Hebron. understand, I think."

"You will throw them away—or burn em, won't you, Ellen?" Hebron asked.

"Yes—I suppose). Of course."

"You are not dispointed in me?"

"Disappointed to nd you human, lebron?"

"Surely I am alays human; I meant eak and fallible."

"Then I'm glad ou're sometimes eak and fallible."

But her voice had n edge to it, and for nce he felt himself t a loss and almost mid, so that they alked on and eached the wharf in lence. They faced ach other at angplank to say ood-by as they had ced each other at eir meeting.

"Ellen—come ack soon."

"As soon as can be anaged, Hebron."

"I shall be waiting or you—counting he days. There—ive me your monkey, llen. I promise you will be mercifully aken care of."

"No," she said arply. She drew way from him. She's mine now. 'm responsible. One an't take up a life and just toss it aside." he had a troubled feeling that she had ronounced some final sentence on herself. Good-by, Hebron."

Carly stood where Ellen Frosbie had left er, and brooded over that abrupt encoun-er. Thoughts didn't come easily to her. But he had strong instincts that were surer than noughts. She became aware that someone as standing at her elbow and turned and ound the Runt there, grinning.

"If you like I'll give you a lift back, my irl."

"In these boots," she said sourly, "I'd ake a ride with the devil himself."

"I'll bet you would—and like it."

But first they had a surreptitious, cozy rink out of a bottle Albert carried in his oat pocket. Seated in the lee of some scrub t the edge of Squash Meadow Pond, they ould watch, unnoticed, the pilgrims making heir way home.

Presently Albert stood up, shaking himelf. "Best be on our way, my girl, or you'll e scrambling down that path in the dark. 'ou might take a pretty tumble."

She scarcely spoke to him on that slow, onderous drive in Albert's battered rig. The road ran for the most part through overhanging trees and was already in deep shadow. And there was hot darkness in Carly's blood. She let the Runt talk while he flicked the rippling hide of his old flea-bitten horse with his whip and spoke, as inevitably he would, of other horses and other days. Carly knew his stories. She didn't have to listen.

"I was the best youngster in His Lordship's stable," Albert said, "and His Lordship knew it. 'Keep your weight the way it is, Runt,' he says, 'and you can ride Belle Mare in the Thousand Guineas for me.' I did too. Not much of a race, of course, but I brought the filly in by a head."

Carly wasn't impressed. "You and your races and your fillies and your lordships!" she muttered.

Albert pulled up. They had reached the short cut that led down to Lambert's Cove. The sun, sunk already behind the islands of Nashawena and Pasque, threw up a curtain of fire whose tattered edges hung blazing from the tree branches and licked their black and twisted stems. But under the trees night had fallen.

Albert put his hand on Carly's arm. "You should take more interest, sweetheart. His Lordship being the guv'nor's papa, though on the wrong side of the blanket, as the saying goes——"

She turned fierce, unhappy eyes on him. "What's all that matter to me?"

"Nothing at all, I'd say. He'll never be your papa-in-law, not on any side of the blanket, not even in heaven where, so the Bible says, they don't bother about marriage either."

"Shut up, you little beast!" She lifted her clenched fist as though to strike him.

But his hand on her tightened. It was a strong hand. He said softly, "If you're a good girl, Carly, I'll carry your bundles down for you—like a perfeck gent."

"Don't tease me, Mr. Emerson. I am twenty-five." She paused. "I hope, one day, you will visit us."

"I shall not, Ellen. I should be a disturbing element. My unfortunate habit of arguing would offend your Mr. Allyn, who appears not to argue but to pronounce."

"You speak as though you did not like him, which, since you don't know him, is grossly unfair."

"I feel grossly unfair. I don't want to meet him because I might like him—which is childish or, at my age, senile. And I don't like that either." Mr. Emerson sat on the Chippendale writing-table chair that had been Ellen's father's and that she had given him. "You are a rich woman, Ellen," he observed. "I gather that Mr. Allyn is above material concerns. What will you two do with all your money? I was your father's friend. I think I have a right to be concerned."

"I shall be a farmer's wife, Mr. Emerson. Money can do a great deal for land and stock. The house itself is simple. It can be made beautiful."

"Are you sure Mr. Allyn approves of beauty?" He must have seen her wince, for he did not wait for an answer. "His ancestors certainly did not. Yours and mine didn't, and I suspect sometimes that, in my heart of

After Good-by

BY DOROTHY BOICOURT

As Cinderella, breathless from her flight
Down crystal stairs and through the palace gate,
Looked down at faded calico where late
Rich swirls of satin eddied in the light;
Remembered how glass slippers click and gleam,
Remembered coach and four, the ball, the prince,
And tried, in sudden terror, to convince
Herself that it was real, and not a dream,
So I, returning to familiar things
From gay enchantment that I find with you
Am lonely, suddenly, and half afraid,
Until the bright mosaic of memory swings
A slender bridge of warmth and joy anew
Between the commonplace and fairy-made.





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hearts, I don't. My child, you have been very unhappy. Your foundations have been torn from under you. But then you had no right to build on them. A man has only one real security—himself."

"But I am not a man."

"That at least is true." He stood up and straightened his lean shoulders. "Our rocky soil and rugged climate have done peculiar things to our already sufficiently peculiar temperament," he said. "But fortunately the men of the tribe have been endowed with sufficient original sin to break loose occasionally."

"Do you want me to break loose?" she asked, half smiling.

"Why—I believe I do." He bent and kissed her forehead. "I think I would like you to be the first of a long line of self-willed, unmanageable women."

The memory of that farewell had smoldered in her ever since and now seemed to kindle to a burning homesickness under the evening wind that came off the Island, over the Manoshansett's starboard bow. She was thankful when Captain Pollock, on his way to the wheelhouse, stopped for a friendly moment at her side.

"Since you're to become an Islander in time," the old man said, "you'd best learn some of our landmarks, Miss Frosbie." He thrust out a stubby forefinger. "Yon yellow streak is East Chop light. Follow round the coast and you dip into Holmes Hole and out again on East Chop. Way off to the southwest, beyond Menemsha Bight, you strike the tip of the Island—Gay Head. One day, maybe, Hebron will find time to drive you out there."

"Would it be too far to ride? I have my mare on board with me."

"So I've heard." His voice sounded gruff and dubious, but not unfriendly. "She'll give our womenfolk something to get their claws into. They don't hold with what they'll call cavorting round. Take an old man's advice, Miss Frosbie. There ain't much we Islanders won't tol'rate from an Islander. But an off-Islander—be it he or she—has to be like that Bible feller, Agag."

"I shall endeavor, captain, to walk softly."

He stood for a moment longer beside her. She felt that he had more to say, but either could not find the words or knew that they were useless. "Got to be on the job, Miss Frosbie. There's a tricky tide runnin'." He lumbered off into the gathering dusk.

Now she was alone with the Island. It lay bleak and stubborn-looking under the mellow light of the sun that struck over her shoulder from the west. The wind, fanning her cheek, had already the tang of fall in it. But it was a light wind and the sea, scarcely ruffled by its passing, lay in broad bands of sable and steel gray and sapphire and azure blue and a chill green like the shimmer of some huge sea serpent's back. The Manoshansett tore the colors into ghostly foam and chugged stolidly on its familiar course. Now they had rounded East Chop. Ellen Frosbie could see the lights of Eastville's water front.

The wharf stretched out a long black arm and took the Manoshansett by her bow and drew her gently in. Lanterns threw gold reflections on the black oily waters and on blurred, white faces, eagerly lifted. Ellen drew a deep, unsteady breath. Well, here was journey's end. There was Hebron with that look of touching hope and fear, and Martha, plumply confident, beside him, and Old Jeb.

Ellen Frosbie's eyes passed over the little group and over the impassively waiting longshoremen. Her hand tightened on the rail.

The devil, Hebron thought bitterly, should look like the devil. He should not wear a frock coat and a gold watch chain across a benign-looking stomach and carry himself with an air of hearty good-fellowship. Captain Norton might not be the devil, but he was doing the devil's work. From his vantage point in front of his own peat fire, burning with comforting warmth against the chill fall wind, he looked down at Hebron with friendly eyes.

"I assure you," he said, "that my associates and I are still at the talking stage. If you want to make an offer for my land, I should consider it reasonably."

"What offer would you consider?"

"Not less than five thousand dollars, Hebron."

"We are poor people."

"That," Captain Norton interposed, twinkling, "puts you at an inevitable disadvantage with us worldly fellows. You can't have your cake and eat it, too, you know. If you insist on laying up your riches in heaven, you must be prepared to let the material things of this world go to those who can pay for them."

Hebron's hands, clasped on his thin knees, grew white with tension. "You know very well, Norton, that without our camp meetings your land would be valueless pasture."

"I don't agree," Norton retorted. "New ideas are in the air. Sooner or later, through one agency or another, they materialize. We can't stop 'em. Once the war was over and people had money to spend, the idea of Martha's Vineyard as a pleasure resort was bound to take hold." He added, pursing his generous mouth, "It's providential."

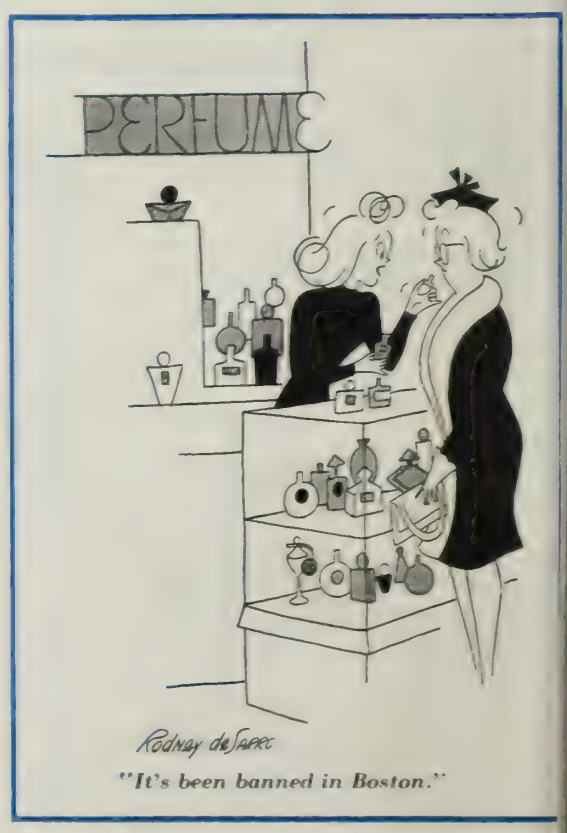
Hebron stood up. "I am not concerned with profit or our material well-being. I am fighting to keep our sanctified ground free from invasion and corruption."

"You won't do it, Hebron. Buy up my land. Or build the fence I've heard talk about. . . . By the way, I should like to congratulate you on your forthcoming marriage. Is it to be soon?"

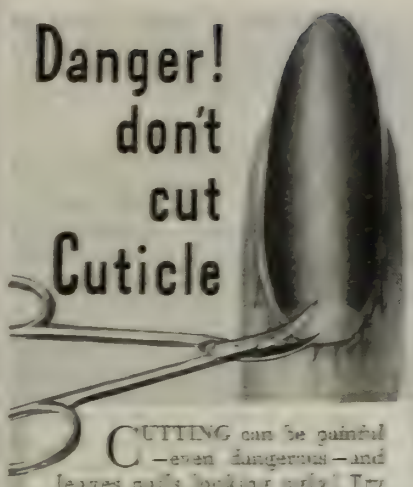
"Next summer, God willing."

"I'm sure He will be. Miss Frosbie comes from Concord. A charming little town with fine people—some of our most vigorous intellects."

Hebron turned dark, unhappy eyes on him and the older man felt a startled, unreasoned pity. "My wife and I will be of one mind," he said.



"It's been banned in Boston."



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"Nonsense. I trust you will be very happy." Hebron, without a moment's thought, flung how the panic on the pocket gods where Bel vanted for him.

Jogging slowly along the path-uhever you that would beside the pond a ridge to Edgar town, he brooded unhappily over the ur counter. But presently, when he bent low to kiss Ellen's cheek, his black mood ha disappeared. She looked across pretty seated opposite Aunt Thankful with the fir browning as kindly glow on her small hat His hand lingered on her shoulder. Th warmth of it seemed to thaw an ice area and his heart.

"What are you working at, Ellen?"

"It's called petit point, Hebron. It's seat cover for your new chair."

"It's very pretty. I shall be proud of it.

He sat beside her, elbows on his knees, as vanished her needle shaft in and out of fine canvas. It was pleasant to watch the movements of her soft, delicate fingers.

"I'm glad you're pleased."

"That sounds as though I wasn't quite pleased."

"Are you?" she asked.

He could not tell whether she was serious or gently teasing him. Sometimes he felt so in her difference. Like a man set down with out a compass in a strange country.

Minnie had come in, bearing a tray on which were set a silver tea urn and cream pitcher and sugar bowl and a couple of gr oval-looking cups and saucers. These thing which Hebron had never seen before. Mi nie set down on a low table at Ellen's sid Hebron looked up and found Aunt Thank vanishing too.

"I'm thought as well know, nephew," s said, "your wife will have her dish of tea the heavens fall." She added parenthet ally: "It's a foreign custom."

"It's an oft-heard custom," Ellen sai She had turned to smile at him. "Mean much worse."

The tall clock had struck in on the Minnie set a taper to the lamp at Eller back. The stove's mourning flame cast forces with the friendly firelight. Ellen s set aside her work to pour out tea.

The door opened again and Min loomed up against the dim light of the h "Some woman ask to see you, Miss El She say she got a message."

"Tell her to give it you, Minnie."

"I done tell her. She say she got to pl right in yo' very hands."

"Well, tell her to come in, whoever s," Aunt Thankful impatiently. "A for the land's sake, keep out the night a

Thus Ellen saw Maria Pia. She w frightened, but she very self-possessed. F under the shawl which covered her h hair, her small brown face bereft of col sharp—eyes alarmed. She took no notice Aunt Thankful or Hebron.

"I'm her Ladyship's amusement. *serva.*"

THE letter bore a splendid s Ellen felt that she had seen the handwri before. She recognized it as a maid's naughty courage. But the words at th very correct and stilted.

"Lady Henry Bredlaw presents her c pliments to Miss Ellen Preslie and begs the pleasure of her company at dinner."

So that was it. The reckoning and t paid. Ellen handed the letter to A Thankful, who sniffed loudly.

"I'm impertinence," Lady Henry s sorts. My good female, tell Miss Lavi chan, as she and Miss Preslie are not acquainted and that as Miss Preslie does wish to be ——"

"Eh, please, Aunt Thankful." El had stood up. "Tell Lady Henry that I answer her card personally. In the me time I have the pleasure to accept."

"Ellen!"

Maria Pia made a little curtsy. "I will her Ladyship. *Buon servizio.*"

Neither of the three moved until the ol had closed again. Aunt Thankful picked the needlework with the beads and dropped at the fire. Her stuff was almost cold and to be a start.

W MODESS DEODORANT

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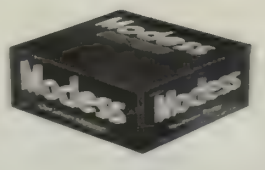
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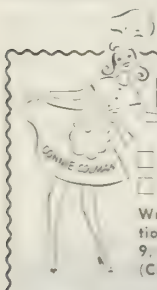
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(Continued from Page 54)

"I wished to do the occasion honor," she said.

"To please me or flout Mr. Allyn?" he asked.

"Neither. To assert my right to do what I believed right."

"By coming here, you would seem to condone wrong," he said. "Do you?"

"No. I do not."

"You could not. It is not in your tradition."

"I have other traditions."

"Of pity?" he asked dangerously.

"Pity was not the word I intended. I was going to say 'compassion.'"

"That's easier to take," he admitted. "But how can the highly respectable and slightly prim Miss Frosbie suffer with my mother or with me? We are considered—insufferable."

"I may be respectable and prim," she retorted. "But I judge people for myself. I saw your mother only once. And I did 'suffer with' her and I did not think her insufferable. Only tragic."

"That was kind and wise of you." She could not tell whether or not he was ironical. "You're right. My mother is 'only tragic.' Her madness is a last-ditch stand against a sort of despair that you will never know."

"Why not?"

"You will never care enough."

"Do you mean will not or cannot?"

"Under the circumstances—cannot."

"What circumstances?"

"The Reverend Hebron Allyn is one of them."

"We were talking of your mother," she said acidly.

"And I was trying to explain her. She cared more for my father than for her salvation—though she is still a good daughter of the Church. And she killed him. By accident, of course, but nonetheless because she was what she was, a reckless, danger-loving creature, and because my father loved her for being all that and more besides. We were living in our villa overlooking Tivoli when it happened. It's a bad, winding road down to the town, and my mother liked to drive the crazy high-pitched dogcart and a high-tempered horse hell-for-leather round curves that had been made for oxcarts. My father loved it too. But that day a rock had rolled off the hillside and the off-wheel caught it. My father and mother were both terribly injured. But my father died. My mother couldn't die. So she went mad. Now she is only dangerous when she comes too close to sanity. At such times, when no other make-believe will do, I drink myself blind and stupid with her." He added, in response to her sudden stiffening, "I am not telling you that to shock you. I am reassuring you. Tonight my mother and I are both quite mad and sober."

He was too close to her. His nearness troubled her like a hot secret wind, and she was thankful that the door had opened. Leonora Caval stood on the threshold. It was a consciously grand entry. How many times, Ellen wondered with a sudden insight into an alien life, had she made just such an entry in her past? She seemed to be listening for music and the murmur of a habitual homage. Perhaps she heard it. She smiled faintly.

Her son went to meet her and took her hand and kissed it. "Mother—I want you to meet our friend and neighbor—Miss Ellen Frosbie."

(To be Continued)

THE NATIONLESS

(Continued from Page 25)

She turned to say to Beth, "I am sorry. I seem to be running a temperature. It must be a cold coming. I had better go back to camp," and saw the black, glossy pages of the fashion magazine, the smooth, white waves springing from Beth's hair parting, the amber surface of the tea lying easily in the Spode cups, the secret, sleeping corners of the room which had known the greater part of her childhood. The same sterile perspective which lay upon the outside world was here too. It filled her with a sense of timelessness, of fatality. Her feverish perception reached out for the truth which was surely implicit in this abnormal alignment of familiar things, but faltered on the edge of certainty. *It is—it is;* the clue was there, yet could not be grasped. *It is there, it is simple, I must find it, I must.* She began to tremble with weakness and shame for her failure; she was certain that in the rocking swing, the ever-riding curate, the room's gleaming surfaces was the answer to Leon, herself, Beth and John; the solution to the mystery of the victim, the suspect and the forgiving judges.

Beth Anderley looked round to see her moving back slowly, almost absent-mindedly to the tea table in front of the fire. In this Margaret, grown to womanhood and suffering, tenderly feminine despite the trim, buttoned absurdity of her uniform, she saw the child Margaret, whom she had loved and tried to understand. Pliable and sensitive, thoughtful and gentle, yet so highly imaginative that she was hard to get at, slipped through your fingers like water, defying finally, though quite unintentionally, all attempts to know her. And from this excess of imagination came her terrifying capacity for instinctive action. Just, as a child, she had adhered stubbornly to unsuitable friendships frowned on by her family, so as a young woman she had decided to love some anonymous Polish soldier met casually on a train journey.

This time she had severed herself completely from her parents, friends, home and environment, from John, whom she had been about to marry, to follow yet another of her strange, instinctive choices. *And even now that he is dead, which is perhaps the best thing that could have happened,* thought Beth, with only a remote twinge for her callousness—for after all, the man was not flesh and blood to her, only cause and effect—*even now she does not wish to come back to us, to be what she calls "forgiven." Margaret must always push her acts of faith to the bitter end, however many people she lays low in the process, however much she hurts herself.*

The girl sat down in the chair opposite, across the table, shivered, held out her hands to the fire, giving Beth only her childish, flushed, unreadable profile.

"My dear, are you cold? Don't you feel well?"

"I'm all right, Beth darling," Margaret said. "Quite all right. But awfully thirsty. If I could have some more tea." And, this given her, went on in her soft, high voice, glancing obliquely at Beth: "I'm sorry about bursting out like that before. About forgiveness. Do let's get to the bottom of John and me—and what happened. I'll talk. I'll tell you anything. I know you think I'm secretive. But I'm not really. It's just that when I talk about things that seem quite right when I think them; when I talk, they, you know"—her gray eyes, swimmingly brilliant with fever, held Beth's for a second—"they sort of evaporate, darling."

Beth thought, *She is in a state. I know. I know she could never talk about things that mattered to her. Yet how otherwise can she be helped? Now, for the first time, she is open to me, defenseless, able to be convinced. I must be careful, I must go slowly, because if I fail she will be locked in this prison of emotional absolutes forever; if I succeed it means everything, everything, John will be happy, and Margaret will be safe. With us, with John and me, I know she will be safe; marriage—roots in this place, children—will keep her so. She is too basically good to break apart those things for any impulse of instinct, however strong.*

Yet alongside these truly loving calculations in Beth Anderley, there ran also the selfish excitement—which she recognized



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and deplored—of a person given, at last, the key of a desired, shuttered house; and also surprise, a wonder amounting almost to disbelief, that Margaret should so suddenly, so entirely without persuasion, have given her that key at all.

Margaret sat waiting for John's mother to begin to question her. Her elbows were pressed to her sides, her hands clasped, so that her periodic shivering should be hidden from Beth. Obstinately she clung to her mind's new clarity, which was the gift and reward of heightened temperature. Her body was something to be subdued and concealed, while her mind sought the clue which her feverish perception had said could be found here, in this room, between herself and Beth. She was prepared to hear Beth out, even herself to lay bare her relationship with Leon, if only, through this, the clue would be vouchsafed. She was filled with panic and distaste at having to speak, to remember and to suffer, yet still her determination to find some final answer to her spiritual bewilderment overrode all these.

Had Beth realized it, Margaret was again bent on an instinctive choice, and this time, because it was unemotional, a more dangerous one. Perhaps, in a way, she did sense it, but her will was so fixed on her son's happiness and Margaret's safety that she could not afford to be subtle-minded.

So they faced each other, these two women, avowedly confessor and penitent, yet, unknowingly, adversaries.

Beth said, after a long hesitation, because she had expected nothing of this interview and had no arguments marshaled, "Before we begin—there's one thing. In the weeks since it happened, when you've been alone and unhappy, have you ever wanted to come back to John and this place?"

John? John was the perfect companion of childhood to whom nothing had to be explained except your wilder flights of fancy; the fair, broad-faced, laughing little boy who found you quite certainly, that morning, on the edge of the quarry pond after you'd fallen in, looking for newts; who knew you were crying because you might have been drowned, and were, at that very minute, imagining your own funeral; who also knew that the remedy for tears like that was to light a forbidden fire of twigs and dry out your yellow muslin Sunday frock. That John was more real than the later John, the joking, undemanding lover.

And "this place"? The room here, the house's serene heart; the worn stone flags in the kitchen passage; the cool, scrubbed, milky smell of the dairy; the hayloft over the barn with its round window looking out over the bare, quiet Hampshire plain whose misty blues and greens and yellows changed infinitesimally with the changing hours of day. Had you wanted to come back! Had you wanted to come back, be at peace, forget?

Margaret said impatiently, "Of course, Beth. Many times. All the time."

"But you wouldn't even see John. Why, Margaret? You knew how he felt." She paused and said half laughingly, "Some sort of conscience?" Even as she said it she knew that she was not sure whether Margaret had a conscience at all, in the accepted sense of that word. An integrity which imposed ruthless standards of its own, yes; but not the conventional pull of "I want to" against "I ought."

MARGARET said, "Conscience?" Looking down on her clasped hands, coming to the word with caution, as though it were really one she didn't understand. "I don't know, Beth. I felt so—cut off—from you and John. Not because what I did was—sordid, mother called it ——" She broke out suddenly and harshly: "You know I picked him up on a train. You know we were lovers. I told mother because I felt I had to, and she told her dear Mrs. Chalmers in confidence, and now the whole district goes out to tea on it. How can you forgive me, how can you want me back, loving John as you do? It doesn't make it any better that Leon's dead. We only had three months; such a hole-in-the-corner affair, so cheap and hurried, not even time to lend it dignity. 'Poor Mrs. Sterne, the poor sweet, look how Margaret turned out; how awful to have a daughter like that, an absolute little slut.'"

"Margaret!" cried Beth sharply. "Child! Don't try to torture yourself and me. Anything can be made to sound ugly if you use words like that." She went on, half smiling, seeing Margaret checked, "And you have come here for years and years, stayed here for months at a time—do you still not know me at all? What people say doesn't matter to me. Only my children: John, now, most of all; and because of John, you. He loves you. So you must be good. I think that you may be, but John is certain. I have never known him wrong about anyone; he does not have to analyze, to break down motive and action as I do. He is good himself, and uncomplicated; he goes straight to the source. As for myself, apart from my son, Margaret, who am I to judge you? Quite the last person. I have never in my life been able to see things in good, moral, comforting shades of black and white ——" She broke off again. "Dear, this isn't getting us anywhere. Let's go back to the personal. To you. You were saying that you felt cut off from John and me, but not because of the 'moral' side of what you did. In what way then?"

THE outline of Beth wavered in front of Margaret's eyes; she blinked, and Beth came back into focus but could not be made to stay there. On the edges of her vision a pulsating darkness began. So she turned her face sideways, resting her cheek on the cold linen chair back, and let her lids fall. It was better. She thought, *Of course; when you are seasick it is foolish to look at the rail.* Only what had Beth asked? *Cut off—in what way do I feel cut off from them? Why, as though* —— Her reply came so softly that Beth had to lean forward to hear:

"As though I had gone through the looking glass. And I can't get back."

Now that her eyes were closed nothing mattered. Beth and her room slipped away in diminishing circles of effort; colorful, prismatic images crowded the inside of her eyelids: red sparks from an engine flying backward across the black glass of a train window; Leon's hands in a match flame, thin, unsteady, on one a long white scar; the crazy iron tower of a seaside town nailed on an opalescent morning sky; a green wave gathering itself for a leap through already dripping railings onto the wet, gray esplanade.

"*And I can't get back.*" Beth was appalled at this simple and pitiful statement. She said in dismay and incomprehension, "But my darling—what sort of love could make you feel like that?"

The extreme, searching edge of the wave washed over Margaret's feet, turning them to ice, the crash of water breaking over concrete subsided. She heard Beth's question in the lull that followed. Her senses groped outward, unwillingly disengaging themselves from the images, and found her body intolerable, aching, lethargic; her face hot, her throat dry, the skin of her arms under the heavy uniform sleeves prickling with goose flesh.

What? What sort of love? What a question! Why couldn't she have asked something easier, when I'm so tired?

Helplessly, she seemed to let go of actuality: as though she were again leaning on her elbow, in the dawn, looking down on it, there was Leon's face in sleep; slowly the dark lashes lifted, and he smiled; the smile was teasing and tender and sensual and his eyes looked into hers with love, yet at the same time, unwillingly, looked beyond her, full of bitter, unending thought, of inescapable pain.

If vain people had a little more pride, how modest they would be! —VIOLA, Paris.

Virtue is insufficient temptation. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

By the streets of "by and by" one arrives at the house of "never." —CERVANTES.



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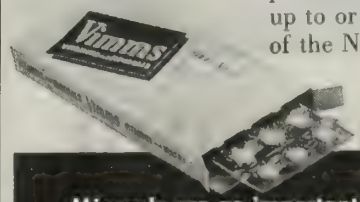
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What sort of love—oh, what sort? This question, this question—when I never even knew myself.

But her will, through her body's hot weariness and her mind's feverish dream, tricked and goaded her to go on, not to let go, to reply to Beth somehow. Only to keep some kind of hold, however slight, on Beth, and the room, and this, whatever it was, that they were talking about, until her premonition should be fulfilled and the light, quiet, certain answer to her bewilderment be, without warning, given. But now the clearness had gone from her; she had no explanation, argument, logic for Beth—only the past, crowding the darkness under her eyelids. But perhaps that would do—perhaps it was even what Beth wanted.

With a supreme effort Margaret opened her eyes. She said to John's mother, "What sort of love? I am not sure. If I try, now, to tell you, maybe you will know." She smiled, painfully, fleetingly, acknowledging Beth's power of assessing these things. Then dropped her head so that only her white brow, her gold-brown hair could be seen; her eyes were hidden from Beth and could again be safely closed; she sat with her head bowed like a brown aster in the wind, taking up, unconsciously, the immemorial attitude of the confessional. And on an exhaled breath, half sigh, began to speak jerkily, in soft, exhausted rushes of words:

"I was going to the cousins at Bridge of Allan. I took the night train from Euston. Beth, imagine that train; I must make you see. Thundering along in the darkness, rain lashing the windows, servicemen packing the corridors, the smell of wet greatcoats. Behind you is the actuality of the place you have left, the great North London station, the shaded lights, porters shouting, the rattle of goods trucks along the platform; before you is your destination, solid, too, a quiet place at early morning, clouds low on the hills, Scots voices. But in between, passing through the night, through the unseen country at fifty miles an hour, nothing is solid and actual, least of all you yourself; you are suspended in motion, without responsibility, without volition. Objectivity passes from you, you are strangely subjective, aware. There is a feeling of life below the surface; I cannot explain, but stand in a corridor for hundreds of miles, at night, and you will see." . . .

The train again under her feet screamed down its timeless gradients; the lavatory door, broken-latched, banged intermittently; around her in the darkness the crowd in the corridor moved uneasily its stiff legs and arms, sighed, shifted, muttered. Dampness seemed to settle in the center of her back; steam, condensing on the windows, ran over her hand as her outstretched fingers involuntarily touched the pane; her teeth chattered.

Leon, next to her, then unknown, moved and said, "You are cold?" A voice with an un-English rhythm. Over her shoulders a heavy warmth; her wet fingers felt soft leather, some fur or sheepskin lining. "A cigarette, too, will make it seem better." About his voice a carefulness, not coming, she sensed, from any difficulty with her language, but rather as though he found it hard to speak any language at all, as though he had dragged himself back, through inherent politeness, from some great distance, in order to consider what must be done about her being cold.

Then, as they bumped together with the swaying of the express, his hands were suddenly illuminated in the match flame, and because of her subjective mood, her awareness, they said far more than hands should ever say, making her throat tight with pity: young hands, smooth-skinned, the long fingers, the short, oval nails; and the badly healed scar; and their persistent tremor, their controlled shaking. . . .

Now, on two levels, Margaret relived all this, yet heard her own voice in the room, low, brokenly, yet without pause, translating the images for Beth:

"When I saw his hands—nothing of him, only those, you understand—I began even then to stop being Margaret Sterne with this behind me. I stepped over another threshold.

"When he lighted his own cigarette, his face, Beth, it was the face of any charming young man, in the sun, under some café awning, turned carelessly toward a woman, meant for lazy well-being, for light love-making. Only his eyes had never known what his face promised: they had seen only—terror and desolation; they belonged with his hands.

"Oh, we talked, then, with that cigarette. Almost the usual sort of train flirtation; he was aware of me, too, superficially anyway." . . .

There were their voices, going on and on, a murmur rising and falling to the noise of the wheels, moving through the conversational gambits that are the beginning of any chance acquaintanceship between a man and a woman; there were their bodies flung about like sawdust dolls by the train's swift rocking; and outside the great furnaces of the Midlands, looming and quickly gone, massive, blacker than the sky, shot through by angry gleams. And in her, the gradual sensation of despair: for the train that would not be arrested, seeming now, sinisterly, without destination; for herself and Leon, circumscribed by their own sawdust limpness, their mechanical, ghostly flirtation; and she began to feel that somehow they were to be prevented through eternity from expressing what was fundamental in them—his need, and her knowledge of it. So that she cried out violently:

"I must know you. I must."

In the darkness she saw the startled movement of his head in query, and said with a return of normal reserve, indistinctly:

"It's only that you talk to me—but all the time you are thinking of something else. Forgive me, I don't mind that, but what you are thinking of must be terrible—because it is making us both unreal. I only meant that if I knew you better, I might know some way to make you stop thinking. As it is, I am helpless." . . .

"He did not talk any more, Beth. After a little while he took my hand. For miles we were silent; his thought was still there, a barrier which neither of us could cross, but

(Continued on Page 60)

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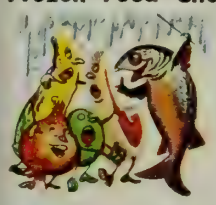
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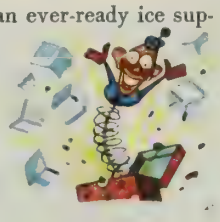
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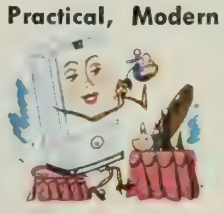


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(Continued from Page 58)

his hand was warm, human, the palm resilient, the fingers tight in mine.

"When we got to Crewe he said, 'I am sorry—but, what do you look like? I never noticed.' We were at the end of the train, the last coach; the platform there was deserted—an empty barrow, sooty stone arches, a single light. He turned me so that it shone on my face. He said, 'Yes, it is there.' I asked him what. 'I don't know,' he said; 'something I cannot name. Whatever it is that makes you feel so much.'

"He was leaving the train at Preston. Not far. We talked, then, more openly than before. He said his family lived in Warsaw, he was twenty-seven. He used to write for the radio, he had liked that. He had been in two concentration camps: Russian, when Germany and Russia partitioned Poland; German, when Germany began to invade Russia. Escaped? Oh, yes, it was not too bad, not too difficult. He managed in the end to get a visa for Turkey. When? Oh, late in nineteen-forty-two. Just these hard little facts, no feeling behind them, given barely, without detail, only because I asked. I told him about myself, my uneventful life, you and John. We promised each other to write, said that we would try to meet, when we both had leave—and the train went on: Warrington, Wigan, the next stop Preston. I pushed down the corridor to say good-by to him." . . .

Steam escaped in a great cloud from beneath the train, hiding them from each other; they were like people in a fog.

"You will write?"

"Yes. I promise. Yes."

He stood there with his cap in his hands, bareheaded, his collar turned up, his face shadowy, his hair bright against the khaki, the murky station, looking up at her as she stood gripping the wooden frame of the open window. The whistle shrilled, doors slammed; between them, at last, was a desperate, silent tension. As the train moved he cried agonizedly: "You are coming back on Wednesday?" Running alongside it, "At night again?" Then running with effort, panting as the wheels slid into speed, "Through this station?" The wind took her tardy, affirmative answers and flung them down into the approaching goods yards, dropped them among empty trucks. . . .

"So I couldn't be sure whether he had heard. But on Wednesday afternoon I left Bridge of Allan. The Mackenzies had arranged a party for us. Everyone was angry with me. Yet I had to go back." . . .

When the train came again into that station, Preston, it was as though she had never left it. Everything was the same: the clock, not working, stopped at seven-twenty as it had been four nights ago; beyond a half-opened door a small office with a high desk, an open ledger, a bright fire burning, saying that the station had a life of its own, untouched by the coming and going of trains, the crazy impermanence of travelers. The cold night wind, smelling of soot and steam, was the same wind as before. She hung out the window looking for him, believing and not believing. Airmen suddenly poured out of the train, hundreds, it seemed, piling out, stumbling, running to catch a connection; the WVS women pushed up and down among them with their baskets of sandwiches, their jam jars of free tea; the platform was pandemonium; she was certain he would be there and that somehow she would not see him. Then it was quiet again; only a few porters, calling to one another, not loudly, as they humped cases into and out of the luggage van; only two redcaps, with their thumbs hooked in their belts, standing together like wax figures; only the neat little Waaf that you see in every station, sitting on a bench, waiting for some train that never leaves. Into this hollowness, this emptiness, this feeling of the whistle being about to blow, the train gathering itself to slide out again over the rails, he came slowly round the corner of the closed bookstall. . . .

"I didn't mean to stay with him, Beth. I meant only to see him again, to talk to him for a little. When I got off the train and was walking beside him I kept thinking, 'What am I doing, what am I doing here?' My own body was strange to me, walking down a station platform at night beside the body of a stranger."

Margaret's voice fell into silence; the intensity of her mind's re-creation of atmosphere, the complex, sensuous impact of memory, took her momentarily beyond speech. She could feel Leon move beside her, see his scarred hand on her suitcase handle, feel the greasiness of the platform underfoot, hear the clanging of a station sign in the wind, again experience the abyss of strangeness bridged by some inexpressible compulsion of the spirit.

"It was as though we were driven, Beth. Hesitant, aimless, shy of each other, not knowing what to do next, yet compelled. We went into the refreshment room; there was nowhere else to go." . . .

They moved into the empty place among the spotted, marble-topped tables, trodden cigarette butts on the floor, petrified sandwiches under glass, bright, bubbling tea urns. Facing him across a table, aversion rose in her, a fastidious distaste for such an adventure, the gulf of nationality, his smooth, masculine, obvious charm. She began to say, "I must go—we'll talk a little while—I don't really know why I'm here at all." The words were there, already formulated, even the kind laugh to make them less wounding was ready in her throat.

Then the bodiless voice over the microphone started calling the stations on the West of England train: Bristol, Taunton, Exeter, Newton Abbot—the safe, the permanent towns of her country—and she looked into Leon's remote blue eyes. He took his betraying hands from the table, and pushed them deep in his pockets. This awareness of her thought touched her like a sharply rung bell, a secret finger on her heart. She was shaken terribly and completely with love for him: for the lines of his face, for his young, enduring flesh, for his most trivial gesture, above all for the pain that had crucified his careless manhood. She knew that she must identify herself with him wholly; separated by race, background, language, experience, everything, still they must be as one person. This was inescapable, and what she wanted. What she had always wanted and subconsciously sought. She felt like the unsuccessful secret agent, anonymous, hunted, driven by his quest, who has at last made the contact required of him, and is free. . . .

"So you can see, I was not able to leave him. Beth, he said to me then—I have never forgotten—'I love you. I want you. I need you very much. I have never said that to a woman before; in nineteen-thirty-nine I was too young, since then I have been too old. What it is that I am, I think you know. But I can give you nothing. I should like to take you to my home and say to my little sister who was so pretty and bad-tempered, "Marie, here is one whom you must be like." And to my mother, "Here she is, look at her well, she is the one you wanted for me. The one who will shop with you and go to concerts, who will give you my son, who will look after you, my darling, when you are old, who will one day sit in

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your chair." But, you see, there is no chair at the balcony window overlooking the courtyard, there is no house, no street, almost no Warsaw. My mother and my sister, I do not know what has happened to them. I do not expect I will ever see them again. I can give you only myself. And that is so little. But what there is is there for you to take if you wish.'"

Margaret's silence was this time longer. Dimly she heard the birds singing in the elm outside, someone passing in the road, loud untroubled footsteps, a happy whistling; and felt dimly Beth's silence, waiting for more, urging her on. She again forced her voice through the submerging flood of the past relived in the intolerable vividness of fever, pushed her voice through the pale sunshine of a long-gone day, made it heard above the whisper of the sea on wet rocks, listened to it, small, harsh and vehement, saying to Beth:

"Do you know now what sort of love? Have I said enough? Can you give it a name? What else can I tell you? He was billeted in Blackpool, his landlady didn't mind my staying. She was what Leon called 'a lady for pleasure.' Her husband was a little man who played the bones to wireless music all the evening; you never saw him, just heard, clickety-click-click-click—Beethoven or Jerome Kern, it was all the same. He sat in the kitchen, a quiet cuckold, and she entertained her gentleman friends in the parlor: businessmen in bowler hats, only two or three steadies; they drank port and whisky. I would lie with Leon's arm round me and hear her say good night to them at eleven, always on the dot of eleven. 'Ta-ta, luv,' she would say, 'mind the step.' And then laugh. She had a marvelous laugh, warm and chuckling; she laughed at everybody and herself most of all—a big woman with thin ankles and an enormous bust, red cheeks and little white teeth. My mother would have been horrified.

"But she was good to the soldiers billeted there, really good; fed them well and washed and mended for them. She was always scolding them for spending all their pay, but she gave them half crowns and packets of cigarettes as though they were her erring sons.

"We have never known people like that, lives like that—no wonder I feel cut off. I didn't just see it a round of slumming; I lived it too. And that town, so unlike our polite coastal resorts—such a strange, violent, shoddy, glittering place."

The tower rose with its dreamlike ballroom, its ancient, smelly zoo, its icy aquarium, its tearoom with greenery and red flowers dangling from papier-mâché rocks, all these in one building; and the lift creaking up the open iron shaft, past the plush and gilt, and the animals and the shining imprisoned fish and the peep-show machines, right to the top, pointed in imitation of Eiffel. From the platform there you could see the whole town spread out below: suburbs and parks, cinemas and promenades, cheap restaurants, booths selling cups of tea, fish-and-chip shops and gin palaces, the dirty dome of the winter gardens, the fine skeleton of the scenic railway far to the south, dominating the amusement park. An artificial town built on sand dunes. Nothing would grow there—soil, trees, everything had to be brought and planted; and the weather violent, too, freakish: great gales coming from a blue sky; wind would rise during the night to an unbelievable roaring, breaking the glass in shops on the front, overturning the slim, streamlined trams, while the untamed sea flung itself over the sea wall, the promenades, the very streets.

"There was always that feeling of some terrific, unreal, bawdy gaiety, teetering on the edge of destruction, a Sodom-and-Gomorrah feeling, as though the place might suddenly be left there, like a ghost town of the American West, garish and untenanted, overrun by creeping sand weed.

"How can I feel other than cut off when I am still there with him? We are still there, I tell you, lovers without past or future, wandering together in that mad wonderland.



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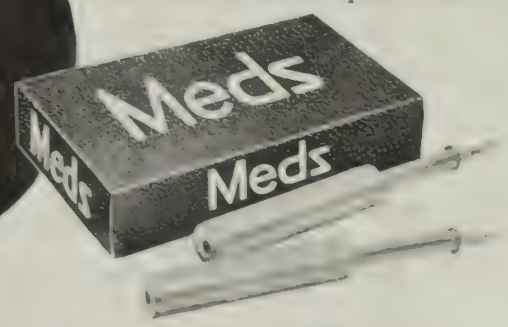
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"Within the sound of the sea, through the long nights, we talked. I made him spare me nothing; we lay there, facing each other, speaking softly, my arm round him, my hand on those other scars, the ones on his back. I did not imagine or visualize what had happened to him, I experienced it, even as he had. That was our identification with each other: I took a part of his despair, and he a part of my security; we shared our heritage. It is not that I cannot forget, but that I can never again be simply myself—for I am myself and Leon also.

"You think that John and I will be happy, easy together, because he has gained, over twenty years, an understanding of me. He has that; it is true. But what is it to me to be understood—when I have been known?" In this final sentence Margaret's voice was no more than a dry whisper.

She unclasped her stiff hands and, moving them uncertainly, touched and gripped the solid tapestry of the chair arms; she raised her head and then her eyelids and looked dazedly at Beth. She had no idea how much she had only thought, how much she had actually said; there was no line of demarcation. But all of it must have been spoken, almost all, because John's mother sat pale and shaken, tears on her smooth cheeks; she looked as though the secure walls of her sitting room had crumbled slowly before her eyes, fallen outward. The fire was gray ash with only a dim, red heart; in the half-full cups on the table the tea was quite cold.

Beth, after a while, knelt awkwardly and began to make up the fire. She said, "There aren't any words for that sort of love, Margaret. In certain experiences there is something which transcends the scene, the action, the actors themselves."

She dropped a piece of wood on the red brick hearth, fumbled for it; she could not go on. What she had said seemed to her true only in a limited, intellectual sense, hopelessly inadequate. Yet she had, at the same time, a foreboding of crisis. The words to bring Margaret back must be said now; in a moment it would be too late. Flame licked the wood, the fire renewed itself. Beth got up nervously, dusting her hands with her cambric handkerchief.

"Darling—listen to me. Something like that was bound to happen to you. You said that you had to identify yourself with him. You have always had that need to identify yourself, humanly, with people outside your own environment. I have watched it happen many times. It seems to me that your love affair was the culmination of that need. It was part of you which John could never have comprehended or reached, however much he wished to; and now it has been fulfilled, without him and beyond him. But, Margaret, that was only one part of you, and there is another. One which belongs here. And that needs also to be fulfilled." She said more lightly, more certainly, "Environment counts. And, darling, life goes on, believe me. I am old, many things have happened to me—John's father died, too, remember—and that's just about all I have learned, that life goes on. Live here with John, have children; those things are unchanging and real." She broke off and cried, because she was now restored to herself, "Heavens! Look at the tea tray. Still here. I must ring for Rosie. She's going to be cross with us." And after her resolute, accustomed finger had pressed the bell, she said softly and urgently, "You will, my dear, won't you? I feel you will."

Margaret heard the phrases: "Now it has been fulfilled; one which belongs here; life goes on, believe me; those things are unchanging and real." They seemed to build themselves into a truth which she could not fight; the fever ran over her in waves, hot and cold, hot and cold, no more images, nothing but a desire for escape, for refuge, for rest. Beth was so cool and sure, the room was as it had always been. As Mrs. Rose's steps came on down the flagged passage outside, cross, comforting, familiar, Margaret answered John's mother, nodding mutely, *Yes, Beth, very well, yes.*

Beth must have been saying to Rosie, "Here's Miss Margaret come back to us; how do you think she's looking?" because suddenly the old woman's voice came pouring over everything, shrill and scolding, the eternal nanny: "Why, my sakes, look at her then. Look at her, will you? Never speak up she won't, never would, not she. She's got one of they feverish colds of hers, see that flush, see it. And you keeping her chattering here. Ain't you got eyes in your head, my dearie?"

Then the comfortable fussing began. Margaret heard herself, obstinate with the obstinacy of sickness, refusing to go to bed, to have a doctor; the thought of complications with the M.O., of forms to be filled in, piled up before her in a mountain of explanations and paper. Rosie turned ally for a wonder: aspirin and a hot drink, nice lie down tucked up warm, she'd be over the worst in a few hours, Miss Margaret's colds were like that, hadn't she nursed her, now, time without number? And a taxi for her, back to camp—over the limit, fifteen mile, but old Boles would come, or she'd know the reason why; never another egg would he get from her hens, she'd say, and that'd fetch him.

Quite without warning, it seemed, Margaret was alone. Above her the sky square, framed in the high, morning-room window too clear and bright for her pricking eyes; over her blankets and rugs, a great weight of them under which she shivered; against her cheek the slippery, starched chintz pillow. Rum-and-milk glass, hot-water bottle—and the voices of the past in her head, whispering, saying plain, but not chaotically, clearly and sensibly, building up to a climax of reason:

"Just about all we pray for, ma'am, 'im and me, is for everything to be over, for us to go back to normal again." One of her girls at the camp, the Cockney corporal married to a sergeant major in the artillery.

Beth: "Live here and have children. Those things are unchanging and real."

Again the curate rode uphill on his bicycle, crocuses pushed up among the rough grass, the lovely sitting room dreamed on through time.

Beth again: "You have always had the need to identify yourself, humanly, with people outside your environment." But

(Continued on Page 64)

Freedom

By Sergeant Lawrence W. Shenfield

The swish
of time falling
through the velvet sleeve
of a dream,

wisps of cloud
that float on the nothingness
of a breath

and the hush
of a living thing
whirling down the night

bring a laugh to my lips
and make a song in my heart
like the rush of the rails
beneath the touch of a breeze;

And the mirth is free and full
and careless
like a wild thing loose on the
meadows
where the air is soft as the
sunlight of love
and cool as the twilight of the
dawn.



So this is LOVE

This whirling, twirling, heady spin. This feeling you're falling . . . this trance that you're in. This kiss, handing you his heart tied up in pink ribbon . . . telling you how lovely, how precious you are. You could dance on forever to this music . . . to the lovesong in your heart!

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3. Make simple, nourishing desserts. Dress them up sometimes with jams and jellies.
4. Serve ripe fresh fruits with little or no sugar. They're *naturally* sweet.
5. Try educating your taste to less sugar; use less with cereals, desserts and beverages.
6. Make a sugar syrup to use for sweetening iced drinks. It makes the sugar go farther.

Continued from Page 62

Beth didn't say it all, did not say "identify yourself, through one man, with the millions of Europe who are dispossessed as we cannot conceive of dispossession."

Leon: "There is no chair at the balcony window overlooking the courtyard, there is no house, no street, almost no Warsaw. I do not know what has happened to them. I do not think I will ever see them again."

Herself: "As though I had gone through the looking glass. And I can't get back."

In the moment before sleep, the simple, illuminating moment, the certain answer for which she had been seeking was given. She knew that she could never go back; the oasis of John and the house existed, was there, unchanging, but she was cut off from it. Her love, born of pity, had given her over to the dispossessed. And she was glad to be one of them; in their hands lay the future—for they were the unforgetting.

Beth came in to find Margaret sleeping, breathing lightly, her hair damp and tumbled, but her face pale, clear, no longer flushed. At some movement of Beth's she woke.

"Better, darling?"

"Yes, Beth, thank you."

"Rosie's phoning the taximan. I came to ask you—shall she tell him to come about half past nine? John will be back from Salisbury at nine."

Margaret pushed herself up. Beth's blue bed jacket fell from her shoulders; in their nakedness, white, fragile, immature, her tumbled hair lay dark against them. "No," she whispered, "no." Her eyes held Beth's appealing. "I shouldn't have said yes, Beth. I was wrong."

"But, Margaret, why? Why?" Disappointment on her son's account flooded Beth, yet she felt herself made helpless, as always, by her love for the girl.

The certainty of the moment before sleep was in Margaret still, but untranslatable, now beyond words; and the steps by which she had reached it were lost in the mists of fever and could never be retraced.

"I can't explain," she said piteously, "I can't explain."

GUERRILLA WIFE

Continued from Page 1

"A quarter to one." Spence said, looking at his watch. It was the third of January, 1942.

We threw things into our packsack: a few clothes, a blanket, Spence's shaving kit, toothbrushes, tooth paste. We left the house and started down the path.

Spence said, "Louise, I will take you up to Maabaca. I don't know what the Japs will do; maybe they'll take American and English prisoners to concentration camp, maybe not. I don't want to take any chances."

He set off at a dead trot and I followed as best I could. Luckily, it was a moonlight night, and seeing our way was not hard. At the end of forty-five minutes Spence stopped to let me rest. The trail led upward, and I was ready for a breather.

As we went farther, the trail became narrower and more rugged. At last I could stand it no longer; I had to call out to Spence to stop. I bent over and was very sick, sicker than I have ever been at sea. But after being sick, I felt much better. We continued our climb. Coming up the last lap of the hill, I twisted my ankle and had a moment of sharp pain. There was no stopping, however. I knew we had to reach Maabaca before daylight. We got there at a quarter to five.

We stayed in the hills eight days. Filipinos brought us the news that looting, probably Japanese instigated, had broken out all over. However, the Japs had not actually come to take possession of the property. This was the IXL mine on the island of Masbate, a small link in the great island chain of the Philippines.

Only four years before I had come to the Philippines to marry my tall engineer fiance. We spent our honeymoon in Manila. Then a few months at a rough-and-ready mining camp in the midst of tropical rains and typhoons, then a pleasant year in Manila, and finally Masbate.

We had felt for some time as if we were living on a volcano which might erupt at any moment. Our only word from the outside world came on the radio. The noonday broadcast on January second had reported, "Your announcer is Osias. I have to tell you Manila has fallen to the Japs."

As soon as Spence could make certain it was safe, that the Japs were not there, I followed him back. At IXL the sun still shone, and the buildings and houses looked the same. Yet the whole place seemed dead. It took me a moment to realize what was different. The mill was silent.

I ran up the steps of our house and burst in. Spence was there, and gave me a good welcome. I looked around, learning the meaning of the word "looting." Everything had been taken, even the heaviest pieces of furniture. The walls were slashed, the electric wires cut and trailing, like entrails.

"They—they wrecked it." I said, the tears beginning to run down my cheeks. I wiped off the tears and gulped a bit, so as not to make things any worse for Spence. This was dismal enough.

Claude and Laverne Fertig drove over one day from Capsay mine. Claude, an officer in the United States Army Reserve, had received an order from the 61st Division on the island of Panay calling him to active service. He was now a major, and the sole Army representative on our island. Claude was visiting the mines making a survey of how much material was available—dynamite, tractors and other equipment which it might be possible to move to Panay. The Army was building airfields and other installations there as fast as it could.

While Claude was engaged in his survey, Laverne and I had a chance to catch up with news and gossip. She had heard that we had lost everything, and brought me some towels, sheets and several dresses. She promised to come over with more in a few days.

This plan was not carried out because of the Japs' arrival on the island. They came toward the end of January and seemed to have settled in, but as yet did not come up to our mine.

Spence said I must go back in the hills to the home of one of our Filipino friends.

I argued against this. "What if they do put us into a concentration camp? That can't be so terrible."

"Louise, I'll never give the Japs a chance to get close enough to you so you would be at their mercy. We've heard enough to know what they might do—remember Nanking? I don't trust them at all."

We were warned by the Filipinos that we had better get away by the end of the week, for the Japs were coming to round up Americans.

After much discussion Spence and Ben Zimmerman, the mine superintendent, and I decided to leave Saturday evening—it was February seventh—and make our way to the coast. There we meant to obtain a boat to sail across the Visayan Sea to Panay. We left at nine o'clock. We thought we ought to reach the coast by daylight. However, our guide knew as little about the terrain as we did, and at half past three we were knee deep in cogon grass and lost. Cogon grass is ugly to go through under the best of circumstances, for its sharp blades cut like knives.

After a terrible night we got to the house of a Filipino acquaintance, and stayed all next day. At night we set out again, and finally got to our destination. It was on a river that flowed to the sea. Spence arranged for us to be passengers in a boat that afternoon.

Our sailing craft was about thirty feet long and four feet wide, with outriggers to keep it balanced, and a large sail. In this boat rode

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three crewmen and seven passengers, including us. We carried our packs, a few bundles belonging to the other passengers, and the crew's rice and cooking equipment. It was a heavy load.

We sailed down the little river for an hour or so—I hadn't realized we were so far from the open sea. When we came out into the open water, there was a spanking breeze and it was a wonderful afternoon. We put in to the beach at a point called Mandaoan because the crew wanted to refresh themselves with a glass of tuba.

While they were drinking, the natives spied us three Americanos. They rushed down to the beach to tell us the Japs had picked up the Americans at the mines Sunday morning, and were looking for three who had got away! We were glad to set sail within a few minutes.

At sunset the wind died down for a couple of hours, and we drifted. Then a breeze blew up and the boat began to pitch and toss in the waves. We were shipping a good deal of water, and someone was continually bailing. Spence and Ben and I wondered how soon we would all land in Davy Jones' locker. We got stiffer, and colder, and crosser, and hungrier, as the night wore on. The wind rose to a gale, and we were traveling at a truly frightening pace. We were soaked and our teeth were chattering.

At sunrise we sighted the island of Panay. We had traveled sixty miles in the past five hours.

Our boatman landed us at his home on the west coast of the island. It was only one or two kilometers from the town of Carles, he told us. Then we set off for the town.

As we came into Carles, a town of about two hundred inhabitants, we were stopped by Filipino soldiers and taken to the municipal building to be interviewed by the mayor. Finally it was decided that we were reputable citizens and could start off to the headquarters of the 61st Division, USAFFE, under guard. A rickety buckboard bus bounced us on our way.

At Janiuay we saw Major Fertig. He told us that Laverne was staying at a hotel called the Riverside Inn at Capiz, and he thought we might find room there. We could catch a train at five o'clock. So we set off in our bus to the railway station.

We got off the train at about half past six, and the strains of a raspy piano floated to us up the street. *The town's low dive*, I thought. As we approached the tin-pan alley sounds, Ben said, "This is our hotel." We climbed a flight of stairs and entered the lobby, where the piano I had heard was in action. There seemed to be hundreds of people milling around.

Laverne saw us and gave us a hearty welcome. The little country hotel was filled to bursting, we could see. Laverne said I could share her bed, and the men were able to double up with some acquaintances.

BEN and Spence were immediately attached as civilian employees to the Army. They were busy directing the construction of air strips for the American planes which were expected almost daily, and they lived on the Army post. Laverne and I stayed on at the Riverside Inn.

Laverne and I had always enjoyed being together. I suppose our personalities complemented each other. Whereas I am fairly tall, brown-haired and quiet, Laverne is petite, blond and vivacious.

Laverne was a talented cutup, and Claude, her husband, who was the assistant general manager of Capsay mine, was an able second in her capers, in spite of being a rather dignified young man. Laverne was about thirty-four, four years older than I, and very attractive. The Filipinos sometimes referred to

---

The only way in which women show superior intelligence to men is in their selecting their mates by character instead of looks.

—DOROTHY DIX.

How to have a neater kitchen



SHELF-CONSCIOUS?
Slick 'em up with that fancy-edged shelf paper . . . stuck firmly down with quick-sticking "Scotch" Cellulose Tape. (Try it in the linen closet, too . . . and kitchen drawers.)

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her as "the white-haired lady" because of her blondness. She was a talented singer with a beautiful, gay soprano.

During this week at Riverside Inn more of our friends from Masbate arrived. The Schurings, Laura and Henry and their twelve-year-old son, Clifford, had been among our special friends. Two men were with them—Jack Treat, a bachelor, and Homer Mann, whose wife was in concentration camp on Luzon. These people were to be companions throughout our life of flight, although of course we could not foresee then what that life was to be.

At last Major Fertig informed Laverne and me that there was a house available at Sara-Ajuy, a sugar *central*. We packed quickly, and were ready when my husband's car came to move us to the sugar plantation. Major Fertig was working on the air strip at Sara. Spence was at Pilar airfield, a couple of hours' drive away. A sugar *central* is the headquarters of a large sugar plantation. Sara-Ajuy was the name of the plantation, Sara the name of the town.

The manager at Sara-Ajuy gave us a house that had been evacuated by an employee. It was a bungalow much like our houses on Masbate. Only the manager and his wife remained of the staff—everyone else had evacuated. Claude and Laverne had sent to Masbate for their servants, Federico and Catalina Condino, who had been with them for many years. They reached Panay, bringing their little girl, Bienvenida, and Laverne's Airedale terrier Debby. Federico came to cook for us, leaving his wife and child with relatives.

On the tenth of April, Laverne and I were sitting by the radio when a voice sadly reported that Bataan had fallen. There were no particulars. "Corregidor still stands," said the voice.

We went to bed early. Laverne came into my room and we talked. Nervously, we imagined all sorts of noises in the night, and finally we really did hear a car. We jumped up and looked out the window, and saw Spence getting out of his Army car.

Spence said we must get out of that area tomorrow morning. He suggested that we join the Schurings, who were living in the town of Calinog with another couple from Masbate, Fern and Mark Clardy, and their two little boys. Spence told us he had heard that the Japs were lying off the island of Panay in transport ships, in readiness to come ashore. For that reason it was imperative that we should not delay. Shortly after midnight Spence left us to return to the airfield.

At dawn Laverne and I got up. One of the men at the *central* agreed to drive us to Calinog, and we were ready to leave by lunchtime. Federico, Laverne's servant, went to join his wife and child. He took Laverne's dog, Debby, with him.

Our arrival in Calinog alarmed our friends there, for they had heard nothing about the imminent Japanese invasion of Panay. The group in Calinog included, besides Laverne and me, the four Clardys, three Schurings, and Dr. and Mrs. Francis H. Rose, missionary educators from Central Philippine College in Iloilo. We planned to evacuate to the same place, Katapunan, when Panay should be invaded, and we spent several days after Laverne's and my arrival in preparing for the life there.

Doctor and Mrs. Rose were in their late fifties and had lived in the islands for thirty years. Doctor Rose was an ordained Baptist minister.

On market day Laverne and I went to market and purchased a pail, two dishpans, a large blue-enamel cooking pot with a cover, and a clay water olla. We would have to boil our drinking water, and the clay water vessel was not only a container for the good water, it would keep the water cool. These articles would supplement the two pots and one frying pan already in our equipment.

The market seemed rich in things that would be of use in housekeeping, but we knew we would not be able to travel with much baggage. It would be impossible to get many *cargadores* to carry our stuff (a *cargador* is a porter, a sort of human pack horse), and therefore we knew it was useless to spend money on anything but the barest necessities.

Major Fertig managed to get four flannelette blankets for us. He also bought bolts of cheap, gaily colored cotton to use instead of money in the hills. It would be worth far more than money in obtaining food in the life we proposed to lead among the primitive people of the interior. We had fair supplies of canned foods. All in all, we felt we had equipped ourselves adequately for the strange life upon which we were about to embark.

On the fifteenth of April Laverne and I went with Doctor Rose to the barrio of Katapunan. This was only about twelve kilometers beyond Calinog, eight by road and then four kilometers by trail, on foot. A barrio is just a collection of sitios in a certain area. A sitio is a group of two or three houses. In a barrio there is usually one *tienda*, or small general store. The houses are grass or bamboo huts. In Katapunan we acquired a grass hut which would house the Schurings and ourselves for a rental of three pesos monthly. We went back to Calinog that evening pleased with our arrangements.

The next morning we sat down to our breakfast of rice as usual at half past seven, all rather drowsy and silent. Suddenly the church bells began to peal. The invasion of the island! Nobody said anything. We just gulped down the rest of our coffee and got to work. Since we were ready to move at a moment's notice, it didn't take long to do the few necessary things.

Luckily, there were three automobiles available. By the time we got under way there was a general upheaval in the town. The Filipinos were packing and moving, trucks of soldiers were roaring past and everything wore an air of emergency.

It was only yesterday that Laverne and I had accompanied Doctor Rose to the quiet little barrio. This morning we repeated the trip, in a larger company, and with laden *cargadores* to carry our belongings the four kilometers beyond the road.

We were far inland here, almost in the center of the island. The land was flat, and this meant it was plainly visible from a distance.

The population of Katapunan must have numbered about a hundred, all landowners and farmers. Most of them were Christians, and many had been educated by the Baptist missionaries. The two leading citizens were Mr. Dianala and Mr. Rio. They had both been very helpful to us.

We settled into our hut, the three Schurings, Laverne and I. Doctor and Mrs. Rose moved in with the Rio family. As the day went on, more and more missionaries kept arriving. Among the first were Mr. and Mrs. Erle Rounds and their little boy, Douglas. The two groups of refugee Americans, miners and missionaries, were busy settling into their new dwellings, and the Filipino residents were in a flurry over the news of the Japanese invasion of the island.

That night nobody slept well and most slept scarcely at all. We could see many fires lighting the sky in the direction of Iloilo. All night there was intermittent shooting, sometimes far in the distance, sometimes nearer.

In the middle of the night a group from the Capiz Mission Hospital arrived. Doctor Meyer, who was in charge, his wife, his American nurse, Miss Adams, and the group of Filipino nurses brought with them a group of patients.

The next morning a meeting of the American men with Mr. Dianala and Mr. Rio was held. It was agreed that we should pay Mr. Rio seventy-five pesos monthly and Mr. Dianala fifty. In return, Mr. Dianala would provide a guard service which would warn us of enemy movements. He would also help locate a better hide-out for us. Mr. Rio would undertake the service of providing us with food. That is, he would arrange with various middlemen to gather food from the lowlands and bring it in to market it with us. We would, of course, pay market prices for the food itself.

Doctor Meyer said that he thought it would be better to have his hospital unit by

self, away from the rest of us. Mr. Dianala aid he knew of a good site for the hospital; owever, since he did not have a suitable lace in mind for our general settlement, fter the meeting was over he went out with Mark Clardy and Doctor Rose to survey the ossibilities.

Jack Treat came in that evening. He had een working with Spence at Pilar airfield, o I questioned him eagerly. He had no nessage from Spence, and didn't know anyhing about him beyond the fact that he had one with the Army to Baloy.

Mr. Dianala went out alone early the next norning, and by the time we had breakfast e was back, announcing that he had found good place and was ready to lead us to it. The missionaries had decided it was not ecessary to move from Katapunan, but Doctor Rose came with us to erect some ents which he owned. We were to use his ents while our grass huts were being built.

Just after we started off from the barrio, ome enemy planes came over. They flew uite low, and we froze in our tracks; those vho could huddled under trees. Luckily we vere not spotted. Our packs and boxes were arried on *congas*, vhich are small vooden sleds. These were drawn by carabao, a sort of water buffalo.

Our hike that day was not difficult. We were going back into the midlands over rolling slopes and tropical farm land, and the trail was broad.

At noon we reached our stopping point and the point of decision. We could either continue for another two hours to a spot Mr. Dianala had selected as a good one, or we could choose an alternative site near at hand, about two hundred feet straight down the steep hill, then to the right and into a narrow rock gully.

We finally decided in favor of the nearer place. It was past one o'clock when we began the hard descent. The carabao and the *congas* they drew could not go down here, so we would have to carry all our stuff the rest of the way. The slope was hard to navigate, for the footing was treacherous.

We followed a trail at the foot of the hill for about five hundred yards, through a burned-over space cleared to plant rice—a *caingin*, as it is called. Then we turned into a clump of heavy forest. And then we came to the place.

"This is it," said Mr. Dianala.

We stood looking down into a small canyon between two natural stone banks, where trees grew sparsely in the seamy earth. At the bottom of the gully there were piles of rocks. It looked cold and gloomy, and we wondered how we could possibly live here. And was there any water? We talked about the problem until hunger overcame the urge to argue.

LAURA brought out the rice she had cooked before we left Katapunan, and we opened two cans of chile con carne. When the meal was over, we all felt extremely thirsty, and went in search of water. There was a small stream at the foot of the gully, but we didn't dare to drink the water without boiling it. We ended by going thirsty, for there was the pressing business of getting the tents up, wood to be gathered for fires, and packs to be stowed away under leaves so they would stay dry if it rained. Nobody had time to fuss with boiling water.

There was a tent for the Schurings, Laverne and me, and the difficulty was in finding a space large enough to peg it in that narrow gully. A fairly even spot a few feet below the big pile of rocks was decided upon, and the men put up the tent. Laverne and I gathered wood, and Clifford built us a fire. Soon we had water boiled, and by the time the tent was up we had prepared a cup of tea for Doctor Rose, who was determined to return to Katapunan that night.

AFTER Doctor Rose left, we cooked a pot of rice and had something to eat, and then we prepared for bed. We piled our packs and boxes on one side of the tent, and spread our bedding on the ground on the opposite side. We had three pillows for the five of us, and a few sheets and blankets. Clifford was to sleep at the back of the tent, then I, and then Laverne, Laura, and Henry in front to act as our bodyguard. We were all dog tired. We took off our shoes and turned in.

It wasn't easy to get into a comfortable position, sleeping on the ground, and we were all wriggling around trying to hit a soft spot when we heard voices. We roused up and saw a light at the far end of the ravine. Then we heard Erle Rounds' voice, and called to him. He came stumbling to our tent in the darkness.

"What on earth has happened?" asked Laura.

"We heard rumors that the Japs were fanning out from the main road," he said. "We thought we had better follow your example and get out of Katapunan."

I had a sudden flashing fear for my husband's safety, but reassured myself by remembering he was with the Army. "Are they all with you?" I asked.

"Yes. And it was quite a time we had getting here, I can tell you."

We invited them to share our tent, and Mr. Rounds went back up the ravine to get them. We moved our boxes and packs so there would be more space, and invited them to share our bed. We all had to sleep at an angle, so that there would be room for everyone to stretch his legs out, but even then we seemed to be touching toes and curling up in order to give the others enough room. In the middle of the night we all nearly jumped out of our skins when Douglas called out, "Ouch, dad, a snake!" Erle switched on a flashlight to look, and captured a large, wiggly tropical worm with a thousand legs.

Doctor and Mrs. Rose did not attempt to make the trip in the darkness, but came the next morning.

Clifford and Henry started to build a fireplace for our cooking. "Guess what," said Clifford. "The missionaries have already named this place. Hopevale. What do you think of it?"

"I guess it's a good name, Clifford. It's a vale, all right, and we have plenty of hope."

"I like it," he said. "And I think it's important for a place to have a name. It makes it seem more like a place, doesn't it?"

From then on our settlement was known as Hopevale.

Next morning Laverne and I decided to derock the floor of our tent. We took all the

Next Month

"I met your mother in London," John said, "and she's well and fine."

Ellen faced him, furious. "Why, you sneak—you dirty sneak! Who asked you to look into my business?"

He took hold of both her wrists. "You little hypocrite!"

●She was not a sweet girl—she knew exactly how to get what she wanted. And what she wanted was a husband to take her away from her cockney background. Complete in the September JOURNAL, a story by an exciting new writing team:

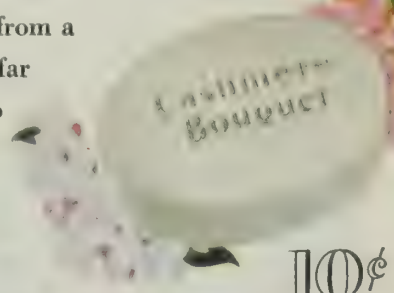
This World Will Be Mine

BY MARY LOOS AND WALTER DURANTY

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SERVE Kool-Aid as a refreshing beverage every day . . . *and try Kool-Aid cookery for culinary magic!* The delicious flavors which have made Kool-Aid America's favorite made-at-home beverage also impart an inspired touch to the most ordinary dishes. *So take a tip and try this trick.* Make appetizing salads, refreshing ice cream sherbets, and tasty puddings flavored with Kool-Aid! The young folks, your hubby and friends will all agree that Kool-Aid's best for flavor zest!

❷ Kool-Aid
LEMON-LIME SALAD

1 envelope (1 level tbsp.) unflavored gelatine
½ pkg. (5 level tsp.) Lemon-Lime Kool-Aid
¼ cup cold water — 1½ cups hot water
¼ cup sugar — ½ tsp. salt
1 cup each of sliced celery, radishes, carrots and cucumbers

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add hot water, stirring until dissolved. Add Kool-Aid and sugar and stir until dissolved. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in sliced vegetables. Pour into molds or mold and place in refrigerator or cool place until firmly set.

❸ Kool-Aid
FROZEN DESSERT

1 pkg. of Kool-Aid (any flavor)
1 can Evaporated Milk (tall can)
1 cup sugar — ½ cup water (cold)

(1) Chill evaporated milk in freezing unit until slushy. (2) Mix sugar and Kool-Aid thoroughly in water. (3) Place *chilled* evaporated milk in *chilled* mixing bowl and whip rapidly until stiff. (4) Add Kool-Aid mixture and fold in well; place quickly in freezing tray and freeze at coldest temperature, without further stirring. (Can be frozen in tightly closed container buried in 3 parts crushed ice to 1 part coarse salt.) Makes over 1 quart.

Tasty RECIPES On Every PACKAGE



5¢

bedding and spread it in the hot sun to air. Then we went to work with our bare hands on that little piece of ground inside our tent. I think we pulled rocks of all sizes and shapes out for five hours, and there were still some too deeply embedded for us to budge. We smoothed in the holes that were left with soft earth, and then spread a layer of dry leaves. Finally, we spread our aired and fluffy bedding. We lay down to try it, and didn't want to get up, it was so soft.

Laura was the cook for our group, and Laverne and I did all the other household chores. Each night before we crawled into our tent for sleep, Clifford made a fire and we boiled several pots of water. This would cool in the olla overnight and be our next day's drinking supply.

In general, during these weeks, we lived as if we were on a camping trip. Laura cooked outdoors, the stream was our washbasin, and our toilet facilities were of the simplest. It would have been a jolly enough little holiday, if it had been a holiday—and sometimes, for a little while, we could almost pretend that it was.

On the eighth of May, Mr. Rio came to see us with a long face. The Rios had a radio set and took the news down every evening.

"Not good," he said, handing us his news dispatch. We read, "Corregidor has fallen." It meant that the only resistance left in all the Philippines was centered in such forces as ours on Panay—the Filipino army and a few American officers.

It was decided that Laverne and I would go on living with Laura and Henry, so their house was to be built with two bedrooms. The hut was almost completed when a rainy spell set in. Our last four or five afternoons at the tent were miserable. The rain came in torrential downpours, and our ravine was a lake, with mud to our ankles. Laura would get outdoors in the mud and rain and cook our meals, joking about it and as cheery as ever. By the time we had had supper, the tropical downpour would have passed, and Laverne and I would do the dishes slithering about in the wet clay.

Our new house was situated across a creek. It was quite high up, and a little removed from the others. There were two bedrooms, one for Laura and Henry and one for Laverne and me. There was a small *sala* with benches along the outside wall, where Clifford slept. At the back of that room there was a tiny kitchen. The house was built two or three feet above the ground, with walls and roof of cogon grass. The floor and the beds were made of split bamboo. It looked like a palace to our home-hungry eyes.

THE construction of such a house was interesting. The Filipinos went out into a patch of cogon grass, cut its long, sharp blades and tied it into bundles. These they hung in rows to form the walls. The framework of the house was made of bamboo. The cogon thatch of the roof was spread much thicker than that of the walls, to give protection from the rain. The new house was very pretty, all made of green grass and green bamboo, but it was not long before it dried out—and then it began to show many cracks. White people are not so light and graceful as Filipinos, and grass houses were never intended for our big frames and heavy tread. Some of the grass started slipping, jarred, I suppose, by our movements.

The partitions between the rooms were made of grass, and went up only three quarters of the way to the roof. In the kitchen there was a native stove, a wooden box made of green logs. Over the bottom of the stove a great amount of wet earth or clay was packed down firmly, and then three rocks were placed in a triangle on which to place the cooking pots. Under our stove was kept our supply of wood.

All in all, our hideaway was all right. The conveniences were primitive, but adequate, and the people of our little group were cheerful and congenial. We were very lucky.

All day, it seemed, we were busy preparing meals and cleaning up afterward. Everything had to be done the hard way. The men had to haul water for quite a distance. Any food that had to be washed before being cooked was taken to the stream. The dirty dishwater had to be carried down a sort of ladder—the entrance to the kitchen—and disposed of away from the house. It was really only with nightfall that we had much time to think.

Laverne and I kept wondering what was happening to our husbands. We hoped to see them soon, we hoped they were all right. But we longed for definite news, and most of all we longed to see them.

"Surrender" was the word that was flying along the paths of rumor, the "radio poac," as the natives called the grapevine. Filipinos told us, "The Army is surrendering." We did not believe it.

HOWEVER, in a day or two, Mr. Dianala came to tell us it was true. General Christie, in command of the 61st Division at Baloy, was surrendering to the Japs. The prospect of an indefinite future here in the hills, hunted and in hiding, stretched ahead of us drearily. Our hopes of early rescue had gone glimmering.

The next day our friend Ben, who had been with us so much of the time since our flight from the mine, came walking into camp. He had come from Baloy!

I almost jumped on him in my eagerness to get news of Spence. "Oh, he'll be getting here any day," he assured me. Ben had no news of Claude. My heart ached for Laverne.

The missionaries had held regular church services since the founding of Hopevale. The day after Ben came was Sunday, and everybody but me went to church in the morning. I stayed at home putting hot applications on my ankle, which seemed to have picked up an infection from a scratch.

After church the members of our household returned, and we had the midday meal. Lunch was finished and we were clearing away, when, as casually as if he had seen us all the day before, Spence strolled in. I dashed out of the kitchen, dishwater up to my elbows, to give him a big welcome. Everybody was delighted to see him. First of all, we asked for news of Claude.

"Well, Laverne," Spence said, "I don't know much about him, but I do know that he went out on a mission for the general and is not in Baloy. I am positive he will get to see you before surrendering."

This wasn't much news, but it was enough to give Laverne heart. If Spence said Claude would positively get to see her, she was certain it was true, for Spence had a reputation for being cautious in his statements.

My wandering husband seemed tired and needed a shave, but otherwise was none the worse for his experience.

Spence said he thought the best thing was for all of us to remain at this present location and carry on until we had authentic word of the Japs' making a push to get us, when we could move on. Spence said that he and I had better have a house of our own, and one of the first things we did was to locate a spot below the Schurings, nearer to the stream. The very next day, he arranged with the Filipino builders.

One evening, toward the end of May, Ben, Laverne, Spence and I were playing bridge in the *sala*. The rain beat on the thatched roof; we had been having a tropical downpour since early afternoon. Spence had just bid a small slam, after an intricate series of bids, when we heard a man's voice call, "Laverne!"

"It's Claude!" we cried, jumping up and spilling our cards heedlessly. Laverne ran to the door.

Claude came in, dripping from head to toe, and threw his arm around Laverne's shoulder. She took him into our bedroom to change to dry clothes—his pack was waterproof—while I opened a can of soup, got out crackers and made a pot of tea. He had a real feast then. He had been hiking for the past eight hours, most of the time in the downpour.

We all sat around asking Claude questions about the state of affairs on the island. He knew little more than the others—the movements of the Japs were apparently in a fluid

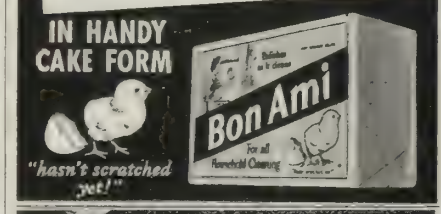


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KVP HOUSEHOLD PAPERS

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state. Nobody knew what rumors were true out of the welter of reports.

"At any rate," Claude said, "I do not intend to surrender. I've come to get Laverne and take her to a hide-out I know up in the mountains. We can live there until the American Army and Navy get here."

Claude was so tired that our powwow didn't last long. I insisted that Claude should take my bed.

In the morning Laverne and Claude began getting ready for their hike up to Mount Igabon. Claude wanted Spence and me to go, too, and we talked it over thoroughly before deciding against it. My infected ankle was worse, and the trip Claude proposed would take three days' steady walking. Spence, who knew the terrain, said no.

As we had pooled our few canned goods, toiletries, pots and pans, there was a redivision of these things. The Fertigs took very few, though, for Claude said he knew of an Army cache in the mountains which the Army would have to abandon, and they could live off that cache for six months to a year.

We bade them good-by with lumps in our throats. When would we see them again, and what lay ahead of all of us? It was like the breaking up of a family.

Spence and Ben and I moved into our new house, and the Schurings for the first time had their house to themselves.

While all this was going on, my bad ankle had become much worse. Spence finally called Doctor Meyer to come over. The day the doctor arrived, the infection turned green, and we had the horrible thought, *Gangrene!* The doctor said he had nothing with which to cut, but he hoped the method of probing with a toothpick with a piece of absorbent cotton wrapped around it, and dipped in Mercurochrome, would get to the seat of the trouble. Did I have those supplies? Luckily I had a little cotton and a small bottle of Mercurochrome, and Laura had some toothpicks.

Doctor Meyer prepared his instrument and plunged in. He went down about a quarter of an inch, and then kept turning the toothpick for an area of one and a half inches, until he finally loosened a large pocket of pus. This popped out, and there was a flow for several minutes of pus and blood. This was a tremendous relief, partly just because he stopped probing when this occurred. During the next twenty-four hours, Spence probed in the same manner every four hours, and for two days thereafter every eight hours, until Doctor Meyer was satisfied it was cleaned out and would heal. I had to remain with my foot up on my hard bench during these days, my ankle wrapped in hot towels.

ONE morning in early July, Doctor Meyer came to our camp in great consternation and called a meeting of the missionaries. He had received a letter, through the Filipino underground, from other American missionaries of their school and hospital who had gone to concentration camp when Panay was invaded and were now in a camp at Iloilo. They wrote begging our missionary friends to give themselves up to the Japs. If they did not do this, their friends in the Iloilo concentration camp were afraid of the consequences for all concerned.

Our missionary group discussed the problem and finally agreed unanimously to stick by their resolution to remain in hiding in the hills. We miners did not even consider the question any more; we were determined to keep clear of the Japs.

The situation was clear to us, however. The enemy had allowed a four-month period for everyone to surrender. After that period, being caught by the enemy would mean certain death.

IN October, Spence began to worry about how the Fertigs were getting along in their lonely hide-out. He thought it was a bad place for them, and that they might much better return to Hopevale and live with us.

Toward the end of the month he set out for Mount Igabon, telling me to have things prepared so that Laverne and Claude could stay in our house. I was delighted at this prospect, for I had missed Laverne.

Spence was not gone long. At about eleven o'clock on the morning of November fourth we heard shouts and halloos from the direction of the trail and, running toward the sound, I saw a picturesque procession. First came Laverne, Claude and Spence, wearing big straw hats. After these three came Solomon, the Fertigs' faithful servant and friend, followed by the *cargadores* with a large load of stuff.

Missionaries and miners alike were pleased to have the Fertigs back. They had brought a great deal of stuff from their cache in the mountains, and it made a valuable addition to our dwindling stores.

Claude and Laverne had meant to come down soon in any case, for Claude had been in communication with the guerrilla forces. Their commander, Colonel Peralta, had asked him to come down to the lowlands to assist in the struggle. The guerrillas were Filipinos who had banded together after the surrender, some who had been in the army previously and others who were simply volunteers.

Claude went on to Sara in a few days to see the leaders of the guerrillas, and Laverne stayed with us.

Claude returned the first week in December. He was again an active major, this time as a guerrilla. He was in command of the Engineers, and his headquarters would be at Sara. Spence returned to Sara with Claude on December fifth to offer his services.

The month of December went on now rather drearily. The rains were heavy, and it seemed as if the whole world was wringing wet.

Our much-regretted Christmas gift to our friends Mr. Rio and Mr. Dianala had been notice that our finances were rapidly disappearing. We could no longer afford to pay their salaries. Mr. Rio and Mr. Dianala were most friendly and understanding. They both said they were ready to do anything and







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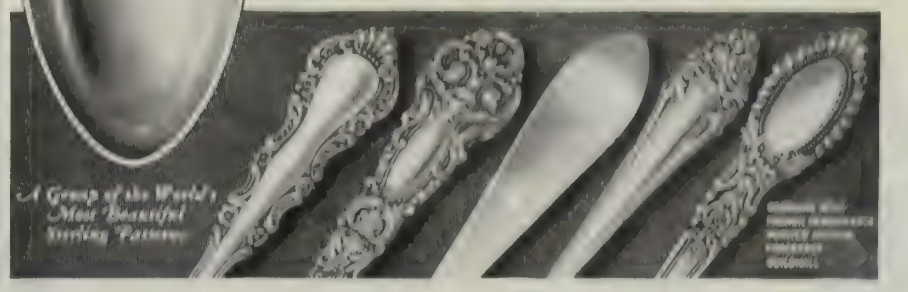
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everything they could for us, and we felt that they were real friends.

No word had come from Spence and Claude, and rumors of the Japanese being at Sara persisted. We decided to send the Fertigs' servant, Solomon, to our husbands with a note, to try to find out what was happening to them.

Our food supplies at Hopevale had now almost ceased coming in; the Filipinos were terrified by the constant Jap movements and were unable to get to us. We were not starving, but we were getting hungry. We had, for greens, *camote* leaves, and occasionally *alagbote*, a slimy green which grew wild on a red stem and which I simply could not eat, although the others tried to impress me with its nutritive value. Laverne had brought a few cans of corned beef from the cache at Baloy, and on the days when there were no greens to be had, only salt and sugar to go with our rice, Laura would use one of the cans of corned beef. She would mix it with the cooked rice, mold the mixture into cakes and fry it. Our menus for a day were rice for breakfast, rice for lunch, and rice with greens or a little corned beef for dinner.

On the fourth of January Solomon came back. He greeted me, "*Maayon aga*, Mrs. Captain Louise Spencer!" *Maayon aga* means good morning, and the rest of his greeting meant that Spence was a captain. Solomon had not seen our husbands, but he gave us each a letter which he had got from Capt. Joe Herman. These letters were to have reached us for Christmas, but it had been impossible to get them through to us. Our husbands told us nothing, except that they were on a secret mission which would take three weeks and possibly longer.

Our peaceful life was now a thing of the past. The Japs were moving closer. Laverne commenced packing, for Claude had made her promise to move back to Daan Norte, an area much farther back in the hills, should things become threatening. I promised Laverne I would go with her.

On the morning of the twenty-second, we got word that we should get out of camp. All the residents of Hopevale were warned, and all prepared to hide. The Schurings, Ben, Laverne and I set off for Igi. The missionaries and the Clardys merely hid back of the camp a few hundred yards or so. They were certain the Japs would not find them in their well-concealed *camaligs*, as their dugouts were called. We had been perturbed by their decision, but recognized its inevitability. The elderly people and small children could not take a long trek.

We stayed at Igi for a day and a half planning our next move. The night of the twenty-third we were all sitting around eating our rice when a voice called, "Louise!"

I shouted, "Spence!" and was out of the house in an instant. This was the first time I had seen him since the fifth of December, and I was almost overcome with the joy and surprise of his finding me here.

He had walked about two hundred miles, barefooted! Over rough territory, with fallen branches and sticks cutting into his unprotected skin, stones bruising it, cogon grass cutting it, and long passages through rivers chilling him and lacerating his feet and legs on hidden obstacles. His uniform, if his clothing could be dignified by such a name, consisted of a pair of torn khaki shorts, a torn khaki shirt and a straw hat. He carried his .22 automatic rifle.

We asked where he had come from, and he gave us the story. Most of it involved eluding the Japs. He had started out from the north coast of the island by car, but had been compelled to leave the car and travel in a less conspicuous manner. He then walked to Sara, a journey of four days, only to find that Colonel Peralta was in his hide-out at Daan Norte. At Sara his only pair of boots gave out. He took them off and put them in his pack, continuing barefooted several days to Daan Norte. There stomach trouble had plagued him, but he had gone on toward Hopevale. As he came closer he heard rumors that we had left. He at last located us at Igi.

In answer to our question about the secret mission, he said that it was not concluded and he could not tell anything about it.

He had meant to get Laverne and me and take us to the coast in the northeast part of the island, which was then free of the enemy, but the Jap movements had slowed him down and he had already been on the trail for a month. Although the change to the coast would have been good for us, it was too much to manage now. He agreed that our plan of going to Daan Norte was a good one.

We were to leave in the morning, but Spence could not go with us. His feet were too sore to walk on. The next day at noon, Ben, Laverne and I started out. I rather tearfully. Spence would stay at Igi with the Schurings for a little while, then come to Daan Norte.

We looked like a safari, for we had been lucky enough to get eight *cargadores*. First came the three of us, then Solomon, and then the eight carriers. We carried a bedroll, three packs of wearing apparel and some foodstuffs. No one dared to travel beyond the midlands without a supply of rice, sugar and salt, for one could not be sure of finding a household where rice could be purchased.

Laverne and I both were dressed in slacks and shirts. We each had two outfits, and we wore one for hiking and had the other for a change when we slept. We both still had shoes, such as they were. They were worn, but held together and kept us going.

We hiked only until midafternoon that day, for we had to stop to get a new guide and a new group of *cargadores* to take us on to Daan Norte. The man of the house where we stopped was called Castor, and seemed to be a pleasant young man and well disposed toward us.

The house was built up in the air. We climbed a notched log to enter it. This rough ladder led to an unrailed porch, and from this we went into the one room of the rough bark hut. There were four families living in this one room, with anywhere from two to six children in each family. All the people in the room were most polite, and answered "*Maayon japon*," good afternoon, to our salutation.

After having exchanged greetings and having stowed our cargo in a corner, Laverne and I took our towel and dry clothes and

Continued on Page 72

Garden Gifts

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

Gardeners are always giving gifts
To one another—something their own earth
Has given them. They bear from yard to yard
Small bits of green uprooted for rebirth—
A dangling root, a clipping from a vine,
Given and taken eagerly although
Another may not see the rareness of it.
But gardeners see more than most; they know
What leaves lie curled within a single root;
They sight the purple plume, the fringing gold,
The long pod, silver-beaded in the dew.
So, year to year and friendly mold to mold,
Bearing green gifts within a hand's caress,
They multiply their bloom through kindliness.

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 70)

went in search of a stream in which to bathe. When we got back to the house Solomon cooked our rice, and we ate while the members of the household were preparing their food. When they were ready to eat, we had finished our meal, but they invited us to join them. It is a rule of the Filipino code of courtesy never to eat without asking all those under the same roof to share the meal. We politely declined, as expected.

It was quite dark by now, and we prepared our bed, first putting down an old piece of oilcloth which was used to wrap our bedroll while traveling. After we were settled for the night the owners of the house decided to turn in. They all rolled up in some thin covering; some of them, but not all, had a *petate*, a sort of grass mat, to put under them. Every inch of the floor was occupied. We were very tired, and soon were asleep with the rest.

Next morning we were up early, and by half past seven we were on our way. For about three hours we hiked without stopping. Then we came to a tiny grass hut, built up in a tree—or, rather, around a tree. Here our guide, Ben and the owner of the house went into a lengthy discussion concerning the direction we should take to get to Daan Norte. At last they agreed about the direction, but the old man insisted we should not go there. He had heard a report that the Japs were at Daan Norte.

Despite the old man's warning, we proceeded. We walked until noon, when we came to the Panay River. We stopped at the river's edge before crossing over. While we were having lunch we heard a lot of shouting. Ben and Solomon went to investigate. It turned out to be the *teniente* of the district, on the other side of the river, telling our boys not to go on to Daan Norte. The Japs were there. He forbade us to go.

The *teniente* of a district is the leader, a person of dignity, and usually the wealthiest man. It was hard to dismiss his words.

Laverne suggested that we should go up to their hide-out on Mount Igabon and make further plans when we got there. We retraced our steps to the old man's tree house, and then on in the opposite direction. We were weary and discouraged. Finally we came to a large house that had formerly been a schoolhouse but seemed to be occupied now by a number of families. Here our reception was kindly, and we followed the same general procedure as on the previous night.

We took to the trail again in the morning. Our travel was slow, for the climbing was steeper. There was heavy rain at intervals, and we slithered in mud. Every now and then my feet would simply slip from under me, and I sat down. By noon Laverne and I were both mud from head to toe. Then we lost our way, and almost lost our tempers as well.

We reached our destination, Teniente Saropong's, at dusk. Laverne and Ben had stayed at Saropong's before and were therefore old acquaintances.

THE house was tiny, and I couldn't help wondering where we were to spend the night. Saropong did not seem to have any question in his mind about it. He arose from his favorite hammock and indicated that that was to be our side of the house; he would join his womenfolk on their side.

While Solomon cooked our meal, we unfolded and made the bed. In that house there were twenty people before we arrived, and our party, including Solomon and the *cargadores*, brought the total to thirty.

It must have been at about two-thirty that Laverne and I awoke at the sound of a baby crying.

"Poor Saropong, his children are always sick," said Laverne. "But why have they got my kerosene lamp on? We haven't much kerosene, and there may be emergencies ahead when we'll need it."

"Never mind, Laverne. Solomon will tell them to put it out," I returned sleepily. I rolled over and went back to sleep.

In the morning, Laverne casually asked Solomon, "Which child was it that was sick in the night? We heard it crying."

Solomon was making the coffee. He answered, "Oh, ma'am, no child was sick. One was born."

"How on earth did we miss all that!" exclaimed Laverne. "No wonder they needed my kerosene lamp."

"Which woman is the new mother?" I asked.

"That one over there." Solomon pointed to a young woman whom I had thought, the night before, pretty. She lay back in a hammock, holding a tiny babe in her arms. She looked a bit weak and bedraggled, but she was smiling.

WHEN breakfast was finished, our *cargadores* of the past two days wanted their pay in order to be off to their homes. We got this business transacted and the six men away. Saropong told us we would have to remain at his house for another day, for we could not get more *cargadores* until the next morning. We were not sorry to stay. It meant that we could get our clothes washed before starting again on our journey.

The next morning found us again on the trail. When I put on my shoes, which were fast wearing into nothing but two large holes, I discovered that the safety pin which had held one shoe together was missing. It was my last safety pin, and I went flapping along on the trail, sometimes losing my shoe in the mud but always rescuing it.

It was a dreadful day, raining continuously and with a high wind blowing. I fell what seemed to me innumerable times, and picked myself up in a temper for being so stupid.

Laverne and I were tiring fast by about four in the afternoon. Ben was disappointed, for he had hoped to get us to Igabon that day. It was too far, though, and we were exhausted.

Solomon asked our boys about a place to stay, and they led us to a weird-looking house, even weirder than the others where we had stopped. We climbed up a fifteen-foot notched log to enter the house. We were met by a wizened old man, who came toward us muttering to himself.

"He looks crazy," I whispered to Laverne.

"He certainly does," she whispered back.

We felt uneasy, and I thought Solomon did too. As we sat on the floor by the open stove, our aged host pointed a crooked finger at me and croaked, "*Diamantes.*" Then he muttered some words unintelligible to me. I hastily folded my hands so my rings would not sparkle in the firelight. My heart sank. Would they kill us in our sleep for my diamonds? My jewelry had been looted from the office safe on Masbate, except for the three rings I always wore. Solomon, who had liked the look of this house as little as we did, was immediately on his guard. When we retired for the night, he had the chief *cargador* sleep at our feet with his bolo and spear beside him. Solomon himself slept next to Ben, well armed with his bolo and his rifle.

Perhaps because of these precautions, nothing untoward happened that night. Our rest was somewhat fitful, but sufficient to prepare us for our next day's travel.

This was to be our last day on the trail. We had started on the twenty-fourth, and here it was the twenty-ninth. It was late in the afternoon when we reached Laverne's hide-out on the Big Hagakak River. The house was a derelict. The roof had rotted through, and Laverne was in despair—three months had ruined her house. We could not stay in it, it was uninhabitable.

We trudged on for another fifteen minutes until we came to Peking's house. Peking

We parents must try to remember that there is no time in a child's life when he needs love more than when he has done wrong. Then, if ever, he needs a friend.

—ELEANOR B. STOCK.

To keep apples from spoiling, they should be placed in a cool room in the house occupied by a family with eight children.

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was the guard of the goods which Claude and Laverne had left at Baloy. He and his wife greeted us warmly, and Laverne asked if we could stay for a few days until our sore legs and feet were healed, and until we had heard from Spence and Claude.

No sooner had our request been delivered than Claude walked into our astonished gathering. He was not surprised to see us, for he had been trailing us. He had followed our course, hearing about us at every stop along the way.

Here on Mount Igabon we fared well. Besides the staple food of rice, which we had with every meal, our vegetables and fruits were American, from cans. We dug well into the remaining Fertig cache, and enjoyed the canned foods greatly.

There was no word from Spence, so Claude sent a message to him saying we were safe and sound at Peking's house. A note from Spence crossed our message. He said that he had assumed we were at Baloy. There were no Japs at Daan Norte; it was only a ruse to keep visitors away unless they had a special pass. Spence said that he had to be off on his special mission for Peralta again. Claude told us that the mission had to do with a radio station. The orders were to hurry, for big events might be breaking soon.

Spence's note made Claude anxious to be on his way as well, but he was laid up with bad feet. Ben and Laverne also were suffering badly with their feet. I had a few sores, but nothing to compare with those of the others.

We stayed on at Peking's house for three weeks. Finally it was decided that we were in shape for travel once more. It was the middle of February when we set off toward the Ibajay River. We were going there to meet Spence.

This hike was much the same as the one in January, except that we followed streams most of the time. On the fourth day, when we were still following the Aclan River, we came to a difficult crossing. The river was rushing and swollen. Our Filipino *cargadores* were wizards at fording rivers, but this one they could not ford.

THAT meant we had to take the land trail. It was a difficult way to go, climbing along ledges of rocks, hanging on with our hands and feet, praying that the rock, root or vine to which we clung would not give way. Below us roared the surging, turbulent river. It was a beautiful aquamarine color, with white rapids, but how cruel it looked, with its huge jagged rocks.

It took us the better part of two days to get down the Aclan River and over to the Dumalili, a small tributary—a trip usually done in four or five hours. We were four wretched-looking persons, our already patched, muddy clothes breaking into new holes, and Laverne's and my hair streaming down in our eyes.

We all relaxed and breathed freely again when we finally reached the Dumalili River. We were past the land of rocks and gorges. We found a friendly house in which we could rest, and enjoyed the deep sleep of the exhausted.

Ben went off next morning to a near-by town. He would take care of several military missions for Claude and get us some food, and we would stay resting in this house for several days.

The night after our arrival, black clouds gathered and the rain began again. It was another spell of downpour after downpour. We waited for three weeks while the rains went on.

Toward the end of the second week messengers from Ben got through, bringing us food. There was also a note from Spence, telling me to hurry to him. He could not come to me, for two reasons: he could not leave the radio station, and was too sick to travel. I was worried about him—for Spence to admit he was too sick to travel was serious.

During the third week the rain began to let up and Ben came back. We prepared to be on our way again.

Claude went on ahead to the radio station. Ben stayed with Laverne and me and the

Athlete's Foot attacks
hot, steaming feet



Excessive perspiration makes Athlete's Foot organisms grow much faster

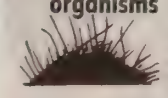
• Summer "dog days" make your feet perspire excessively. And as they steam in hot, damp socks the skin is irritated—especially between the toes. Often it cracks wide open, exposing raw tissue to an attack of that painful skin disease called Athlete's Foot!

Cracks between your toes warn of danger

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Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact!



Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.



Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact—they can't grow and cause you pain.

Drench those open cracks at once

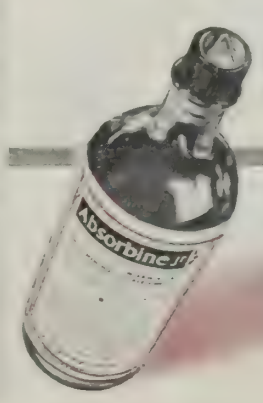
• Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack between the toes, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. full strength, night and morning. . . . At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



1. Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. Cleanses and helps heal broken tissues.
5. Relieves itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.



Absorbine Jr.

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Set out some Kraft Cheese Spreads and crackers and you have all the makin's needed for a snack party! Add a Kraft Cheese Spread to a simple salad, and your meal gets a real lift! Use these seven spreads often in lunch box meals, and you never need worry about sandwich monotony! They're real *helpers* . . . these time-saving Kraft Spreads; so tempting and nutritious. Just be wise and pick the *Kraft* kinds for quality!



The zestful kinds are Kraft Pimento, Olive-Pimento, Roka, and Kraft Relish Spread. Old English Spread and Kraft Limburger Spread have "hearty" flavors. Kraft Pineapple Spread is temptingly delicate.

CAN YOUR OWN AND BE SURE

America's canners still have a tremendous job supplying foods to Uncle Sam. So in your own kitchen, preserve *all* the fruits and vegetables possible. What you can now, you know you'll have this winter.

SOON AGAIN, WE HOPE, Kraft American with its wonderful medium-mellow cheddar flavor! Our Old English with the tantalizing sharpness of rare, aged cheddar! They have been missing from your dealer's displays because of the Government's huge requirement of cheddar cheese. But keep on the lookout for their return.



The World's Favorite Cheeses are made by the Men and Women of **Kraft**

cargo. We plodded our way through beautiful country, but were in no condition to appreciate scenery. We were glad when we reached the Ibajay River and found a house on the riverbank, at the foot of the hill over which ran the trail to the radio station, about a two-hour hike away. Our house was called Bunglay.

Ben was glad the trip was over. He could be rid of his responsibility of escorting two ladies and get to some really important work. He had joined the guerrillas on the first of February.

The next day was the twenty-sixth of March, and a red-letter day for me. Spence arrived at Bunglay. We had not seen each other for two months. He looked fairly well but terribly thin; his dysentery was not completely cured, but his condition had improved.

About the middle of April, Colonel Peralta notified Claude that he was relieved of duty at the radio station. There was more important work to be done at Sara in regard to air strips, bridges and other engineering projects, in preparation for the American invasion. Claude and Spence regretted having to leave the station, as their mission had not yet been completed. The submarines which had been expected since December with supplies for the guerrillas had not yet come. We were all convinced that the whole plan had fallen through.

Laverne, with a worried air, took me aside and said, "Louise, I think I'm pregnant." Laverne had lost a baby once, and that had been a terrible blow to her.

"Oh, Laverne!" I was taken aback at this new possibility.

Laverne was visibly unstrung. "What can I do? Even in peacetime, with a hospital and everything, I lost my baby. Now things are worse than ever, and there's nothing to do with. It's awful."

I tried to comfort her by starting to talk of practical matters, what things we had, and how we could make them do. Laverne began to feel brighter, and started figuring out what materials she had that might be used in the layette.

We stayed a month longer at Bunglay. I don't think Laverne was able to eat the evening meal once during that time—she would give it one sick look and turn away. She was losing weight, and couldn't help worrying.

We were going back to Hopevale, for the state of danger in that region had ended for the present and Laverne and I would stay there while Claude and Spence went on to the guerrilla headquarters. Laverne must see Doctor Meyer and follow his instructions. As for me, I was no nurse and knew nothing about delivering babies, but I was resolved to do my best in case there should be no other midwife around when Laverne's time came.

We set off none too cheerfully on the long trail back. A carabao and sled took our baggage (as usual, we had to travel with our own food supply, cooking pots and the simple necessities of life) down the Ibajay River to Acacia, where we crossed the river and made connections with an oxcart that would carry our cargo. Laverne could ride when she was tired, and that would be a help.

On the morning of the twentieth of June we were again at Hopevale. We had left there at the end of January. We found our house in a state of advanced decrepitude, almost falling down. The vegetation around the camp had all grown up and gone a bit wild, for the Schurings and the missionaries had felt it made the camp less conspicuous. They had had to move out several times when the Japs came too close.

We settled down to our old life again, joining the Roses and Laura and Clifford Schuring for our meals. There was not much food to be had, and what there was was expensive. By now everyone was short of money.

In April, 1943, Colonel Peralta had issued an order that all free Americans should join the guerrillas. They were commissioned as first lieutenants and attached to the engineers. So that now all our friends were members of the guerrilla forces. The Americans were not in the combat unit of the guerrillas, but on the technical side of the struggle. The engineers were working on plans for airfields, bridges and similar construction jobs preparatory to an American invasion. Spence was head of the section of maps, and was endeavoring to bring the old, incorrect maps of the island up to date.

Erle Rounds was the chaplain for the Sara area, and Doc Meyer joined the medical unit.

The doctor was not able to stay in active service with the guerrillas for long, as in August, on a long, tiring hike, he developed a serious hernia. This was not only very painful but it prevented him from getting about. He returned home and from there tried to carry on his executive work with the unit through runners. His illness was a terrible blow to him, for he wanted so much to give his services to the fight.

Before Spence left for Sara in June, he hired two Filipino boys. One, named Dominador, he left with us to help in the work of the camp. Now, with all the other men away with the guerrillas, there was only Doctor Rose left, and he was too elderly to be expected to slave at these chores.

The other boy, Pilologo Proximo, went with Spence to Sara as a combined orderly, cook, interpreter and Jack-of-all-trades.

Claude did not leave with Spence, for he was having a new camp built for Laverne. He had never liked our location at Hopevale, and now was more concerned than ever about Laverne's welfare. He got in touch with their old servant, Federico Condino, who came with his wife and little girl to cook for Laverne and take care of her. They also brought the dog, Debby. After the Fertigs moved I lived alone in my house, but Laura and Clifford were just a few yards away. Laverne walked over from her new camp, a twenty-minute walk, for a day or two every week.

September was the start of truly living on the edge of terror.

The men returned to Hopevale, as it had been necessary to evacuate the noncombatant headquarters of the guerrillas at Sara. The Japs were moving into the island in ever-increasing numbers.

We got persistent rumors that Sara had now been occupied by the enemy. Many of the Filipinos who had been working with the engineers there had been captured, and we knew they would be thoroughly questioned about the Americans. Loyal as they might be, no human being can be expected to withstand for long the methods of questioning applied by the Japs.

Spence called a meeting of the men of Hopevale and told them we were going to move and suggested that everyone should do so.

Rumors of the Japs' heading our way persisted, and Spence set up a guard system. He posted Filipino boys at lookout points, and the American men took shifts all through the nights to check that our guards were awake and on the job.

We all slept with one eye open, our things packed and ready to go. All day long I was busy making peanut butter and coffee so that the supply would be ready should we have to make a break for it. Peanut butter was compact, nourishing food for the trail, and we would need coffee.

The Schurings moved across the Panay River to the top of a high hill. From there

(Continued on Page 76)

Johannes Brahms and Gustav Mahler once took a walk together in Ischl, near Salzburg. The old master contended that there were no great composers any more and that the end of creative music had occurred. The two had just arrived at the bridge of the Ischl River. Mahler pointed down to the stream and said, "Look, here comes the last wave."

—THEODOR REIK: A Psychologist Looks at Love. (Farrar & Rinehart, Copyright 1944.)



When night raiders attack your supply lines...

You can greet them with a grin... if you've been foresighted enough to have a well-stocked refrigerator. And provided, of course, you have *the right type of refrigeration to keep all the food you buy fresh and appetizing.* Come postwar, having exactly the right refrigeration best suited to your needs will be easy.

For instance, you can have a big, well-planned Westinghouse Refrigerator with 5 kinds of cold. There are special places for everything ... meat, vegetables, leftovers, and so forth... and a generous section for frozen foods.

Or, if your family is particularly fond of frozen meats, fruits and vegetables, you can have one of the wonderful new Westinghouse Two-Temp Refrigerators. These beauties have plenty of room for standard refrigeration *plus* a special large-size compartment where you can both freeze and store a big supply of frozen foods.

Then there's a third type of Westinghouse refrigeration coming. It's a handsome, new *upright* Home Freezer . . . designed as a companion to the Westinghouse Refrigerator. It will freeze and store enough food for 6 months or a year. You'll *like* its "Reach-in Convenience", that makes it easy to put food in or take it out.

No, these grand Westinghouse Refrigerators and Home Freezers are not available now. But some glad day you can count on Westinghouse for exactly the type of protection you need to keep your food fresh.

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Pre-war Westinghouse Electric Home Appliances are your promise of still finer

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Tune in John Charles Thomas, Sunday 2:30 EWT., N. B. C.
Hear Ted Malone, Monday through Friday, 11:45 A. M., Blue Network

So I sent Bob off to the party alone...



1 I almost cried I was so disappointed. Here was an evening out we'd planned for months. And I was just too tired to go. I couldn't bear to spoil it for Bob. He's been working so very hard. So I sent him off with the others without me. The next day a Spirella Corsetiere happened to call. When she told me a Spirella might keep me from *feeling* tired... I was immediately interested...



2 Right away she showed me the famous Spirella Press and Lift. Lift. Lift. I pushed down on my stomach. I could see in front that was the making of me—the waist and hips of slimness and sleekness. Then I lifted up. My, what a relief! "That's Spirella's magic—pressing in where it's *not* wanted, lifting up where it is," she said.



3 Then she showed me these down-to-the-ground X-Rays that prove Spirella does support you better. She adjusted the Patented Spirella Modeling Garments to me, which permit her to take the accurate measurements from which a perfect fit with your own individuality is designed. Spirella.



4 Don't look now, but that's Bob and me on our way home after a night out with the gang. Imagine me still full of pep in the wee sma' hours! I give Spirella untiring credit for the way I feel about this. Of course it doesn't hurt any when Bob tells me I look better, too. If you're a slave to your shape, send for what you need in a Spirella, too!

KEEP FIT AND LOOK TRIM WITH **Spirella** INDIVIDUALLY-DESIGNED FIGURE SUPPORT

P.S. If you can't help us down into the name of [illegible] Spirella Building, Inc., Dept. J-83, [illegible] Ltd., [illegible] Ont.

(Continued from Page 75)

they could watch any movements for miles around. Henry had a pair of field glasses.

I moved over with Laverne. Claude was away carrying on his military duties. I wanted to be with her, for I felt that she needed someone.

The missionaries did not move. They explained that they felt if the Japs caught them the worst they would do would be to put them into concentration camp. They were missionaries and not connected with any aggressive forces.

No one's health at this time was very good. The year and five months of jail life had taken its toll of nerves and strength. Everyone suffered from diarrhea at one time or another, and we had learned to make a brew, as the natives did, from the leaves of a certain plant. This was of some help for that persistent ailment.

Also, and at first to our horror, we had discovered that almost all of us had worms. It was amazing to me how we could become accustomed not only to having them, but to the idea of having them. In the old days we knew that the natives suffered from worms, and that in this climate we must take certain precautions, which we did. Now we all knew we had them, and there was nothing that could be done about it.

The days went on and all was outwardly quiet, but we were tense as never before. Claude wanted Laverne to move still farther away, but she felt she must have the services of Doctor Meyer and Miss Adams for her baby.

Spencer left his boy, Pilo, with me, to help in case of emergency. Pilo was a treasure. He went out and hunted food for us, went on errands, carried messages, and did everything in such a happy, go-getter spirit that he made us all feel better.

One Sunday afternoon Jack Treat, who was in Spencer's command post, came over to our camp with word that the Japs were at Katapunan. This was so startlingly close that we packed in more and moved to a hut on top of a high hill back of our house. It was a stiff climb for Laverne, and Doctor Meyer had cautioned her about climbing, but we had to go.

Our hide-out on the hilltop was an old, deserted hut, with a good grass roof but no walls. We stayed there until Wednesday, waiting and watching the surrounding countryside. The Filipinos in the neighborhood came to us with news of the Jap movements. They had retired from Katapunan and gone three or four kilometers in the opposite direction. We decided it would be safe to go back to Laverne's house.

That afternoon, just as we were settled again, the major appeared. He said our location was nothing more than a trap. He wanted us to go back topside where we could see any approaching enemy.

"No," said Laverne. "I'll take the chances here, rather than be uncomfortable and miserable in that windy house on the peak. This is my home, and I'm going to have a home for our baby, not a dirty old hide-out or *grnalis!*"

All these things got me to thinking, and I saw that we might easily be cut off from Doctor Meyer and Miss Adams at the time of the baby's birth.

The next morning I hiked over to their camp to see Miss Adams. I told her my fears and asked if she would give me some instructions. We were sitting there talking about childbirth when a Filipino boy came running in to say the Japs were back in Katapunan. Miss Adams immediately called off the lecture and fled.

I doubted the story, but there was nothing to do but go back to Laverne's. When I finally got to the Fertigs', they were pretty well moved up the hill. Claude had won their argument about moving.

After lunch the next day, when it had been confirmed that the rumor was only a rumor and the Japs hadn't been in Katapunan, Claude left for his command post, telling Laverne he would be back for Thanksgiving. We remained topside for several days.

Number One on the Fit Parade



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Let loveliness go to your legs with proportioned HOLEPROOF HOSIERY. Knitted to the perfect measure for proportioned loveliness, to wear as well as to look at. Its proportioned loveliness is yours in Rolling Gloss, Lustre Sheer, Lustre Rolling Gloss, all three proportioned lengths for every [illegible]

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New Cream Deodorant
Safely helps
Stop Perspiration

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
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39¢ Plus tax. Also 59¢ jars

ARRID

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but the rainy season was now well on the way again, and the wind and the rain made life almost unendurable. Finally we descended again.

Claude came back for Thanksgiving, but had to leave next day. He promised to return within a few days, but this he could not do. He developed such a bad boil on a shin muscle that he could not walk.

I went to the Meyers' camp, and had two or three hours more of instruction from Miss Adams. She gave me a piece of pink crochet thread, which she thought would be the best thing to tie the cord with if I happened to be alone with Laverne, for I had told her I had nothing suitable. She also gave me one gauze bandage for the baby's navel dressing. These two articles, my pair of scissors from Masbate, which had been used for everything imaginable—even trimming Spence's mustache—a little Mercurochrome and some cotton were my supplies, in case I should have to act as midwife.

He who works with his hands is a laborer. He who works with his hands and his head is a craftsman. He who works with his hands and his head and his heart is an artist.
—FATHER MATHEW RECORD.

Laverne and I were both getting jumpy, but we hid it from each other as best we could. The constant trickle of bad news about the Japs kept our spirits low.

On top of all this, December blew in with a terrible typhoon. Luckily, our house was in a little hollow, and we were sheltered from the worst of it. We were disturbed by the sound of trees snapping off, but none fell on our house; the little stream by which we lived swelled to a thunderous torrent, but its flood did not sweep us away; the rain poured in at every crevice, and there were many, and the roof sprang more leaks than we could count. This was nothing compared to what happened to everyone else. Claude's command post blew down, knocking several men unconscious. The food supply of the post was lost, and they were saturated for days.

Claude's notes reported that his leg was worse, and I hiked over to Doc's camp to see whether he had any medicine that Laverne could send. He wrote out instructions and gave me a little neo-protosil, which Laverne sent on to Claude.

My visit to the Meyers' camp made me feel badly, for they looked miserable. Doc's condition was visibly worse, and they were worried by the new and persistent rumors that the Japs intended to put on a push to capture all the white people in our area between the fifteenth and the twentieth of December. This new rumor was so widespread that the Filipinos refused even to bring rice to us until after the twentieth.

This was the state of affairs when Spence came to see us on the sixteenth. We told him of the rumors, which he had not heard. Spence did not act too concerned, and went right on with his mapping program. Reassured by his composure, Laverne and I relaxed. We had not slept at siesta time for weeks, just to make sure we would really be tired enough to sleep at night. For a wakeful night, imagining the things we did imagine, was real torture.

I awakened on Sunday at about the usual time, sevenish, and lay there thinking restlessly until Spence wakened soon after, and then Laverne. It was not long before we were up, but I felt terribly depressed.

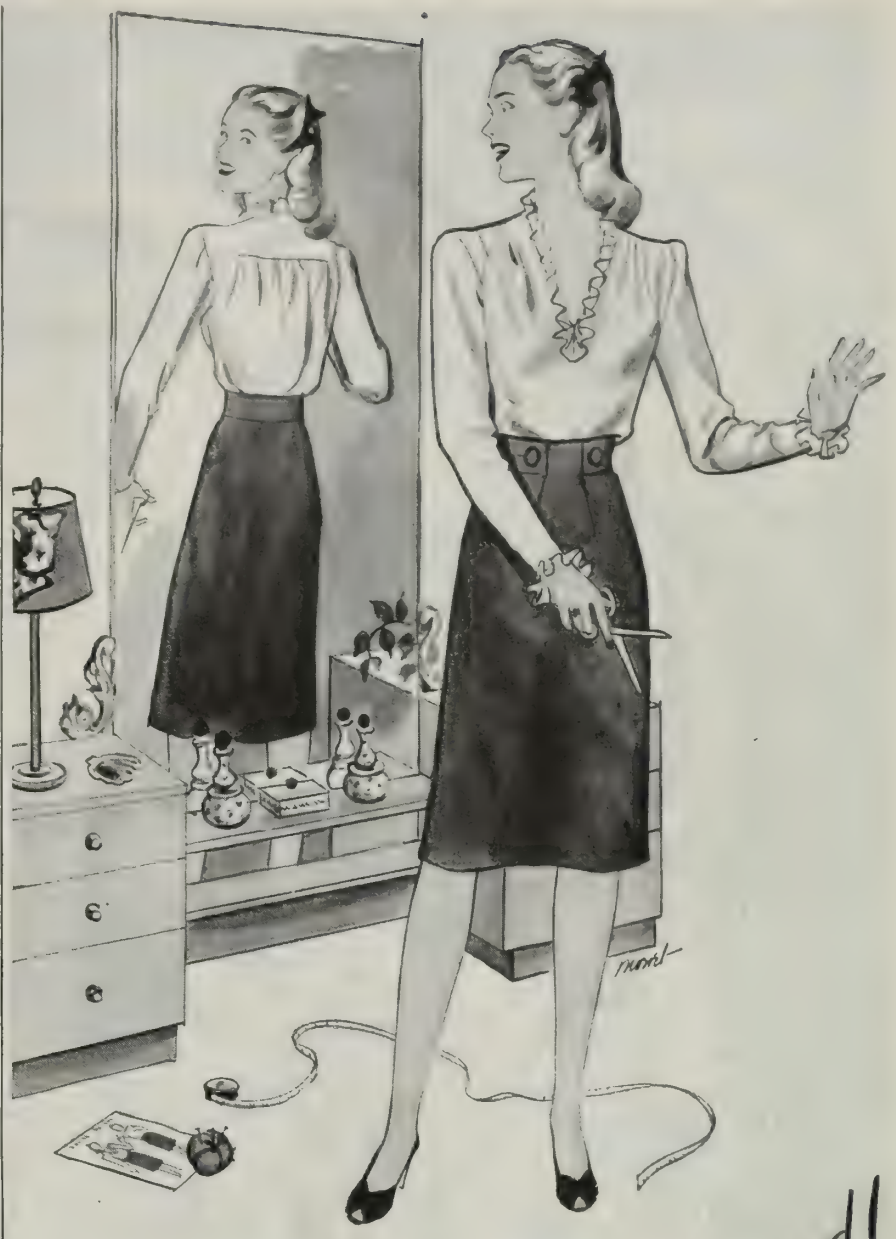
At about half past eight Pilo, breathless, came running into camp. He cried out, "The Japs are on this side of the Panay running in this direction!"

Spence said, "Pilo, how do you know?"

"Lieutenant Schuring saw them through his field glass," Pilo replied. "There are many, well armed."

Spence took one of the boys with him up the hill behind the house to check on Pilo's

(Continued on Page 79)



"Of course you know about MIDOL-but HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"



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The "wrong" slide fastener can cause plenty of trouble! So take a tip from the professionals! Choose a *special* Talon slide fastener for each individual closing need! That's the way to help insure slick, smooth fit . . . and dependable service!



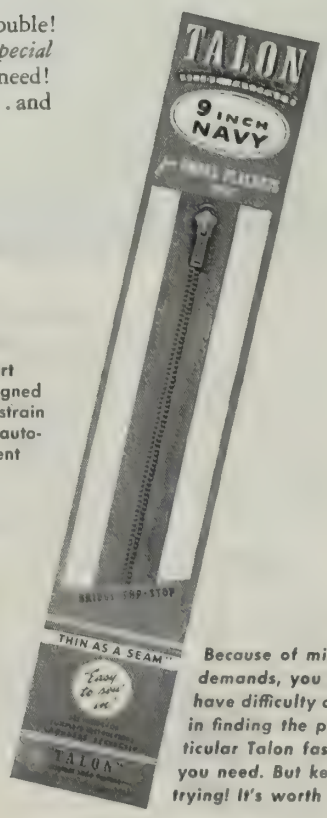
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TEXTRON *Showers*

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 77)

port. He came running in, his face dead hite. He shouted, "Beat it! The Japs are oming fast!"

I looked at him, startled, and said, "What out Laverne?"

"If we stay here, we'll be dead," Spence id. "We have to take the chance of her tting through all right—we have to go w."

We started off immediately, each with hat we could carry. Pilo, Solomon and two her boys were ahead, loaded down with he baby's layette basket, bedrolls and a few her essentials, which they took to a *camalig* out twenty minutes upstream. Spence, averne and I followed. I was barefooted, y last shoes having given out some months go.

When we reached the *camalig*, Laverne nd I sat down to rest a minute, while Spence nd Pilo moved on up the hill to check on he progress of our enemy.

Spence came running back. "Girls, we ave to move away from here. It is too angerous. We will not take a thing; there n't any trail, we'll have to break our way hrough, and the going will be tough. But e have to do it."

Laverne had the dog, Debby, on a long ope, and said she had to bring her or she ould lead the Japs to us. Spence took the og, but she would not be led by him, so averne had to take the rope. We would ave liked Pilo to take the baby's basket, ut he wanted to carry his own basket of lothes and bedding and we could not ask im to give that up, for it was all he had in he world. He did carry Laverne's little mergency bag, which contained important apers, my scissors and a few cc's of pituitrin. Doc Meyer had said she would need that. I ame last, carrying a three-pound can of owdered milk. I also had a small wicker asket with my emergency midwife's kit. kept thinking, *What if the baby starts to ome now?*

We sped up a steep hill, breaking through he tall *tigbao* grass as fast as we could. We ere about three quarters of the way up hen Laverne asked Spence to stop a min- te. He went on a little way, while we rested.

Laverne said, "I just can't go on. Let us tay here; we'll be safe in this tall grass."

Spence said we must keep going. "I'm orry, Laverne, but I must get you out of ere fast."

Spence helped Laverne along, and when e reached the top we could see the Rounds' nd Clardys' house in flames. We could even ear the bamboo crackling. One glance arther back, and we could see other fires— he Meyers' camp and Hopevale. averne's would be next, just elow us.

We hastened on, Laverne push- ng forward just as energeti- ally as anybody. We went down- ill, and came to an open clearing which had been a rice *caingin* nd was now a pasture.

Spence said, "Now, girls, this s dangerous."

We stepped out of the tall *igbao* grass in single file, Pilo, averne, Spence and myself. uck was with us, for we got through the open stretch and into a stream, which we traveled for about ten minutes before Spence considered we were safe enough to take a minute's rest.

As we rested on the bank of the stream we heard footsteps behind us in the water. We said nothing. Spence held his revol- ver. Then the person came into view. It was one of Major Fer- tig's boys, who had come down that morning with a message.

Spence sent Pilo on ahead to tell Claude what had happened. We continued for an hour, clam- bering over steep, slippery rock ledges that reminded me of the awful passage through the mountains of some months ago. We clung to roots and vines and went along, often on hands and knees, climbing and praying. Spence and Major Fertig's boy helped Laverne and got her over some tough places, while I came along gritting my teeth and putting forth every last effort. Spence, whenever he could, turned after having helped Laverne and gave me a hand.

When we finally stopped, after an hour of this, Spence judged that we were far enough away to take a real breather. Suddenly we were famished. There was nothing to eat ex- cept a jar of peanut butter which I had jammed into my little basket. The boy whittled us a little dipper out of a piece of bamboo, and we dug into it.

We got up and started on the trail again. We hiked without another break until about half past two, when Claude, with an Amer- ican soldier and some Filipino boys, met us. They had a bit of cooked meat for us to eat, but we couldn't taste it as we choked it down.

Laverne and I went on with Claude, while Spence, the soldier and two or three Filipino boys retraced our path to try to get back to the *camalig* where we had left the baby's basket and rescue that.

We reached Claude's command post at about five o'clock. Laverne was very weary, but keeping up splendidly. She changed from her dirty, wet clothes into some of Claude's. Then I made a bed on the floor, using Claude's bedding, for Laverne, and she was glad enough to lie down and be quiet.

Spence finally came in, cold and exhausted. They had had no luck in getting back to the *camalig*. The open field we had crossed was now well guarded. Spence could have shot two of the guards, but refrained, for that would have brought more Japs on our trail. As yet, there was a chance that they were not trailing us.

None of us could sleep that night. We were too tense to relax, and imagined all sorts of noises. Spence was up several times, watching the trail. Nobody was sorry when morning came, and we all rose heavy-eyed and stiff.

The place we were in was not safe at all. Claude, Laverne and I, with two Filipinos, started off immediately after breakfast for a hide-out which one of the major's men had found. Spence went with Pilo toward Igi, to stay in a house there and act as lookout for further Jap movements. It was decided to keep in small groups, since that would make us harder to trace. Spence and I would re- main with the Fertigs until after the baby was born.

We hiked slowly that day, as Laverne was very tired, and Claude's leg was none too well from the boil that had plagued him for so long. We waded along the course of streams and rivers all the way, which would hide our tracks. The last stream we followed included a waterfall, and it was quite a trick to clamber up the rocks. We were at the hide-out by about two o'clock, and it was a relief.

The hide-out was a fairly large house. It had been built by a Filipino captain, who had many hide-outs among the hills. It was difficult of access, and here we thought that we could spend a few unharried weeks and Laverne could go through her ordeal.

The day after we reached the hide-out Claude sent off some runners to find a doc- tor. He instructed them not to come back without one.

Spence returned after a forty-eight-hour vigil with nothing to report. All seemed quiet and clear.

One of the Filipinos told us that Ben, whom we had left months ago over in the Aclan country, had left a basket with some of his clothes in it near here, cached away as an emergency kit. Laverne and I had no hesitation in sending for it. There were a couple of towels, an old pair of pajamas, some soap and a needle and thread, all of which we put to good use. The towels, how- ever, were saved for the baby, and the four of us went on using Claude's one towel.

THE Filipino doctor who was to help Laverne arrived on December twenty-fourth. He was a graduate of Santo Tomás Univer- sity, and his name was Doctor Teruel. In his examination of Laverne he seemed very capable, so I breathed easily for the first time in ages. Thank goodness, she would have proper care, and I would not have to serve as midwife!

The doctor said she should wear a binder to hold the baby in place, so we took the old pair of pajamas from Ben's kit and used the pajama legs to make the binder. While we were at it, we ripped up the coat to have the cloth at hand for anything we might want to make. We also made little tummie bands for the baby, laboriously pinking the edges with my much-used scissors. Laverne re- ceived an unexpected gift from another of the American guerrillas who happened to stop in one day—four diapers. She was sur- prised and delighted. He also pulled from his pack a little red baby sweater which he had bought, heaven only knows why, at some market or other. And he gave us his pajamas.

We were overcome at such generosity. I washed and boiled all the baby things and kept them rolled in a boiled towel, so that they would be ready and sterile at any time. Such was the new layette.

The doctor had said, after his examination, that everything seemed to be in order. He had for equipment only a pair of surgical scissors, catgut and a needle for stitching, and some absorbent cotton. He also had a hypodermic needle, so he could use the pituitrin which Laverne had in her kit. He requested that Claude have a bed built, as it would be more comfortable for Laverne and make it easier for him to work. The bed was promptly built, very high but otherwise just like the floor—hard, split bamboo.

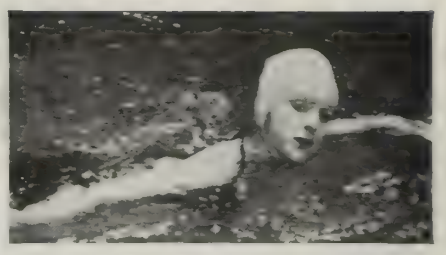
The day after the doctor came was Christmas. Christmas, and here we were, cut off from our friends. There were terrible ru- mors that those who had been captured in Hopevale had been cold-bloodedly butchered.

On Christmas morning we took stock. For the present, we would not believe the rumors. We would concentrate on the realities of our situation. Laverne, Spence and I owned only the clothes we wore. They were dirty and in rags. We had two covers for the four of us, half of an Army shelter can- vas, and one small sleeping mat of straw. One towel served for



CARTOON BY PETER LARKIN

"More toast, dear?"



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WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation what- ever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

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the four of us. We had some food, and not much hope of getting more. We were being hunted by the Japs, and our mobility would be destroyed for a period while we paused for the birth of Laverne's child.

Doctor Teruel wished us a Merry Christmas. We were hard put to it to receive his good wishes graciously. We didn't stop to remember that he was away from his family and taking a great risk for us, and that he still had the courage to start the day with warm Christmas wishes.

Our livestock supply consisted of two ducks, and it was agreed that since this was Christmas day we would boil one of them for dinner. Pilo killed one of the ducks, and the other set up such a hollering at being alone that we had to kill that one too.

The stove was built right on the floor, and I spent the greater part of the day on my knees, tending the fire for the boiling ducks. Since we had some sugar, Laverne and I decided to make some candy. Claude's command post had had a few peanuts, and we used those to flavor the sugar-and-water confection.

There were twelve of us for the Christmas dinner, Filipinos and Americans. There were two or three pieces of candy for each person, so that we ended our meal with a very welcome taste of sweetness. Nobody dared think what there would be to eat after this, for all we had on hand was rice, salt, sugar and a little dried fish.

Doctor Teruel had noticed Spence's and my shortage of clothes, and generously gave us two shirts from his own basket of clothing. I immediately put on one of them. It turned out to be so old that with one day and night of wear it literally fell apart. The second shirt, which we had meant for Spence, then came my way too. It served me well in the months that followed.

The day after Christmas Spence took Pilo and two other boys down to the *camalig* to see if they could find any of our things, particularly the baby basket. They returned empty-handed and discouraged. There was no *camalig* left. All the territory for yards and yards around had been either burned or beaten flat.

Spence said, "They certainly made a thorough search for us. You girls would never believe that just a few days ago you had crawled through a tangled mass of growth that towered above your heads, if you could see it now." He and Pilo could not risk going to Laverne's house site, for the house was still smoking. Someone might be there on guard.

THIS news was depressing for Laverne. She had been hoping to get back some of the baby things she had made, and now her hopes were dashed.

Spence suddenly had an inspiration. Might we not be able to obtain clothes and bedding from Mr. Dianala, our friend in Katapunan? Spence wrote to him saying we had lost everything, and asked if he could send us some bedding and a few clothes. Pilo went off with the note on December twenty-seventh.

We had remained in this hide-out for eleven days, and would have stayed longer had not fleeing Filipinos, full of rumors of the Japs' coming nearer, aroused our fears once again. While Pilo was away we came to the decision to move immediately upon his return.

Spence had reconnoitered for another hide-out, had found one that suited him, and we were all packed up and ready to go four days after Pilo left.

We had just finished lunch on the fourth day when Pilo came in. He had a note from Mr. Dianala, and a gift of one ganta of coffee beans.

Pilo spoke quietly to Spence, but what I overheard made me shudder. Our missionary friends and the Clardy family had been horribly butchered.* The Japs had kept their captives for two days while they hunted for us. Then they had killed them. Solomon, too, had been caught and murdered, along with Federico, Catalina and their darling little Bienvenida.

I LOOKED up to see Laverne gasp and break into sobs. She said, "Oh, Louise, it is frightful, all of them gone, and it is my fault for having the servants there with me." She was beside herself with anguish, and kept repeating over and over, "It is my fault!"

We realized we must go. No matter how we felt, we could not stay here any longer. Laverne and Claude started off with the doctor, while I remained with Spence to get the boys packed up and everything attended to.

It was a two-hour walk to our new location, and we were settled there by the time darkness fell. It was a slightly larger grass hut than the one we had left. This was New Year's Eve, and it is impossible to tell the weight of grief, anger, terror and determination that bore down on us.

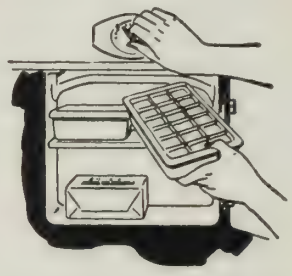
Our new location was comfortable and we should have liked to stay there until after the baby was born, but again we talked it over and agreed the spot was not well enough protected. We must move to a very secluded place for the baby's coming.

Laverne and I spent the morning doing laundry, spreading it out to dry, and rushing to gather it in when we heard a plane. Laundry spread in the open could easily give

(Continued on Page 82)

REDUCE REFRIGERATOR RATE

DEFROST REGULARLY. Thick ice on freezing units raises operation cost—defrost when it's a quarter inch thick. To reduce frost on coils, cover foods in automatic refrigerators—except those like oranges with their own coverings.



Reset control to normal after speedy freezing. Better yet, allow time for freezing at normal setting.

WINS! Want the answers to hundreds of wartime housekeeping problems? Order the WARTIME HOMEMAKING MANUAL from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, No. 2007, 25 cents.

*FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, JUNE 5, 1945: "The story of the tragedy which occurred at Hopevale—'The Valley of Hope'—Dec. 20, 1943—has just been released. It was pieced together from accounts including that of Paterno H. Enano, who witnessed the execution and later became a Filipino guerrilla.

"During Sunday services 250 Japanese soldiers surrounded the camp and seized 16 Americans. They were: Dr. Francis H. Rose, field representative of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society and professor at Central Philippine College; his wife; James H. Covell; his wife; Miss Dorothy Dowell; Miss Signe Erickson; Dr. Frederick Meyer, director of Immanuel Hospital at Capiz; Mrs. Meyer; Jane Adams, head nurse; the Rev. Erle Rounds; his wife and son, Douglas; Mark W. Clardy, his wife and sons, John and Terry.

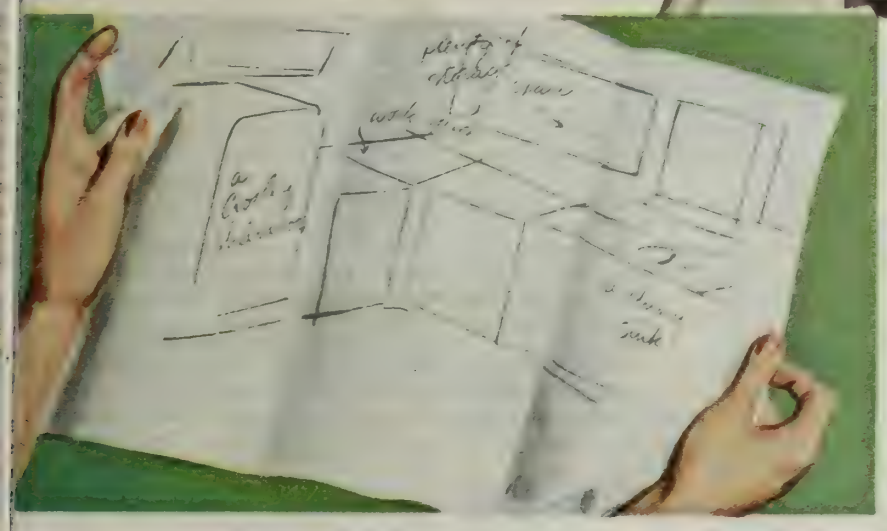
"The following afternoon the 16 were led forth to die. Mrs. Covell, her hands tied behind her, pleaded with the Japanese captain, Kunoyi Watanabe, 'Why will you kill us? We are Christian missionaries.' The officer said nothing. He was known on Panay as 'The Terror of China.'

"Eleven times at that spot Watanabe's sword fell. Eleven Americans were beheaded. In another house the same fate befell five others. Then fires were set. The heads of three children still were attached to the bodies when Enano probed the ruins after the Japanese departed."

"This string is all I need to plan my NEW kitchen!"

Mother couldn't believe her ears until I proved that a piece of string was all I needed to measure for my new kitchen—*our* kitchen—for Jack and me. Anybody can do it!





LIKE MY PLAN? I made it from my string measurements. Mother says it's a marvel of arranging—and she ought to know, with thirty years of housekeeping! Notice how my work flows along just like a war-plant assembly line. Everything for convenience and step saving. And thanks to Crosley I can realize my plan, step by step.



CROSLEY KITCHENS can be bought one work center at a time, or everything at once! Here's how Mother and I picture it. My Shelvador* center with matching cabinets first. Then my Crosley Sink Center (do you like the knee-hole feature?). Finally, my Crosley Range Center. Simple, isn't it!



ALL WITHOUT exact measuring, cutting or fitting! And one wonderful day when Jack comes home to me at last, we'll have our dream kitchen—modern, step-saving—truly the heart of our home's activities.

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Only three "centers" to install—refrigerator, sink, range—each with matching floor and wall cabinets. You can plan your whole kitchen—then buy one unit, or one center at a time—or all at once!

Crosley appliances and cabinets combine warm beauty with modern conveniences and unique Crosley utility features. Finishes that clean like a dish. Sliding glass doors. Dozens of exclusive advantages. All units precision-engineered to fit and match every other unit!

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"The neighbors are watching my windows!"

THE JOHN J. W. WHITTES, of Buffalo, N. Y., have a cozy beach cottage.

It really needed new curtains, but patriotic Mrs. Whitte remembered her conservation pledge—"use it up, wear it out." So . . . and here we quote from the letter she wrote us about it:

"I rummaged through closets for some old materials I might make do. My hand touched something smooth and soft and firm. It was the last of my two dozen trousseau Pequots!"

Years ago, those Pequots had been cut down to fit the Whitte youngsters' cribs. Since the youngsters outgrew them, the sheets had been resting on the shelf.

But now their vacation was over. Mrs. Whitte whisked them off the shelf, made a few skillful passes with needle and thread and shears, and presto!—she had a set of pretty curtains, bordered with bright ric-rac braid. And what a whopping success they were! Just read this interesting paragraph from her letter:

"I noticed the neighbors watching them enviously, and I've a hunch they'll copy my idea. I'm proud that after all these years my old Pequots are serving so well in wartime."

We're proud, too, that most of the sheets we make today go to the Armed Forces. But we're doing our best to supply *some* Pequots to retail stores.

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking — PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES — so long-wearing

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

(Continued from Page 80)

us away. All during our twenty-one months in the hills we had been careful about that. There was always the courier plane every day that went from the north to the south and back. Often there would be more planes, five or six of them flying very high.

While we were eating lunch one of our outposts came rushing in with word that the Filipinos were evacuating the district again. The Japs were only a few kilometers away. We hurriedly picked up and left.

Our travel was hard, and we were all so weary that we progressed slowly. We had considerable walking to do through *tigbao* stubble, and I found that particularly hard on my bare feet, which were already cut and sore. We trudged along, and at sunset reached another house. It was so small we could not stretch our legs out straight on the porch, which was the only place for us four Americans to sleep. The one room would hold only two persons at a time, but when it came time to sleep, three of our boys and the doctor wanted a roof over their heads, so in they piled. We could feel them all night, bumping around against the bark wall, and making it bulge with their movements. Finally, in desperation, we tore out a portion of the wall.

It rained in the night, and our feet, which were hanging off the porch, got gently sprinkled. We arose at dawn, an unkempt group of individuals. I prayed that Laverne's pains wouldn't start ahead of time—how could we ever take care of her in such a place as this?

At noon we had rice as usual. We were just about to begin this meal when a runner came in to say there were two hundred and fifty Japs on the hill with the bamboo. This runner was one of Spence's boys who had gone out with him that morning to scout for a better place for us to take refuge.

We looked all around, and every hill, near and far, had bamboo growing on it. However, the boy was determined; he said that was his message, and he stuck to it. So we picked up again and fled.

The doctor went with Laverne to help her over the hard spots. I followed with the dog; she had learned to follow us now without letting out a sound. Claude stayed behind to make sure the boys got everything packed. Then he caught up with us.

THERE was a terrible descent right at the start, on which our going was painfully slow. We were on a narrow, treacherous path with a steep drop on one side. It must have taken us an hour to go down this almost perpendicular hill. It was a wonder how Laverne kept her balance. I stumbled and fell many times, but never seriously, although the wear and tear on my thin slacks was pretty bad. The boy had told us that Captain Spencer would meet us in the stream at the bottom, but he was not there.

The boy led us on, across the river and up another stream. Finally, at about five o'clock, we reached the house that was to be our refuge for the night. It was on top of a hill. We met Spence setting out to hunt for us. The message Spence had sent by the boy had been for Claude, and was "Japs on Hill 250." It was just a piece of information for Hill 250 was not near enough to threaten us. This was a larger house, and it looked as if we could at least stretch our legs tonight. However, when I walked into the hut and saw how many were already living there, I wondered. Counting us, there were thirty-five people and three dogs in that room.

Claude told us not to go outdoors in the daytime, as the land was so open here that any wandering Japs could spot us easily. This kept us inside the dirty house all day, a difficult assignment.

We stayed in this household for three or four days, while the Bukidnons built us a small grass hut in a very hidden spot. It was about two hours' walk away from the house where we were staying. The morning we left, we went as stealthily as we could, for we didn't want to be seen. We reached our destination and were just sitting down to heave a sigh of relief, when a Bukidnon came in with word that the Japs were on our trail.

Spence went off to investigate, and Claude went in another direction. Laverne and I stayed there with Pilo.

MY heart had sunk to the bottom of my feet when this new alarm had come, and I found it difficult to go about my duties and try to make Laverne comfortable. Was it even worth while to prepare the rice and *camote* leaves for our meal? I did prepare the meal; and it was a good thing, for after several hours the men came back to report that we were safe. However, the Japs had passed near by, and Claude thought it wise for us to put out our fire.

Here it was the sixth of January. Laverne and Claude, Spence and I, Doctor Teruel and his boy and our three boys were living in one small room. And the dog, of course.

Our hut was located in a narrow valley with high, wooded hills on either side. Through the valley ran a tiny stream, our water supply. Our site was damp and drafty, as the house was built so near the stream. But you would never see the house until you were actually upon it, so well was it hidden by the trees.

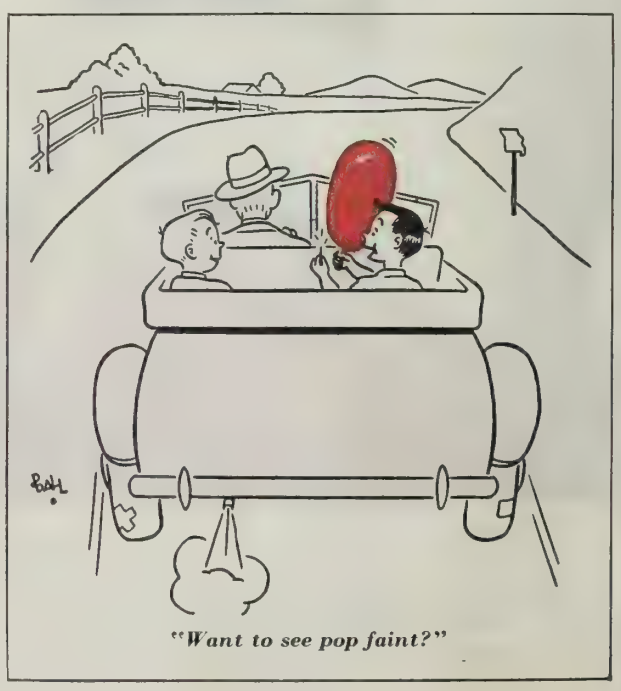
That night we did not rest well, for wondering about the enemy movements. But when the next noonday had gone by and there was no further alarm, we relaxed. Another "delivery couch" was constructed, and the scene was set for the baby.

On Sunday, the ninth, we all awakened with the question for Laverne on our lips, "How're you doing?"

"Okay, there's nothing wrong with me," she answered.

It was a busy day. The boys were building an improved outside fireplace stove with a roof over it so they would not be soaked while cooking. Some food was sent in to us by Bukidnon friends, and we had quite a problem to get it stowed away and still leave room for all of us. When it came time for a bath in the late afternoon, I was still working, so I told Laverne to go on up the stream without me. The bathing bend was just a few steps above our outside stove; we had tied up the shelter canvas as our bath curtain there and felt quite civilized. When

(Continued on Page 84)



"Want to see pop faint?"

Imagine! My own Mother ...taking a chance even once!



DOLL: Now, now—she adores the ground you crawl on!

BABY: But there could be a *million* germs on this floor!

DOLL: *I* think it looks nice and shiny!

BABY: You're not paid to think, Plaster-head! Just tell me *this:* Did she or did she *not* add Lysol disinfectant to the water when she cleaned up in here this time?

DOLL: Well, maybe she did miss *once!* But calm yourself! When anyone is sick, she always disinfects with Lysol. Helps protect the whole family, the doctor says!

BABY: But don't you *see?* You never *know* when germs are lurking around.

DOLL: Jeepers! You mean even grown-ups can't see germs?

BABY: Nope! Gotta keep eternally after them . . . with a *real germ-killer* every time! Not just a washday bleach!

DOLL: Gee! Let's *tell* her—straight from the shoulder!

BABY: O. K., here she comes. Remember—"No more chances in this house—ever!"

MORAL: Every single time you clean . . . disinfect with Lysol Disinfectant

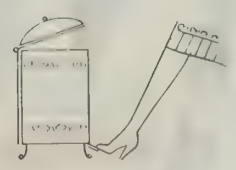




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More women use Lysol than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

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(Continued from Page 82)

Laverne came back, I dashed up and had an icy bath. On my return I found her very cold, having chills and not feeling well at all. I hurried the boys with their cooking of our meal of rice and greens, so that Laverne could have something hot. Nothing tasted good to her, and before she could finish she knew for sure that her time had come.

The water was put on in our biggest pots to boil. The doctor commenced to time Laverne's pains. I took one of our bedcovers and hung it up as a screen on the side of the bed. Over the hard bamboo of the delivery couch we had placed a grass mat and our one white sheet, which had been boiled and saved for this time. We made her as comfortable as we could, but there was not much at hand for comfort.

It began to rain hard, and all the boys had to come inside for shelter. The rain poured down, tearing at our new grass roof.

The doctor changed from his blue shorts and shirt into a clean white outfit. He looked clean and competent, there in our primitive, crowded grass hut.

Laverne suffered her pains with courage. Her husband held her hands. I assisted the doctor, held the light part of the time, bathed Laverne's face, and performed the other duties required of an attendant at such a time. Our only light was a coconut-oil flicker, made of an old tin can with a floating wick. When the oil burned away, Spence was there to refuel it.

Fortunately, Laverne's labor was short. The first cry from a perfect little daughter was at nine-twenty-two. The doctor had turned the baby upside down and slapped her, while I held my breath in suspense.

After the cord had been tied with my pink thread, I took the baby and put her in the basket, which was too short. Spence took over the duty of holding the light. The surgical scissors, catgut and needle had come into play; there was no anesthetic of any kind. There was never a complaint from the patient.

With the pituitrin injection, after it was all over, the new mother was able to rest fairly well, except for shock and chills. The doctor called for something to wrap around her legs. We had nothing at all, so he dug into his pack and brought out two old shirts, with which I swathed her. We filled the two Army canteens we had with hot water and held them at her feet until the warmth traveled upward through her body. Then I tucked them in at her sides with the two bedcovers around her.

THE doctor took the baby from the too-snug bassinet and rubbed her well with coconut oil. We dressed her in a diaper and her daddy's undershirt, wrapped her in a towel, and laid her beside her mother.

Our darling baby, whose name was Susan Beatrice, was as good as gold. Only once or twice during the night did we hear a slight, baby voice whimper a little, as if to say, "I am here."

Laverne was in bed for eleven days. The rain continued to pour down the whole time. Laverne was able to nurse the baby, so she was well fed, and we managed to keep her dry and warm. Laverne, now that the baby was here, was happy and confident. Susan's arrival had served to turn all our depression and sad thoughts of the past toward the future, with a determination to carry on.

I washed the baby's things often, and kept running out with them to catch whatever sunshine the day might give us. About the third day the weather got worse, and all the baby clothes had to be hung inside. At night, when it was cold, we even had a fire in our banana-leaf house. The boys made a small portable fireplace, a kind of native stove, and this was placed on the floor by Susan's and her mother's bed where they could feel the warmth. Claude and I held the baby's things over the fire to dry, one by one: diapers, bands, blankets. (I had cut one of Claude's flannelette blankets in two for the baby.) Little Susan's rags got a bit smoked in the process, but they dried.





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On Tuesday, Spence went off to see if he could find the Schuring family. We knew Laura had had some boric powder, which she used to keep in a matchbox months ago, and we hoped she still had it, for we needed some for the baby's eyes. The day after Spence left, the boric arrived by messenger. Within two or three days I had Susan's eyes as clear as a baby's could be. They were a lovely blue, and her hair was blond. The doctor estimated her weight to be a little over seven pounds.

The doctor left on the morning of the baby's third day. He said that both mother and child were doing well. Before he left, Claude made out a certificate as to her birth, which the doctor signed. We were sorry to see Doctor Teruel go, and our deepest thanks went with him. He had done a wonderful job, bringing Susan into the world under conditions that were about as difficult as they could be.

On the eighth day after Susan's birth, Laverne developed a high fever. She seemed to be burning up with it. We both thought of childbed fever. Claude had a few aspirins, and I dosed her with aspirin all day. It might not be good for her milk, but I had to risk that in order to get rid of the fever. After about thirty-six hours of feverishness, she felt a great deal better. The fever went down, and Susan was not too upset. I relaxed again with a big sigh.

Spence returned from his trip weary and discouraged. He had gone all the way back to the Schurings' old house on the Panay River, in an endeavor to regain some of the Fertigs' goods that they had stored there. Some Filipinos had reported that they had seen the stuff lying around in the open at the house. Spence found it there, but it was no good—it had been riddled, every single garment, by white ants.

The Schurings told Spence that Jack Treat was ill, and he hastened to see what he could do for Jack. He knew Jack had been off alone, with no friends but a Bukidnon family and two soldiers. Spence got there too late. Jack had already died. Spence attended to his burial before coming back to us.

Spence brought Jack's clothes back with him. Jack had died of dysentery, and we boiled the clothing thoroughly in order to destroy any infection that might still be in it. When it was dried in the sun it shone clean and fresh. Since Spence had no clothes except the ones he had on his back, he was glad to wear what Jack had left behind.

Claude seemed to be taking cold. On the day Laverne got up, he went to bed with a high fever. He was a bit delirious, and this alarmed us. Spence sent out a boy to scour the countryside for a doctor. In a few hours a native doctor came, and he had three sulpha tablets. He gave us these for Claude. He prescribed a complete liquid diet, and said in five or six days he would be up and around again.

Spence had the doctor look at me, too, for I was a rather disturbing sight. My feet and legs were swollen, and a day or two before the doctor came my forearms had begun to swell. My eyes, too, were swelling.

The doctor gave me a thorough examination. Finally he gave Spence and me a calm look. "The señora is pregnant," he said.

We both just about keeled over with astonishment. I had had none of the usual symptoms, but I knew immediately it was true.

After the doctor left, Spence sat down and exploded. "Where is the Army and Navy? We have to have a good doctor, nurses, a hospital! I have to have help!"

Laverne and I looked at each other in amazement. Finally I said, "Don't worry, Spence; we'll manage all right, just as the Fertigs have."

He turned to me with considerable feeling. "We are not going through that again!" he said.

We soon dismissed the subject for more immediate occupations. There was Claude to be tended, and the baby to be looked after.

The doctor had told me that my swelling legs were caused by being on my feet constantly, sloshing around in the mud and wet. For a few days I tried to take life a bit easier, and my condition improved. However, life in the forest doesn't leave much time for resting.

We had hoped our hidden little house would not become too well known to the Bukidnons, but the news of our being there had spread far and wide. There was nothing we could do to prevent it. Naturally, Susan's birth was of great interest. Bukidnons came from far and near to see her. She was the first white baby to be born in the interior, and her visitors were fascinated. They came with gifts of rice for mother and child, and there were admiration and wonder in their eyes as they looked at the pair.

Spence went off to make arrangements for a new place for us to live. While he was away he came down with the same fever Claude had had. He sent a messenger to tell us he was too sick to move, but would be back when he was strong enough to walk.

Every day we had word of him, but he didn't seem to be getting any better. I grew more and more worried about my husband, and finally told Claude and Laverne that I would have to go and look after him.

The next morning, just as I was about to start, a Bukidnon came in with the news that Captain Spencer was on the trail, being carried in a hammock. Soon we saw the procession approaching, Spence in a hammock carried by four Bukidnons. They carried him into the house, and I made as comfortable a bed as possible for him on the floor. He looked miserable, gaunt and feverish.

I wanted to get the same doctor we had had for Claude, if we could find him again, but Spence said "No." I did not insist, for he was too weak to be argued with. After several days, his fever left. He told me, "I had to come home. I got to thinking about Jack dying in that house with only Bukidnons, and I knew if I didn't get back I'd never get well."

After his fever had gone, he gradually regained his strength. It took some days, for it had been a severe illness.

It was the ninth of February before we could begin traveling again. Susan was a month old that day, and already her long travels were beginning. She was placed in a sheet made into a sling. This was tied around the neck of the Bukidnon who was to carry her, so that she rested on his chest. He was very proud of the burden which was his responsibility, and his delight was unconcealed. He carried her as carefully as a load of eggs, holding his left hand and arm under her to steady her as he hiked along. It made an exotic picture, the dark-skinned bearer, appareled in a G string and a big, battered straw hat, carrying in his right hand a long cane with a sharp-pointed spear in the top, and the tiny baby slung across his chest.

Our move was not long; it took only a few hours to get to the new camp, and we were settled there by six in the evening. We hoped the Japs would leave us alone, and that we would be able to stay here quietly for three or four months. The camp was a good one. Spence had planned it and had it built, a house for the Fertigs, one for us and one for the boys, as well as a separate kitchen. Each grass hut had one room and a small front porch. The houses were built on the

After a few years of marriage, a man can look right at a woman without seeing her—and a woman can see right through a man without looking at him.
—HELEN ROWLAND.

You can't change the past, but you can ruin a perfectly good present by worrying about the future.
—Sales Scrap Book.

As they grow older, human beings acquire the faces they deserve. —OWEN D. YOUNG.



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Sprinkle one tablespoon boiling, salted water over Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Butter lightly and top with poached egg. A hit with Dads everywhere! And so *easy* to make with Nabisco Shredded Wheat always handy.

Brother goes for sliced peaches-

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Sugar-saving and *de*-licious! Stir 2 teaspoons honey in one cup rich milk. Pour over 2 crumbled biscuits of Nabisco Shredded Wheat. What a happy, *healthful* way to make breakfast more exciting! To get the *original* Niagara Falls product with the marvelous flavor, be sure to buy NABISCO Shredded Wheat.



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side of a hill, with steps leading up. The Fertigs had the top house.

That first day we were all delighted with the place. It was well hidden by forest and secluded. Soon, however, the rains came again, our site was wet and dark, and everything looked gloomy.

Just as we reached this new location, a runner came in with a message for Claude. Colonel Peralta requested that Major Fertig or one of his responsible American officers report at once about something important. What could this be about? We were full of guesses about the "important matter," and most of our guesses had to do with American invasion forces arriving.

Spence set off on the thirteenth of February to report to Colonel Peralta's headquarters. Several days later, Claude received a message from a Filipino officer to meet him about something very urgent.

When this note arrived, Laverne and I let our imaginations run wild. We were excited all day after Claude left. We could hardly wait for his return. He finally came dragging in about dark.

Laverne called to me almost immediately, "Louise! Come and hear the news!"

I dashed up to their house. Laverne's words tumbled out fast and jumbled, but I got the meaning. A sub was coming in! It was coming for us! Colonel Peralta had received a radio message from General Headquarters in Australia to round up all Americans on Panay for evacuation.

That evening we were so elated we could not eat. We figured we would have a hike of about ten days to get to the appointed spot. We had three weeks and six days in which to get there.

The next week was spent in getting together the things we would require for the trip. We were simply bubbling as we made these arrangements.

We left our camp on the twenty-fourth of February. We had had no message from Spence, but were sure we would meet him before many days went by. Susan traveled as before. She was only about a month and a half old, but she was already a seasoned traveler. Laverne was not feeling very well, and she had not had the rest she needed before attempting such a long hike; but the goal at the end was enough to urge anybody on.

THAT first day, we hiked from half past ten until five. The next morning when we got up, Laverne did not feel well, but she was game to go on for a while. The trail from here on would be harder, with continual climbing for four or five days. We knew that after about a week of this rough going, we would reach the road in the lowlands on the other side of the island, but we still had a lot of rough country to cross.

We reached the house of Dionesia, an old friend of last year's hike, at about noon. Laverne was miserable and had a fever. I got Laverne flat on her back and resting fairly comfortably. Claude still had some aspirin, so I dosed her with that. She rested a bit, and I turned my attention to getting Susan quieted and asleep. This took a while, but finally the baby was soothed. Then there were the diapers, which Claude had laundered when we stopped for lunch, to be hung out, and more to be washed, while our boys commenced preparing supper.

We were in the midst of this activity when we heard several loud war whoops. I ran outdoors, for I recognized those hearty tones. It was Spence coming into camp with several boys. He said that his mission had been to hear about the plans for the escape of all the Americans. However, he dampened our high spirits a bit, for he did not seem to have as much definite information as we did. He would not set such definite dates for the arrival of the submarine, and he had not expected that we would have started yet. He seemed surprised that Claude had received word of the submarine at all. All this was somehow like a dash of cold water.

Spence didn't see any point in hurrying, but we decided to go on the next morning in order to reach a larger place, where we could stay for a few days while Laverne recovered.

Spence brought a gift for me from Colonel Peralta—a pair of tennis shoes. Spence had told the colonel I was barefoot, and he had given him his own sneakers for me.

I wore the sneakers when we started off the next morning, feeling very stylish. However, my stylishness was short-lived, for I took off the sneakers almost immediately. I had a bad tropical ulcer on the heel of my right foot, and the pressure and rubbing of the shoe was too painful. I had been going barefoot too long. Would I ever learn to wear shoes again, I wondered. It was not good for my ulcer to be open to the mud of the trail, but that was better than letting a shoe rub it. I could clean it every night when we stopped.

That morning we climbed and climbed. My breath was very short, and I thought we would never reach the top of that hill. I began to wonder, for the first time, if I would actually be able to make it to the coast. But of course I would, on my hands and knees if necessary!

WE were glad to reach our stopping place. Spence and I went down to the river to bathe, and it was wonderful to have a real bath. Then we went back to the house and took care of Susan while Claude and Laverne went down to bathe.

While they were down at the river, who should come walking—or perhaps "staggering" is a better word for it—in but Laura, Henry and Clifford Schuring.

Laura and I looked at each other and tried to speak, but there were tears in our eyes and we couldn't manage it. We hadn't seen each other since the tragedy of Hopevale and Jack's death. Just the same, it was a joyous reunion.

Laura admired Susan, and Laverne and Claude received great congratulations from all three Schurings on the new member of their family.

It was decided that we would all take the same trail now, but we would not travel together. Each party would travel a day apart, and as inconspicuously as possible. The Schurings would leave first, then Spence and I, and then the Fertigs.

The Schurings went on next morning. Spence and I rested another day, then set off. My heel was no better, so I again carried Colonel Peralta's tennis shoes. Spence carried his boots, too, in order to conserve them.

By noontime I was so done in that I felt I couldn't take another step. We had been climbing up and down all morning, clinging to vines, pulling ourselves up steep slopes almost hand over hand. I found this sort of thing more tiring than ever. Hiking downhill was about as bad as climbing uphill, for my balance was precarious in the extreme. A pregnant woman naturally leans backward a bit as she walks, in order to keep from falling over on her face; combine this leaning over backward with transit down a steep slope, and you find your legs have a tendency to fly out from under you.

That night, the house where we stopped was one where I had been the year before, and we had a sincere welcome from the family.

The next morning it was pouring rain, and we waited a little while to see if it would let up. It didn't, so we went our way. We had contracted for *cargadores* from our host, and if we did not use the men that day they might not be available on the next. We hiked down the Aclan River, wading through water up to our knees as more water poured down upon us from the skies. With all the discomforts there were that day, I still found it easier to tramp through the rain than to hike in the sun.

We were supposed to reach a definite spot that noon, the house of a *teniente* of the district. However, after hiking for hours, our *cargadores* decided they did not know where the house was. The *cargadores* went off hunting for the spot, and we spent two hours sitting on logs waiting for them. Eventually, after much argument, we were led to the right house.



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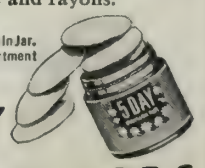
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5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

Here there was more trouble, for our *cargadores* refused to go any farther. Our new host could not provide other men immediately, so we remained there the rest of that day and all night.

Our tiny supply of coffee was gone, so for our hot morning drink we had chocolate. The Filipinos from whom we purchased it had molded it with their hands into round, hard balls so it could be carried easily. We dropped one of these balls into boiling water, and, after considerable stirring, the result was hot chocolate. These chocolate balls were quite good, I found, and whenever I got particularly tired along the way I ate one, as an athlete eats a lump of sugar. It was compact nourishment, and never failed to give me a new lease on life.

We set off in high spirits for Teniente Napoleon's, where our really hard climbing was to begin. The river was high, and we had to cross and recross it many times. Everybody's clothes were dry today, so that it was worth while to take them off in order to keep them dry when fording the river. The men undressed every time, carrying their clothing in one hand high above their head. I was the only woman of the party, and a bit self-conscious, so I didn't follow this procedure. I just went through the river with my clothes on. The sun would just about get me dried out from my last dip when we would come to another ford, and I would have to plunge in up to my neck again.

At noon, we stopped by the river and had our lunch on some flat rocks in the sun. We had dried fish and rice, and felt like lazy lizards sunning ourselves on the rocks. As I lay there relaxing, suddenly the little personality who had taken over my body gave a hard kick, almost knocking the breath out of me. I gasped and clutched my midriff.

"Is he lively today?" Spence inquired.

"Lively!" I said. "He packs a terrific wallop."

We set off again, and by late afternoon we reached Napoleon's. There we overtook the Schurings, who had been delayed because Laura was suffering from cut, sore feet. Her only pair of shoes were giving out rapidly, and she had never become accustomed to trail life as we were.

Napoleon's house was already crowded without Spence and me and our two boys. We all found room somehow on the floor, and since everybody was used to crowded sleeping quarters we all slept well.

Laura, Henry and Cliff left the next afternoon. They were not going far—only, in fact, to the house on top of the hill. But what a hill that was! It looked perpendicular from down at Napoleon's, and we were told that the fastest any Filipino could walk it was three quarters of an hour. The Schurings decided to take an afternoon for it, sleep at the top, and then go on the following day.

WE followed the Schurings' example when we left the next day. It took me two hours, with good old Pilo's help, to make it. At the top the view was magnificent. We seemed almost to be in the clouds. We could see the country for miles around, hills and gorges and rivers. I reflected that I had climbed and scrambled over a good bit of that territory.

The hike next day would be a long one, eight or nine hours, so we were up before it was light. The trail was a fairly good one, and the climb was gradual though constant. I managed splendidly, except for the leeches. Because of the mist and the wet foliage, there seemed to be millions of them. They usually got on our legs, and we did not pull them off, for that way their head might be left sticking in us. Our method of getting rid of them was to flick them off with the point of a knife. Pilo had a good, small hunting knife that was fine for this, and it was hardly in its sheath all day. We had suffered from a good many different kinds of annoyances, but this was the first time we had had leeches.

Toward noon we came to a part of the trail where we knew the Japs had been a few months ago. I shivered a little to think that we might yet walk into a few of them. We knew they were looking for us by name, for word of their inquiries had been brought by many of our Filipino friends.

Early in the afternoon we came out of the mist. We were now over the top, going down the other side of the mountain. This was the great divide of Panay.

On this side of the mountain it had been dry for months, and the vegetation was very different. The descent was terrific. The trail was hard, dry gravel, extremely painful to our bare feet. The ulcer on my heel was aching as the gravel got into it, and I had a blister on one of my toes. It was a nightmare, going down that horrible trail, leaning backward to support my natural burden.

WE still had an hour or two to travel when Spence sent Pilo and the sergeant on ahead to try to find a house where we could spend the night. Spence and I came on more slowly.

We came to the Dalanas River at about five o'clock. The boys had found a house, the only one in this district, and here we would stay.

We now had good weather, and the next day our hike was pleasant. We were walking downstream. We had our noon rice at a small barrio, which was mostly deserted. Our trip that afternoon was another steep climb in open country. The sun beat down on us relentlessly from a clear sky.

I was puffing along, finding the climb more of a strain with every step, when suddenly I found I could not go any farther. Our *cargadores* and the boys were away on ahead, and Spence was a little in front of me, but I could not call out. I had lost my breath completely. I stood there gasping with a terrific effort, trying to get any breath at all. I sank to the ground, terrified, feeling like a fish flopping around out of water. Just then Spence turned. He came rushing back, but still I could not speak; he could hear from the rasping noises I made what my trouble was. Luckily, after a few minutes I somehow got my breath, and gradually got back to normal breathing. I took the trip very slowly the rest of the afternoon.

We got to the barrio that evening all right, and Spence decided we should stay a full day so that I could rest. I thought that a splendid plan, in spite of being eager to get to the rendezvous.

Our day there was my birthday. We celebrated by buying a pig from our host. We feasted on pig, made presents of pig to all the Filipinos in the neighborhood, and still had plenty for the trail when we left. It was a wonderful birthday present.

We were very short of rice now. The Filipinos of this district had no rice to spare, so we could not buy more. However, *camotes* grew abundantly in this region. Spence liked these yams.

We left the next morning and crossed more cleared *caingin* land and then came to another difficult trail. It was on the mountainside, in deep forest, yet rocky and precipitous. The path was only wide enough for one person, and one slip would have meant a horrible plunge into the rocky, wooded depths below. It was one of the most frightening trails I had ever seen.

Pilo helped me along wonderfully. We came now and again to a terrifying spot where it was necessary to jump across a fissure, and he would go first and then take my hand to encourage me to get across. He

(Continued on Page 89)

The dark thoughts of the wicked old lady Ford Madox Ford tells about were delicately conveyed in her remark as she watched, for the first time, a couple dancing the tango.

"I suppose it's all right," she muttered loudly enough for dozens to hear, "if they really *love* each other."

—JACK GOODMAN & ALBERT RICE:
I Wish I'd Said That! (Simon & Schuster.)



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CALIFORNIA — critical crops: vegetables, fruit, sugar beets, cotton, rice, nuts, citrus. Volunteers needed now and through November.

ARIZONA — critical crops: cotton, hay, vegetables. Volunteers needed August to February.

MONTANA — critical crops: wheat, sugar beets. Volunteers needed now and in October.

MICHIGAN — critical crops: fruit, vegetables, tomatoes, potatoes, sugar beets. Volunteers needed now and through October.

MINNESOTA—critical crops: wheat, corn, canning crops, sugar beets. Volunteers needed now and through November.

NEW MEXICO — critical crop: cotton. Volunteers needed in September to December.

COLORADO — critical crops: vegetables, potatoes, onions, sugar beets. Volunteers needed now and through October.

WYOMING — critical crops: potatoes, sugar beets. Volunteers needed in September and October.

WISCONSIN — critical crops: tomatoes, potatoes, fruit, canning crops, sugar beets. Volunteers needed now and through October.

ILLINOIS—critical crops: corn, soybeans, canning crops, silage. Volunteer workers needed now, through November.

OHIO — critical crops: corn, tomatoes, fruit, canning crops. Volunteers needed now and through October.

TENNESSEE — critical crops: tobacco, beans, cotton. Volunteers needed now and through Sept.

MISSISSIPPI — critical crop: cotton. Volunteers needed September to November.

VIRGINIA — critical crops: peanuts, apples. Volunteers needed now and through October.

NEW JERSEY — critical crops: fruit, vegetables, tomatoes, potatoes, hay, cranberries. Volunteers needed now and through Oct.

ALABAMA—critical crops: peanuts, cotton. Volunteers needed now and through October.

SOUTH CAROLINA — critical crops: peaches, peanuts, cotton. Volunteers needed now and through October.

MARYLAND — critical crops: peaches, beans, tomatoes, potatoes, apples. Volunteers needed now and through Sept.

DELAWARE — critical crops: peaches, vegetables, tomatoes, potatoes, apples. Volunteers needed now and through September.

PENNSYLVANIA — critical crops: peaches, apples, vegetables, tomatoes, potatoes, silage. Volunteers needed now and through October.

INDIANA — critical crops: corn, tomatoes, canning crops. Volunteers needed now and through October.

KENTUCKY — critical crop: tobacco. Volunteers needed in August and September.

GEORGIA — critical crops: peanuts, cotton. Volunteers needed now and through October.

CONNECTICUT —critical crops: tobacco, vegetables, potatoes, apples. Volunteers needed now and through September.

NEW YORK —critical crops: fruit, beans, vegetables, hay, canning crops, grapes. Volunteers needed now and through September.

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TEXAS —critical crops: cotton, peanuts, rice. Volunteers needed now and through October.

OKLAHOMA—critical crops: cotton, grain sorghums. Volunteers needed in September.

LOUISIANA—critical crops: rice, cotton, sugar cane. Volunteers needed during September to November.

NORTH DAKOTA—critical crops: wheat, flax, potatoes, sugar beets. Volunteers needed now and to October.

SOUTH DAKOTA — critical crops: wheat, sugar beets. Volunteers needed now and to Oct.

NEW HAMPSHIRE — critical crops: hay, apples. Volunteers needed now and through September.

ARKANSAS — critical crops: rice, cotton. Volunteers needed in September and October.

IOWA—critical crops: corn, soybeans, canning crops. Volunteers needed now and through October.

WEST VIRGINIA — critical crops: peaches, apples. Volunteers needed now and through October.

MAINE—critical crops: blueberries, potatoes. Volunteers needed now and through September.

KANSAS—critical crops: silage, grain sorghums. Volunteers needed now and to October.

VERMONT—critical crops: hay, apples. Volunteers needed now and through September.

HAWAII — critical crops: pineapple, sugar cane. Volunteers needed throughout the year.

NEBRASKA—critical crops: corn, potatoes, wheat, sugar beets. Volunteers needed now and through November.

NORTH CAROLINA — critical crops: tobacco, peanuts, cotton. Volunteers needed now and September.

NEVADA — critical: ranch work. Now and through October.

RHODE ISLAND—critical crops: fruits and vegetables. Volunteers needed now and to September.

FLORIDA — critical crops: sugar cane, citrus fruits, vegetables, potatoes. Volunteers needed in October and through April.

IDAHO — critical crops: vegetables, fruit, potatoes, sugar beets. Volunteers needed now and through October.

MISSOURI — critical crops: cotton, fruit, corn. Volunteers needed during September and October.



NEVER before has there been such a demand for fruits, vegetables, grain, cotton, fats and oils by our Armed Forces, our Allies, and our great civilian population. Never before has there been such a need for volunteer workers in the fields, orchards, vineyards, canneries and food-processing plants. Will you help by giving a day, a few week-ends, or your vacation? Prevailing wages for full or part-time work. When the call comes in your community, sign up at your local Farm Labor Office, or with your County Agricultural Agent.

(Continued from Page 87)

helped me over many a place where there had been a small landslide. Often I had to go on my knees, hanging onto roots with one hand. Many places Pilo could not help me, I just had to pull myself up with all the strength I had. Spence, who came behind, would give me a boost from the rear. He didn't like the trail any better than I did.

By noon our guide informed us that we had climbed the worst, but could not possibly make it to the next barrio that night. There were no houses in between where we could stop.

"Well, where shall we stay now?" asked Spence, looking around. All that there seemed to be was a tumbledown *camalig* in the open *camote* patch where we had stopped to discuss the subject. The guide said the thing to do was to stay here.

That night we four tucked ourselves into the *camalig*. Our cargo was stowed away in the least possible space, and so, as a matter of fact, were we. Once all four were in that *camalig*, the only way to get out was in the order in which we were stacked in. It was a cold night, and the poor *cargadores* outside with no covers must have suffered. Part of the night they huddled around a tiny fire they had built.

The next day we discovered we still had about three hours' climbing to do. The trail was not so difficult, however.

At about half an hour before noon, we had our lunch of cold rice and *camotes* beside a small mountain spring. This was the only water we came to on this day's journey. We did not rest long, for it was bad policy to rest too much at midday. After another hour of climbing, we came out into the open.

Before us, far down, lay the blue, blue ocean, over and under which right now our help was coming! My blood tingled in my veins at the thought, and then ran cold with fear that the Japs might yet catch us. I shivered, and said a silent prayer.

We descended toward the barrio in the valley which was our destination for the night. It was a hot trip, for the sun was burning. We reached our barrio at about half past three.

The Schurings were still there. They had bad news for us. The Japs were off the coast in several small boats, and had been patrolling up and down for an area of about twelve miles for the past two days. My heart sank, and I looked at Spence to see if his thoughts were like mine: *They have found out, and the jig is up!* I wondered if I could make that trip back across the hills again.

THERE was nothing to do but stay and see what happened, but we turned in that night with the heaviest hearts of our whole trip. Morning dawned bright and clear, and we couldn't help feeling a bit more hopeful. We could not believe that fate would actually prevent our escape now, after we had gone through so much.

That day an American guerrilla officer brought us word we must be on our way, for we must be soon at our location. The Japs were still out somewhere along the coast, but they had moved southward. Perhaps they actually knew nothing about this American movement, and were just on routine patrol. If so, our chances were still good.

Spence decided we should move on the next day, so as to be sure we had enough time to make it. The Schurings would follow. The Fertigs had not yet reached this stopping point, but Spence left a note for them, and the guerrilla officer said he would stay and hasten them on their way.

Now that we were getting so close to our objective, I wanted to fly. I walked along fast, little caring that it was not easy going. Spence kept suggesting that we should slow up, but I wouldn't hear of it.

At half past two I had to give up, for my leg had developed a Charley horse. Pilo and the sergeant were glad, for they were tired. They didn't like hiking and life on the trail any better than we did.

We were close to the sea now, and Spence said we would travel only at night from now on. The less we drew anybody's attention to ourselves, the better.

THE moon was late coming up, so we felt our way along in the dark. We soon became used to the darkness and could see our way like cats. We made good time on the road, for it was pleasantly cool.

I was enjoying the trip and feeling that we were making good progress, when suddenly a shot was heard. It came from up ahead. Then came another shot, and another and another. By this time I was shaking so violently that I could hardly stand. I was alone, for our two boys had gone ahead. Spence had stopped on the trail to listen—he thought he had heard someone behind us—and I had ambled on slowly by myself.

Almost immediately Spence came running. He asked in a tense, low tone, "Where is Pilo?"

"He's away up ahead."

"I don't like this, Louise. Keep close behind me, and we will keep going, but carefully." Spence pulled out his gun, the .38 pistol, and had it cocked and ready.

My heart was beating hard, and I expected a shape to leap out at us from every dark bush we passed. Nothing happened. Finally we came to the post where the *cargadores* were to be changed. We were now taken care of by the Army, and about every two kilometers they had a post where a new squad of *cargadores* took charge of our few belongings. At this post, Pilo and the sergeant were talking excitedly to the guards about the shots. They had not investigated their source, nor had they sent out a patrol. This laxness infuriated Spence, who knew we were in an area where the Japs had only recently made a surprise entry and killed numerous Filipinos.

We asked how far ahead the next Army post was, and when we heard it was only fifteen minutes away, we went on. This next post was set back from the road, in some trees, which made it seem safer. It was now about midnight and Spence thought it best to halt for a bit of sleep. We moved in with a Filipino family near the post. They had a few horrible stories to tell about what the Japs had recently done in the hills just above, tales of torture and murder. I found it hard to go to sleep.

Spence tried to investigate the shots we had heard, but could find out nothing about them. However, no Japs had been seen, and people drew the conclusion that some of the boys in the Army must have been trying out the new carbines they had received from the last submarine.

We spent the day sleeping, and at about four o'clock started off again. This time we thought we might make it to the next barrio although it was a hike of twenty miles. Again I set off walking at a fast pace. Spence grumbled a bit, but I was determined to get to the rendezvous as soon as I could.

A fierce gale blew up that evening, and Spence asked if I wanted to go on in spite of

Unstartled Dear

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

My love is very sure that he
Pursued and wooed and captured me.
He likes to boast of how he won
His skittish dear, inclined to run,
Indeed, to break into a sprint,
Gazelle-like, at the slightest hint
Of male aggression. And it's true
I cantered, galloped, even flew.
With what amazing speed I ran . . .
Straight to the arms of the guileless
man!

Bran Breakfast Special for a summer day!



Breakfast dishes

NABISCO BRAN AND FRUIT DELIGHT

Here's a *bran-new* and exciting way to serve your favorite-for-flavor—Nabisco 100% Bran! Sprinkle it on fresh summer fruits! It's a crunchy, "nutty" topping that'll give your breakfast a lift! Serve with a dash of sugar, top-milk, or, if you're lucky, with cream. You'll find the family'll love Nabisco 100% Bran this way! It *tastes* so good, *looks* so good, and *is* good for you besides . . . if you're troubled by constipation that's caused by lack of bulk in your meals.

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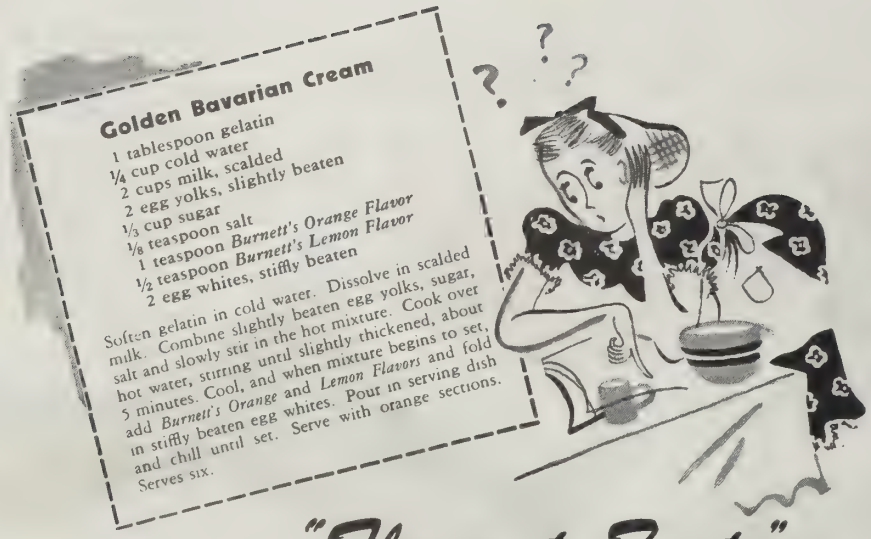
Combine ½ cup sugar and ½ cup water. Bring to boil, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add, as desired, to the pitcher of top-milk you pour on your Nabisco 100% Bran—"that best-tasting bran." You'll like it best, too, as a help for constipation that's due to insufficient bulk. For Nabisco 100% Bran is *finer-milled. Milder, gentler in action!* Quality is always the best because Nabisco uses only superior bran, produced in its own flour mills.

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it. I said of course I did, so on we went. We got to our barrio at about midnight.

It was a weird place to reach in the middle of the night. All the big, peacetime frame houses were dark and deserted. The galvanized-iron roofs on the bigger ones were loose in spots, and the wind howled and whistled around their rattling expanses. Spence again had us covered with his pistol as we advanced. The road joined our trail just outside the barrio, and any major crossroad was a dangerous place. The Japs had descended by this route before.

We slipped by the crossroad, at last came to a sizable Army messenger post. We awakened the lieutenant in charge, and he cleared out a room for us. We gratefully lay down to rest at about two in the morning.

The next day we went on up the road to the post of a Filipino captain, who was astonished to see us this soon. However, I explained that once I hit the road, there was no holding me. I didn't want to miss this boat! The captain asked us to join him at mealtime in his neat little grass house, and we slept in the hospital which was in the process of being built a few minutes' walk away.

We rested at this post for several days. The main food here was fresh fish, and we had not had any for so long that we had been hungry for it. The captain had nets out, and this was the time when the tuna were running. Every day we had tuna boiled, fried or in salad. He had a few tiny tomatoes from his garden, and his cook served these in salad.

Two days later many others arrived. The Schurings came first, then several other families whom we did not know, but who we had heard were living free on the island. It was early evening when the Fertigs arrived, with tiny Susan well and happy.

It was proposed that most of the crowd should be moved up the coast a bit farther, nearer to the "real rendezvous." We didn't want too many Americans congregated in one spot. Spence and I were among those who moved on, since we had had ample rest. The Fertigs took over our floor space in the hospital.

As we went up the road in the darkness, our hearts were bounding with excitement. We were now only two hours from the actual place set for our departure! I felt as though walking on air, for all the heaviness of my body.

Spence had not told Pilo and our sergeant the true secret of this trip, but I noticed they were in a state of excitement too. Undoubtedly they had made a good guess about the purpose of this mass movement.

Each family was taken to a different house, back from the road about a half hour's walk. We were instructed to carry on with our regular lives until we were given word to proceed to the rendezvous. Two more days were spent in excited anticipation.

WE had been in the hills since the sixteenth of April, 1942. Twenty-three months. We would not regret leaving this kind of life, if we were really to leave it now. We had probably learned a lot, and maybe the experience had done some of us good, but the thought of being disappointed now, of having to return once more to the hills, made our blood run cold.

The time had come for Spence to tell Pilo and the sergeant the real story of why we were here. He told them that we were awaiting the signal to be taken away by submarine if all went according to plan.

I was amazed to see their surprise. Had they not heard any rumor, then, of what this was all about? I had been so sure they had guessed. I regretted to see how sad Pilo was. He was a fine boy, and young as he was—only seventeen—he had served us faithfully and well. He had really liked being with us, in spite of all the hard work and the danger. Spence and I realized, then, that it was going to be hard for him, this parting, and in spite of our own joy at going, it would be hard for us too.

When we retired for sleep that night I prayed earnestly that tomorrow we might get "the word." I went to sleep and dreamed of it so realistically that I suddenly awakened, sure I had heard a rap on the door. I called Spence, who was in a dead sleep. "Wake up! Wake up! The messenger is at the door!"

Spence got up and opened the grass door. There was nobody in sight. "You and your dreams!" he said as he settled himself again for sleep.

It took me some time to get back to sleep. The next thing I knew, it was daylight, and the boys were already up preparing breakfast.

In the middle of getting breakfast, a Filipino lieutenant hailed us. "Good morning," he called. "You are supposed to leave for the rendezvous within the hour—you'll have time to have your breakfast."

I COULD not move fast enough. Spence and I were the first to get out on the road.

We reached the spot at about ten that morning. There we watched the other *évacuées* coming down the road. Some we knew and some we did not know, but what a sight we all made! We were all in rags and tatters, most of us barefoot. Those who had shoes had them tied on with bits of string and vine. Most of the men were clean-shaven, and the women were as neat as our rags permitted.

There were fifty-nine of us, counting Susan Fertig. Only about twenty-five had been expected. So it was likely some would have to be left behind. How would that be arranged? Nobody wanted to think about it, so by tacit understanding we pretended everybody would be going. We lived through a very long day, interrupted by a meal of rice and pork supplied by the guerrilla army. We drank a lot of coffee.

At about half past four, Spence could not contain himself any longer and wandered off to the beach. He asked me to go along, but I refused, for, although I would not say so, I was afraid to look out to sea.

At five-forty-five the signal was given for us to proceed to the beach. We went down together. The ocean was deeply blue, the sun was setting and the sky had a glow of as exquisite coloring as I have ever seen.

At the water's edge waited four large sailboats. These boats were to take us to the sub. We strained out over the blue ocean, striving to see the periscope, striving to see the tangible evidence of our rescue.

Then suddenly she was there! A general murmur ran through the little assemblage on the beach, "There she is!" It was as near to a sigh of bliss as I have ever heard.

We saw the sub begin to surface. How beautiful she was! Smooth and gray and full of power, she came into full view. Tears ran down our faces.

We said good-by to Pilo and the sergeant, especially to Pilo. His eyes were wet too. Laverne gave him her dog, Debby, on her leash; he had agreed to take the dog, who could not come with us.

Then, like people moving in a dream, we got into the sailboat. We turned back and watched the figures on the shore. Pilo stood there waving with one hand, holding Debby with the other. I sat in the sailboat, and tears of joy and sadness blinded my eyes. I thought of the other friends we were leaving, the ones who could not come to the beach to see us off.

When we got next to the sub, we could discern the skipper standing looking down at us. There were officers and sailors at his side.

"How many of us are you going to be able to take?" called out Claude.

"All!" came back the answer. "All of you, of course."

It is good to marry late, or never. —JOHN CLARKE.

Love is merely a delightful day's journey. —AMBROSE BIERCE.

Love is the symbol of eternity. —ANNE LOUISE DE STAËL: H. L. Mencken. A new Dictionary of Quotations. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

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CAT'S PAW



We clambered out of our sailboats and onto the deck of the sub, with the help of the sailors.

One of them was handed a bundle which he took to be clothes. Then he felt its weight and shouted, "Hey, what have I got here?"

Laverne anxiously called back, "It's my two-months-old child."

The sailor peeked into the wrapping with a huge smile of welcome and incredulity mixed.

It seemed no time at all before we were all down the conning tower and inside the sub. The women and children were lined up in the fore torpedo room, and the men were aft. The pharmacist's mate came along asking our name, age, number of children, and so on. When he came to me, I gave him my name and my husband's, and to the question, "How many children?" I replied, "None." Then I added, "But perhaps I should tell you, I am pregnant."

"Oh, goodness," he said. "When is the child expected?"

When I told him the end of May or early June, he audibly breathed easier.

Laura and I were then called into the cabin where Laverne and the baby were. It looked so attractive and luxurious that we just gasped, "Oh!"

At that point, a sailor popped in with coffee, in real china cups. As it was being served, we felt the ship moving. A lump came into my throat, and I could not even sip my coffee. We were under way! We submerged for an hour or so, and then surfaced for the night's run.

The voyage went along well. It was hot during the day in the sub, and especially near the equator it got worse for everybody. We streamed with perspiration, and at the end of the day under water our breathing became quite heavy. It was a wonderful moment, after that, when we surfaced and the conning tower was opened to let in gusts of fresh air.

The captain thought the baby might have difficulty breathing, and he had had a little oxygen tent prepared for her. It turned out, though, that she was the best sailor of all. She ate and slept and ate and slept some more. I was the person who needed oxygen. From about three in the afternoon on each day of the last week, I had great difficulty in breathing. About five days later I had a seizure much like the one I had had on the trail. They opened a special oxygen tank for me, and the relief was indescribable.

Everyone was kindness itself in every way, and we were full of gratitude. We could scarcely express how much we felt.

We were told that we would land the next day. That night, after we surfaced, the signal was suddenly given to submerge. We were under only about fifteen minutes, and then came up again. One of our husbands came to our cabin to tell us that a plane had been sighted, and while checking to make sure it was ours, the captain had taken no chances, but had gone down again.

Early in the morning I was up and getting ready to land. My slacks were by now in shreds. I wore my other outfit, the green voile dress with the green slip beneath it. I had worn them to sleep in on the trail, and both dress and slip were torn beyond repair, but what did that matter? I adorned my feet with the badly worn pair of sneakers which Colonel Peralta had given me.

The other occupants of our cabin were similarly busy, and we were all ready and waiting when the order was given, "To the conning tower!"

We ascended the tower, single file, and as we came out into the open sunlight we saw the shores of Australia before us. The sun shone gloriously. The officers and sailors stood at attention on the deck, seeing us off in style on a waiting launch. It was so affecting that I could not speak a word. I hope the men of that sub could guess what was unspoken as we left them.

Our launch went toward shore, and our wonderful sub went off. On board our launch were two American Army nurses, looking exceedingly smart. We women could hardly keep our eyes off their neat appearance, their make-up and their pretty hair. There were also several Army colonels and a Navy commander.

We reached the quarantine station at about noon. There we were each handed a Red Cross bag, and apples were passed around.

Laverne said, "Louise, here are your apples!" I had talked about apples the way the others had talked about cheese.

We were each assigned a bed for that night, and told there was a shower room available. After a hot shower, we had lunch. Then I tried to rest.

At two A.M. we arose and prepared to continue our journey. Three planes took us to Brisbane.

In Brisbane we were again met by Army nurses and other Army officers. We felt very conspicuous in our rags. Spence came over to me and said in a whisper, "Louise, you'd better stand with your back to the wall over there—the tear in your dress is pretty bad."

I entered the 42nd General Hospital immediately. Our baby boy was born in that hospital on the ninth of May, 1944, a sound, perfectly healthy child. He was the first baby to be born in an Army hospital in the Southwest Pacific theater of war.

(THE END)

HOMER AND THE LILIES

(Continued from Page 18)

"Seems like I ought've caught sight of thee before this, Homer," he said. "Thee's been at Perkinses' since last winter, hasn't thee?"

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

"They keep thy nose pretty close to the grindstone over there, Homer?" Jess asked. "Keep thee carrying in wood and hunting eggs?"

"No, sir," Homer said. "It's easy work. Mr. Perkins is good to me."

Mr. Perkins was good, but he was forthright. "You're to remember, Homer," he said, "you ain't a native here. You've been taken from a home, and for all anybody here knows your pappy may've been a train robber. I'm not saying he was, Homer, and I'm satisfied you're a good boy, but other people don't know it yet. So you're not to be pushy. Wait till you're invited before you go anywheres, and don't outstay your welcome when you do."

Jess hunted about in his pockets. "Two more," he said. He put one in his mouth, handed the other to Homer. "If I's right certain how fish felt about peppermints," he said, "I wouldn't do this. Sit here chewing right in front of their noses. But they's no telling, Homer. For all I know peppermints may set their teeth on edge."

Homer gazed at Jess. "Do they set yours on edge?" he asked.

"Nope," Jess said. "Not the teeth I got."

"Have fish got teeth?"

"Some have, some haven't. A shark'd probably win a tooth race any day."

"What's a tooth race?" Homer asked.

"Race to see who's got the biggest teeth."

Homer moved his tongue about inside his mouth. "I guess I'd lose," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," Jess told him. "Depend on who thee's running against. Thee'd beat a mouse all holler."

Homer leaned against the stump. "Do you think a mouse," he said, "if it had to, could run backwards?"

Jess pulled his hat down over his forehead as if he didn't want the sun in his eyes while he was figuring on such a weighty problem. "I'd have to study about it, Homer," he said. "There's some things I'd have to know. Was it an old mouse or young'un?"

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And speaking of raiding parties, most of our great tuna clippers are helping Uncle Sam's Navy pull a few fast ones in the Pacific. That's why the supply of these famous brands of tuna is limited.

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A LOT OF PEOPLE know how good Kellogg's Corn Flakes are to eat.

But what many of these folks aren't aware of, is that this tempting cereal is something to *build* on, too. Something important in your diet for its *food value.*

You see, out at Battle Creek, the crisp golden flakes of this famous cereal are made the equal of the *whole ripe grain* in nearly all the food elements that have been declared essential to human nutrition!

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"The Grains are Great Foods"—

W. K. Kellogg

★ ★

Two-Year-Old Man

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

He is so young, he has no chance
To wear any kind but raspberry
pants,
But he knows he is built to be
A man, and makes beeline for me.

He knows that I, for all my weight
And being a stranger, am his mate
And feel the feelings he will know
When he has had the time to grow.

Two years old is hardly old
Enough for a man to get good hold
Of everything, do steps and leaps,
Yet all he does he does for keeps.

So he runs from his mother's skirt
To watch his grandfather dig the dirt,
Runs from indoors into the sun
To watch the haying being done.

He has only twenty words:
Father, mother, bread and *birds,*
But he makes every small word do
The grave work that he wants it to.

Not sure of many things, he grins;
Though not steady on his pins,
He stands with his thighs well
apart,
Under the weight of a man's heart.

I do not know of a better friend
A man could have at his day's end
Than this in trousers of brief span
So gravely bound to be a man.

★ ★

"Medium aged," said Homer. "This one was."

"A middle-aged mouse," said Jess. "Country mouse or city mouse?"

"City mouse."

"Well," said Jess, "my guess is—if properly encouraged—it could."

"Yes, sir," said Homer, his eyes sparkling. "That's right. It can."

"Why, Homer," Jess said, "thee's told me something I didn't know. I'll go to bed tonight a smarter man for having met thee." He pushed his hat to the back of his head again, let the last of the sun warm his face, then looked down at the boy, and Homer saw he meant what he said.

"It didn't run very fast, though," Homer said.

"Fast running backwards," Jess said, "would be too much to expect, first time tried."

Look old as God to him, I venture, Jess thought. *Well, I can get back to him after a fashion, but he ain't got no possible way of going forward to eighty. And no way my telling him I'm him, only considerably weather-beaten.*

"When I's about a quarter thy size, Homer, we had a duck pond at our house, just a little scoop of water it was. On a day about like this, warm and dry, I took it into my head to see how it'd feel to be a duck. Well, it felt mighty good, only I'd gone in with all my clothes, and my mother, undertaking to raise me to be a boy, not a duck, said, 'Jess, if thee goes in there again, thee'll come out faster than thee went in.' Thinks I, 'It can't be done.'"

"Could it?" asked Homer.

"No, sir," said Jess, "it couldn't. I went in there faster than a cannon ball. Ducks thought the sky was falling."

Homer laughed.

"Didn't do me a parcel of good, though," Jess said. "I came out considerably slower than I went in, but I was scutched for it just the same."

"Scutched?" asked Homer.

"Got a taste of apple-tree tea," Jess said.

Homer continued to look quizzical.

"Licked," said Jess, "paddled, tanned, had my britches warmed."

Old fool, Jess thought. *Why's the old got to ladle out their past to the young? Got to say, I's a frolicsome sprout if ever there was one? If youngness is what we want, here it is under our noses, not secondhand, not warmed over. Live in that. The young's got no time to travel back seventy-five years, watch thee sashay in and out of duck ponds, Jess Birdwell.*

"Homer," he said, "if thee ain't due home for a spell, how'd thee like to fish a little? Here's pole and bait itching to be used. Thee could cut across Venter's on the way home and leave the pole at my place, and it'd not be a great deal more'n two steps out of thy way."

After Homer had left the pole with his thanks and shown his catch, Jess said to Eliza, as they sat in the twilight over their boiled tea and warm sweetcake, "Puts me in mind of Josh."

Eliza nodded, but said, "More like thee."

Jess turned away from the window, where darkness like water was flowing between the buildings, over the currant bushes, leaving shapes so indistinct it was impossible to say what was real, what merely the outline memory bade rise up in the accustomed place.

He looked at Eliza, soft and gray like the twilight itself. He wondered how it would be if she were to sit across from him now—as she had fifty, sixty years ago—hair black, cheeks red, eyes searching out his meanings. As they still did. Would he know her, even? Would he say to his own wife, "Thee puts me in mind of someone—I can't say who at the minute; the name's gone—but thy face I know"? Would he?

"Age twelve, Eliza, thee'd never even seen me."

"Aged eighteen, thee was near enough to that."

"Why, Eliza, at eighteen I was a man. Owned a cow and horse and had cleared ten acres."

"Thee and thy cow and horse," Eliza said and laughed.

"Thee didn't laugh then," Jess reminded her. "Thee was thunderstruck to have a man of my substance come courting."

"I was fourteen," Eliza said. "I thunderstruck easy those days. Even then, I saw thee's nearer Homer than a man of substance."

"No, no," Jess said. "I got, as thee well knows, Eliza, an easygoing streak in me. Not Homer, though. That boy ought to've been born in another world—a place, say, where there's a dozen stars, a half-dozen trees and maybe a couple of dogs. There's too much here for Homer to take in. It wears on him."

"Thee's cut on the same pattern," Eliza persisted. "When I heard him say, 'Did anybody ever count the scales on a fish?' I thought, 'That's Jess Birdwell over again. Full of wonder. Peering and prying.'"

"Eliza," Jess said, defending himself, "when I get to heaven and the Lord says, 'How's things on earth?' I want to be able to answer; to name the stars, say how the fruits are developing and what fish live in Rush Branch."

"He made them," Eliza said. "He'll have no need to ask."

"He don't see them from this side," Jess said.

"Like that child," Eliza told him again. "Like that big-eyed, wondering child."

Whether or not Eliza was right—and Jess thought she was not—through that fall and

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*"SPAM" IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK

winter he often saw Homer Davenport. The boy would stop in on his way from school; would tramp across snowy fields after his Saturday work was done to wonder with Jess what being frozen felt like, say: if it was like falling asleep as some people said; or if it was, instead, an agony of numbness and rigidity, a turning to stone, while the blood in great pain beat against the walls which had risen up about it; to wonder if a healthy man frozen by the cold and so preserved for a thousand years could then be revived, if people only knew how; to ask if cold were really not a thing in itself, but only less and less heat.

He would come at night, even, his lantern swinging with the jolt of his step, its flame veering in the wind, and sit by the hearthside: some nights eating snow ice cream, or cracking hickory nuts on an upturned flatiron; others, reading from one of Jess' books or playing a game of checkers with Eliza, who liked to play, and win, too, sometimes, which with Jess she could never do.

Jess, from his side of the hearth, would watch the play, Homer's brown hand hovering above the board, Eliza's white one firm and sure. He would see the pulse in Homer's throat knot itself for a minute, when the boy feared he'd left an opening which would let Eliza jump a man clear to the king row, then quiet when the danger'd been passed.

No, he thought, *Eliza's wrong. I don't take pleasure in the boy because I see myself in him. Myself when young. No, I was a stolid piece compared to that youngun; besides, I give myself credit for wanting to do more than stare in a mirror, see my own reflection. More like second childhood,* he thought, grinning. *The old man working his way back to whip tops and gruel. That's more like it,* he thought, *that's not so bad.* Still, he didn't believe that, either.

The pleasure comes from two things, he thought. *It comes from seeing, once again, what we started with and lost.* Honesty, he guessed, would come as near as any one word to saying what it was. Wonder, fear, love—there it all was in Homer, nothing glossed over, nothing hidden from sight. It was meeting a human being at firsthand, not, as was the case with most grownups, secondhand, if at all: not meeting a person assembled, put together so's to present to the inspecting eye the very object for which it was searching. *Ah,* Jess thought, *after eighty years thee gets tired of peering through the chinks and knotholes trying to catch sight of something alive inside the makeshift building. Pleasure to see something all of a piece, alive clear to the outside.*

And then, though Eliza was wrong in saying he saw himself when young in Homer, still Homer was in a way of speaking a new lens for his eyes, a means of discovering once again the world as it had been when he was young: bright, fresh, abundantly furnished with mysteries.

The clock struck the hour.

"They'll be uneasy about thee at the Perkinses', Homer," Jess said. "It's past thy bedtime and thee needs thy rest. Thee'd best call it a draw—finish thy game some other time."

"We'll finish now," Homer said.

But Eliza rose, Jess got the boy's lantern, and they started him well bundled homeward.

"Don't hustle too fast," Jess told him, "get out of breath. Take thy time and sleep well."

Homer waved the lantern to them, then, while Jess and Eliza watched from the window, traveled slowly up the snowy rise toward home, his lantern shining at last on the farthest hilltop, like a setting star.

If Thoreau's guests did not like to walk, he was at a loss to know how to entertain them. "There they sit," he complains in one of his journals, "breaking your chairs and wearing out the house."

—KATHLEEN MASTERSON: In This Week.

A Peachy Salad
'specially good with Real Mayonnaise

WHAT IT TAKES
6 oz. cream cheese
3 tbs. chopped nuts
Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise
6 peaches (or 12 canned peach halves)
3 bananas, halved and quartered
Cherries
Lettuce or salad greens
1 tbs. lemon juice
2 tsp. confectioners' sugar



WHAT TO DO— Mix cream cheese with three tbs. *Real* Mayonnaise and add nuts. Stuff peach halves with mixture, and arrange on lettuce or salad greens with bananas and cherries, as illustrated. Serve with 1 cup *Real* Mayonnaise, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. It's a super-duper summer salad . . . a teaser for wilted appetites . . . and especially *nutritious* when served with *Real* Mayonnaise. Because *Real* Mayonnaise in itself is rich in food energy—provides almost exactly the same amount, spoonful for spoonful, as Nucoa or butter.

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His Father's a Doctor—



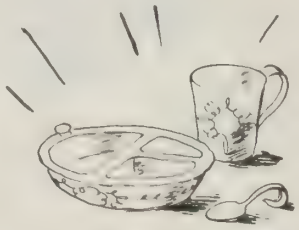
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Jess turned to warm himself before going to bed. "Do the boy a disservice, I don't misdoubt," he told Eliza, "making over him so much."

Eliza, too, left the window. "Thee carries him about on a chip," she agreed. Then added, "The poor little fellow."

"Spoiling him, I don't misdoubt," Jess said once again, remembering Homer's "We'll finish now."

Jess tried to remember during the rest of the winter not to spoil the boy, but for the most part he forgot it. It was a warm winter, short and soon over. While the tongue was still saying the word, the season had passed: snow gone, branches racing along with humped backs, tree twigs swollen with new sap, grass pushing up through the earth into the sunlight. Jess could not have felt nearer the boy if he had been his own son or grandson, and the neighbors grew accustomed to seeing the two together, walking down back lanes, riding behind one of Jess' fast trotters, or simply sitting, like cronies together, atop a fence rail in the sun.

One Saturday, the sun hanging in the sky as if pegged there for good and small flurries of wind like warm fingers riffling the hair, Jess took a turn about the house after dinner to inspect the early blooms. He was standing, sniffing and admiring, in front of Eliza's bed of lilies of the valley, now almost in full flower, when Homer, barefoot and silent, joined him. Jess was musing and felt rather than heard Homer's approach—as he had on the first time he saw the boy.

"Well, Homer," he said, "if stars were sweet they'd be lilies of the valley. If these lilies lit up after dark, they'd be stars."

Jess smiled down on the boy, waiting to hear what lilies of the valley were to Homer, to be given the glimpse he had come to value, of the world seen through a pair of eyes somewhat less rusty from use than his own. But Homer said nothing, only stood very still, drawing deep breaths, his pale lips unsmiling, as if a bed of lilies were a serious matter—and the pulse in his throat beating as if they were very exciting too.

Jess noted that the boy had grown more peaked and thought that he had been mistaken, believing, as he had, that spring and sunlight would set whatever ailed him to rights.

"Homer," he asked, "has thee had thy sulphur and molasses yet this spring?"

HOMER did not reply, but, dropping to his knees, began to fill his hands with lilies. He had a half dozen before Jess could stop him.

"Homer," he said sternly, "thee give me those blossoms."

Homer stood up and without a word laid them in Jess' hands.

"Why, Homer," Jess said, "thee surprises me. I wouldn't pick these lilies myself. They belong to Eliza, and she picks a few only now and then to scent the rooms. And here thee comes without so much as a by-thy-leave and falls to picking as if thee's the owner. I'm taken aback and ashamed, Homer, to see thee so unmannerly."

Still Homer did not say a word, only reached out one finger to touch the flowers Jess held, as if saying good-by to them, then ran off toward the barn—hunting, Jess supposed, the new kittens. When he came back to the house he was as cheerful as if nothing had happened. He sat at the kitchen table, ate a thick slice of Eliza's good custard pie—and if he noticed the six lilies of the valley which now stood in a cut-glass bowl on the center of the table, he didn't show it.

But Jess noticed them. After Homer had left, the six lilies propped up by cut glass and kept moderately alive by water troubled him. He sat long at the supper table that evening; he lingered after the dishes had been cleared away, regarding the flowers, thinking of them, of himself and the boy. He didn't doubt he'd done the right thing—still, doing the right thing shouldn't leave such an ache under the breastbone: those lilies were Eliza's and Homer shouldn't have made free with them; yet saved, restored to their rightful owner, the boy chided, the flowers no longer pleased him. He sat until Eliza called him, and when he rose, finally, to join her in the sitting room he was somewhat easier in his mind—he had come to a decision.

The weather next morning had changed, however, and for the better part of a week Jess was housebound, watching alternations of sleet and rain, watching the lilies Homer had picked droop and grow yellow. Watching those in the bed outside become splotched and shattered by the storm. There were, besides the sleet and rain, heavy winds: telephone wires were down; a limb was torn from the Juneberry tree, smashing in its fall a window in the carriage house.

"WINTER dies hard," Jess said to Eliza, walking restlessly from window to window, waiting for the weather to moderate.

The change came at last: in the night, while they slept, the storm let up, and on the sixth morning the air was as bland and soft as if all that tempest had been the matter of a single night's dream; only the gashed tree, the broken window, the shattered flowers there to bear witness for reality.

After the midday meal, when the sun had somewhat dried the ground underfoot, Jess put on coat and hat, picked the few lilies the storm had spared—not many more than Homer had first gathered—and set off with them toward the Perkinses'.

When Han Po Yu, the Chinese writer, was a young child—somewhere in the first century A.D.—he never cried when his mother beat him, but later on he began to do so. On his mother asking the reason, he replied, "Formerly your blows hurt me and I knew you were strong and well. They hurt me no longer and I know that your strength is failing."

—MAURICE COLLIS:
In Time and Tide, London.

He half expected to meet Homer on the way—it was weather which would make staying inside hard—and he smiled, thinking what Homer's account of the storm of the past days would be. In his attic room, the wind and rain six inches from his eardrums, Homer must've heard fine things. *Now the day*, Jess thought, *so balmy and warm it almost seems to lay a hand on the naked heart to lead one onward.* Underfoot the sloshy earth, but overhead the summer sky, grown deep with a blue past all half promises. Mounting the rise which led to the Perkinses' house—a desolate place, Jess always felt, exposed as it was on the brow of a small hill, with no other shelter than a clump of dark, ragged pines—Jess saw further damage of the storm: budding trees riddled, new washes started, the road rutted, and in many places its gravel covering swept completely away. *But that's past*, Jess thought, trudging along, *that's bygone, the storm over, time now for repairs.*

The lilies, warmed both by the sun and his own clasping hand, were as sweetly scented as if they had never felt wind or hail, and Jess, thinking of the pleasure he would have putting them in Homer's hand, was very easy in his heart. Still, he was neither surprised nor, for the moment, touched by sorrow at the concourse, the gathering of rigs and people he saw beneath the pines and in front of the small, white house, nor did he for a moment doubt the meaning of their gathering. His feet—of themselves, it seemed—continued his forward motion, while his mind in quiet lucidity stood apart and saw himself travel toward that meaning: saw, it seemed, this old man start, eighty years before, a journey destined to proceed from that branch at Colerain, through duck ponds, courting, the substance of father and householder, to mount at last this particular small rise on a spring day carrying lilies which would be heaped with other flowers on a trestle in a neighbor's front yard and there soften but not hide what that trestle had been set up to bear.

His feet carried him onward. *This is the time, the hour, the minute thee has walked*

(Continued on Page 96)

HERE'S BABY'S BANQUET





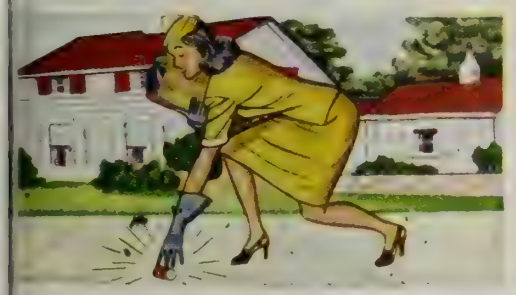
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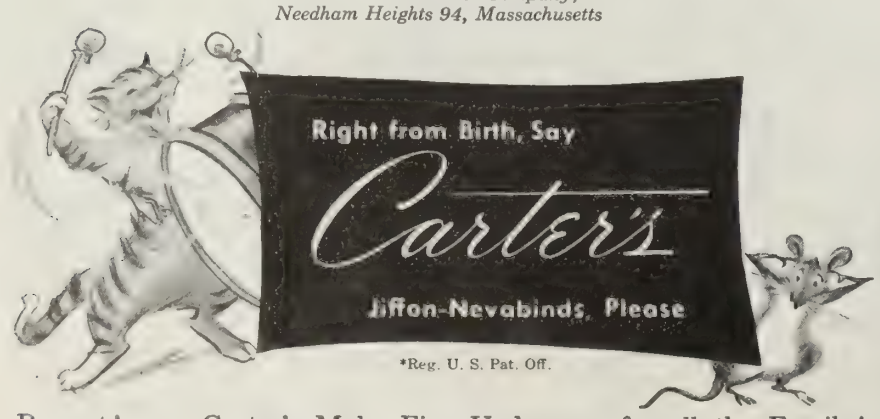


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(Continued from Page 94)

toward, he told himself—and it seemed to him then that neither marrying nor praying, worshiping nor begetting had held for him such significance, and that he either now saw or forever missed such meaning as his eighty years on earth might have. *Set on earth—believing this or that to be thy call, thy duty. Hunting thy apportioned way. Thinking in terms of Jess Birdwell, husband, countryman, churchman—all may be wrong. May be no more than this—this may be the end-all and meaning, if any, here in climbing this hill with storm-damaged flowers for a small boy's funeral, and to lay them there with the others, likewise storm-damaged, concluding for the time, nothing—listening—asking.*

There was no need for any words of explanation; he could have said them all himself, turned and told the others: Homer's heart had finished beating; in his small room he had lain as if asleep, smiling and with a look of listening. Jess wasn't sorrowing for Homer. Homer, he didn't misdoubt, had seen more of the world in his twelve years than this whole gathering lumped together—their experiences of seeing, hearing, wondering, bound together in a bundle and counted as that of one. He didn't sorrow for Homer, having some idea, as he did, of the way this world would have used him: how people like himself, with the best of intentions—trying to do their duty, merely—would have hurt and hampered him at every turn.

He didn't sorrow for himself, even—for the mischance at the end, yes—but he rejoiced that for a short time, when all his own young people were gone, a boy who had no father had been a son to him. And now he, too, was gone. He stood with the others and heard the familiar words: "'Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you.'"

Two barrels of tears will not heal a bruise.

One cannot shoe a running horse.

He who builds according to every man's advice will have a crooked house.

God is where He was.

No man is so tall that he need never stretch nor so small that he need never stoop.

The spring sun was setting when he turned homeward, his feet still taking care of his going while the whole longer journeying of his life busied his mind. Jess didn't sorrow for himself, nor for Homer; still, he knew there were words he had misused, questions he had never asked, answers he had missed, and he felt heavy with searching.

He sat in the kitchen beside the table where the six lilies, now much yellowed, still stood, and spoke to Eliza of the afternoon, his walk and his thoughts. They sat there together until dark had come, and Eliza had lit a lamp and set forth some food. Then while he ate and drank, the meaning he had searched for that afternoon, and maybe his whole life, seemed to shape itself. He took a last bite of bread, a last sup of tea.

"Eliza," he said, "I'm eighty years old. All my life I've been trying one way or another to do people good. Whether that was right or not, I don't know, but it comes over me now that I'm excused from all that. I loved Homer, but I tried to do him good. The way I see it now, that was wrong, that was where I's led astray. From now on, Eliza, I don't figure there's a thing asked of me but to love my fellow men."

He got up from the table and went to the window. The earlier resplendence of the sky had faded, leaving only a small finger-shaped stretch of yellow light to show where the sun had been and where it had set. But the coming of dark had never dispirited Jess, and he spoke now with cheerfulness.

"No, Eliza," he said, "as far as I can see, there's not another thing asked of me, from this day forward."

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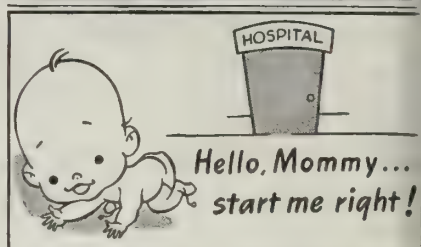
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Your baby will not suffer from "summer complaint" if food and feeding schedules are watched over scrupulously.

Diarrhea—a Warning Signal

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

DIARRHEA is most often caused by an infection from contaminated foods, and as a rule the disorder is not serious. But it should never be looked on lightly, because when it persists or becomes severe, diarrhea can be a grave threat to baby's health. The appearance of loose, watery stools is a warning that something is wrong with the action of the baby's intestines. This danger signal is important and must not be ignored. Whenever this condition appears, there are certain steps for mother to take at once, and in most cases the trouble disappears quickly when the right methods to combat it are used.

Normally, the food that is in the intestines is passed along the passage by the simple action of the intestinal muscles. When there is some unnatural irritation or stimulus, however, this muscular action becomes hastened and violent. Then food and water are moved through the passageway too rapidly to be absorbed into the body. Undigested food and large amounts of water are passed, and as a result the body suffers from lack of nourishment and lack of water.

As long as this condition exists in the intestines the baby may be "starving," even though plenty of food and water is eaten. Thus diarrhea must be speedily controlled so that the body gets needed nourishment again, or it may soon become a menace to the baby's growth and health.

In most cases the cause of diarrhea is an infection coming from germs in the baby's food. Before the days of modern refrigeration and other means of safeguarding foods and water, the growth of germs in food was fairly common in hot weather. As a result, the diarrhea caused when such spoiled foods reached the intestines was common in hot weather and came to be known as "summer complaint." Contrary to the impression still held by many mothers, there is nothing in hot weather itself which interferes with the baby's digestion or upsets intestinal function; where up-to-date facilities for supplying and keeping food and water exist, the term "summer complaint" no longer has any real meaning. When food is contaminated today the cause is likely to be careless handling or preparation. To avoid diarrhea from this cause, mothers need to be especially careful about checking the baby's food and following instructions for boiling milk, water and all utensils to kill germs.

Sometimes diarrhea results when the baby's food is not promptly or fully digested, but remains in the intestines in undigested form long enough for fermentation, or bacterial growth, to take place. The most common reason for delayed digestion of this nature is an infection or inflammation elsewhere in the body. Colds and similar infections in the nose, throat and ears, for example, often interfere with digestion and result in overactivity of the bowel. This is the reason diarrhea often accompanies other disorders in infants; also, it explains why doctors may insist that babies with colds be fed lightly and watched carefully.

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



Next time, Mom, don't wish so hard!



BABY: 'Smatter, Mom? You *wished* you could have my "soft life" for a change, didn't you?

MOM: Yes—but I want to switch right *back!* I'd forgotten babies were so *helpless*—and had so many things to make 'em uncomfortable. A baby's life is *hard!*

BABY: Not if a baby's mama is smart! Not if *she* does things he can't do for himself—like keeping his tender skin smoothed up with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Say! Guess I've fallen down there! But . . . why *both?*

BABY: They're for *different* things, Mom! Johnson's pure, gentle Baby Oil to keep me cherub-soft all over and help prevent what doc calls "urine irritation."

And Johnson's Baby Powder for cooling sprinkles that make chafes and prickles scat like THAT!

MOM: Okay, bright baby—from now on you get treated right—with Johnson's!



BABY: Can't do better than that, Mom—ask *any* doctor! Quick—swap places and let's scoot to the drugstore now!



Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK N. J. CHICAGO ILL.





I'm proud my daughter is a *Cadet Nurse*

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. . . because she is relieving a Registered Nurse for the front

. . . because what she is learning will be useful all her life



In the Cadet Nurse Corps you get free training, full maintenance, uniforms and pay. If you are a high school graduate, you may be eligible. Write U. S. Public Health Service, Dept. D, Box 88, New York 8, New York, or apply at your nearest hospital for full details.

This appeal sponsored by

DAN RIVER SHEETS

Dan River Mills, Danville, Virginia

Too much sugar or fat in the diet is another common cause of diarrhea in babies. The baby's digestive apparatus is delicately adjusted, and there are many foods that simply cannot be assimilated at all. The infant's diet consists chiefly of milk; other foods are added as weight and strength are gained, but unless this is done expertly, too much sugar or fat may easily be introduced. When such an excess of starchy foods remains in the intestinal tract, fermentation and diarrhea often follow. So, mothers should be cautioned against experimenting with baby's formula without the doctor's advice.

Finally, diarrhea is often due simply to overfeeding. When too much food is taken at a time or feedings follow one another at too-short intervals, the baby's digestive organs are unable to keep up with the demands placed on them. Then extra, undigested food may remain in the intestine long enough for bacteria to grow and cause diarrhea. Mothers have to be firm about not giving baby anything to eat between the feedings called for on the schedule planned by the doctor, or they may overtax the digestive system. Often mothers make the mistake of thinking that the baby's digestion is in good order as long as there is no vomiting. They do not recognize diarrhea as a digestive symptom and sometimes persist with wrong feeding methods, allowing the diarrhea to become chronic and stubbornly resistant to treatment.

When diarrhea first appears, with watery stools or the passage of undigested foods, mother should report to the doctor at once. Usually, if the symptoms are severe, he will suggest withholding the baby's feedings until the bowel is completely empty. It does not do any harm to omit feedings entirely for as long as twenty-four hours, if necessary, provided plenty of water is supplied in the meantime to combat the effects of dehydration, or water loss, caused by the diarrhea. Of course, all water has to be carefully boiled!

After this period of fasting, the food will be kept low in sugar and fat—perhaps for several days. These can be added as the diarrhea clears up.

Above all, mother must remember the importance of keeping the doctor informed of symptoms and calling him promptly if they persist. It is a good idea for her to jot down notes about the baby's condition, especially the appearance and frequency of stools. These details are important to the doctor, yet often they become confused or are forgotten because there are so many things mother has to think about when she is caring for a sick baby.

When mothers keep calm and follow instructions, diarrhea need not be a cause for alarm. Like so many other disorders of infancy, this condition will respond favorably under good management, but may prove to be treacherous if it is neglected.

RHEUMATIC FEVER IS NEXT

(Continued from Page 27)

probable and as yet undiscovered trouble among brothers and sisters. So they, too, are carefully checked, and fresh cases thus discovered are given the same religious care as the original case. A thorough job means regular rechecking even of those brothers and sisters who have not yet shown signs of trouble, just in case. It takes high diplomacy, patient education and grim determination to keep families co-operating without making them either resentful or hysterical. But the results are worth it. A considerable number of those 134 boys in uniform were found, treated and saved for normal life by just such devoted methods.

Not all knowledge, however, pays dividends right away. For instance, something is already known about where the rheumatic-fever villain prefers to operate. Rheumatic fever deaths are apparently highest in the Northeast—New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware—and the Rocky Mountain area—Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado.

That should mean something—only, so far, medicine hasn't the faintest idea what. These two especially unlucky areas do not resemble each other in any particular—either in concentration of population, principal occupations, percentage of foreign-born residents, dryness of climate or in any other detail on which Sherlock Holmes could put his finger.

The Rockies sound as if it could be altitude, until you recall that few states in the Union are lower-lying than New Jersey and Delaware. But neither can the map be thrown out of court as obvious nonsense. Doctors hark bewilderedly back to such confirming facts as that there is little rheumatic fever on the low Mexican Gulf coast and a great deal on the high Mexican plateau. Or that, no matter where the soldiers concerned came from, the Army's worst troubles with rheumatic fever have centered in Rocky Mountain area camps.

There could be greater certainty anyway about the geographical facts of rheumatic fever. Death rates are one thing; "morbidity"—meaning the degree to which a disease affects a living population—is quite another. Since rheumatic fever is often hard for any but the specialist to spot, faulty morbidity facts about it may well make some states look unjustifiably better than others.

"When I used to speak on rheumatic fever before medical meetings," says one expert, "doctors from some of those states that look so good would listen and think it over and say, 'Why, we see that a lot down our way. We always put it down to malaria.'"

Time and again a community with a high rheumatic-fever rate lies anomalously next to one with very low rates—whereupon an expert check often shows the reputedly rheumatic-fever-free community is actually as badly off as its neighbor.

Blaming local doctors is pointless. Special training in rheumatic fever is something that many an overworked and underpaid G. P. would find impossible. Besides, there is equal risk of finding rheumatic fever where it isn't. Many a specialist can tell stories of tuberculosis mistaken for rheumatic fever, or of children spending useless and psychologically dangerous months in bed because a slight heart murmur made a faulty diagnosis of rheumatic fever possible. In numbers of cases the best qualified experts cannot tell from a single examination whether or not the disease is present.

Because such issues are so baffling and funds available so skimpy, the ice gets rapidly thinner from here on. Many expert opinions about the disease, though sometimes useful in handling patients, have been so imperfectly confirmed that a skeptic can justifiably cast grave doubts on them. For instance, risk may be lower in warmer climates—only nobody has yet nailed the matter down one way or the other, and occasional efforts to move children to warmer climates have by no means always panned out well. Many investigations have shown Negroes likelier to have trouble than whites, which was laid to worse living conditions—only Selective Service, combing the nation's young men, found precisely the reverse. It has been plausibly maintained that this is a disease of poverty, that dampness helps

---

A new broom sweeps clean, but the old one is good for corners.
—DUTCH

Those who do not go to war roar like lions.
—KURD

Habits are at first cobwebs; at last, cables.

True generosity is the ability to accept ingratitude.
—ANON.

bring on recurrences, than is present in large doses—only each of these propositions has been recently flawed by investigators whose facts refused to match the preconceived idea. For all that they may still prove up in the long run as more and fuller facts are put together.

As to what causes rheumatic fever the party must say blankly, "Nobody knows," without ever leaving the courtroom. So far matters are no farther than ingenious hypotheses—science's word for a guess plausible enough to be worth looking into. The cause could be a systemic fault back in especially susceptible people in reactions of the respiratory tract—the plates you breathe through. Or some think it could be a virus—one of the smaller-than-bacterial organisms that cause many diseases—as yet undetermined. Or an allergic angle, a suspicion increased by the nervous irritability of the tendency which would not necessarily be inconsistent with the two other suggestions.

Once established in the child—this is pretty sure—rheumatic fever probably never leaves entirely; members go through apparent recoveries, waiting for the right circumstances to bring out the symptoms again and do the heart some more damage. What "the right circumstances" are is still the question. One specialist waxed enthusiastic about the complicated squabbles among his colleagues as to statistical aspects of the disease.

"We won't have solved the situation," he said, "until somebody finds out about the biological changes that take place in the patient. We need to know about their protein metabolism, about enzyme factors ——"

Which sounds complicated, but actually means no more than that he is straining to get at the primary-topical fundamentals of the subject. At the moment he is stopped by a lack of research funds that is general throughout the whole field.

Yet there are clues. For years doctors have thought they noticed that recurrences of rheumatic fever followed after short intervals on attacks of tonsillitis, pharyngitis and other respiratory complaints involving streptococcus bugs that were at large in the system, whether alone or working with other bugs.

Most doctors handling rheumatic children make a great point of building them up against such infections and keeping them away from people already infected. Strep germs were seldom accused of being the actual villains, but of somehow opening the door for the villain himself. In recent experiments several authorities have satisfied themselves that though not understood, the connection is real, offers a valuable means for controlling rheumatic fever and can be pinned down to the "hemolytic" varieties of the strep bug.

Yet one extremely eminent authority roundly questions these conclusions and maintains strongly that, when what does set off first attacks or recurrences is found, it will be something else altogether. That conflict is utterly characteristic of the rheumatic-fever situation. The outsider can merely set down what is thought on both sides by people who ought to know and trust that somebody finds the clinching answer soon.

Some hoped that penicillin, the new wonder-worker, would work more wonders on rheumatic fever. It didn't. Others have tried sulpha drugs during attacks and found they made matters far worse. Still, sulpha drugs are known to be redoubtable enemies of strep bugs.

Some eight years ago doctors began trying them as a way to keep rheumatic children free of strep infection and so they hoped, free from recurrences of rheumatic fever. Such "prophylaxis" fed patients small amounts of sulphanilamide—its best known cousins such as sulphadiazine are now used—steadily for weeks and months. Results reported—remember their significance is questioned in some quarters—showed very few recurrences, many fewer than appeared in "control" groups of similar children who were not so treated.

In the armed forces mild doses of sulpha applied wholesale to men in barracks have apparently been effective in controlling epidemics of strep infections. Military doctors' enthusiastic reports are now moving the medical world to consider dosing rheumatic children for periods up to five years with the idea of keeping them free of the rheumatic-fever recurrences presumably set off by strep infection until past puberty, with a fair start on the safer ages beyond that. Under the auspices of the American Heart Association, Dr. Arthur C. de Graff has called sulpha prophylaxis, in general, "the most hopeful that has yet been discovered for the prevention of this disease."

This is a tangled subject, however, and sulpha prophylaxis cannot be let go at that, with unfurled hope piled high on the horizon. There is not only one powerful voice disputing, on complicated scientific grounds, the significance of these results. Other doctors who should know and think well of sulpha results nevertheless view prophylactic sulpha somewhat uneasily. Giving such drugs over long periods in barracks or sanatoria, where blood tests and such are easily made and procedures are readily enforceable, is much more practical than risking steady sulpha on a child under amateur nursing at home—where many rheumatic children will always be cared for. There is another danger that too many individuals taking mild doses of sulpha over long periods will develop special sulpha-resistant strains of strep—a very definite possibility that would be a calamity all its own. A third school of thought, familiar with public and private apathy toward rheumatic fever, fears with reason that wide use of sulpha as a clinical crutch—and nobody claims it is anything more—will, as one doctor said, "tempt the profession to just sit back and stop trying to find the fundamental answers."

Unqualified agreement, in fact, exists only on using sulphas to safeguard rheumatic patients having tonsils or infected teeth removed. Without their protection, infection thrown into the blood stream in consequence of such an operation can, and often does, settle in an already damaged heart and start up a "bacterial endocarditis" that is usually fatal—a point for even adults to

Knowledge of Beauty

By Ruth Mary DuBois

I've watched for the knowledge of
beauty to come to your eyes,
My child, and now it is there, bright
as a star
Through your tears. Beauty
unbidden is everywhere.
Wild and sweet is the air, but still
it lies
Concealed . . . until the guarded
heart is wise
With love, and so unsealed.
O young and fair,
Have wonders come too soon . . .
and will you dare
Live so available to beauty's skies?

All suddenly the knowledge comes,
and then
The smallest leaf that glistens in
the rain
Is bright with splendor as the sun,
and when
The shaft has struck, it still will
strike again. . . .
Unhaunted ever may your heart
remain
A touchstone, quick to gladness and
to pain.



Sunny's Washday ABC's

"The class will come to order, please,"
Says Sunny to her scholars.
"Today we'll learn how Linit starch
Will save you time and dollars.

Now watch me, children, while I wash
And rinse and starch and press.
You'll see how cotton, Linit starched,
Looks like a linen dress.

To half a cup of water, cold,
Add half a cup of Linit
And then two quarts of water, hot,
Is just enough to thin it.

Shirts and sheets and curtains, too,
When starched the Linit way,
Will iron like a summer breeze
And clean much longer stay.

So, children, when you're sent for starch,
Say "LINIT" to the grocer,
And if you're offered something else,
Politely answer, "No, Sir!"

LINIT LIGHTENS LAUNDRY LABOR



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LINIT is sold at all grocers

"Speshul Delivery about Prickly Heat!"



"Hurry up and read this, Mom—"

"Y'wanna keep my skin smooth as satin, doncha? And y'don't want me to suffer from nasty prickly heat, chafing and skin troubles like that? Well, then y'better use the *best* baby powder on me—and that means Mennen Baby Powder—it's *antiseptic*, mild and soothing!"

1. **Most baby specialists** prefer Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder to any other baby powder (and 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be antiseptic).*
2. **Mennen is smoothest**—shown in microscopic tests of 3 leading baby powders. Only Mennen powder is *"cloud-spun"* for extra smoothness, extra comfort.
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Also . . . 4 times as many doctors prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL as any other baby oil or lotion*

remember when a dentist decides to start pulling. It is nevertheless true that both military and civilian use of sulpha prophylaxis has so encouraged many doctors that it is certain to be widely used from here out until somebody turns up an excellent reason against it. That may well never happen. If it is responsibly used, no layman has much reason to feel uneasy about it.

And no responsible doctor fails to realize how tricky the disease can be, from practically any angle. Overcaution in protecting rheumatic children, for instance, against their weakened hearts can be psychologically crippling out of all proportion to the child's physical handicap: unless educated skillfully, alarmed parents can emotionally damage their children for life by unrealistically coddling them on account of rheumatic fever; even a teacher who does not know the right answers can saddle an unlucky youngster with emotions appropriate only to a chronic invalid when nothing of the sort is probably necessary. The "cardiac neurotic"—actually hale and hearty, but convinced he has "something wrong with my heart, doctor"—is already too familiar a visitor in doctors' offices.

Rheumatic children's emotional needs are only one of many reasons why many doctors insist that, whatever sulpha prophylaxis proves or doesn't prove, the nation's attack on rheumatic fever must be on a wide, imaginative community-job basis. It is reassuringly known that steady, consistent and experienced medical care can cut recurrence rates down and, in a majority of cases, make possible a virtually unhandicapped life. But such "medical care" means far more than dishing out pills. If a rheumatic-fever specialist's fairy godmother offered him all the facilities he needs for battling the villain, his order would include:

Enough training for school-system doctors, nurses and teachers to be reasonably sure of identifying most cases of rheumatic fever in school children. Mother wit can do that without either risking too-little-knowledge trouble or getting in the hair of private practitioners.

Enough specially trained medical and nursing staffs at community clinics, open to all, to check not only children suspected of rheumatic fever, but also their families.

Enough smart and tactful visiting nurses and social workers to make sure rheumatic kids get good conditions at home, with special relief funds available where needed. Some of the items are uncrowded sleeping quarters, warmth, high-resistance diet and a mother able to understand that, though Marvin shouldn't get chilled or overtired, walking upstairs is O.K. and outdoor exercise with other kids is practically indispensable for both soul and body.

Enough sanatorium beds, preferably in a separate institution, for every rheumatic youngster in the acute stages of first attack or recurrence. Since stays last six months or more, enough smart occupational therapists and teachers to keep youngsters from the emotional handicaps of falling behind in school and having nothing stimulating to do. Six months in bed, when you are feeling as well as convalescent rheumatics usually do, is tough on adults—for kids it can be close to torture.

When Lady Oxford was fifteen she met the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Morgan complained about his famous nose, which looked like an infuriated cauliflower. A fool would have said, "Oh, Mr. Morgan, there is nothing the matter with your nose."

Lady Oxford was never a fool. She took old Mr. Morgan's hand in hers and said, "You make a mistake, Mr. Morgan, to worry about your nose. I am sure you will agree with me that even without it you would not have been good looking."

Mr. Morgan was delighted.

—VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE: Love, Life and Laughter. (Mellifont Press, Ltd.)

E-Z UNDERWEAR for INFANTS



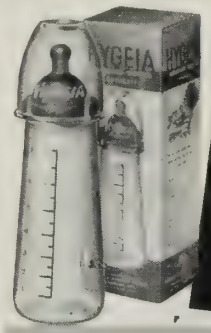
Mother, know your baby's weight before you buy his underwear! Every E-Z infant's shirt is marked with the *weight* and age of child for which it was made. Write for free booklet* with chart that shows proper shirt size for your baby from birth to 2½ years. Tie-around or pull-over styles, no buttons.

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*"Don't Let the Scales Scare You"

having a BABY?



Start right with Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Easy to clean—wide mouth and rounded interior corners have no crevices where germs can hide. Red measuring scale aids in correct filling. Wide base prevents tipping. Tapered shape helps baby get last drop of formula. Famous breast-shaped nipple with patented air-vent permits steady flow, prevents "windsucking." Cap keeps nipples and formula germ-free for storing or out-of-home feeding.



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Ask your druggist for Hygeia's new package containing Bottle, Nipple, and Cap. No extra cost.

Hygeia NURSING BOTTLES NIPPLES WITH CAPS
Sold complete as illustrated or parts separately!

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY

Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

With An Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Rub on a little Ice-Mint and feel the blissfully cool and soothing sensation of comfort that follows, as this frosty-white medicinal cream goes to work driving out fiery burning and aching tiredness. Grand, too, to help soften up painful corns and callouses. So don't delay—get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. At all druggists.

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Maybe convalescent homes where rheumatic youngsters can be built up under careful supervision after leaving the sanatorium. Opinion is—you guessed it—divided on this, some doctors thinking home better on the whole than any institution, once the acute stage is over. There is also lively dispute over the advisability of special "cardiac classes" in schools, where, proponents claim, the physical and psychological needs of rheumatic kids can be handled best by specially trained teachers without damaging contrast with unhandicapped schoolmates.

Certainly ample funds for research, for educating doctors in the subtleties of rheumatic fever—and, by no means least, for teaching the public as much about the disease as it has been taught in the past generation about tuberculosis.

All that sounds—and would be—expensive. So was antituberculosis effort, now slowly beginning to pay huge dividends. No such antirheumatic-fever program yet exists completely in a test-tube community where, among other things, actual expense could be discovered. Syracuse, New York, probably comes as close as any, with a two-year-old city-wide program tied in with the Syracuse University College of Medicine, the Syracuse Memorial Hospital, both public and parochial schools and numerous other agencies doing a doughty best to make it go. Funds come from American Legion Post No. 41, various service clubs and private individuals. It would be hard to find better use for money. Threatened children from all over the nation will eventually be better off for what is learned the hard way in this Syracuse setup.

The memorable thing, however, is the absurd contrast between the national problem and resources to cope with it. That is very clear in Federal funds available. The Federal Children's Bureau, using funds earmarked for handicapped children generally, is supplying money on one or another basis this year to eighteen different states for approved programs to combat rheumatic fever. It would sound good—if the total handed out were more than a mere $470,000 and if the state programs involved were not so fragmentary, some covering only one county or municipality. That sum would hardly pay the rent on facilities actually needed. The bureau frankly admits not knowing how much could be used to good purpose. It does know that the only way to find out would be to spend $15,000,000 a year for five years.

Timing must be right. Setting up facilities without enough specially trained doctors would be worse than pointless. Steaming up the public without facilities would be worse. "It isn't right," said one doctor, anything but a conservative defeatist, "to worry mothers and children about rheumatic fever unless the locality has expert means to determine accurately whether or not disease is present." The point is indisputable. It is also true, however, that public interest is a very useful thing. Consider the Children's Bureau's story about Montana, a high rheumatic-fever state:

The state crippled-children's agency kept getting requests for help from a woman with a rheumatic child. They kept telling her that such a program was in prospect, but waiting for legal and financial kinks to iron out, which was true. Her husband was a CIO union member, and through him she made representations. One day a high-ranking CIO official appeared in the capital, speaking forceful monosyllables to state health men and key legislators. With miraculous speed legal hitches disappeared, money was forthcoming, and Montana's rheumatic-fever program is very efficiently using both state and Federal money in the good cause.

The story is worth pondering if your community wants a worth-while postwar project.

Editors' Note: The office of the Surgeon General of the U. S. Army has read this article, and requested that this footnote be added:

"It is felt that comment should be made on the data which show a definite hereditary pattern of rheumatic fever. The doctrine that a peculiar hereditary make-up is required for development of rheumatic fever is not regarded as definitely proved and is not in accord with epidemiological observations in Army camps. The statement that if both parents have rheumatic fever the chances that their child will get it are practically 100 per cent, could certainly have serious psychological effects on the individual with a rheumatic-fever history who reads this article."



By Munro Leaf

THIS creature looking so ashamed of itself is a Never-Put-Away. All that junk on the floor used to be good toys, games, books, a sled, a bike and other things that were fun to have. This foolish person would never put them away after using them and now they are all broken, torn and spoiled. A lot of other things it used to have aren't even here. They have been lost forever by this Never-Put-Away.



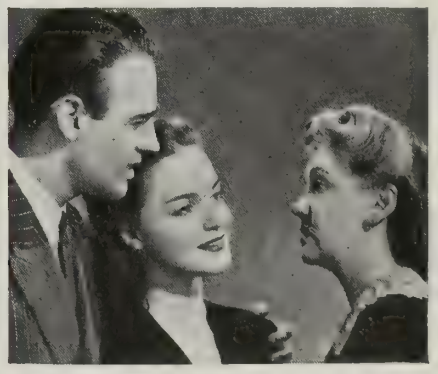
1. While Ted's father was on a long business trip, Ted's mother came to visit us. I thought being with the baby would cheer her up. It did, at first, and we got along just fine until she started "sounding off" about my management of little Jean.



2. "You certainly pamper the baby," she'd say, "with all these special things. Special soap, special powder—don't tell me *now* you're going to give her a *special laxative!*" One evening she was complaining just as Ted came in.



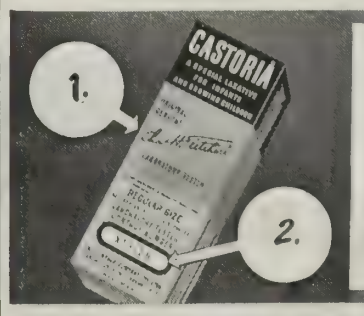
3. That was when I blew up and appealed to Ted for help...he was magnificent. "Of *course* we give Jean a special laxative," he said. "The doctor told us to, because a baby's delicate system needs special care."



4. "Adult laxatives can be too harsh," I chimed in, "so we give the baby Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for children—effective and gentle, never griping." With that Ted gave Jean some Fletcher's Castoria.



5. "My goodness!" cried Ted's mother. "See how well she takes it—she seems to *love* it!" "She *does* love it!" I smiled at my mother-in-law. "Well, my dears," she said, "I guess I'm *not* too old to learn a new trick."



Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria packages...both Regular Size and money-saving Family Size:

1. *The green band* on the package identifies new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. *The Serial Control Number* is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies the rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, biological—made on every batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

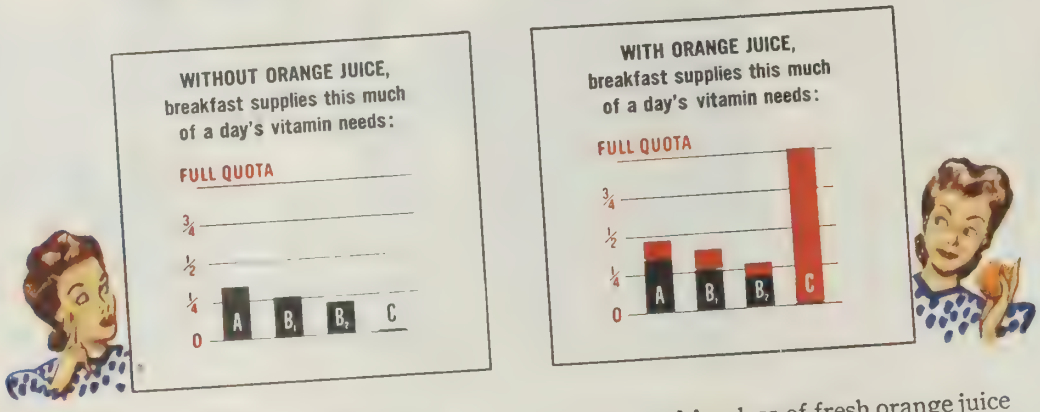
Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for children

Amazing what oranges do!

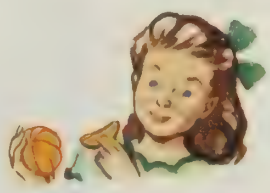
FOR FLAVOR! FOR FAMILY HEALTH!



1. Your breakfast orange juice is a good example. As the chart shows, you get many vitamins from an egg, cereal with milk, and buttered toast. Yet like most foods they fall short in vitamin C.

2. Add a big glass of fresh orange juice and you fill your day's need for vitamin C. Help with vitamins A, B_1, B_2, calcium and other minerals. And treat yourself to that sunny California orange flavor!





3. Oranges at other meals will do just as much. They are your richest practical source of vitamin C. This vitamin helps protect teeth and gums, fights fatigue and infection, keeps you feeling *young!*

4. You need more C than any other vitamin and need it daily. Delicious California oranges make it easy to get all you must have for vigorous health! Enjoy them in some way—*every day!*



Juicy small oranges

BEST BUY THIS SUMMER!

Mother Nature says: no big oranges but lots of *small* ones this summer. And they are mighty good. Thin-skinned! Sweet! Bursting with juice! Buy a big bag full of small oranges today—your best buy for juice and vitamins. Ask for Sunkist, finest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA ORANGES

LET'S FINISH THE JOB —BUY WAR BONDS

BEST FOR JUICE - *and Every use!*

HOW ITALY LIVES

TONI FRISSELL

Six times the Cremascos fled from war's path, losing all their savings and clothes. "But we saved the children, and that is everything." Signora Cremasco, now 32, had six sons in eight years.

MEET THE CREMASCOS, OF FLORENCE

BY HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

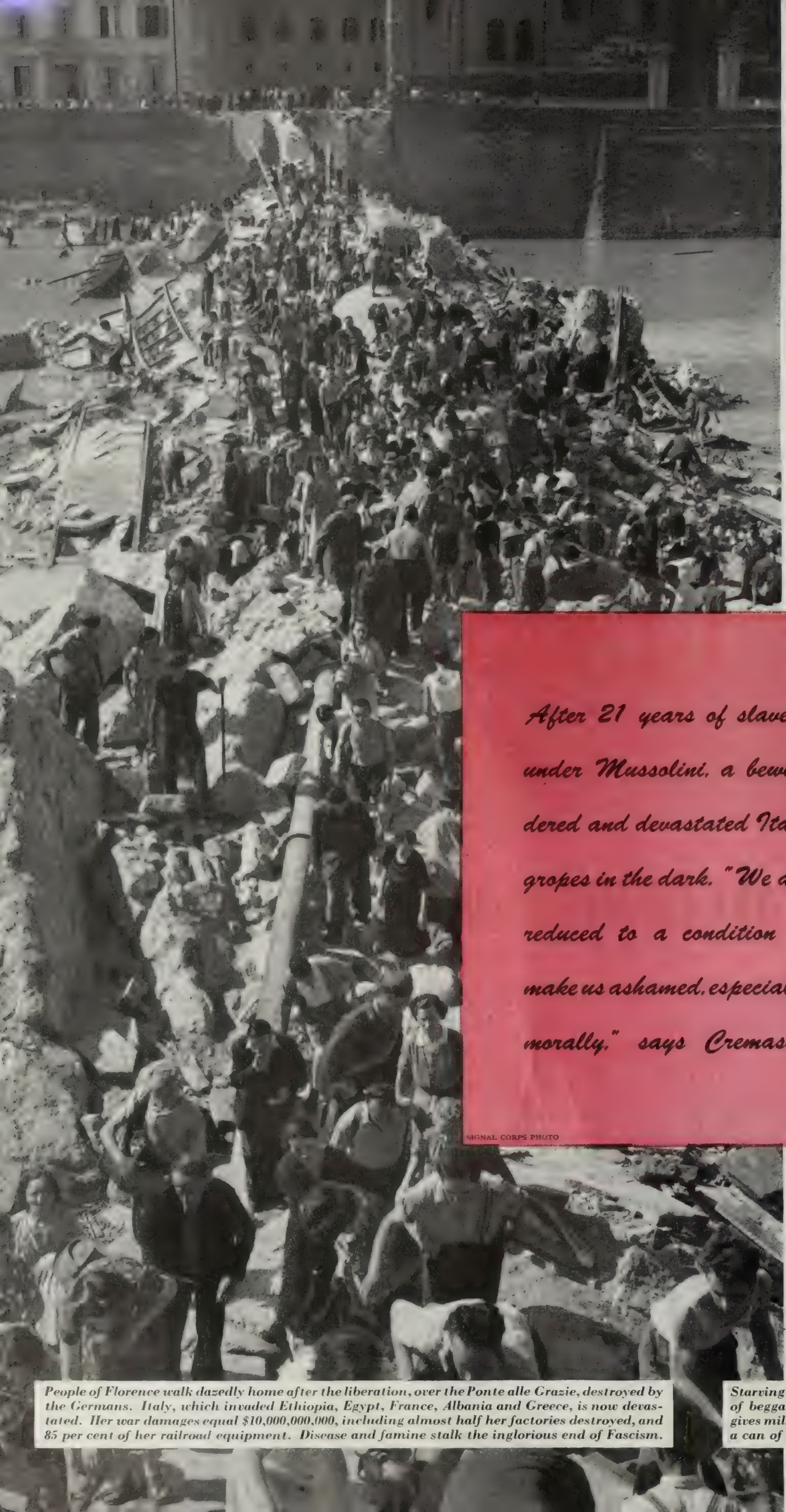
CLUSTERED around their mother's skirts, their large black eyes peering shyly at you, five little boys, ranging in age from three to nine, greet you when you call at the home of Giovanni Cremasco, elementary-school teacher of Florence, Italy. The mother has the Madonnalike gentleness and placidity typical of Italian women through the ages, and to complete the picture, she holds her sixth baby son in her arms.

All the children are wearing rough black cotton smocks that button down the back, and on their feet they wear a variety of wooden clogs or slippers, for they have no shoes. The black smocks conceal threadbare and ragged little shirts and shorts and sweaters—the only clothing to be salvaged from the ruins of a bombing which the family miraculously escaped. Tiny Luigi, the youngest, was born a few days after that bombing. At this birth, as well as at the birth of her five other sons, Signora Cremasco was assisted by a midwife, although Fascist maternal clinics were available to her had she wanted to go to them.

Signora Cremasco, in accordance with the Latin tradition, is modest and shy and accustomed to letting her husband do the talking. She is greatly relieved when she hears the sound of his steps struggling up the last of six flights of stone stairs with his bicycle. He dares not leave this treasured

ACME PHOTO

Germans blew up most of the bridges of 2000-year-old Florence, bombed the famous Ponte Vecchio (above). After retreating, they shelled heart of city for ten days.



People of Florence walk dazedly home after the liberation, over the Ponte alle Grazie, destroyed by the Germans. Italy, which invaded Ethiopia, Egypt, France, Albania and Greece, is now devastated. Her war damages equal $10,000,000,000, including almost half her factories destroyed, and 85 per cent of her railroad equipment. Disease and famine stalk the inglorious end of Fascism.

After 21 years of slavery under Mussolini, a bewildered and devastated Italy gropes in the dark. "We are reduced to a condition to make us ashamed, especially morally," says Cremasco.

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO



PHOTOS BY TONI FRISSELL

Half a pint of milk is Giovanni's reward for scouring city all day on bicycle. He spends $45 a month for food, earns only $41. Bit by bit they are selling all their scanty belongings.

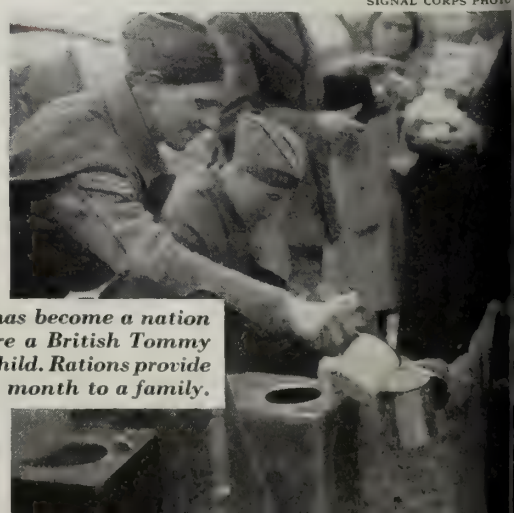


Six sons' teeth are crumbling for lack o calcium. Last year, two in five Italia babies died before they were a year old



Cremasco boys have only cotton smocks t wear. They stayed indoors all winter, misse school. Wool is so scarce, a single blanket cost $100. A pair of shoes costs $60; a suit, $150.

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO



Starving Italy has become a nation of beggars. Here a British Tommy gives milk to a child. Rations provide a can of meat a month to a family.

vehicle down in the courtyard or out of his sight for five minutes. It might be stolen, and it is his only means of transportation. Every day he must spend hours scouring the markets of Florence to try to find food for his family. Today he produces a bag of chestnut flour, a half pint of milk, some spinach and two fresh eggs. The eggs cost him twenty-five cents apiece and he explains that they are for his wife. Her teeth are crumbling away from lack of calcium and he is trying desperately to stretch the budget so that the decalcification can be checked.

What Giovanni thinks about, day and night, is food. Life has been reduced to that level for the ordinary family in Italy—the simple terror of not having enough to eat, the simple task of keeping those children fed at any cost, even if he must sell his few possessions, even if he must, in the end, do something dishonest on the black market. To buy what little they do eat, Giovanni needs all he earns and a bit more than his total income at present. Recently he had to sell their radio, a silver plate and some of his books to keep going.

"We had a few wedding presents," his wife, Nives, remarks sadly, "but beyond that only the necessities of life. Soon again we won't have enough to carry on, and perhaps we will have to sell the furniture. The children are gradually weakening, and we can't get the extra food for the boy with glandular trouble. In order to get extra rations for a sick person, he must be gravely ill and not just threatened with a serious ailment. I could go into black-market dealings, but that takes so much money even if I had the inclination. Up to now I wouldn't think of it; but if one's children need to eat, one just cannot stand it."

Giovanni is without work because he is under the dark shadow of the epuration, which means that he has been suspended from his teaching position pending an investigation into his Fascist activities. He still receives his basic pay, which amounts to $26 a month, which would have maintained the family modestly in prewar times. Today, with inflation ravaging the country, $26 a month does not even pay for their food, let alone rent or clothing.

With all his efforts to keep expenses down, Giovanni says he cannot spend less than an average of $1.50 a day for food, and that in itself is more than his total income. The daily menu hardly ever varies, and it is based as much as possible on the rations which Allied Military Government supplies at official prices. Breakfast for all the family consists of powdered milk and a slice of bread apiece. Lunch and supper are mostly the same: a soup made of the cheapest vegetables, spaghetti in some form, powdered milk and a slice of bread. Sometimes there is chestnut flour or corn meal, fried, instead of spaghetti. The sugar ration allows 120 grams per person per month, but there has not been any since January, says Nives. Beyond food, there is nothing to hope

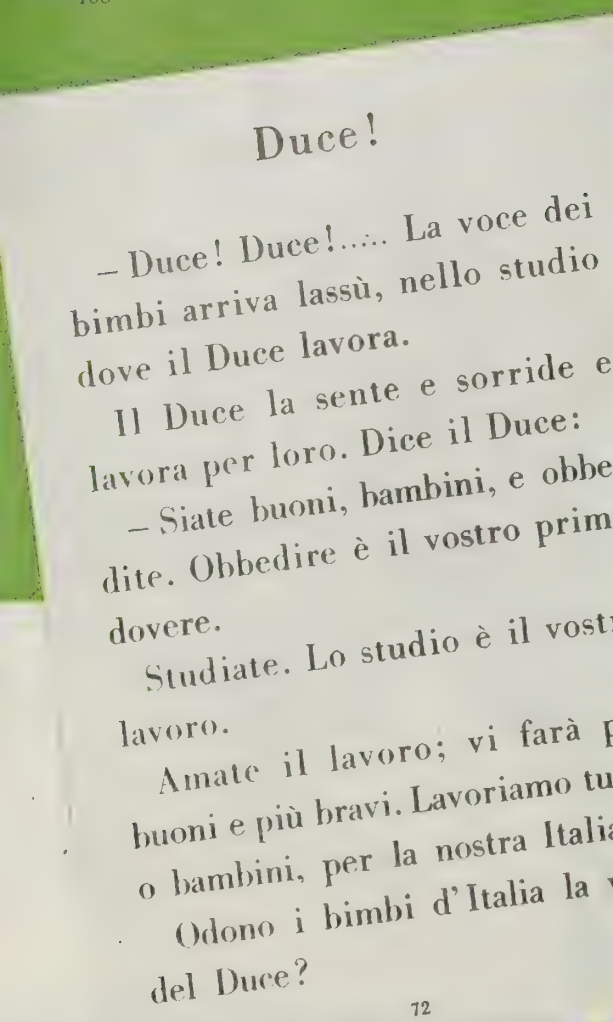


PRESS ASSOCIATION

Florentines line up for water, after their Allies, the Germans, destroyed all hydroelectric plants to induce typhus epidemics. Under German occupation, general mortality doubled in Italy, TB increased 300 per cent. Before Americans arrived, there were no anesthetics in Florence hospitals.

TONI FRISSELL

"I was 17 when Fascism began," says Giovanni, now 41. "I never cared for politics. I joined the Fascist Militia to provide security for my wife and sons. Now the Americans have suspended me from my job of teaching school. My family is starving." His wife, Nives, says, "Giovanni is a good man. He never harmed anybody."



Duce!

– Duce! Duce!..... La voce dei bimbi arriva lassù, nello studio dove il Duce lavora.

Il Duce la sente e sorride e lavora per loro. Dice il Duce:

– Siate buoni, bambini, e obbedite. Obbedire è il vostro primo dovere.

Studiate. Lo studio è il vostro lavoro.

Amate il lavoro; vi farà più buoni e più bravi. Lavoriamo tutti, o bambini, per la nostra Italia. –

Odono i bimbi d'Italia la voce del Duce?

72

THIS page from a second-grade primer shows how Mussolini won the unquestioning obedience of his slaves. New textbooks (3,500,000 of them) are being printed by the Allies. They have been rewritten by Italian patriots. I for Impero now reads I for Inghilterra (England). In arithmetic problems, pears and apples take the place of rows of Fascist soldiers.

This is the translation of the page above:

Duce! Duce! . . . The voice of the children reaches high into the office where the Duce labors.

The Duce hears them and smiles because he is working for them. Says the Duce:

"Be good, children, and obey, because obeying is your first duty.

"Study. By studying, you are performing your work.

"Love to work, which will make you better and braver. We all work, my children, for our Italy.

"Are the children of Italy hearing the voice of the Duce?"

HOW ITALY LIVES

for at the moment, since buying clothes is out of the question.

A pair of shoes costs $40 to $60 for adults, from $15 up for children, which is why the Cremasco boys go shoeless. Men's suits cost from $100 to $150. Giovanni is wearing a strange mixture, dating as far back as twenty years, of riding clothes, Tuxedo vest, Fascist militia shirt (not the black one). Stockings of the most inferior quality would cost Nives from $1.50 to $3 a pair, and she couldn't buy any kind of dress for under $20. Wool and cotton long ago disappeared from Italian shops. So Nives must stay behind the closed doors of her home, wearing the threadbare, shapeless clothes that she was able to salvage from the bombing. For the children she contrived to make woolen thread out of the fillings of two mattresses in order to knit little garments to keep them warm.

"Honest people can't even buy handkerchiefs now"—and that to Giovanni seems the culmination—"for they cost thirty-five cents apiece." It has been many months since Nives Cremasco or any of her children have permitted themselves to be seen on the street. It is partly pride, for a family like the Cremascos would feel ashamed to send their children to school so poorly dressed. But during the winter and early spring it was a simple necessity too. It was too cold for Nives to go out without a winter coat, or for the children to go out without shoes and warm clothing. So Giovanni himself gives a few hours every day to teaching them their lessons. He is an experienced private tutor now and, indeed, could not keep the family going without the lessons he gives to high-school pupils on the side.

Giovanni speaks of his being suspended from his school position with pain and an apparently genuine bewilderment. He does not understand why he should have been suspended just because he was a Fascist reserve officer in the militia. The last thing you would think of in looking at him is militarism, but that is where Mussolini was clever. Giovanni is small, slight, delicate. He has a gentle voice and his shoulders are a little rounded from working at a desk for many years. When war came directly home in the shape of Allied bombers and a conquering army, he had not shown any physical courage. On the contrary, three years had been spent in frantic flights from his safe home in Florence, to different villages in the neighborhood. All their savings of $50 to $60 were spent in those moves and at the end, in Impruneta, seven or eight miles south of Florence, they lost nearly all their linens, tableware and clothing when the war swept through. Ironically enough, had they remained in Florence nothing would have happened.

So Giovanni would not be anyone's idea of a soldier, but Mussolini put him in a handsome militia uniform with a black shirt, shiny boots and a real pistol, and he became somebody. What he still does not seem to realize is that he was a cog in a monstrous machine. In a sense he was innocent, with the innocence of a foolish, simple, uncomprehending creature who literally knew no better. Nives knew even less what it was all about, which is understandable enough in a country where a woman's place is decidedly at home; and in any event, when a young woman has six children in eight years she is hardly likely to think seriously about politics.

"My husband had to be an officer in the militia reserve and is now waiting for the verdict of the *Commissione di Epurazione.* I'm not frightened of it—he is a good man and has never harmed anybody."

NIVES' simple reasoning shows how little she realizes the way their lives were caught up in a clash of forces so vast that they still have no conception of what happened. Their lives were typical, so that if you follow the dull-colored threads and the simple pattern they make, you will understand a great deal about Italy and Europe.

Both Giovanni and Nives are from Northeastern Italy, and both come from the same type of middle-class, civil-service family. When Giovanni took his first school job in Trieste in 1925, he lived in a room hired in the apartment of a piano teacher. Nives used to study with the piano teacher, and one day when she came for her lesson they met, and so the romance developed. It was not until 1935 that they married, however, as Giovanni had to complete his work at the university in order to get his degrees in pedagogy and philosophy and earn the right to be called "doctor" and to teach in a high school. But to have changed from an elementary-school teacher to a high-school teacher would have caused him to lose his seniority in the lists of elementary-school teachers and to receive a smaller salary. Neither Giovanni nor Nives was ambitious or a social climber or politically conscious. The pathos of their position, like that of so many other millions in Italy and Europe, is that they asked nothing for themselves but security and peace, with enough income to have children and bring them up healthily and decently. They failed entirely to see that they would have to play an active role as citizens to get and maintain such a boon from the society they lived in. Instead, they accepted Fascism blindly and complacently, and Fascism brought them to today's tragedy.

So those years between marriage and war were lived in a world of false hopes. One son after another was added to the family and now there are six: Pietro, born in 1936; Giorgio in 1937; Giovanni, 1938; Mario, 1940; Sergio, 1942; and Luigi in 1944.

IN some ways it paid to have large families during Fascism. Taxation was cut in two for families with four to six children and reduced to nothing when there were seven or more children. Elementary schools are free, and so are schools which train boys and girls for work, but the same principle of paying half or nothing as tuition fees in high schools and universities applies to large families. Teachers were employees of the state under Fascism, and as such Giovanni used to get an "indemnity" and a rise in salary every time one of his sons was born until, after the sixth, he was being paid as if he had taught for thirty years instead of nineteen. There were free hospitals for him and Nives, and free clinics for the children. During sickness a pension was provided for the family, and the state furnished life insurance very cheaply.

Naturally, Giovanni liked all those social benefits which were among the few good features of Fascism, and to him and Nives, with their simple demands on life, they were enough to justify the regime. They are sad and bewildered by its failure and do not feel personally responsible. The war happened and spoiled a world that to them seemed safe and good under Fascism.

There is no time for any fun, nowadays, and no heart for it. In the old days they went to movies, dances and outings, and sometimes even to the theater, but they cannot pay for entertainment now, in any case, and who will stay with the children? And how can they go out without proper clothing?

From day to day they live in fear that the Allied Military Government will stop the distribution of powdered milk to children under three. When these rumors spread, and they do frequently, Nives and Giovanni are desperate until they are proved false. Every time the doorbell rings, Giovanni hopes it will be a letter telling him he has been reinstated in his position at his school, or offering him a new private pupil to augment his income.

"The future is black," Giovanni admits bitterly, "but we have deep religious convictions, both of us, and our parents too. Not bigotry. It is the only thing that encourages us to carry on honestly. Politics is no consolation to me. I never was interested. Before, I did a little more than others with my premilitary teaching because I wasn't a coward. I worked for the good of my school and my country. I erred, but I tried to do something for my country. However, I never was a politician and never played politics. Now I don't belong to any party. I was burned once, and that was enough. I am not even a Christian Democrat (the Catholic party). It is as odious to me as the others. A priest who plays politics does not please me."

The future is black, but Giovanni and Nives and the children may be a bit better off soon, for the Italian government has just announced substantial increases in the pay of state employees, and the end of war may bring slight improvements in the food situation. Giovanni and Nives are afraid, however—they are afraid of hunger and of revolution.

"To take care of one's family and the interests of the community," says Giovanni, "that is enough, and the best a man can do. If we fight over political questions now, we are lost."

MEAT *in World War II*

FROZEN "3-WAY BONELESS BEEF"





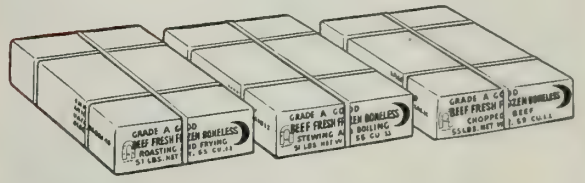
IN WORLD WAR I

Beef was shipped in sides and quarters and had to be cut up by army cooks—resulting in much waste.



IN WORLD WAR II

Now it comes in handy 50-pound cartons. Saves space. Saves waste. Gets meat to fighters in better condition. Makes four carloads do the work of ten.



Style No. 1
Roasting and frying. 10 to 14 cuts per carton—4 to 5 pounds each.

Style No. 2
Stewing and braising. Up to 30 pieces per carton.

Style No. 3
Chopped beef in four 12-pound loaves per carton.

Frozen "three-way boneless beef" retains the natural juices and flavor of the meat and is one of the most noteworthy war developments of the meat packing industry.

It is only one of more than 150 meat products—fresh, cured and canned—developed by the meat packing industry for the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps.

Each of them does its part to make eating more inviting as well as to supply the complete, highest quality proteins of meat on which both civilian and military nutritionists place so much emphasis today.

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AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.
Council on Foods and Nutrition

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago

Members throughout the U. S.



IF YOU HAD TO DECIDE . . .

Suppose it was up to you . . . to say who should have first call on this nation's soap supply.

Wouldn't you say exactly what the government has said?...that Fels & Company, along with other leading soap manufacturers, must help to supply men and women in the service with this indispensable item of war equipment. *Of course you would!*

If you thought about it twice, you would realize that one of the reasons our fighting men are winning battles is because they have plenty of good soap. A clean soldier is a healthy soldier. He is in better condition for combat. He gets well quicker if he is hurt.

So—when you find, as you often will, that you can't get Fels-Naptha—remember that by going short on your favorite soap for a little while now, you're making a long-term investment in a peaceful future.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

YOU DON'T NEED LEGS TO LIVE

(Continued from Page 5)

of the room can interfere with his movements. The floors are bare of rugs. Casey rolls easily to the kitchen, reaches his percolator from one of the low shelves on which all supplies are kept, and starts his morning coffee.

The daily routine is a simple one, yet every movement is the result of careful planning. When Casey rolls into the bathroom to shave, he can see himself in the mirror only because it is hung in a tilted-down position, to reflect his seated figure. When he hoists himself onto the edge of the tub and lowers his body into the bath, he leans on rods which look like ordinary towel racks—but they are cemented strongly into the walls, to bear his full weight. The movements are smooth and fairly effortless only because Casey figured his house out in advance, to make them that way.

For a man with no strength in his legs, to dress himself is a tiring and exhausting job; pulling on his trousers always means violent contortions. But Casey never misses a day of getting out of bed and facing life; his private code permits no malingering, no "escape" into the invalid's narrow world. Casey's therapy—worked out in his own heart, with no priest or psychiatrist to nudge him into it—involves "doing for-himself" in every way.

Another man could, for instance, find excuses for having someone else make his bed; there's a woman who comes in several times a week to handle the heavier chores, and she could do it on those days. But when she arrives, the bed is already made—and made with square, hospital corners, the way the troopers are taught in their barracks. In order to make the bed at all, Casey has had to have wheels put under it, so that he shifts it around, on the bare floor, working on it from all four sides before he pushes it against the wall.

When you can't hold down a job, making your own bed can be a big help toward starting off the day with self-respect. (The relentless will that insists on such things is of a piece with Leo's stubborn refusal to take sedatives for any pain, even when his suffering is considerable.)

Casey always cooks his own breakfast, and fixes dinner more than half the time; lunch is a lost habit with him. He washes up, too; the kitchen sink has a space into which the wheel chair fits while he runs scalding water over the plates and cups. Later he stacks them in the pantry, which is equipped with sliding shelf doors; these are easier to handle than doors that open, if you are sitting down. To make all such chores possible, Casey has arranged the cushions in his wheel chair so that his lap is flat; on it he places a lapboard to hold piles of dishes. Such things are all the result of careful thought during those hours, lying in bed, which other men might have devoted to self-pity.

This thinking out of everything in advance is a habit Casey began long ago—soon after he received the news that he would never walk again.

Lying in his hospital bed, Casey asked the doctor about driving a car. Yes, he was told, he might drive if he had a car equipped with hand devices to replace the usual clutch and brake.

Now, Casey had often been detailed to accompany New York's governor from the mansion in Albany; he knew of such devices attached to the car of Franklin D. Roosevelt, another man with useless legs. But these gadgets, as Casey thought them over, were unnecessarily clumsy and complicated. The trooper knows what goes on under the hood of a car better than most of us; lying in the hospital, he gave his mind the job of inventing better devices.

Later, he got a toolmaker to fashion them. Later still, Mrs. Roosevelt was to see these and admire them and arrange for duplicates to be attached to the car of the President of the United States. It was with Casey's hand devices that Mr. Roosevelt drove in his last years.

Leo is still of a mechanical turn; off his kitchen is a tool shop whose long shelf is covered with vises and drills and all the things men need to turn out clever objects for the home. There's a spotlight for the yard, made with an empty coffee can as a base. There's a device for the kitchen door which allows Boots, the bulldog, to wander in and out without assistance.

With such things always crying to be made, Casey tells you, "I don't have time to do half the things I want to, during the day. It sounds screwy, but it's true."

Housework and tinkering with inventions are fun, but Leo Casey's main occupation remains his friends. He has earned them, rightfully, by giving back as good as they can take in the way of hard, tough kidding. Offer Leo Casey your pity, and you might be thrown out of the house; offer him your friendship, as an equal, and he will warmly welcome you. Families who are going to deal with disabled veterans, and are inclined to coddle them, might consider this: it is his refusal to capitalize an invalid's weaknesses, his determination to accept no special privileges, which have made Leo Casey a man. And because this attitude is so sincerely his, no one feels uncomfortable in the sunny kitchen or porch where he entertains his friends.

They are legion, these friends. Every afternoon in winter they drop in for games of pitch or poker. In the summer months they arrange suppers in a picnic grove near Chittenango, or get Casey to go fishing from a boat. Every Sunday evening, throughout the year, a gang gathers at Leo's, while the host cooks dinner.

"No parsley," he says firmly. "No trimmings. Just meat and potatoes." But his way with a steak or a piece of venison makes the neighborhood chefs envy him, and Leo Casey brews the best coffee in upstate New York.

More and more of these friends, now, are men in uniform. Leo understands the veterans and shares many of their interests. The walls of his bedroom are covered with maps of the war areas. A globe of the world stands in one corner of the living room. The radio is usually turned on. Casey is not the kind of civilian with whom the returning veteran feels ill at ease; he has taken the trouble to find out what the different campaign ribbons look like, and to recognize the bar that means a Presidential Citation or a Purple Heart. Nowadays he's disturbed over the future of the men who have been wounded overseas.

"Things aren't absolutely perfect for the veterans even now," he says, "even when jobs are plentiful and everyone is hopped up over returning heroes. Private firms are

HOW LONG IS A SHOESTRING?

Supposing you lived in a house by the sea with six beguiling and merry youngsters under nine; then suppose your husband died suddenly, leaving only $3000. What would you do? Young Nora Smith stretched this sum for two years, until both shoestring and shoes were gone, then pluckily faced the only possible future—relief. Don't miss this heart-warming and delightful family in How America Lives. In the JOURNAL

In September

JOHNNY SPARKLE SAYS...

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- Cleans quickly
- Removes a major source of toilet odors
- Leaves a fresh minty odor

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Made by the makers of Expello Moth Products

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NO WATER! NO RINSING! NO DRYING!

No rubbing or scrubbing! Soil-Off cleans like dusting. Safe for any cleanable painted surface...actually seals pores against peeling and flaking. Freshens color, keeps white, *white*. SOIL-OFF, Glendale, Cal., Decatur, Ill.

SAVES 2/3 YOUR TIME

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THE ORIGINAL LIQUID PAINT CLEANER

supposed to take back the men who used to work there, but are governments too? What about a trooper who comes back from overseas, too old to pass the entrance requirements? Will he be given the job he'd still be holding if the war hadn't come along? And then there are cases where psychoneurotic veterans have been refused driving licenses, without a special letter from the doc. Maybe that's all right—but it's an attitude we've got to watch. We don't want these boys to be selling apples a few years from now."

Some of the disabled men have come to Casey for help in building up a life out of such unpromising materials as the war has left them. Casey is firm with them on warding off overprotection from their families, who might weaken their will to face the world.

"Don't let them baby you!" he tells them. "Don't let them get in the habit of lighting your cigarettes for you and asking you where you've been every time you leave the house. Maybe it's hard on them now, but it'll be better later if you remember that 'Go to hell' is a wonderful phrase. . . . And keep off the dope, or you'll get to depend on it!"

Then Casey tells them some of the unexpected compensations that come with a life like his. One thing that helps the most, he says, is that you begin to get pleasure out of things you never noticed before. Nature, for instance.

"I never looked at the scenery before my accident," says Leo Casey. But now, nearly every day, he makes a little trip to see what has happened to the trees and fields since yesterday. This is worth while to him, although leaving the house always involves the difficult, teeth-grinding task of getting from the chair onto the floor and into the car.

Casey's house has a side entrance with no steps; the car is driven straight to the door and left there overnight. His movements have been perfected now, through practice, and he goes in and out without any help. There is the shift from the wheel chair to a solid armchair. The hitching of this into the doorway. The drop to the floor. The opening of the car door and then the fast, dangerous swing across open space, when Casey shifts his heavy body, by his hands, under the steering wheel of the car. It isn't easy—it never will be easy—but it is done on most days.

And when he is inside his car, Casey owns the world. He whistles Boots to the seat beside him and sets off to see what he can see on a limited allotment of gasoline. There are wonderful things to watch from the front seat of an automobile—things most of us are blind to, and that the able-bodied trooper of fifteen years ago was blind to too. There's a near-by lake, with the sunlight on the little lapping waves. There are the hillsides, hidden by frost or showing spring greens. There's the waterfall, as pretty a thing as you'd wish to see when the torrents turn it into a white plume of spray.

And there are other things to watch. The operation of a steam shovel can be engrossing for a while. Amusement parks are open in the summer months, and, "I've had more fun watching couples dancing in those pavilions," says Casey, "than I ever used to have when I danced myself."

There's not much gas available today for idle touring, but there's enough to get Casey into town nearly every day. Here he calls on his friends and sometimes rounds up a few of them for dinner at his favorite restaurant. The back entrance here is level with

Women have often more of what is called *good sense* than men. They have fewer pretensions; are less implicated in theories; and judge of objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and, therefore, more truly and naturally. By their wit, sense and eloquence together, they generally contrive to govern their husbands. —WILLIAM HAZLITT.

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makes school clothes look like new . . . wear longer



This new improved system of Dry Cleaning has a "secret" 2-WAY ACTION!

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GREYHOUND

the ground; someone will always offer to open the folding wheel chair which accompanies the car wherever Casey goes, and which made his prewar automobile trips possible.

Those trips used to be very ambitious affairs for a man who cannot use his legs. Casey has traveled, quite alone, to Montreal, Canada, and to Warm Springs, Georgia. He's gone to Florida several winters and, before the war, he used to drive in to New York two or three times a year to see the plays. (He managed, with the help of the doorman, to slide off his wheel chair into an aisle seat. He always arranged for a friendly taxi driver to call for him after the show.)

"People are kind," says Casey. Too kind, sometimes. On his trips, no one ever refused to help him when he asked for a hand. But sometimes strangers have come up behind him, while he was involved in the difficult switch from one seat to another, not knowing that their touch might send him spinning.

"Never help any kind of disabled man unless he asks you to," Casey begs us all. "You don't understand his balance, and you can make things tougher for him." Even if such a man has fallen, he knows ways of getting up without assistance—and getting up alone from a fall is one of the big milestones of those who have been lately disabled. Don't deprive them of it!

But the mistakes we make toward the disabled, says Casey, almost always spring from an eagerness to help. His discovery of the innate kindliness of people has robbed Casey of the shyness he first felt; now he has no hesitation in driving up to a strange shop or hotel and asking the doorman to unfold his wheel chair and find him an entrance where there are only a few steps to be hitched over. Under these circumstances, strangers don't stay strangers very long: after ten minutes Casey's Irish charm has turned them into friends.

Human nature isn't spotless, of course. There have been a few disillusioning experiences through the years: there was the tattling woman who saw Casey being carried out of a neighbor's house into his wheel chair and who spread the word that his friends must have had a drunken party—the guests had to be carried to their cars. That kind of thing hurts.

And there are sometimes people who lack the courage to come clean with the disabled in the early, difficult days; they can make things much harder.

The only men of whom Casey ever speaks with bitterness are the doctors who treated him in an upstate hospital after his accident: they "conned" him with the idea that he'd recover. And so, for ten months in 1930, Leo Casey lived on hope, which had to be destroyed.

The disabled, he believes, have a right to know the truth about themselves, as soon as they are able to listen: he wishes doctors would explain their condition to them, and the purpose of the operations they must undergo, and the statistical chances of full or partial recovery, illustrating the lecture with the patients' own X rays.

In his case, Leo learned the truth from friends—valued friends, who had come to look for his smile when the trooper escort accompanied Governor Roosevelt on his trips from Albany.

When Casey's motorcycle skidded into an icy ditch and snapped his spine between the shoulder blades, the word was carried to the Roosevelt family, and the governor of New York came to the hospital to visit him. Later, when Casey didn't seem to be making proper progress, Mr. Roosevelt arranged that he should be transferred to his own specialist in New York City.

And when they discovered that Leo would never walk again, this doctor broke the news to him, sitting on the edge of his hospital bed, with Casey's old friend, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, there to make the news a little easier to take.

The doctor who told him the truth said, "Do whatever you feel like doing today, and you'll be all right. Maybe tomorrow the same exertion would be bad for you, but tomorrow you won't feel like doing it." That, Casey thinks, is the best advice a disabled patient ever received.

It was at the late President's urging that Casey became a patient, for a time, at Warm Springs, Georgia. He found it a useful experience. "It snapped me out of the doldrums," he says. "I remember seeing two patients, both wearing braces, dancing together and laughing. Maybe they weren't very graceful, but they were enjoying themselves as much as Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. It made me see you could have a lot of fun without your legs."

Leo Casey has visited at Hyde Park within the past few years. On her visits to Syracuse, Mrs. Roosevelt often stops to share a chat or a bite with him. Through her he has met celebrities and crowned heads, but an Irishman is a hard man to impress. To Leo Casey people are people: some of them are good guys, a small minority are "heels." Mrs. Roosevelt and her friends belong, in his eyes, high up in the "good guy" class.

Casey makes it easy for people to be good guys when he's around. If there was, in the early days, any envious tendency for him to ask, "Why am *I* the one who has to suffer this?" he has plucked it out of his heart. If he felt any twinge of jealousy of men who could still walk and run, he has learned not to feel it any more. You know this instinctively, when you meet him, and it is apparent in all the advice he gives to wounded servicemen.

Asked what he thought about Maj. Gen Norman T. Kirk's advice to veterans' families—"Don't think of him as a cripple and he won't be"—Casey adds, "O.K. And the guy had better learn not to think of himself as a cripple, either."

His own advice to relatives of those who are badly hurt in the war is bracing and astringent:

"Don't crowd him; don't protect him; don't spoil him. Don't tag along when he wants to go out alone, and don't forget he has a right to privacy too. Don't encourage him to take a job that will interfere with his treatments or wear him out too much. Don't 'spare' him—he'll feel better if he learns how to do most of the things around the house for himself. And for gosh sakes, don't pity him!"

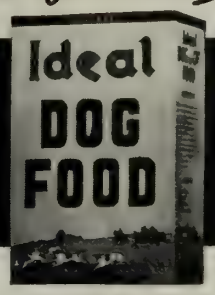
Testament

BY KAYE STARBIRD

I want no burial when I am dead,
No grave to hold my body shattering
Slowly beneath the earth, untenanted,
Where once it walked so proudly in the spring.
Burn it and throw the ashes to the wind;
The wind may yet remember where to go,
And it will search across the world and find
A hundred places that I used to know.
For epitaph, say only: "It is over.
She loved the earth, but she has gone away.
Some of her ashes lie in summer clover,
Some on the hilltop where the low clouds stray;
And some are caught among the elms and firs
That once she foolishly believed were hers."



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What about girls? What about children? Casey loves kids and is perfectly at ease with them; he passed through none of the shrinking self-consciousness over their questions which disturbed another of the badly hurt, Betsey Barton, who described her trials in the inspiring little book, And Now to Live Again.

With girls Casey does all right, thank you; he won't let any affair get serious because his pension would stop at his death and he has decided not to marry a wife, whom he might someday leave without provision.

Perhaps his answer to this problem is the wrong one for some other man; many disabled veterans will decide to marry. But Casey is right for himself—of that he's sure. And a bachelor who has lived as he does will have one great comfort, if he ever changes his mind: he'll know that he won't be a physical burden to a wife. With his experience about the home, he'd be classed, by most girls, as a catch!

So Leo Casey has built a full life for himself, without the help of psychiatry or work, family ties or intellectual interests—all of them good things which some of the veterans will have. This trooper's achievement is that, lacking such valuable aids, he has still made a place for himself in the world.

For he's a man whose friends look forward to seeing him—not an invalid on whom duty calls have to be made. He's a guest whom it's a pleasure to have around, on a picnic or a ride into town. He's a host who puts you at your ease and welcomes you at any hour of the night or day. He would deplore the suggestion that he does good, but many neighbors have dropped in on him with troubled minds, and left knowing that the indomitable heart of man can conquer harder problems than theirs.

Why not? Casey has done it singlehanded. He has built happiness and gaiety out of no better materials than a courageous heart, an iron will and a willingness to believe in life, even when its wryest tricks are played on him.

If you called Leo Casey an inspiration, he'd throw a plate at you. The fact that he'd throw the plate—and expect you to throw it right back at him—is the biggest achievement of his life.

GREENWICH VILLAGE BUM

(Continued from Page 20)

more and more on the stone terrace at the back door of her apartment, moving with the sun.

It was the first time Michaela Foster had ever been adopted. If the gentleman in the tiger stripes had only known it, he was softening her up for a beautiful emotional experience.

For four years Mike had been a very independent woman. She'd had her heart broken in Hollywood, and that is the quintessential breaking of a heart.

Mike had been married to Pat Foster. He was just an ordinary police reporter until he got ambitious and wrote a story for a magazine. The magazine bought it, and it turned out to be a series, and they went to Hollywood, and Pat went Hollywood, and it was all very trite. Mike cried a lot, and then one day she went back to New York, stopping off slightly at Reno, and that ended it.

Mike had been a reporter, too, before she married Pat. She went back to being a reporter, but it was on a slightly different scale now. She reported on celebrities, and she had her own column. It was a lovely job, and it carried certain perquisites, such as good seats at night clubs and the theater, but it didn't make much difference to Michaela who sat in the next seat.

At home it was different. At home she worked on short stories. They all came back, but she went on doggedly. One of these days she'd get the feel of the popular pulse, and then she'd be an author. She didn't, of course; she was angry with herself and the world, and her work showed it. And then The Bum moved in on her.

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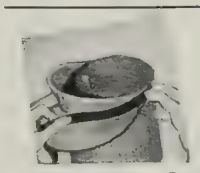


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The Bum softened her up. It was his undoubted masculinity, his terrific independence, his practiced charm, and watching all of it soften into a kind of chili sauce, which put the mark on Michaela Foster. She took to watching for him at the kitchen window, and buying raw butterfish for him. She wouldn't have admitted it, but that cat was getting to be a very important piece of her personal tapestry. He was so sweet, so gentle.

She knew, feeling his battle-thickened ears, that he was no copycat. He was a toughie, but he loved her. He sat at her door and waited for her every night, a small knight, used to battle, and muscled like the *tigre* he was patterned after, but in her hands he was a loose-skinned kitten, purring and content. He was a great comfort.

She got to depend on him: The Bum would be at the back door, no matter what time she got home. And he always was. If he hadn't been such a tough gent, it wouldn't have been so flattering.

She was coming home one night from the new show at a night club, and it had been a stinker. Girls, yes. Gags, yes. Trimmings, gee whiz. But it hadn't hung together, and she knew she was going to excoriate it in her column the next evening, and she thought about The Bum. So she stopped in an all-night delicatessen near her apartment to get some frozen fish fillets for him, because she was down to her last red point. She loved The Bum. And there was a man in there in flannels and a light topcoat, with the emblem of a discharged soldier on his lapel, and of course it was Pat. He was buying beer and pretzels and other unrationed objects, and she watched him for a long moment.

Pat Foster. For heaven's sake. She leaned back on the cheese counter and watched him. This was the man she'd been in love with—the man she'd divorced. And he'd been a soldier. The little emblem on his lapel showed that. And she could be a lady and quit watching him and go quietly out the door too. Instead, she watched him.

Well, he ordered beer and pretzels, and then he said hesitantly, "How much, buddy?"

That got her. That wasn't like Pat. Pat was the guy who said, "Give me the check, waiter," and got it. Pat was the guy who thought Hollywood had no bottom. Pat was the guy, the sap, the silly. But this Pat was taking out a worn wallet with thin white hands, and looking into that wallet carefully.

MIKE went around and rooted in the frozen-foods cabinet, and came out with some fish fillets, and marched up to the counter and said pleasantly, "I'm taking the fillets, Sam. And give me a quart of homogenized milk too."

Pat didn't say a word, and Mike knew he wouldn't. There was something here she didn't know about. So she swung about and looked at him and did a double take, and said:

"Pat! For heaven's sake!"

He came up on cue. He said, "Mike, how nice to see you," and "Isn't it a small world?" and other small talk, but his heart wasn't in it. Nothing was in it. It was just words.

So she said, "Beer? How nice. Let's have a snack together, Pat, for old times' sake."

They went out together, laden down, and she chattered determinedly until she had him in her kitchen with his coat off.

She was thinking furiously. What was the matter with him? The lad with the wisecracks, Easy Money Foster, the boy with a taste for ringside tables and roulette and Hollywood parties; what had happened to him? Nobody could change that much.

He took the beer mug and looked at it and said, "I remember these. You got them at the five-and-ten when we lived down near the Square. Brown pottery—and we had a red-and-white tablecloth with big checks." He glanced around the room, and smiled. "Same furniture, too, except for that record player."

"I got it out of storage when I came back to New York."

He raised an eyebrow. "Storage?"

"I PUT the furniture in storage when we went out to the Coast, Pat. I was fond of it. Every piece of it meant something—a raise I had or a story you sold. And most of it was good stuff that we picked up at secondhand places and worked over ourselves. You can't just sell furniture you've rubbed down with broken glass and elbow grease."

"I suppose not." He looked at her then, and she had the feeling he was phrasing something carefully. "You look just the same, Mike."

"So do you. Although I like you better in these clothes than I did in some of your West Coast getups."

A mask came over his face then, and the gentleness went out of it. It was a lean, strong face with shaggy black eyebrows and blue Irish eyes, and although his dark hair was as thick and unruly as ever, there were gray threads in it.

A quick tumult grew in her. She'd walked out on him, after all; she was the one who hadn't liked Hollywood. Or, rather, what Hollywood had done to Pat.

He said courteously, "New York seems to agree with you, Mike. What are you doing with yourself these days?"

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be. —THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Dig your well before you are thirsty.

Is it not strange that he who has no children brings them up so well?

"Oh, I went back to the same old place. You know me—I keep old letters and can't bear to throw out old magazines. But I've got a different job—I'm on the night-club run."

He looked surprised and amused. "You, Mike? When you used to hate them so much?"

Mike shrugged. "It's a living. And what about you? I see by your lapel you've been abroad lately." She'd noticed he had a pin on his suit too. "What branch were you in?"

"The paratroops." His voice was level, unaccented. "I was captured in Holland, but it was all right that time—they got us out before the Heinies had a chance to ship us to Germany."

"When did you get in?"

"I enlisted in the fall of forty-one."

That was when Mike had made the quick stop at Reno, the fall of '41. She felt the blood rush to her face. "Before Pearl Harbor, then."

Pat nodded. "Two months before. I didn't know we'd get into it so soon."

It went on like that: courteous answers to her questions, a smile now and then. Mike thought desperately that it was like talking to an intelligent wall. He was Pat, and he wasn't Pat. The old, brilliant, wisecracking Pat who covered the police run with his hat on the back of his head had had this man's face and name, but they had nothing else in common.

She said finally, "Where are you staying, Pat?"

He mentioned the name of a little hotel where some of their out-of-work friends used to hole up, waiting for a break; the kind of place with one bathroom to a floor, and an antiseptic smell. *Why, Pat was broke!* Nobody in his right mind would stay at that dump—and Mike remembered his fumbling in his wallet to pay for two small bottles of beer and a nickel packet of pretzels. She steadied herself and stretched lazily.

"Pat, maybe you've forgotten the rotten hours we used to keep on a morning paper—but I'm hungry. I haven't had supper yet. Why don't you stay and eat with me? It's lonesome, eating alone." She leaned forward so that he couldn't see her eyes.

"Food?" he inquired. "A lovely thought, Mike. I haven't eaten any home-cooked food in a long time."



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"Good. You stretch out on the couch and keep out from underfoot. Here's the morning paper."

She got up and rummaged in a drawer for a clean apron, giving him no chance to get a word in. She put the gay green trifle on, and hunkered down in front of the refrigerator. What, in heaven's name, did she have handy anyway? There were half a pound of hamburg and two kosher frankfurters and a fried chicken leg. Heaven only knew!

She couldn't think, and there were tears in her eyes, and all she could remember was the wire Pat had sent her at Reno the day she'd been given her decree:

SORRY, KID. BUT YOU KNOW BEST. YOU'RE STILL THE BEST COOK I KNOW. PAT.

She got up and went over to the cupboard and looked at the emergency shelf. Of course: soup! She got down a can of condensed chicken soup, a can of cream of asparagus, a jar of wet-pack shrimp. She blended the soups and added milk and put them into a double boiler.

Shrimp. How she hated to clean shrimp! She hurried through it, and tossed them into the soup and lit the oven.

The frankfurters and hamburg and chicken meat went into the grinder, and she added a touch of tarragon and a touch of mace, and spread the mixture thinly on a cooky tin and set it under the flame.

Behind her she heard the rustle of the newspaper. Good—so far, so good. Pat had the pride of the devil himself. He mustn't know she'd guessed how it was with him. She started the hot water in the kettle and reached down her last, cherished can of bitter Cuban coffee. Pat liked his coffee black as sin, and strong as the love of an Irishwoman; or so he'd always said.

NEITHER of them had mentioned the divorce, and she knew that sooner or later it must be brought up, be explained. She'd had her pride too. She'd been sick and tired of the brilliant people Pat brought home with him, to put in long-distance calls at Pat's expense and trade the gossip they all told so gaily.

It seemed long ago now, far away. She was conscious only of Pat, now, there on the couch behind her, and she wanted confusedly to turn to him and put her head on his breast.

Pat's voice startled her. He said, "Don't look now, but we're being observed. Some jealous swain of yours?"

She turned and followed his glance. "Oh," she exclaimed, "it's The Bum! I'd forgotten him. Poor gent." She looked at the two baleful green eyes and went to the door.

He marched in, after a second or so, and wove around her ankles. She reached down and petted him, and he muttered something in an irascible tone of voice, and went over to his dish. She put a fillet of fish in it hurriedly. He took a bite or two, and turned away, and wove around her ankles again.

Pat said, "Quite a cat! Look at those muscles on him—he's the rugged type. How old is he?"

She said, "I haven't the faintest idea. He wandered in about six months ago, and he seems to like it here. He's an awfully affectionate creature."

The Bum bore this out by jumping onto one arm of the couch, regarding Pat steadily for a moment and then emitting an unmistakable snarl and succeeding rumble. After that, he hissed.

Pat shoved a pillow higher under his head and regarded The Bum with interest. "He doesn't seem to care for me," he observed. "He says I'm not his type."

MIKE grinned at both of them and bent to the oven. The macédoine of meat was smelling beautiful, and she anointed it with mustard and Worcestershire and took it out of the oven. She got down her biggest soup bowls and filled them with hot water: this was one soup she dassn't shock with a cold dish.

All the time she was taking her typewriter off the table, along with sundry papers, the low fighting rumble went on. The Bum was telling Pat what he thought of him. Mike put a red-and-white-checked cloth on the table, and listened to him while she was setting the table. They made quite a picture, she decided, as she put the thin old shell soupspoons beside their places—Pat watching the cat reflectively, the cat staring at him with animosity. And sound effects.

Pat said lazily, "An awfully affectionate creature. H'm. I'd never know it."

Mike put five slices of bread under the broiler flame, and chuckled. "He's not used to seeing another male around here. He thinks he owns me."

"He's not used to having company?"

Pat sounded puzzled, and Mike felt herself flushing. "No," she said. "He's not!"

"I don't see why not," Pat said. "Unless all the men in New York have lost their eyesight."

Mike cut the thin cake of meat into breadsized squares and put them on the untoasted sides of the bread and covered two for Pat, and left one open-topped for herself. That was always the way it was: covered for Pat; uncovered for herself. What was that, philosophy or something? She put the sandwiches on big plates and sliced tomatoes beside them, and salted and peppered the red slices. She poured the steaming soup into the big bowls, and brought the drip pot to the table. She tasted the soup, and dusted the surface with grated Parmesan cheese.

"Come and get it, Pat," she invited. "While it's hot." How many times had she said that in the five years of their marriage? She bit her lip.

Pat pulled out her chair and seated her and went round to his own place. He stood there a moment. "No candles, Mike?"

Mike smiled at him. "I forgot. They're over on that chest of drawers."

Merry Christmas begins now!

YOUR Christmas package will reach him on time only if you mail it on time and in good condition. Follow these Army and Navy Post Office rules:

Select your gift carefully: don't send perishable food, cigarette lighters, bulky or fragile things.

Package your gift securely: preferably in a Government-approved solid fiberboard box.

Address your gift correctly: write his name, rank, serial number, unit, A.P.O. or Navy P.O. number and post office directly on wrapper—not on a pasted label. Repeat the address, with list of contents inside the package.

To reach him by Christmas, your gift must be mailed

BETWEEN SEPTEMBER 15 AND OCTOBER 15!



Of course he wears a



VAN HEUSEN shirt

No other shirt looks so well, feels so swell—for, no other shirt has the Van Heusen collar attached, that stays neat without starch, smooth, comfortable all day long. Worth waiting for if your dealer is temporarily short of stock. PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1



Honoring a WAVE

LOIS BROWNELL, *of Greenfield, Massachusetts, has been awarded the Avon Medallion of Honor for Women of Achievement.*

Avon and its many thousands of representatives are privileged to pay this tribute to Lieut. (j.g.) Lois Brownell, U.S.N.R., for her inspirational work for the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in the field of Occupational Therapy in Naval Hospitals, and as a symbol of appreciation of the wonderful achievements of the WAVES . . . that group of patriotic young women who have contributed so greatly to our war effort.

Lieut. (j.g.) Brownell serves as advisor to the Medical Department of the Navy on Occupational Therapy, including the teaching of industrial skills and crafts to hospitalized service men. As now being done by the WAVES, this work is restoring thousands for duty and for normal civilian life.

In uniform or in civilian life, attractiveness begins with good grooming. So, welcome your Avon representative when she calls to reveal to you the secrets of personalized charm that can be yours with Avon cosmetics.



Avon Medallion of Honor

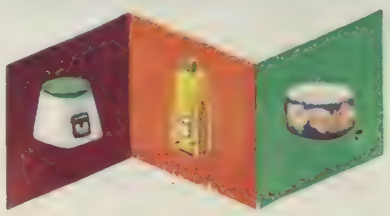
awarded to women of achievement chosen by the following committee of prominent women:

C. MILDRED THOMPSON,
Dean of Vassar College

GLADYS SWARTHOUT,
Metropolitan Opera star

FANNIE HURST,
distinguished novelist

BE HOSTESS TO LOVELINESS



Avon COSMETICS

AT RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

He lit the candles, and turned out the lights, and sat down contentedly. The Bum ceased his swear words and looked from one to the other like a man at the tennis matches.

Pat tasted the soup, and said, "Ambrosia. Pure ambrosia. You're still the best cook I know. What is it? Shrimp, yes. Something with rice in it. These flecks of green—asparagus? And a little cheese."

It was an old game between them. She used to watch him delightedly while he tracked down flavors. He never missed.

The Bum watched them implacably, his paws tucked under his breast. Once in a while he made a surly comment. Mike ate her soup in all its thick lusciousness and nibbled at her sandwich.

Pat ate like a man starved for a long time. He said finally, breathing in the fragrance of the oil-topped coffee, "Cups with handles?" They both laughed.

"I've got over that business," Mike said. "I don't hang them up any more."

The cuckoo clock over the stove popped open and she watched Pat's face. The cuckoo came out and bobbed its head and retired silently. The door closed, and then it cuckooed four times.

"He's shy," Mike explained.

"Four o'clock," Pat said thoughtfully. The Bum hissed at him, and Pat turned and looked at him. "You're jealous," Pat informed him.

It was almost, Mike thought, like old times. They used to get home late from the paper, and sit around like this, and stack the dishes afterward. They'd had a cat then, too, a beautiful, fat, lordly creature, black,

---

We like the youngster who ended his bedtime prayer with the customary "and make me a good little boy," and who then looked squarely up into his mother's eyes and added with much dignity: "As I am already." —YOUR LIFE.

---

with four white paws and white whiskers and a white bow tie. His name was Cat, and they used to confuse their neighbors by leaning out the window and calling "Cat, Cat, Cat!" They disdained the use of "Kitty, kitty, kitty"—it was undignified, Pat had always said.

Mike caught herself up. It was no use thinking about that now. There'd been too many things happen after that. Hollywood, and a war. Four years of emptiness, filled in like a patchwork quilt with work and writing vague little stories which just missed. Stories with a vague, shadowy unhappiness in them. Stories which didn't sell, because in them there was no assurance of completion or richness or satisfaction. Stories she couldn't bear to read herself after they were finished.

Pat said, "Hey, come back here! Where you been?" and she looked at him and smiled uncertainly. He said, "Let's let the dishes go; and sit on the couch with me and listen to me for a while."

The bayberry scent of the candles eddied around them, and he lit a cigarette and they leaned back silently, side by side on the couch, not looking at each other. A tension began to build in Mike. *He's going to ask me about that divorce*, she thought, *and all I can think of is what a fool I was!*

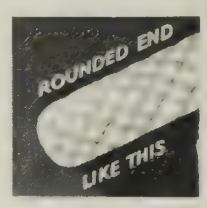
He said suddenly, "Mike, I just finished a book, and I think you'll like it. It's about how Pat the Playboy grew up. You know, when you went to Reno it almost killed me. I felt as if I'd been amputated. The bottom fell out of everything. I stayed home and moped. I'd go to the studio and play a few hands of gin rummy and dictate a sequence and go home. Only it wasn't home. It was just a house after you left it. And then you got the divorce, with no alimony; and it did something to me. I wanted to get blind drunk, I wanted to die. I wanted to bang my head on the wall. So I took off my Hollywood clothes and went down to see a man, and he fixed things up for me."

Teach your friends how to tell FIBS!

...FIBS have rounded ends for easy insertion



GIRLS who prefer tampons find two excellent reasons to prefer FIBS!



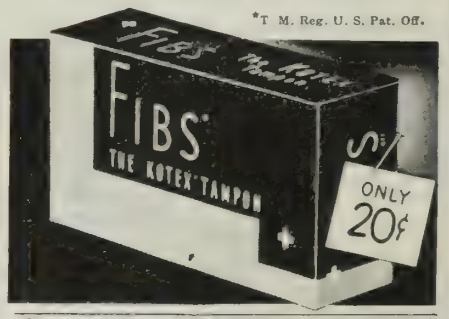
First, those smooth, gently rounded ends. Anybody can see, at a single glance, that FIBS *must* be easy to insert. And your first experience with FIBS proves it's true!

Second, *FIBS are "quilted"*—a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate. This "quilting" prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes.

Also, this quilting contributes directly to your comfort—keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS*!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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AMAZING "OILETTE" CARDS Like vestly oil paintings. Designs never before offered. Gets orders fast. Gorgeous Christmas Cards with name, 25 for $1, up. 9 other profit Assortments. New features—clever ideas. Up to 100% profit. Write today for **Samples on approval.** **PURO CO., 3041 Locust, Dept. 140, St. Louis, Mo.**

25 FOR $1 With Name

An irrepressible grin quirked Mike's mobile red mouth. *Hollywood clothes!* The lemon-and-black-plaid sports jacket with its pale green slacks and deep green shirt. The blue jacket—pale blue—flecked with wine, with a maroon shirt and blue-gray slacks.

"It's all right," she told him. "You were just a little ahead of your time in clothes."

"I was a little ahead of myself in the war, too," he said, "but our brothers, the British, took that out of me. I went through the blitz, and I saw the way the British die. You know," he said thoughtfully, "they're awfully good sports. When they're dying, they make it as easy as possible for the onlooker. They smile and make a little jest—and go along with the gag."

Mike felt the thick tears sting her eyelids.

The Bum said something inaudible and they looked at him. He had subsided grumpily with his chin on his tucked-under paws, and his eyes closed, but he was still indignant. Pat reached across her and scooped The Bum up deftly and put him on his lap. He turned the cat over and began to stroke his throat, and The Bum braced himself and reared his head up and stared at the man. Some inner struggle went on, and then he collapsed, and Pat's thin white fingers went to work on him. Mike held her breath. Presently it came, the sonorous purr of a well-petted cat, and Pat let him go and The Bum turned over easily and stretched once and then assembled himself loosely. He purred loudly for a moment, and then gave the whole idea up.

Pat whispered, "Would you look at that cauliflower ear! What a battler the boy must have been in his day."

Mike said, "Feel the back of his head."

Pat ran the tips of his fingers delicately over the tiger cat's skull. He clucked, as if to a horse. He said, "What was he, the heavyweight champion of these parts?"

She laughed softly. "I don't know. He was a very tough guy when I first met him. He softened up gradually."

"A retired warrior. He fell for you, and gave up his battles."

"Maybe he was just getting old," Mike offered.

Pat bent over and rolled up the cat's lip. "Nope," he said. "He's only about three years old. But a toughie, undoubtedly."

"He comes home every night."

Pat pondered that. "The love of a good woman can work miracles. Does he come and go as he pleases?"

"As he pleases," Mike agreed. "Who am I to keep a warrior from his games?"

The clock whirred and the cuckoo came out and bobbed his head and retired. The door shut after him, and the clock cuckooed five times.

Mike began to tremble, and she clasped her hands tightly around her knee. She stiffened her mouth and said crisply, "You and The Bum remind me an awful lot of each other."

"We're both retired warriors," Pat agreed mildly. "Tell me, what's the dope on getting married here now? Blood tests, waiting time, that sort of thing."

Mike yawed slightly to port. "Were you thinking of getting married?"

"You know I am," Pat informed her. "You lucky girl. Here I am, hog-rich with all this money ——"

"What did you say?" Mike interrupted him in a husky whisper. "Rich?"

"Sure," he told her. "An advance from the publisher."

"Well, then, why are you living in that dump?" She stared at him in bewilderment.

"Because, my dear Mrs. Foster, it was the only place I could find to live where they didn't mind my typewriter. I had a mess of revisions to do. This book was written on everything but human hide—the backs of envelopes, and odd pieces of paper." He thought about that for a moment. "Did you ever try to commit a masterpiece to paper on the flat of your back? I wrote most of this in the hospital."

The hospital. Mike clutched at a phrase. "Were you wounded?"

Pat said, "No. Not in that sense. A wall fell on me." He brooded. "I couldn't think of a thing to say except '*Where am I?*'"

Mike let her head fall over on his shoulder. She said, "I wish you'd kiss me."

Pat stroked The Bum. "No," he said finally, "I won't kiss you until we're married again. I remember too well what it's like. I've developed a great sense of law and order, Mike. I'm like this cat here—I'm a retired bum."

She looked at him and yawned. She said, "Okay, sheriff. You'll find your pajamas in the lower drawer of that chest. I wrapped the good silver in them when I packed up for Hollywood. You might as well spend the night here—what's left of it."

Pat arranged The Bum's tail in a more suitable location and tucked the tip of it under The Bum's stalwart forearm. "Me and The Bum," he said finally, "housebroken, gentle and committed to a love of good cooking. Well, it happens to the best of us." He leaned his cheek against her forehead and Mike closed her eyes. She locked her hands tighter. He said, "I can feel you tremble. Scoot to bed, honey, and say your prayers. I'll see you in the morning."

Mike lay awake for a long time and watched the dawn pale her window. She dozed off finally, and came to with a start. Pat was asleep out on the couch. It wasn't any sin, she reflected wistfully, to kiss your own husband, your ex-husband, your fiancé. She put on a robe and went out to the kitchen.

The kitchen was empty. The Bum's wicker basket was bare. Pat was gone, and so was The Bum.

Mike grinned. They'd be back. She looked at the couch. "Scaredy cat," she said, and smiled. She paddled back to bed. Men and cats were odd and predictable creatures.

LITTLE GUY

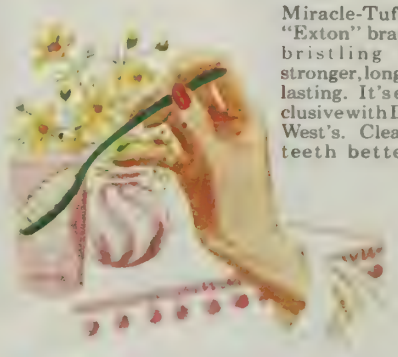


"I don't think they'll notice we haven't got regulation shoes."

All Down the Line it's Dr. West's!



Ask your friends with sparkling smiles what toothbrush they use. It's a two to one certainty they'll say, "Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft." For this brush, with its 30 million customers, is outstandingly the quality leader of the world at 50¢—the best buy for brighter teeth.



Miracle-Tuft's "Exton" brand bristling is stronger, longer lasting. It's exclusive with Dr. West's. Cleans teeth better.

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IT'S ANTI-SOGGY



IT'S WATERPROOFED

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Classroom special: bright plaid wool with red leather belt, trim white collar and cuffs. Wear under gray flannel coat.



Gray flannel coat lined with white lamb; matching skirt. Wear over contrasting skirts, dresses.



Stitched beret; matching bag; gray sweater.



New striped wool jersey sweater; green wool skirt.

HIGH SCHOOL IS THE PLACE WHERE...

. . . Each dress, each sweater and skirt, each suit you have in your wardrobe should look well with the company it keeps! Where a bright plaid wool with white collar and cuffs is the neatest thing in class; and a tie-neck striped jersey blouse with a green wool skirt is the newest thing in school! A three-quarter gray flannel coat has a warm white lamb lining and a matching skirt, and everyday wearing won't wear it out! You can put it over your plaid, your skirts and sweaters, your tailored cashmere. A double-breasted wool coat trimmed with velveteen goes to a party over an afternoon dress, to town over a two-piece belted suit, or to school over your cashmere. Choose your high-school wardrobe so that each outfit can change partners, can mix company, can go together! ★ ★ ★ **BY DAWN CROWELL**



Double-breasted wool coat, velveteen trim; wear over suit,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENLE



Beige cashmere with fullness in skirt; leather belt. Right:



That lovely LUX LOOK

SEE HOW LOVELY Lux care kept these smart dresses! Not a sign of streaking or fading in the rayon print or the cotton check. They're bright and color-fresh! Yet both these dresses were Luxed and ironed 18 times before being photographed.

These days when nice dresses and fabrics are so hard to find, you want to keep them new-looking as long as possible. Gentle Lux care actually keeps rayons color-fresh 3 times as long! Cottons today are fine fabrics, too... deserve gentle Lux care. They'll stay lovely ever so long! Strong soap, hot water and rough handling can make colors fade and run, fabrics wear out too soon. Remember, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



SOAP CONTAINS VITAL WAR MATERIALS . . . DON'T WASTE IT!

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

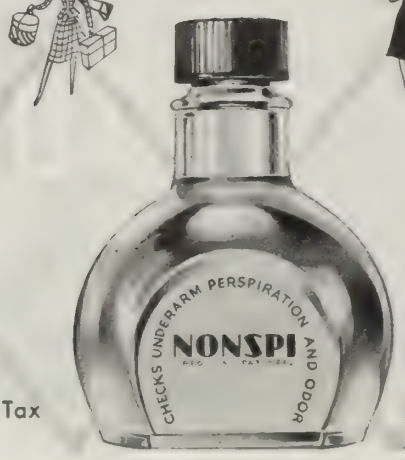
1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
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5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.



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THE Complete DEODORANT

Both Prevents Odor
and Checks Perspiration
You get Long-Lasting Protection
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35¢ and 60¢ Plus Tax

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OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

Oddly enough, I have found only a couple of evidences of shrines, which seems strange to me.

In some of the officers' huts they had little Japanese gardens made in the burls of trees; all about are vegetable gardens. In fact, there is some rather extensive farming. I have gotten cucumbers, tomatoes, turnips, lettuce and peanuts from their fields. There are also literally tons, it seems, of writing material, especially postal cards in packages that seemed to be distributed to the men and which they must have used to carry on a very extensive correspondence with home.

I don't think they have any tents. All the living quarters I have seen are bamboo and palm huts with raised bamboo platforms with mats spread on them for men to sleep. This even in the officers' and aviators' huts—which is, of course, what they use at home. Their food seems to be largely what you would expect: soybeans, fish, and so on. Apparently each man more or less does his own cooking, for there are no large cooking utensils, but many small ones and their little bowls everywhere. They seemed plentifully supplied with sake, beer, and so on, which has not been disregarded by the souvenir hunters—often with painful results.

They had a lot of baseball equipment—one good thing they borrowed from America—and they had their fencing masks and armor. Apparently around their quarters they put on their slippers and even kimonos.

I picked up a rag doll in one camp. I wish I knew its story. There are so many things that have a story if one could find it. On one telephone where the dial would be there is the smiling face of a Japanese girl. Almost every hut has pictures of the cherry blossoms and temples of home.

CAPT. RUSSELL C. STROUP.
Chaplain, U. S. Army.

Nevertheless, the Japanese soldiers and officers are, on the whole, barbaric and uncivilized. Our fighting men prefer them dead. ED.

The Little Things That Count

Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

Dear Editor: Someone once asked me where I obtained my philosophy of life. I replied, "From my religion, which I practice fervently and love dearly, and from the numerous practical quotations in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL." Sincerely,
A SUBSCRIBER.

A Different Language

Washington, D. C.

Dear Editors: It seems to me that what Malvina Lindsay has said in this column from The Washington Post needs to be said these days over and over and over.
Sincerely yours,
MILDRED CLINE WALDEN.

The JOURNAL agrees, and is now saying Miss Lindsay's words over. ED.

THE GENTLER SEX

"I can scarcely wait for the postwar world."

"Neither can I—though of course we'll all be so very busy."

"What do you mean 'busy,' if we have all those electric gadgets?"

"Well, for one thing, we'll have to do a lot about housing."

"I'm simply crazy for a little bungalow with glass walls."

"I mean getting a decent home for every family, so the children can grow up in pleasant environments. And we'll need a new type of apartment ——"

"Oh, say, I understand the new apartments will all have landing places on their roofs—for helicopters!"

"I meant apartments designed for children's needs where they can run, play, make a noise, get sunshine. And of course we'll have to provide more recreation."

"Did I tell you we were on the waiting list for the first television sets?"

"No. How nice. We'll need to get the schools kept open into the evening as play centers. A lot of mothers will have to keep on working."



Now a NEW
BLUE-JAY
Specially Designed for
Little Toe Corns!

Yes, It Has Pain-Curbing NUPERCAINE!

Here's a new, special relief for little toe corns, where shoes pinch worst, where the pain seems almost unbearable!

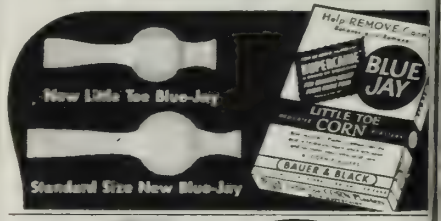
Little Toe New Blue-Jay is specially designed, conforms to toe's contour, permits more *direct* and efficient medication for quicker corn removal.

Like standard size New Blue-Jay, it has sensational anesthetic Nupercaine that deadens pain around corn's core, while gentle medication softens, loosens the core; you lift it out!

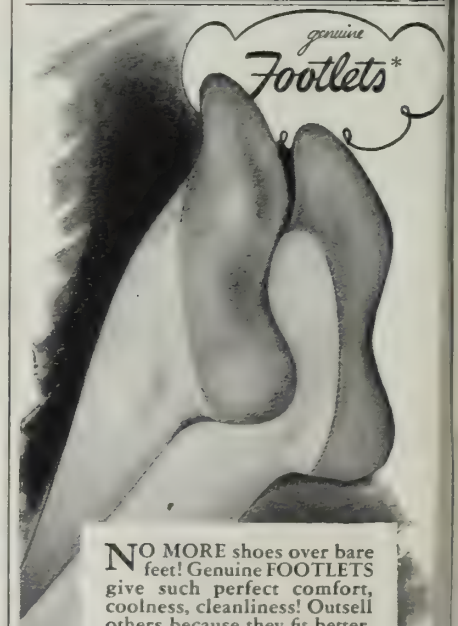
GET INSTANT RELIEF

Soft Dura-Felt pad instantly stops torturing shoe pressure. Only New Blue-Jay gives you relief exclusively for little toe corns. Only New Blue-Jay has Nupercaine. At drug and toilet goods counters. *A product of* BAUER & BLACK, *Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago, 16.*

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NO MORE shoes over bare feet! Genuine FOOTLETS give such perfect comfort, coolness, cleanliness! Outsell others because they fit better. Choice of styles and fabrics—every one a fashion hit. Be sure to get *genuine* FOOTLETS!
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SELL BIG VALUE CHRISTMAS CARDS
20 BOXES
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FREE SAMPLES $1.00 PERSONAL STATIONERY

Take orders from friends, fellow workers, others. new 1945 Christmas and year 'round box assortmen Easy sales. Up to 100% profit. Outstanding G Wrappings. Glitter Etchings, Religious, Humoro boxes, etc. 35¢ up. Special Feature $1.00 Christm yard assortment. Send for Free samples $1.00 na imprinted stationery line. Special Offers.
New England Art Publishers, North Abington, Ma

"Speaking of work, I can hardly wait until a lot of these snippy maids have to come crawling back on their hands and knees."

"Another thing, it'll be up to women to see that the hot-lunch program for children is extended."

"I'll certainly be glad when I can get a decent meal downtown without standing in line for it. Just think how it'll feel to order porterhouse steak again."

"It will be nice. And then there's so much to be done about education."

"Everybody I know is studying Chinese. They say the big tourist travel after the war is going to be to the Orient."

"How interesting! What I mean is we'll have to get more and better teachers someway, train them better, pay them more if we're going to bring up citizens competent to run the country."

"Speaking of public affairs, one thing I'd like to see come is the community kitchen—the kind you can call up and order a nice roast of beef already cooked. It would beat bothering with maids."

"Oh, yes, that's another thing women are going to have to work out—putting domestic workers on a fair and business-like basis."

"Maybe we won't need so much help if we get those plastic bathtubs that won't stain, and the precipitron to keep out dust, and the autoclaves to take care of dishes, and the automatic cocktail shakers ——"

"There'll still be the peace problem."

"But after they once get things settled, won't it be marvelous just to do what you please, take a cruise or get on a plane without fear of being put off, or call upon a railroad for a lower?"

"Yes, and won't it seem marvelous to be building things instead of destroying them?"

"Speaking of building, we want to get a little place on the bay, and put up a fabricated ultramodern cottage. I want everything in it to be up-to-the-minute, the latest science has to offer."

"The big thing we'll need will be modern thinking. You see, if we make this peace stick and hold off World War III, we're going to have to work as hard the rest of our lives as we have the last few years."

"I suppose you're right. By the way, have you heard about the new personalized radio receivers?"

Medals Aren't Enough

The following letter is a reply to "B," whose letter (Civilians Also Die) appeared in the May JOURNAL. ED.

Creswell, Oregon.

My dear B.: I am a service wife and I don't mean to be unkind, but perhaps I may comfort you a little, or at least help you understand.

Under any circumstances, death is a very hard thing for the survivors to bear. But our country has asked some to go to far-off places and meet their death. How would you have faced it if your husband was far out in the Pacific on an island, lonely, frightened and uncomfortable? Can you imagine sleeping in the dirt, in rain or heat, with Japs shooting night and day? Seeing your friends die or suffer in the sun and wind, waiting for a medic?

No, the Government doesn't give civilians a citation or medal—would a medal ever make up for the suffering my husband sees in one day? A medal is only an expression from a grateful country. It covers no actual return for the life of any man.

If you tell your son his father was a good husband and father, can he ask for more? Not all men can go to war. Be thankful your husband spent his last days with you and his son. Yes, and thank God for a Government that does help service wives and war widows. We give all we have that this may be a free world, for you and your son, and us and our sons and daughters too.

Name withheld by request.

The Moral is —

Belton, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Sir: Our family is a magazine saver. We keep them until the floor starts to sag. When we were young, the JOURNAL was quite a lot smaller, but it was even then the magazine a very small woman believed in. An article by "The Country Contributor" was destined to influence my whole life.

It told of "The Country Contributor" facing up to a day that only those who have cooked, washed and ironed, summer and winter, with a wood-burning stove, can fully appreciate. As I remember the story, her husband had put a rooster under an upturned washtub to be attended to when she could get around to it. In the midst of the day's work, a democrat (to the uninitiated, this is a more or less extinct variety of two-seated wagon) loaded with visitors arrived! Recalling her mother's source of help at a time like this, she went into the parlor, opened the Bible at random, and read the seventh verse. It was, "Arise, Peter; slay and eat." She reached under the tub with a firm hand, and a good time was had by all.

In the years since, I have often done the same thing, and sometimes the seventh verse has been very appropriate. But the real influence has been this: I, too, am a country woman, and have had many days when the work was piled sky-high. On such days, particularly when the food situation was serious, company usually came. If I adopted the "Arise, Peter" policy and prepared what little I had, and served it with loads of hospitality, I felt better. But if I disregarded the clock and chatted affably until the guests decided to seek more promising pastures, I felt lower than a worm.

Sincerely yours,
ANNE DAVIS.

Lovely Dress, Lovely Girl

Loudonville, New York.

Dear Editors: The one request my daughter made for Christmas was for a dress like one she saw in the JOURNAL.



Page Mr. Powers!

The enclosed picture, in the same pose as the original model, turned out so well I thought you might be interested in it.

Yours very truly,
MRS. THOMAS H. LAINE.

A Fighting Chance

Kansas City, Missouri.

Dear Editors: I am a Negro, twenty-one, a war wife and a mother. My husband is at present in naval training.

Today our men fight proudly beside men of all races to defend the ideals of our country. But will they stand beside them tomorrow when the emergency is over and jobs are rationed out? Will they be given opportunities to exercise their skills, or will they be handed brooms and mops?

My husband is a skilled laborer with college training. Will he come home from the war to find jobs as well as unions closed to him? Is there anything in the postwar plan that says he will have his chance? Not all people of any race use common sense, practice thrift and work together perfectly under stress. I recognize the faults of waste and lavish living in many of my race, but must the innocent also suffer? I want a fighting chance for my husband when he returns, for my child and others to come! How can I get it?

DOROTHY J. HUFF.

In a recent national survey by National Opinion Research Center a majority (55%) of white cross section said they believed Negroes have the same chance to make a good living in this country as whites; 42% said Negroes should have equal chance at any kind of job. ED.

Even when young – your skin must constantly *flake off* faded, coarse AGING 'TOP-SKIN'



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Your skin must constantly "flake off" dried up, fading "top-skin" cells else your complexion may appear dull, sallow, coarse-textured, and *lifeless*.

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Max Factor - Hollywood



So you don't like your complexion!

DO YOU WORRY ABOUT ACNE? HERE IS COMFORTING NEWS. • BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

TWO of the best treatments for acne *cost no money at all.* They are sunshine and water. The first should be applied liberally to the outside of the body. The second, to the amount of at least a quart a day, should be taken inwardly. Water also has exterior value, when properly used, as will be explained later.

First of all, what is acne, and what causes it? Don't be dismayed by the forbidding name *acne vulgaris*, as this familiar type of skin eruption is known to physicians. That just means it is a very common occurrence, and may refer to a single pimple as well as a more serious condition. In fact, the majority of people have at least a touch of acne sometime in their lives, usually during the growing-up period. So no one need feel superior to it. And although it is certainly annoying, you do not need to feel any embarrassment if it happens to you. In all probability it will disappear with time, but you can often speed its departure by being aware of the following facts and taking advantage of the information we have collected for you here from a group of outstanding skin specialists.

The trouble originates in the fat glands of the skin. Like many other organs, and bodily functions, these become more active during the teen age when the body is maturing to its full perfection. The real job of these glands is to supply enough oil to keep the skin smooth and supple. But when the glands get overambitious and oil is deposited faster than it can escape through the pores, these openings become clogged. The result is bumps, pimples or blackheads. Because these glands are most numerous on face, chest or back, that is where acne most often appears.

You can see for yourself that the first and most logical step is to cut down the amount of oil in the body. This means a carefully planned diet, containing all the food elements that make for skin health, but eliminating the items that are fat-filled. Here is your *"Don't Eat"* list: fried foods, chocolate, nuts, strong cheeses, rich gravies, sauces, salad dressings, desserts. Some doctors also limit the amount of butter and eggs, because of their high fat content.

This does not mean you should cut down your amount of nourishment. Quite the contrary. If you are still at the growing age, you need plenty of energy-producing foods, not only to get your full growth, but in order to fortify your skin with such glowing health that it can throw off acne or any other complexion threat. When the body is underweight or anemic, it cannot resist disease. The same is true of your skin. So eat heartily, but intelligently. On your *"Do Eat"* list, include plenty of vegetable soups as well as lean meats, whole-grain cereals and bread, fresh-cooked vegetables, salads, fruits and light gelatin desserts. And liquid! If you find it hard to remember to drink at least a quart of water between meals daily, get the fruit-juice habit. You will save money, as well as your complexion, if you order tomato juice when the rest of the crowd is gorging

PHOTO BY STUART

Beauty Brevities for Young Skin

Plenty of soap and water *outside*, for cleansing. • Plenty of water and fruit juice *inside*, for clearing. • Lots of appetizing food, for energy and germ resistance. • Very little rich food, for better digestion and complexion. • Regular sleep, for steady nerves which promote smooth behavior as well as smooth skin! • Unlimited fresh air and sunshine, for perfect tone and texture.



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on gooey soda-fountain concoctions. Do stay away from those!

One of our leading skin specialists includes this instruction in his diet memorandum for acne patients:

"Drink one quart of fruit juice of some kind each day (orange, grapefruit, pineapple; including apricot and other nectars). Eat figs between meals."

If you don't drink enough water and fruit juice and eat enough laxative foods to keep your system flushed out, you are just laying up more trouble for yourself.

Another health habit that is as important as it is inexpensive is plenty of sleep. Relaxed nerves make for better digestion, and good digestion and good complexion are closely related.

Now to externals. What is the best way of treating the outside of your skin?

A careful twice-a-day washing with soap and quite warm water is the best method of cleansing. The soap should be bland and not too highly perfumed or medicated, unless ordered by your doctor; the reason being that the medicines in your soap may not agree with those in any other healing lotion you may be using. While we are on the subject of cleansing, pay special attention to the line where hair and face or neck meet. And keep your hair and scalp immaculately clean. It has been definitely proved that the scalp is a fertile source of skin trouble.

While it is sometimes comparatively simple to remove the dingy little deposits known as blackheads, with a comedone extractor, it is not well to do even this unless you have your doctor's permission. There is always the danger of infection or bruising, which may lead to scars later. It is always a temptation to fuss with skin eruptions, but try to resist, remembering that a wrong move now may simply prolong your trouble.

There is a bell in the Census Bureau at Washington which rings every thirteen seconds, indicating the rate babies are being born in the United States. . . . Babies can't shed tears until they are about three months old. . . . The cornerstone of the nation's Treasury Building contains a lock of a baby's hair. When Andrew Jackson was asked for something precious, he sent a lock of his grandchild's hair.

—WALTER WINCHELL

For treatment, probably the preparation most widely used by physicians is so-called "white lotion" or *lotio alba*. In mild cases, this is often helpful. If your particular case is stubborn, your doctor will advise you, as self-medication is no wiser in acne than in any other bodily ailment. He may also suggest that you bathe your face with alcohol or other astringents.

On the question of make-up, the point of view of the skin specialists is very understanding. They agree that a skin that is broken out is probably better left bare and clean when it is not being treated with a specific remedy. They also realize, however, that no female creature of whatever age wants to exhibit a blemished skin to the world if she can conceal it with cosmetics. And because they consider the peace of mind that comes with a good appearance highly important to your welfare, they are willing to have you use make-up to the greatest advantage possible when you are going partying or otherwise being importantly social, if you will just clean it all off thoroughly between times. Fair enough, isn't it?

But don't use creams or oily preparations at this time. That may spread the eruptions over a larger surface. One of the popular present-day cake make-ups, in a slightly darker tone than your skin, may be patted lightly on. (Never *rub* any cosmetic into an irritated skin.) A dusting of face powder from a reliable house and a dash of lipstick are all right too. Make sure your powder puff is absolutely clean; better yet, use fresh cotton daily. Better stay away from rouge, unless you can apply just a touch of dry



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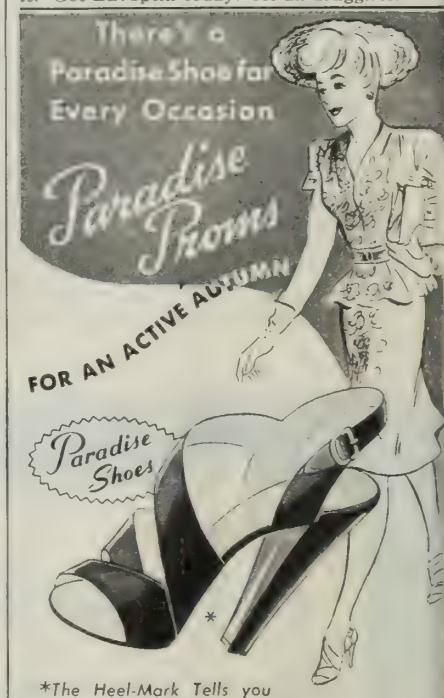
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color with such delicacy and precision that it tones in imperceptibly with whatever blemishes you have. Otherwise, the additional color may simply give you a spotty, inflamed look.

Never was eye make-up more of an asset than when complexion is imperfect. By making eyes as pretty as possible, attention is distracted from other features. A soft blur of gray-blue or violet eye shadow on the upper lid will make eyes look larger and more melting without advertising itself as eye shadow at all! And a very little brown or black mascara may be used to brush the upper lashes up and back. Never have enough mascara to make the lashes stick together or look beaded. Brush them with a dry brush after using the wet one, if they look "sticky."

We haven't talked about X-ray treatment for acne, because that is something that should be prescribed only by your doctor. Even newer than some of the various light treatments which have been used in the past are the sulpha and penicillin treatments now being tested.

But more readily available than any of these, and of immense benefit in the majority of cases of common acne, is sunshine. If you are one of the many people with a skin problem who have not been getting their share of this grand medicine, try to do something about it right away. Folks with blemished skins instinctively shun the exposure of beaches, tennis courts and open places. They feel people are looking at them, and they prefer the kindly dark of movie theaters, or the privacy of reading. It is very easy to develop an antisocial streak. Ask yourself honestly if you have been doing this. If the answer is "yes," try to realize two things. First, nobody is as conscious of your skin as you are yourself. Just forget about it. Be your completely natural self when you are with others, and they won't give the matter a second thought. Moreover, make up your mind you are going to have *fun*. Throw yourself wholeheartedly into whatever is going on, for, believe it or not, lighthearted enjoyment, especially in the open air, is a skin tonic of the very best kind! That's a medical fact.

Second important point: by staying indoors you are depriving yourself of the finest free treatment you could have. The sun's rays are potent health builders. Don't try to burn yourself to a crisp. A long period in tempered sunlight is better than a brief period of burning. Ten minutes, even five, may be long enough for your first sun period, especially at the seashore. Don't wait until your skin looks pink. The harm is done then. If you will take time to brown gradually without ever permitting your skin to turn an angry red, that is ideal. Get the sun on as much of your body as possible.

If you are a brunette, you may not need any sun-screen preparation, but if you are a blonde, or thin-skinned, use one of the nongreasy tannic-acid preparations wherever the skin is irritated, and whatever sun preparations you prefer on the rest of your body. Help yourself to healing rays. Now is the season to do it. Out into the sunshine with you!

MOMENT OF DECISION

(Continued from Page 28)

drier than the Montezuma. Looking again for Miss Calnan in the crowd, wondering how she would look, for he had seen her only that once by the pool and in a bathing suit, he thought again of the aimless, the—at the time—meaningless events of the day there.

They had sat in deck chairs in the shade of the portico and looked at the green water of the swimming pool. From the way light moved in the water, Bannon had known the sun must be as hot as in Veracruz.

Miss Calnan—they had not yet advanced beyond the stage of her being "Miss"—had said, "The place is full of ghosts, isn't it?"

Bannon had looked at her oddly and said, "You mean here? Why, it's like the Miami Biltmore moved into Mexico."

"No, I mean Veracruz," she said. "I've never been there, but ——"

Golembeski, seeing the way it was going between Bannon and the girl, stood up. Miss Calnan wore a white wool bathing suit and had golden hair changed and stained by the sun where it fell to one side as she inclined her head. In the very conventional way screen actresses had made popular, Miss Calnan was quite pretty. In fact, there was an unreal and dreamlike quality about her which, if he had seen it in a photograph, would not have disturbed Golembeski. But here she was, very real and—apparently—very innocent.

When both Miss Calnan and Bannon had glanced at him inquiringly, Golembeski had become embarrassed and jerked his head toward the pool as a distraction. "What do you think of that, huh?" He could turn his Chicago Polish accent on and off like beer in a tap, and now for some reason he chose to turn it on.

They looked at the water. There was only one person at the near, shallow end of the pool, a fat lady in a tight black bathing suit kicking her feet without rhythm while she clung to the blue concrete edge. An Indian servant near by was dumping gardenias from a wicker basket into the water. With those already floating in it, they made quite a sizable blanket of flowers, and the fat lady's bottom emerged from the gardenias in a rather remarkable contrast.

"Like a walrus frappéed," Bannon said.

Miss Calnan giggled and Golembeski looked at Bannon with a mixture of admiration and annoyance. "Why can't I say such things?" he said, and moved without haste away from them, the hot sun through liana vine and potted banana plants catching his single, very tarnished gold bar, showing clearly the faded, the untailored uniform.

"We seem to have upset your friend," Miss Calnan said, not unpleasantly.

"Oh, Luke is all right. Right now he is in Mood Number Three. All his emotions are channeled. He summons and dismisses them according to the situation. Right now he is registering disgust principally because we did not go to Mexico City instead of coming here."

"And why didn't you?"

Bannon shrugged without looking at her. It was not an easy question to answer, he discovered; to relate the nuances, not so much of boredom, as of freedom, escape and pleasure. "Usually," he said, "we go up to Mexico City when we get a three-day pass. We take the morning train out and it takes all day to get there and then all day to get back. It doesn't allow much time. So we thought we'd come here to Fortin. It's only about halfway. Everyone always talks about the hotel."

"And now you discover you dislike it?"

He shrugged again—he had picked it up from the Mexicans—and still did not look at her. "What is it?" he said. "An American hotel transplanted to a little Mexican jungle town. It is not," he added, "that I have anything against American hotels as such. It is just that there is nothing here I have not seen a lot of times before. Excepting yourself." With the edge of his eyes he saw her smile, muted, pleased, secret.

"Have you been at Veracruz long?" she said.

"Since the first year of the war. At least, I've been based there."

He found himself oddly sober, remembering quietly and without pride—only a sudden, sharp access of color, of the shapes of cities remembered from above—the outline of Natal spread about the circular harbor, of New Orleans sprawling, clinging to the Mississippi like some shapeless water animal;

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the coming from unconsciousness into pain on the beach that time he had been forced to land on the soft shore, and from pain into dream of curious broken flight, like a crippled bird above a jungle, and then the pain again and the sand harsh on his face.

But why now? he thought. *Why be reminded here and now in this odd, luxury hotel set in a jungle and completely surrounded by tourists?*

He looked back at the girl. He had not thought of her as one to make himself, to make anyone thoughtful. And even now she did not seem different from his first thought of her: the typical daughter of well-to-do Americans, prettier than most, perhaps less anxious to please; not reflecting quite so much as most the scarcity of young men in the States.

She said, "You're very thoughtful, considering you're on vacation."

"You always," he said, "say things that are difficult to answer." It was as though they had known each other a long time.

She took it as a compliment; stretching, she seemed at once languorous and assured. He saw that her head, turned aimlessly, gave her eyes the excuse to look for her friends or relatives or whoever the people were she was with.

He said, "There doesn't seem much to do here, but tonight if you'd like ——"

"They dance here at the hotel," she said. "I don't think there's much in the town."

"I know. I've investigated. Maybe we could go over to Orizaba. It's a city, although I don't know what's there."

"How would we go?" she asked.

"By bus, I guess," he said. "No one seems to have a car."

"I can't bear the Mexican busses. It's like riding in a chicken house. The smell, being cramped ——"

"I know," he said. They were silent for a moment; he detected a small coldness in her. There had not been, he guessed, the proper sympathy in his tone.

"That *S* on your wings," she said, her tone changing in some way he could not quickly identify other than that it was not altogether pleasant. "I take it that it means 'special.'"

He knew now what was the matter, and something close to anger stirred in him. "No. It means 'service.' The Ferry Command." He stood up. Looking down at her, he thought quite suddenly that she was beautiful. He was amused, faintly, for he knew how that had happened, too: decide you can't have a thing and immediately it becomes more attractive than ever.

Nor did she want him to go, but now it was too late. They both knew it was too late. Still looking down at her, he quoted in an undertone:

"Those even brows, that hair like gold,
Those languorous tones, that virgin way,
The flowing limbs, the rounded heel
Slight men betray!"

In mottled shadow of vines her skin darkened. "Well read and everything. I didn't think it was fashionable to read the Irish poets any more."

"I didn't know it was Irish," he said, half turned away.

"Padraic Colum," she said.

"If you come to Veracruz instead of going to Acapulco, I'll show you those ghosts," he said. He wanted to stay, and would have, perhaps, but he saw three heavy overdressed people, two women and a man, approaching purposefully.

"How did you know we were going to Acapulco?"

"You people always do," he said. "Be sure to take your metaquina against the malaria there," he added. *Like all the Irish,* he thought, turning away, *my talent for self-deception is infinite.*

He found Golembeski at the bar, talking to an older woman whom he apparently didn't know well enough to introduce to Bannon. "I'm going back to the coast. We can get the afternoon train from Mexico City."

"I thought you were doing good," Golembeski said.

"Not too good. It's kind of late to go to Mexico City and there's nothing here we want."

"At least not much," Golembeski said. "You go on. I'll be down tomorrow."

No, Bannon thought, back at the sidewalk café, he had not cared for the sudden change in Miss Calnan. There had been sudden changes in other girls, too, but he had not liked it in her. There were too many girls in the States ready to club you with the fact that you were not a combat pilot. A world in which all men were combat pilots, that was what they wanted.

A kind of lightness, a certain uncharacteristic height moved in the idling stream of people. One of the marimbas had been set up in front of his table and the owner, who knew him, was asking what he wanted played. Beyond the musician, beyond the marimba's serried bars, she stood. There was, of course, the little pause as in flight, the waiting to be recognized and asked to sit with him. He stood up, feeling the eyes of the round table shift toward him and the girl.

He walked around the marimba. "I didn't think you'd come," he said.

"I persuaded my parents to come here instead of going to Acapulco."

"After I was so surly in Fortin?" he said, thinking how he certainly said things he never thought he would say.

"Oh, in spite of that. I'm afraid I acted rather young."

"Well, you are, aren't you? Let's sit down."

Following her back to the table, over her shoulder he saw the eyes at the round table, the mockingly wise, the mockingly prurient, the ready mirth at what was only too obviously his secret. He almost smirked back at them, but saw that Golembeski was there now with two or three newcomers, and again Bannon was reminded of what he had to do.

They sat at the table and she asked him for a cigarette.

"I don't smoke," he told her. "I have no minor vices. I'll get you some, though."

While they waited for the cigarettes, he looked at her. Many things about her puzzled him. Some of them might remain nameless even after he had known her a long time, but others now came upon his consciousness as a kind of new and informing light might upon his eyes. There was in her now a certain warmth, a certain dignity and natural calm which he had not been aware of there by the pool. Most amazing of all there was what could only be called humility. It was not common to the times, he thought; and encountering it here, now and in her, he was amazed and could only shake his head.

She asked what was the matter and he told her he'd have trouble telling her. The cigarettes came and, on impulse, he decided to get away from the light, the noise.

"I'm going to show you those ghosts," he said. While he paid the waiter, Golembeski came over to them. "You remember Luke," Bannon said to the girl.

"Oh, yes," she said. "He became virtually a legend at the hotel in the twenty-four hours after you left."

Golembeski made a face. "Somebody says I'm supposed to fly that job that's coming in this evening."

Picasso, the famous Spanish painter, who was trapped in Paris by the swift German advance, was called to the *Kommandantur*. A petulant Nazi officer snapped at him, "You are the anti-Fascist painter?"

"I am a painter, indeed," Picasso calmly replied.

The Nazi thrust a photo under his nose. It was of Picasso's famous painting, Guernica, showing the havoc wrought by Nazi dive bombers in that unhappy Spanish town during the civil war. "Did you do this?" the Nazi shouted.

"No, sir," was the reply. "You did." —Glasgow Herald.

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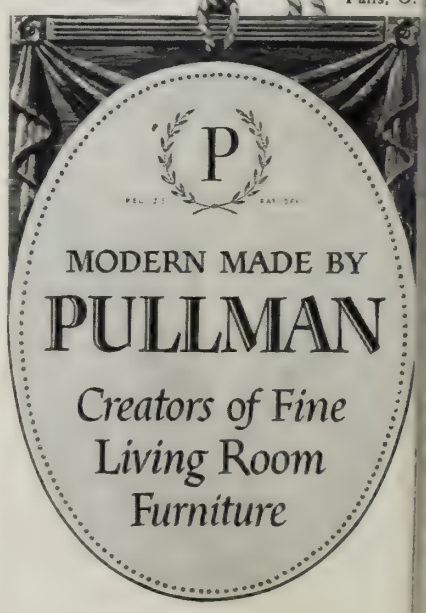
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In the moment before answering, Bannon supposed that his impulse to leave the café and the Plaza was part of an attempt to delay still further the necessary decision. "Would you mind flying it?" he heard himself say.

Golembeski's hesitation was so imperceptible as not to be noticed by someone not knowing him and his invariably quick though clumsy movements, whether of thought or hand.

"Why, no," he said. "All I was just wondering was why you hadn't made up your mind. When do I go?"

"About twelve. I wouldn't make a dog fly that thing by night, but they want it quick."

"Twelve is good. Then I can be back for tomorrow night. I got a date." He turned away, his eyes curiously blank, and Bannon and Miss Calnan turned, too, and moved into the stream of people. The two concentric and oppositely moving lines still went around the bandstand, but now some of the men had begun to pair with some of the girls.

"Would you like to walk in the *parada?*" he said.

"I don't know. It's more or less of a commitment, isn't it?"

"I don't think so," he said. "Certainly a very temporary one. As are all commitments these days. But we would certainly be further on display before the citizens at the round table. I'd thought of going to the Esplanade."

Passing the cathedral, they could hear singing through the open doors. Bannon hesitated, a kind of checking of his walk, something he thought of as not being perceptible to anyone but himself.

"Did you want to go in?" she said.

He looked at her. "They can still watch us from across the Plaza. The commitment, in their eyes, might be more grave, certainly more unusual than walking in the *parada.*"

"Heavens," she said. "You are troubled about something."

"I suppose."

The street along the Plaza side of the cathedral ran north to the Esplanade, and as they left the square it was as though the noise had been cut off with the light and the music and these things existed around them now only as shadows of themselves. High-walled buildings, many of them almost windowless, pastel by day and ghastly in this thin light, rose above them, the tops in darkness above the street lamps.

There was the smell of roasting coffee and of rope and spices, and coming down the avenue the faint, inevitable smell of the sea.

"It at least smells of ghosts," she said.

He nodded, thinking with conscious irony of the three dead pilots from this base alone. A man stood in the doorway of a cheap and dimly lit hotel. He took the cigarette out of his mouth to talk in Spanish to Bannon as they passed, but Bannon did not reply. They were almost to the Esplanade, with the harbor on one hand and the Gulf on the other, when Miss Calnan asked him what the man had said.

"Something in which you would not be interested," he told her. There was almost no irony involved, he thought: it was the simple truth; what irony there might be consisted only in that he did not even know her first name.

The breeze off the Gulf struck them fully now, warm and insistent. Two or three concession booths were still open, although almost no one was on the Esplanade. It was as though the Plaza had drained all the life of the town into itself tonight. In one of the booths the proprietor was sorting out sea shells. There were many kinds of the shells, and as they watched over the man's shoulder and he started to turn, Bannon's pressure on the girl's arm moved them along.

"Why didn't you want to see them?" she said.

"Part of his stock in trade is that the site of his stand is where the first American shell hit in the bombardment in 1914. Some Americans find it embarrassing and buy something from him as a kind of recompense."

"I don't know that I would have been embarrassed."

He nodded. "I think I would have, though—to be impolite. There is enough to think of tonight without pondering the implications of that." So now he had said it: the invitation to inquiry, to sympathy. In its fashion as subtle as a headline: HOMESICK, HEARTSICK, BY CONSCIENCE TROUBLED, AMERICAN BOY INVITES TENDER SYMPATHY OF VISITING AMERICAN GIRL.

"I know," she said. "If it will do any good, tell me."

Of course, he thought, the expected, the conventional, the kind reaction. "Confession being good for the soul," he said. "The trouble is, my Spanish is so poor that in the cathedral the priests can't understand me and sometimes get quite annoyed."

"Well, if it's something like that ——"

"No. It's Golembeski."

"What do you mean?" she said. "All he did in Fortin was to drink some and flirt with a woman somewhat older than himself."

"No, not that." He was disappointed in her being so obvious. "Golembeski's personal affairs are his own. Tonight I'm temporarily in command here and I had to assign him to fly a plane that's in pretty bad shape."

"But he didn't have to, did he? I mean, I heard you ask him if he wanted to."

"And he thought I maybe didn't give him any choice, asking him in front of you. He thought, maybe, even that I was thinking he had seen you after I left Fortin the other day."

"Heavens, no," she said. "He seems interested in—well ——"

When she hesitated, Bannon said, "Another type. Still, he might have thought. I shouldn't have given him a choice or the appearance of choice. I should have told him. I'm in command."

"You don't like responsibility, do you?" she said slowly. "It's curious about that."

"I'd rather fly it myself than let him, or anyone else."

"I know," she said. They were both silent. At one of the piers that ran off the Esplanade into the harbor, an old-fashioned, high-riding gunboat was moored. In its shadow they paused and she turned to him. "This isn't what you might call a romantic way of saying it, but if it will help any, kiss me, Bannon."

She came up to him easily, her back bending under his hand, her lips—in spite of her words—not ready for his violence. For it was that rather than passion. And as she had known it would, it broke his thought, if only for a moment, and there was in him a sense of release and of freedom. It would, he knew, last only while he held her, and he was reluctant to let her go. A match flared above them and in its light he saw two sailors on the gunboat, gravely and silently watching them. He wondered why they were not amused. It was almost as if they could understand English and knew there was something, a little more here than an aviator kissing a blond girl by night.

They walked away, slowly, back toward the booths, to where the lights of the Plaza shed a square of radiance upon the dark air overhead.

She said, "I wish you had it clearly that it's just one more kind of necessary hardship,

---

Bargain: A transaction in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

Bank: An institution where you can borrow money if you can present sufficient evidence to show that you don't need it.

—Esar's Comic Dictionary: (Harvest House, New York.)

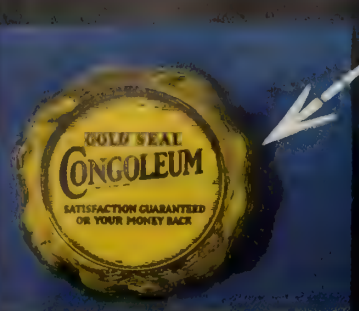
There is nothing so well known as that we should not expect something for nothing, but we all do, and call it hope.

—E. W. HOWE: Country Town Sayings. (Crane & Co.)



Put your lazy dining room to work! For instance, here it's a plant room for Mom . . . a study room for the kids . . . as well as a cheerful meal-time meeting place. It's cozy and charming . . . right down to the flowers underfoot. And that's where to start your planning. For a sparkling Gold Seal Congoleum rug is the brightest, *biggest* bit of interior decorating you can get for the money *anywhere!* Practical, too. Not only do dust and crumbs disappear with the swish of a damp cloth, but its long-lasting wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel is actually equal in thickness to 8 coats of best floor paint applied by hand. And when you buy your Congoleum rug — look for the familiar Gold Seal. Then you *know* it's Congoleum, the only enamel surface floor covering with the famous money-back guarantee.

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WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, ASHLAND, MASS.

of courage, however different from the usual kind, for you to have to send someone else out. In a sense it's a kind of humility you have—something moderately rare."

He glanced at her, startled. "I was thinking the same thing about you."

"Me? How curious."

"What a thing to decide we have in common," he said. His laughter was at many things, but most of all at himself. "Instead of a preference for rye whisky or the ringside seats at a night spot."

"Look out," she said. "You might be losing it already."

"The humility?" he said. "I see what you mean. Never having thought of it before and now discovering I have it, I should guard it." *A kind of virginity*, he thought. They were almost back at the Plaza. He had no idea of the time, and in alarm glanced at his watch. It was eleven-fifteen. "I have to go out to the field," he said. "Would you want to wait for me someplace? I'll be back by twelve-thirty—no later, certainly."

"I'll go with you, if you want. Unless it's against regulations or something."

"No, it isn't." He wondered about his hesitation. He still worried about Golembeski, about what Golembeski would think. Nor that only, he thought. He wondered—as though suddenly weary of subtleties, in a sudden access of the obvious—if he himself were really afraid to fly a "present condition" plane. Still, he could not have assigned himself to it. He saw that she was still waiting for him to say something definite, waiting rather patiently. "It's all right," he said. "Come on. You remind me all the time that there is such a thing as common sense and that I should use what little I have." He hailed a cab.

"What a romantic thought," she said as he helped her in. "You practically overwhelm me."

The cab had roared up to them from twenty feet away when he called it, and now it started with a jerk and was going fully forty miles an hour in second past the white post office before they had recovered balance.

"Do they always drive like this?" she said.

"Usually not quite so bad," he told her. "It's the effect of having a flier for a passenger. They are very susceptible to passing influences."

"A strictly Mexican characteristic, of course?"

"Oh, all right," he said.

The jouncing of the rough road threw them against each other and he took her hand but did not kiss her again. Some gravity linked with the first time in the shadow of the gunboat still remained in him, and he would not change its memory yet. At least as clearly as she did, he knew the exact, the intended mood and feeling that had made up the moment there.

The airport was almost unlighted. In the dimness the plane stood, heavy, compact yet somehow awkward. Two or three of the ground crew were servicing it, and off to one side Golembeski stood alone, the classic figure of all pilots: the phones, the helmet, the blunt shape of the flying suit.

"All set, kid?" Bannon said.

"All set," Golembeski said.

He said that Carteret, who had flown the plane in, had been met by his girl and gone back to town. Most of this was lost in the sudden, starting roar of the motor as one of the mechanics began to warm it up. To Bannon, it seemed as though Golembeski's eyes, lost in the shadow of their sockets, stared at them. Miss Calnan stood a little way off while the two men walked slowly toward the plane.

"You feel all right?" Bannon yelled.

★ ★

Talk on a Wet Day

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

All that day the rain sifted down like soot,
The windows dripping dingily, the stone
Swarthy with the rain's sweat, while underfoot
Soiled newspapers were blown.

It was a day to talk of death. You talked
Of someone dead whom I had never met,
Of how she danced where other people walked—
I sucked a cigarette.

Match after match burned wriggling to a char.
You looked away, talking of her. You said:
"Her soul was an eagle staring at a star . . .
And now . . . and now . . . instead

"Of this too dense mortality that drags
The spirit down and weighs upon the eyes,
She shares the eagle's proud and lonely crags,
His austere enterprise.

"So, unimpeded by the flesh, she goes,
And, purged of eyeballs, sees; and with stopped ears
And marble mind knows what the mountain knows,
The mountain eagle hears:

"For always, as her words climbed to her thought,
The mountains loomed and lifted, and the sound
Of great wings beating and a clarion throat
Drowned our dull earth, drowned

"The little frantic pulse of time and place,
The feverish tick of circumstance, the things
That chain us. . . . There were eagles in that face,
The sweep of eagles' wings! . . ."

Match after match went cold. Outside the rain
Glistened from black umbrellas like an ink.
You said no more. You rose. What words remain
When two stand on the brink

Of that serene and unabridged abyss? . . .
O noble lady whom I shall not know,
A stranger cries Godspeed and sends you this.
Now it is time to go.

★ ★

Golembeski nodded. "You kind of go for hat dame, don't you?" he yelled back.

"Oh, I don't know," Bannon yelled.

"You oughta know by now," Golembeski houted.

They could hardly hear each other. Golembeski was amused by something and Bannon could not be sure what. Tension had begun to build in him again.

"Don't hesitate to come in at Tampico f you feel she's too tricky to fly," he told he other.

"She's all right," Golembeski said. "If Carteret could bring her up from Mérida, I can take her into Brownsville."

"I'd rather fly it myself," Bannon said. "I wish Lindeman wasn't away."

Golembeski waved him off. "You're nuts," he said, and turned to climb into the plane. From the cockpit, looking down at Bannon, he saw him shake his head. When he throttled the motor he heard Bannon shout, 'Wait. It's not warmed up yet," and he saw Bannon go back and talk to the girl.

Then Bannon came back to the plane and, cupping his hands around his mouth, yelled, 'Get out. There's something in the sound I don't like."

"You're crazy," Golembeski said. "The engine is the one thing that's okay with this plane."

"Get out," Bannon said. "I want to see what's wrong. I don't like the sound."

GOLEMBESKI climbed down and, without talking or looking at him, Bannon climbed up and into the cockpit. Unlike Golembeski, he closed the plastic top. He looked strange in it without flying suit or helmet. The motor, as Golembeski knew, sounded fine when Bannon gunned it. The chocks had been removed when Golembeski got into the plane and now slowly the heavy fighter began to move straight down the runway. "Hey, you fool," Golembeski yelled, but Bannon, of course, could not hear anyone. The plane gathered speed, a nightmarish and fleeing shape in the gloom. The mechanics stood still, puzzled and in a way stricken. The roaring changed in tone and they knew the plane was air-borne. Its sound dwindled rapidly, became no more than the noise of a bee. Not until then did Golembeski turn to Miss Calnan.

"What did he say to you?"

"You mean just before he got in the plane?" she said.

"Yes."

"HE asked me what my first name was and he wanted to know if I thought I'd still be in Veracruz tomorrow night."

"And what did you tell him?" Golembeski asked.

"I told him I thought I would be." When Golembeski was silent, she went on. "If you're wondering why he just did what he did, he's been worrying all day, apparently, over having to assign someone to that plane."

One of the mechanics called from the truck they were in, "You want a ride back to town, lootenant?"

"Oh, yes," Golembeski said. "We both do." Walking toward the truck, he said, "That Bannon—he worries. But quite a guy, all right."

"Why, yes," Miss Calnan said.

Two of the mechanics got out to ride in the back and Golembeski and she got into the cab. The truck bounced even more than the taxi on the bad road going back to town. The mechanic driving said, "That Lieutenant Bannon, he sure gets bothered." No one answered him.

Miss Calnan, by upbringing and nature a conservative and rather quiet girl, was startled by her own thoughts. Roughly, they were that, regardless of what her parents might say, she was going to wait in Veracruz for Bannon to return, and that if he should be hurt she would go to wherever he was. She could not think of Bannon as ever dying. In the reeling and darkened truck, in their own silence, she began to pray for Bannon.



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PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

A room with a theme and a scheme based on old blue willow. Dated family furniture is given style and freshness with paint and fabric. Carefully following a definite scheme gives professionally decorated look.



Dining room in Willow Blue

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

OLD blue willow china, beloved and treasured for more than a century, is the inspiration for this cool, summery scheme which you can copy at little expense. No dining room is too simple to be charming and beautiful when decorated around a scheme as appealing as willow blue. Dining-room decoration is the easiest to do, remember; and even if you have never decorated in your life, you can get good results when working around a theme. You do not need to buy new furniture, for any style of chairs, serving pieces or cabinets can be used for your arrangement. The secret of all "freshen up" decorations is to use just what you have, but to use it with style.

To start with, the room shown above was only a dark little box and we added the square bay just to show you how effective even a simple improvement can be. But the shape of the room does not matter so much, for the effect of the scheme will be the same in any room, if you stick to the basic idea of its decoration.

Building a projecting cupboard is a French provincial touch which gives originality to a plain little room, and you can have the delightful experience of arranging the shelves to suit your own taste. Onto them go your showiest treasures, your heirloom bits or collections, and of course this is the place to display pieces that give your room its theme.

Actually, this is a "one-two-three" room, and you can go at it as if you were carrying out a recipe. First, choose the plate, tureen or other china treasure you want to use for your scheme and your theme. Then paint everything snowy white, except the tinted ceiling, which is a fashion note. Make it a tint of your main theme color, not too dark.

Next, arrange your furniture, leaving out any large pieces that crowd the room and are not of particular service. This gives you the extra space which is part of the "new" look you are creating. If you have a handy man, perhaps he can remodel your larger pieces to make smaller ones; and if you are a new homemaker, here's a tip: secondhand dining-room furniture, if a bit dated, is almost a giveaway. You can find it in practically any secondhand furniture store. Best of all, if it is old and cheap you can remodel and paint absolutely uninhibited, for there's nothing to ruin. To carry out the willow-blue theme, paint all your furniture white.

Since every room should have a beauty spot or center of interest—even the dining room—we used a painted wallpaper panel in the center of our main wall. For this dramatic touch, we chose a Chinese scene because the romantic story *(Continued on Page 142)*



Paper is light! But collecting *loads* of it for her Uncle Sam is hard work for a little girl like Nancy. Now she slides off into a well-deserved rest, cushioned by the luxury of Beautyrest—the *dream* mattress.

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House in the Sun

All rooms open on sunny terrace, garden or playground.



JOHN FUNK, ARCHITECT; GARRETT ECKBO, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT. HOUSE MODEL BY DEVON DENNETT; MODEL FURNITURE BY BETTY DEMARS. SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRATT.

BY RICHARD PRATT

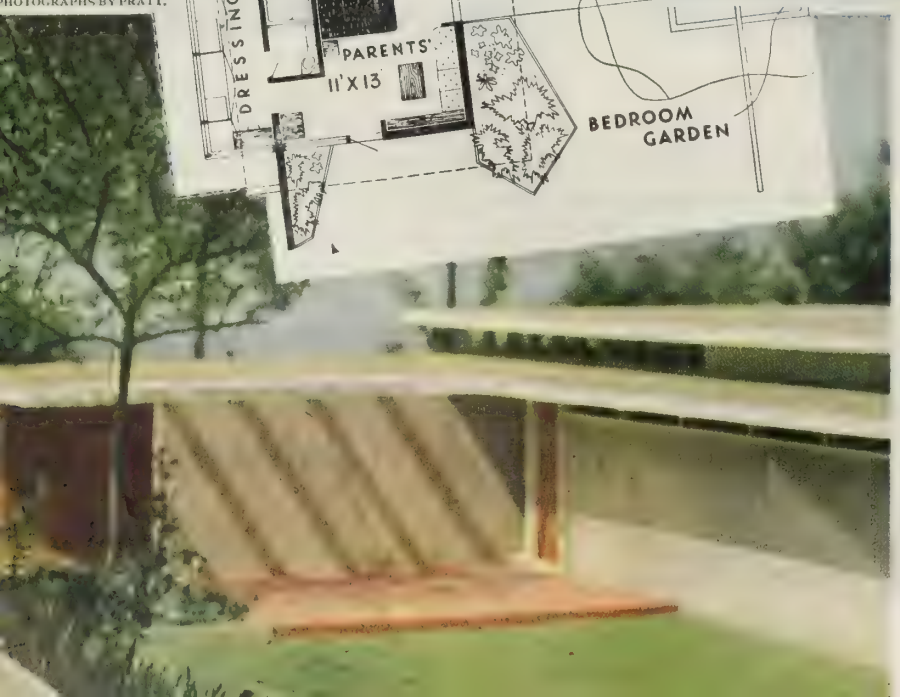
Architectural Editor of the Journal

LIKE all preceding houses in the series, this one would take every season in its stride—coldest winter, warmest summer—anywhere within reason. The glass-paneled garden side, away from the street, would let in the winter sun warmth, while its wide roof overhang would shade the rooms in summer. The other walls, of precast lightweight concrete panels, beautifully textured and colored for appropriate inside and outside finish, would be full insulation against all extremes of temperature. The raised roof, with its high clerestory windows, would provide still further light and ventilation. And the simplicity and fewness of the mass-produced parts would make possible all this space and comfort at half the cost of conventional construction.

Unhampered by worn-out restrictions of style, the floor plan proceeds with perfect freedom to give you the greatest amount of livability attainable. Take a tour of the house, and see for yourself. Coming in from the street, the entry opens on a long passage that begins with bookshelves beside the large daylight-illuminated living room. Separated at will by a folding partition is the dining room for as many as eight, and the same full garden view. Then the kitchen and laundry: pleasant, complete, commodious, with an entrance from the car shelter, which contains heating plant and storage compartments. Now back to the passage with the books, the corridor, lined with large closets, leads to the bedrooms and becomes a dressing room for the parents' bedroom at the end. Notice, in passing, the children's, which can be singles or double, and their two cleverly divided baths. And remember that skillful planning without guarantees privacy and outlook within; also that skillful planning of house and grounds must continue on to cover the community—for the livability of the neighborhood is what gives value and security to the home.

The hope for houses like this, at prices you can afford, is within your power to realize. Better houses, at lower costs, and put together with infinitely fewer parts, all greatly improved and simplified, can be had if the same kind of research and co-ordination which are winning the war can only be used to revitalize the home-building industry. You can urge your congressman to back legislation which will initiate and stimulate research that will create the better, less expensive homes you need. You can help discourage present inflationary costs by waiting for that better, less expensive home. Wartime research quickly developed the B-29; similar effort can soon develop the better home so vital to a victorious peace.

High windows (at lower left) give privacy from the street. The terrace is like an outdoor room.





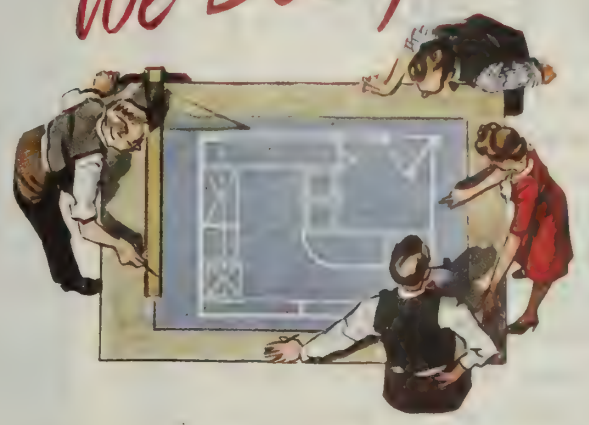


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It is easy to feel the goodness of the earth in August. Silver dawdles—not even interested in chasing chickens.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

THE Moon of Canning is here again. And this year we also have a freezing unit, which we acquired as a legacy and are just beginning to feel intimate with. We find the freezer a kind of white magic, and I think in time all houses will be built with them just as bathtubs and sinks go in now.

A freezer is an economy because there is no wasting of food with one. Even if you do not raise your own vegetables, you are able to buy them at their peak season and, when things are flooding the market, put down enough for six months. Community lockers are the same thing except for folks who live remote from civilization, who can't get transportation to one.

Canning plus freezing makes a household ready for any emergency. When I bake beans I now can bake a double batch and freeze half. Cooky dough put down means fresh cookies in short order. Cakes may be frozen, or pies—in fact, whole meals may be laid neatly away ready to thaw and heat.

Another very nice thing is that you can freeze just a small quantity of whatever you have—a couple of packages when the beans are ripening too fast, for example.

When and if you can get some hamburger, it is nice to make patties for a picnic and put them down all ready for the basket. Each patty must have a layer of freezer paper between it and the next, however, to keep it separate.

There are still things that must be canned, even with the freezer available.

This year I am doubling the amount of Garden Special, and putting it up in pints instead of quarts. I really grow lyrical over Garden Special, because it can be used for omelet sauce, to bake fish fillets in, for macaroni casseroles, for meat-and-potato casseroles and many other things. It calls for 6 sweet peppers, 1 quart onions, 1 quart celery chopped together rather fine, leaves and all. I cook this twenty minutes with a quart of water, then add 4 quarts ripe tomatoes, peeled and cut up, and 3 tablespoons salt, 2 tablespoons sugar and whatever else I feel in the mood for by way of seasoning, such as a bay leaf, a pinch of mixed herbs, a bit of dry mustard. I think I'll do one batch this year with chili powder—be nice with baked Lima beans or red kidney beans. After the Special comes to a boil, I put it in hot jars and process in boiling-water bath for twenty-five minutes for pints, or thirty minutes for quarts. If I use the pressure cooker, I time it for tomatoes.

Meals have to be simple while the canning and freezing is the main job. A very simple and good dessert is Apple Crunch. I slice 6 apples in a pie plate or square cake tin and season as for pie, then take 1 cup granulated sugar, ¾ cup flour, ¼ cup butter or other shortening, and mix them to the crumbly stage and cover the apples with them. Bake in a hot oven till apples are tender and crumbs brown and crispy. This is just a new version of brown Betty, but good.

A friend told me of a wonderful idea about dill pickles. Buy a quart jar of them, pour off a third of the liquid and replace it with vinegar, add a clove of sliced garlic and let the jar set a couple of days. This gives that extra-special flavor.

Keeping variety in summer meals is easy with the garden at its peak, even with meat scarcity. One fine way to change the menu and use leftover meat and vegetables is to do them up with curry. I make a basic curry sauce for these. It is easy and delicious. I sauté 1 onion, sliced, in 1½ tablespoons margarine, add 2 teaspoons flour and 1 tablespoon curry powder and stir until well blended. Then I put in 1 sliced tomato and stir 1 pint of soup stock in, season with salt and freshly ground pepper and simmer gently for twenty minutes. The sauce reduces to about 1 cup.

If there isn't a scrap of meat, curried eggs are good. I cut 2 slices stale bread into two-inch squares and sauté them in a little margarine, then lay halves of 4 hard-cooked eggs on them and pour over the basic curry sauce, heat in the oven and serve.

We eat most of our meals in August outdoors. It seems a shame to miss a single hour under the dreamy summer sky. The barbecue is in constant use. I love to have supper about sunset time, cooked over the fireplace, and then, as the embers glow redly, sit and feel the cool of evening coming softly over the meadows. There is a kind of quiet in a summer evening which is like

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nothing else in the world. It is quiet like an opening golden rose. The sky is the color of moonstone after the sun dips behind the green hills, and later on it is lilac and deep purple. Then the summer moon silvers everything over, and the stars unfold their petals too.

Conversation ebbs away on such a night, people sit dreamily, the last flicker of fire lighting up a man's pipe, a woman's clasped hands, a child's eager eyes. Honey is a blur of gold in the shadows, Melody is a piece of night herself, and Esmé and Tigger, who love the barbecue, sit happily on the stone ledge. Esmé's eyes are opal, Tigger's eyes are topaz. We always linger until the damp mist rises from the swamp and the last ember falls apart.

This summer what conversation goes on is practically always on the subject of plowing or not plowing. After reading Mr. Faulkner's Plowman's Folly, my sister Jill began to think we were really ruining our soil by the cultivation and turning. Then we got Louis Bromfield's Pleasant Valley. My husband, Bob, started it and rushed in from the lawn to say, "We shall never plow again." My natural conservatism views the idea with some distrust, but Mr. Bromfield is a most persuasive man. I do believe the future of America depends on the richness of the soil and that we must stop letting it all flow away in the rivers. Also, commercial fertilizer dumped on is not enough to preserve that lovely layer of topsoil. The level of our own vegetable garden, which is flat, has sunk several inches just since we began to use it. Now Jill and Bob are spending all their efforts carrying chicken litter and moving compost to help out, and we shall increase the cover crop in the fall.

Neither Mr. Faulkner nor Mr. Bromfield mentioned one thing, as I remember it, and that is the wonderful effect of burying garbage in poor soil. Our land is very erratic, as most New England soil is. One end of the garden was once practically useless. But we began to bury the garbage there, and now that end is better than the rich end. The Indians never knew how intelligent they were to bury fish heads in their hills of corn.

The new theory of cultivation involves disking the soil instead of turning it over with deep plowing. You merely chop it up, plant, and the old refuse which was once so carefully burned enriches the soil and keeps moisture in it.

I think the war has made America more conscious of the value of this great naturally kind land. But we must preserve the heritage if America is to continue to be a land of the free. We need a new race of pioneers, pioneers in rebuilding worn-out land. It is a very pleasant thing to think, as we steer the wheelbarrow of chicken litter through the interested cocker crowd, that we are doing something for the future as well as for this next garden.

Jill is considering the idea of geese. So far we have done very little about livestock. We always bog down on the idea of raising things and having to kill them. Even the hens, that should have been fricasseed long since, are still clucking around. Possibly we might do better with geese, but I rather doubt it. Another book started her off on the idea. This is Ed Robinson, with his Have-More

(Continued on Page 135)

Only the fool and the very young expect happiness. The wise merely hope to be interested, at least not to be bored, in their passage through this world. Nothing is so interesting as love and grief, and the one involves the other.

—ARNOLD BENNETT.

Never tell people how you are; they don't want to know. —GOETHE.

I have discovered the fountain of youth. The secret is simple. Never let your brain grow inactive, and you will keep young forever.

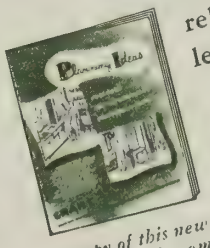
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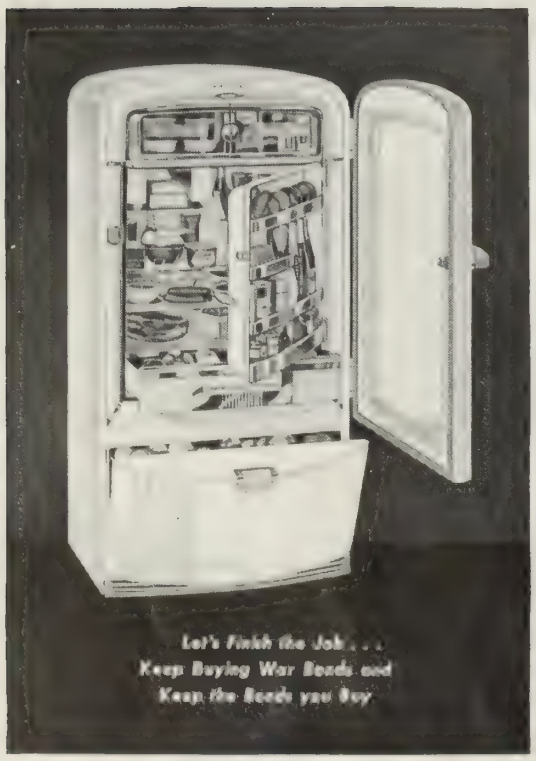
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"No more daily trips to market for me! When you only have an 'A' book you have to count by yards instead of by miles . . . and I've learned to count on my Philco Refrigerator to save gasoline! Sounds funny . . . but I think the OPA should give my Philco Refrigerator a medal or something! For this family's Philco has actually saved gallons of gasoline . . . not to mention wear and tear on the car and tires.

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"The Frozen Food Compartment freezes fresh meats in a few hours . . . keeps them safely and solidly frozen . . . and keeps frozen foods as perfectly as they are in the store. Our Philco has certainly been a big help through the days when food was short and points were shorter.

"And while I wouldn't dream of trying to tell anyone about what makes it run . . . I do know one thing. I can *depend* on this Philco Refrigerator. It's been running perfectly since the day it arrived, back before the war. *Dependability* must be the first thing they build into Philco Refrigerators!"

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(Continued from Page 133)

Plan. But the Robinsons are practical folk; they have rabbits and goats and a pig. One seldom thinks of a pig having much charm, but one of my friends got a pair of little porkers to raise and by the end of the season she was taking them out for walks every day, and they followed her around like puppies. In the end, she had to take a trip while the pigs vanished.

It is easy to feel the goodness of the earth in August. Full summer dreams on the fields, and the rich scent of hay comes from filled barns. Tomatoes and cucumbers and green peppers and red fill the garden. The eggplant grows purple. The cool green of cabbages catches the early sun. And the gladiolus lift lovely stalks of bloom.

Late roses smell sweetest. Zinnias are vivid as banners in a parade. The salmon-colored are my favorite, especially when put in a stone-blue pitcher.

White and shell-pink cosmos open all along the beds. I sometimes think the cosmos is too ladylike a flower; I know she wouldn't speak to the zinnias with their blaring colors. But the glads—they are dramatic without being blatant. And they are so generous. A single bloom on a stalk would be beautiful, but the glads have so many. I like best the smoky, coppery shades, or the frosty white. Duna and Evensong are beautiful. But the warm gold tones are lovely too.

Silver has learned how to jump the picket fence. She also found out that by going around the outside of the yard, she would end delightfully in the midst of the chickens. The first we knew of it was when a guest came down to breakfast and said idly, "Who is the little black-and-white one that stays with the hens?" We flew out, expecting an end to our flock for good. And Silver was lying down by the chickens, just watching them with interest.

The strange thing about it is that when she is inside the fence, she rushes at them with everybody else. All the dogs make a game of flushing the hens at regular intervals, and the hens make a few conventional squawks and go on eating. Silver must have figured out in her funny little head that the chickens are part of the place.

"Well," said Bob, "I'm glad it wasn't Melody who got out." Melody is not noted for rigid self-control. In fact, she has a gleam in her eye when she sees Esmé lolling on the hearth. It really would be wonderful to play catch-as-catch-can with a cat, she thinks. Then when I say something about it, her eyes are innocent as a spring day. "You misjudge me entirely," she says.

I always wonder why summer reading is supposed to be light. I can't see why the mind is weakened by summer. I do think reading poetry is especial fun on a dreamy afternoon. But so it is by a winter hearth with apples toasting and corn popping.

One test for me of good poetry is how sweet it sounds to the ear. I felt very fortunate when I heard Robert Frost read aloud his new book, The Masque of Reason. And I immediately earmarked my own copy to read aloud to anyone I could find. Yeats is good reading:

Down by the salley gardens, my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.

What a pleasant sound the words make! And the Song of Wandering Aengus:

I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands
And walk among long dappled grass
And pluck, till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

I am very fond of the radio, and nobody loves to listen to records more than I do. But sometimes I think family life loses something warm and close and pleasant by never reading aloud in the cool of the evening. In the preradio era, even if the whole family was engaged in a different book, there was a kind of sharing. We ought to revive the custom of family reading, I think.

My favorite family custom is the bedtime snack. If the children are at home for vacation, they may not spend the evening with the adults; but if everyone gathers for a few minutes at the day's end, it is a happy thing. A plate of cookies and glasses of cool milk, or cheese and crackers and tomato juice, or hot cocoa if it is not too hot outdoors, or scrambled eggs—almost any kind of food is happily received and enjoyed. We like popcorn winter or summer. Frosty fruit drinks are a good nightcap.

The meadow is very still and beautiful in the August night. A silvery mist rises. The barn and the maple trees and the house look as if they had been dipped in melted silver, and the shadows on the lawn are laced with silver too. The bright splendor of the moon transmutes the apple orchard into a place of dreams.

"Stay a little, summer, do not go," I whisper as I take a last look about me before I go in.

And Honey says she likes it too!

A guest hurried up to the hotel clerk's counter. He had just ten minutes to pay his bill, reach the station and board the train. "Hang it!" he exclaimed, "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room, 437, and see if I left my pajamas and shaving kit. Hurry; I've only five minutes."

The boy hurried. In four minutes he returned, out of breath. "Yes, sir," he panted, "you left them."

—H. M. MULLER:
Still More Toasts. (H. W. Wilson Co.)

AS SUMMERY AS A BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 37)

white and as fresh as a daisy in a wreath. With gingersnaps, fresh from the oven, it is divine. With gingerbread, as perfumed as the flowers of Araby, it is memorable. With apple or peach or cherry pie—well, are *you* asking *me?* Or as we have it here in our colored picture, in a crystal bowl, fresh and sweet—to be eaten with hot crusty rolls or potato chips, with ice-crisp cucumbers and garden-fresh tomatoes. There's a summery luncheon dish, brisk as a butterfly and ten times as practical.

This is an old, old story. Well, it is. And short too. Has to do with stuffed eggs, and you might know it. Cook the eggs. Cut in two like a return-trip ticket on the New Haven local. Mash the yolks and mix with mayonnaise, a spice of anchovy, salt and pepper. Mash well—the weller the betterer. Put a small stuffed olive in each half white, fill with the yolk paste, garnish with chicory or water cress—*my* favorite. Serve cold. The olive makes this an egg surprise. Or doesn't it surprise you?

More about corn. There is little to add about corn on the cob—except that it wouldn't be summer without it. If you boil it, boil it in half milk and half boiling water, with a little salt and a sprinkling of sugar. Don't let it sit around eating its heart out. The sooner you cook it after it is plucked, the better. Not over ten minutes of cooking. After that—hush that metronome; the opus is over.

Why not a clam bake? And speaking of corn, August brings out the grill and the ashes. So why not give a corn roast—or a clam and lobster bake—or make a big platter of corn fritters the center of attraction?

CORN FRITTERS

Grate about 1 dozen ears of corn. Get the hulls out—nobody cares about them.



Made by the World's Largest Manufacturers of Pressure Cooking and Canning Utensils

For better family health through more nourishing and appetizing foods . . . Amazing PRESTO Cooking speed cuts cooking time from hours to minutes.

PRESTO Cooked vegetables, with more of their vitamin and mineral content, garden-fresh colors and food flavors retained, are ready to serve in a "jiffy." For example, *fresh peas and asparagus cook in 1 to 2 minutes; cauliflower, carrots and string beans, in 2 to 3 minutes; beets, in 5 minutes . . .*

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ARMY NAVY

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Add 1 cup of milk or cream, a small lump of butter or margarine, salt and pepper to taste and enough flour, sifted with 2 teaspoons of baking powder, to make a griddlecake batter. Add 1 teaspoon of sugar and 3 well-beaten eggs. Beat. Bake as you would griddlecakes, on a hot griddle. Serve with fried chicken, or with bacon and maple sirup. And I've eaten a good many desserts that couldn't touch them.

Just one more—then finis. Not to be redundant, if you know what I am driving at, let me pass to corn pudding—and have done. Have done, but not with corn in my private life. I feel that corn on the cob is responsible for more blessings than most things besides Providence. (Not Rhode Island.) The season is short and we should make the most of it.

CORN PUDDING AS I LIKE IT

Take 2 cups (or a can) of corn and chop fine. Get out all the hulls if the corn is fresh. I'll tell you how. Slit the kernels and press out the inside with the back of a knife. Takes a little time and it pays. Now add 2 egg yolks, beaten well, salt and pepper to taste, 1 green pepper chopped *very* fine, a little paprika and a few grains of nutmeg. Mix with 2 tablespoons of sifted flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, 2 tablespoons of melted butter or margarine and 2 cups of scalded milk. Now fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Turn into a greased casserole. Set the casserole in hot water and bake in an oven at 350° F. until a knife inserted comes out clean.

Now for dessert. Well, I promised to wind up this piece and so I will. I *do* hope you've enjoyed it as much as I have. And now your dessert is ready and waiting and here it is. Don't be misled by the name. It may make you think of a riding habit of 1888, but it isn't. It's just a habit of another time, another generation. Peach Velvet—it's as delicious as a mousse and it doesn't take cream.

PEACH VELVET

To 3 cups of sliced peaches, add ¼ cup of water and 1 cup of sugar. Cook five minutes. Purée or put through sieve. There should be about 2¾ cups. Now add ¼ teaspoon of salt and ¼ cup of lemon juice. Soften 1 teaspoon of unflavored gelatin in 1 tablespoon of cold water and heat over hot water until the gelatin dissolves. Stir into the peach purée. Pour into the freezing tray of the refrigerator. Set up to the coldest position. Freeze until all is frozen but about an inch strip in the center. Scrape into a chilled bowl and beat like crazy with an egg beater or an electric mixer. It should be beaten until it becomes very light-colored. It will look something like a meringue even though there aren't any eggs in it. Scrape the mixture back into the freezing tray. Freeze again—this time until firm. Serve in melon halves or with melon balls. And if you want something to nibble along with it, here is an idea.

BUTTERFLY CRISPS

Use a sugar-cooky dough. Roll it out very thin. Cut it out in rounds with a biscuit or cooky cutter. Cut each round exactly in half. Arrange the 2 half circles of each cooky with the curved sides together and slightly overlapping. Cut pitted dates into quarters and put a piece in the center of each cooky. Sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., until light brown.

Butterfly, butterfly, fly away. Good-by, butterfly. It was nice of you to call. It was lovely to find you on the rosebush near the big rock. And your companion hovering, undecided, over the delphinium bed. Come again, beautiful visitor of summer and sun. Your welcome is sure. No one shall harm your ethereal beauty, no one be permitted to touch the dust on those heavenly wings. They shall sail away—as you came, from whence I do not know. To what haven I cannot see. Good-by, butterfly. Good-by—good-by.



RECIPE

Skinless TRADE MARK *FRANKFURTERS*

WITH CREAM POTATO SALAD...SERVES 7

6 cups cold, cooked, diced potatoes ⅔ cup finely cut onion 1 cup cut celery
3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced 1½ cups mayonnaise 2 tablespoons vinegar ¼ cup cream
Lettuce Olives and Pickles Pimiento Carrot Curls Salt to taste
2 lbs. SKINLESS Frankfurters

Combine potatoes, onions, celery and 2 eggs. Mix mayonnaise, vinegar and cream and pour over potato mixture. Toss together. Chill. Serve individual mounds on lettuce leaves, topped with an egg slice and slices of pimiento. Garnish with olives and sweet pickles.

Pile carrot curls in center of platter. Between mounds of salad, place piping hot SKINLESS frankfurters.

SKINLESS Franks Need No Boiling! Drop in simmering water, turn off flame — in 5-7 minutes they're heated through, ready to serve.

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Marathon Corporation, Menasha, Wisconsin



Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

A CHILD who brings dandelions to his mother brings gold; his gift should be plated to water and the best vase in the house.

Although a boy is never too old for a good-night kiss, he is quite soon too old to be kissed in front of his pals.

A bevy of school girls, dressed with individual uniformity.

Any small change of politeness put in circulation within a family will soon be making valuable purchases outside the family.

Some parents seem determined to bring their children up on a balanced riot.

For a good place to stumble, there's no place like home.

Rationing brings out the best in some women; they are able not only to make both ends meet, but to tie them together with a bow.

Every home is in reality a giant broadcasting station transmitting its heart to the world.

Children should not be hurried. They go into action with the speed of neon lights.

A boy grew up the other day; someone called him by his last name.

It is important, to teach children self-control, to put the fire out and *scream afterward.*

In her garden of suitors she made the mistake of waiting for a perfect blossom.

The theory that talking will make a child mind has one weakness: it doesn't work.

The apparel oft proclaims the man . . . when it's not a woman in slacks.

Women who do not expect their children to have pets should have only houses.

Integrity: the thing which keeps you from looking ahead to see how the story ends.

A boy got acquainted with his dad the other day: they went fishing together.

She never definitely threw anything away, only moved it to another place.

The difficult thing about raising several children is not that they are occasionally naughty, but that they are not all naughty at the same time.

Old advice: "A black silk, a good black alpaca and a brown linen are always safe to buy, suitable to almost any complexion and to almost any circumstance." No wonder the women gave up so young.

Child's comment upon hearing about an epidemic: "I won't dare go to school, mother. You know I'm acceptable to disease."

Small acts of affection are the vitamins of a successful marriage; without them married life may suffer from one of the deficiency diseases.

These days I nearly break my neck to answer the doorbell, even though I'm in the basement or attic: it might be the plumber or electrician ordered six months ago.



"She's just had another glass of Iced Coffee!"

HOW TO MAKE DELICIOUS ICED COFFEE—*It's easy!*

- Make coffee double strength. Use one-half the amount of water with the usual amount of coffee. Pour hot and fresh over ice cubes in tall glass—or
- Make regular strength, cool to room temperature, before pouring over ice.



HAVE ANOTHER GLASS!

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Victory Garden Supper Spree

SUNBURST SALAD RITZ CRACKERS

Paint a *picture* with your vegetables . . . you may be surprised at the artist in you! Then serve with Ritz for flavor and your masterpiece is complete! For no other cracker gives such allure to vitamin-rich greens and vegetables as golden, delectable Ritz . . . the tastiest, crunchiest cracker of them all! So flavor-rich it makes a simple salad bowl a real supper spree! Try this Ritz-delicious idea on your family . . . it will *charm* them!

NABISCO

RITZ

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

This is the seal to look for when you buy crackers and cookies. It means they're Baked by Nabisco— National Biscuit Company —and sure to be a flavor treat!

Say it with Salads

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

WHEN folks in your family say, "It's too hot to eat," they do mean it really. They'll eat, and with pleasure, if the meal is a sal affair. A tossed green salad is a fine thing and one of our favorit but it isn't filling enough to stand alone as a matter of course. It nee cold meat or something hearty to complete it. Fruit salads are more the dessert class, but with cottage cheese they are a perfect luncheor not dinner. So when you're salad-bowling, include substantials such meat, fish, cheese or eggs. Crisp and cool whole-meal salads come dinner on porch, patio or even in the parlor, if that's where the breeze

A salad is as good as its dressing—and there are many to choose from.

BLUE-CHEESE DRESSING

Add ½ cup crumbled blue cheese and ½ cup thin cream to 1 cup mayonnaise. Beat with rotary beater. Then add 1 tablespoon chopped water cress. Makes 1⅔ cups.

While the above dressing requires points for the cheese, the mayonnaise at least is unrationed. Homemade boiled dressing is just right for many homey whole-meal salads—potato demands it. Vinegar and seasonings are the things to use on cucumbers and tomatoes when it's a corn-on-the-cob dinner; and vinegar, sieved egg yolk and seasonings for your garden lettuce.

Cottage cheese makes a perfect summer supper. With blue cheese whipped into it, it makes a heavenly loaf to slice. Lead up to it with a fresh corn chowder. Have plenty of raw vegetables with the loaf. Cantaloupe—chilly cold, with sherbet in its heart—is the perfect ending.

CHEESE-RING SALAD

Beat 2½ cups creamy-type cottage cheese (about 2 pounds) with ½ cup crumbled blue cheese until fairly smooth and blended. Use the electric mixer beater or rotary beater. Now add ½ cup thin cream gradually—continuing to beat until smooth. Season with ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of pepper. It doesn't need salt, as the blue cheese takes care of that. Soften 1 envel of unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup c water. Dissolve over hot water a stir into the cheese mixture gradual Mix in thoroughly so gelatin will evenly distributed through the chee Now it's ready to mold. If you hav small ring mold—fine and dan Otherwise, a loaf pan such as yo use for bread is good for setting t mixture. Individual molds are all order too. Turn out on a chop plate platter and garnish with sal greens, sliced tomatoes and/or sli oranges. Ripe olives fit into the ings too. This will serve 6–8. (S photo below.)

When there are to be guests for d ner, make your main attraction rea glamorous. Soup is hot comfort fo cold meal, so start off with that. P hot rolls and top off this satisfying m dish with a fresh-peach shortcake a coffee.

JELLIED CUCUMBER SAL WITH SHRIMPS

Peel 3 large or 4–5 smaller cucu bers. Grate them. You will nee cups of pulp and juice. Soften 2 velopes unflavored gelatin in ½ c cold water. Add 1½ cups boiling w ter. Stir until dissolved and add tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon hot Me can pepper sauce, ¼ teaspoon pep and the juice of 2 lemons. When co add the 4 cups of grated cucum and 2 medium onions, grated. M well and taste. It may need a more salt. Add a few drops of gre coloring—go easy, though. Pour in





PHOTOS BY STUART

a 6-cup ring mold or, if you like, into individual molds. Chill until set. If it's to your advantage, make up this salad the day before and let it chill overnight. Turn out and serve with a good shrimp salad made with Russian dressing. You know what that means—mayonnaise plus chopped green pepper, chopped cooked egg and enough chili sauce or similar relish to give it a light coral color. Pep up with Worcestershire sauce and a little grated onion. If shrimps are unavailable, make your salad of salmon, fresh crab meat, lobster or tuna fish. Since this quantity of cucumber "jelly" serves 10 to 12, halve it for a small family.

If marinated or pickled herring is new to you, this is a good way to try it for your first introduction. It's the main dish—you need to serve little else but rye bread, dill pickles, perhaps coleslaw and a big bowl of fresh berries and iced coffee.

HERRING SALAD

Drain 1 small jar of marinated or pickled herring. Cut into small pieces. There should be about 1 cupful. Combine with 1 cup diced or chopped cooked or canned beets, 2 apples, diced, ½ cup minced celery, 2 medium onions, chopped, and 4 cooked potatoes, diced. Have all the ingredients well chilled and prepared separately before mixing together. Blend together ½ cup thick sour cream, ¼ cup mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Stir into mixed vegetables and herring. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Chill in refrigerator about an hour before serving so dressing will permeate the other ingredients. Line salad bowl with greens. Fill with salad and garnish with sliced cooked beets or wedges of hard-cooked egg. Serves 6.

With meat still something you have to hunt around for, why not keep cool and have what meat you can get and potatoes cold in a salad? With sliced tomatoes, rolls, iced tea and big slices of watermelon, you'll be refreshed and ready for a stroll in the garden.

COLD-CUT SALAD

Cook 6 to 8 potatoes in the jackets. Drain and cool. Also cook ½ pound fresh Lima beans or green snap beans, Frenched. Peel the potatoes and dice. Skin 1 pound Bologna, salami, cervelat or canned pressed ham. Liverwurst might be good, and even cooked frankfurters. Cut whichever cold cut you use into thin strips. Also have ready 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced, and 1 onion, chopped. Season the vegetables well and toss all together with French dressing—or you can arrange the ingredients in separate groups in your salad bowl, garnish with sliced egg and toss with the dressing at the table. Serves 6. (See photo above.)

Vines are heavy with green snap beans right now, so one more way to use them won't be amiss. Personally, I like this salad better than almost any cooked vegetable one.

SNAP-BEAN SALAD

Wash and cut the tips off about ¾ pound tender green beans. If they are very young and small, leave them whole or just cut through once. If the beans are fairly well developed, you'd better French them—that means to cut them into long thin strips the length of the bean. It's simpler not to, but the salad is better if you do—this lets the dressing really get into the bean. Cook, drain and chill the beans. Mix with 2 good-sized onions, chopped fine, 1 cucumber, peeled, cut into fourths lengthwise and then thinly sliced. Season well with salt and pepper and pour enough French dressing over all to moisten well. This particular salad needs enough dressing to make it "juicy"—give it standing room in the refrigerator for about two hours. Serve in a cold bowl lined with lettuce. It's not a beauty salad, but it's beautiful eating.

SALAD STAND-BY'S

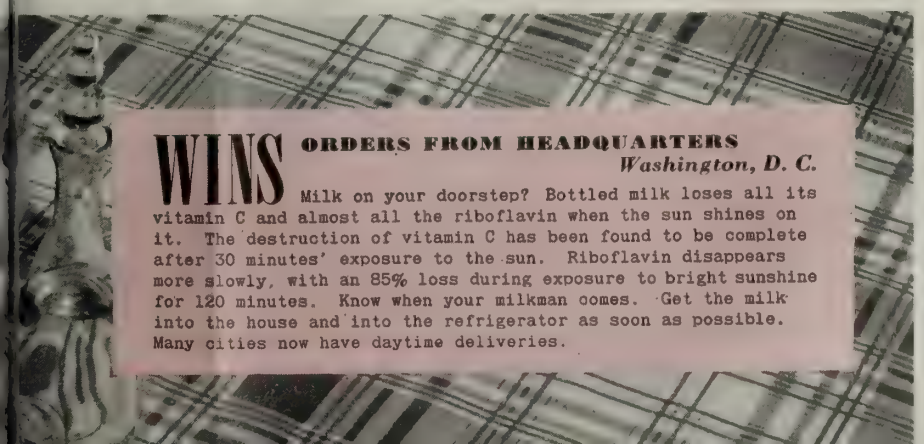
Chicken salad—classic when made with much chicken and little celery. Stretch it with raw vegetables or slivered toasted almonds with the celery.

Deviled eggs in tomato aspic—set it in a ring. If you think it isn't going to be filling enough, fill the center of the ring with potato salad.

Lobster or fresh-crab-meat salad in avocado halves—for those of you who live near ocean waters.

Stuffed tomatoes—the stuff of the stuffings can be different every time. That goes for all your salad making. Keep them guessing!

Chef's salad—it's always traveled by that name, but you don't need to be a chef to make a good one. This is a mixed green salad plus thin matchstick strips of Swiss cheese, the same of cold boiled ham or tongue. Use a mustard French dressing, well-drained, crisped greens—then toss.



WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Milk on your doorstep? Bottled milk loses all its vitamin C and almost all the riboflavin when the sun shines on it. The destruction of vitamin C has been found to be complete after 30 minutes' exposure to the sun. Riboflavin disappears more slowly, with an 85% loss during exposure to bright sunshine for 120 minutes. Know when your milkman comes. Get the milk into the house and into the refrigerator as soon as possible. Many cities now have daytime deliveries.

Make the Most of Summer's Fresh Fruits and Greens!

BERRIES in the muffins! Greens in the salad bowl! Enjoy them often while you can—and enjoy them at their *best*. Make the tender muffins with sunshiny Wesson Oil (so quick and easy to use as shortening...just *pour* to measure, and *pour* to mix!). Make the zippy dressing for the salad with Wesson Oil, too. It's America's *favorite* salad oil! Clip both of these grand recipes *now*.



QUICK BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons sugar
1 cup blueberries
1 egg
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons Wesson Oil

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add blueberries. Combine well-beaten egg, milk and Wesson Oil; stir quickly into flour mixture. (Wesson Oil is a "natural" for muffins and for any recipe that calls for *melted shortening*.

Do try it and see how easy it is to use—how tender and delicious these muffins are!) Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 25 minutes. 12 medium muffins. (Other berries in season may be substituted.)



WESSON DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix and shake in a jar. Then taste! There's no heavy, oily flavor when you use light, delicate Wesson Oil—just the full savory goodness of the tangy seasonings!

For occasional variety: try adding ¼ cup crumbled Roquefort-type cheese...or a finely chopped hard-cooked egg...or 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion.

P.S. Wesson Oil is perfect for everyday pan-frying, too—gives a delicate, even brown to potatoes, fish, etc. Get a bottle at your grocer's today and see for yourself why more American women buy Wesson Oil than any other brand of salad oil.

Wesson Oil

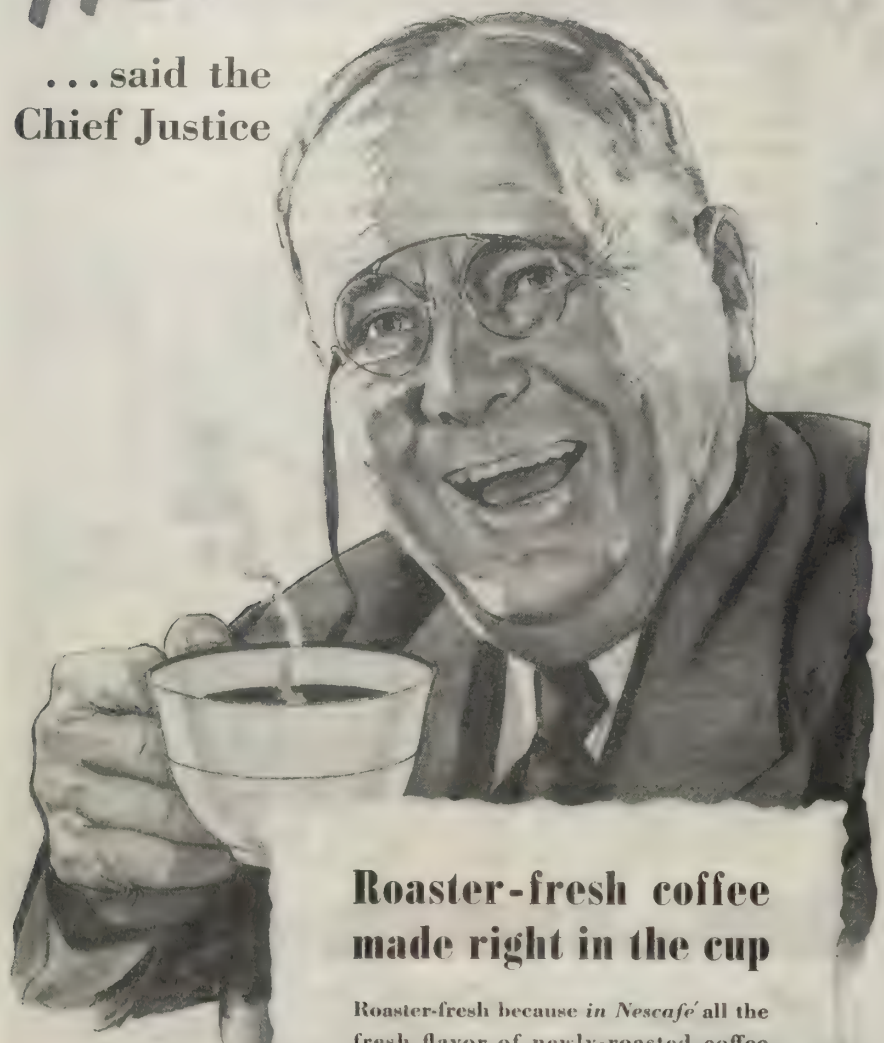
FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS



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Roaster-fresh because *in Nescafé* all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is *sealed in* by added carbohydrates.

"I GIVE IT AS MY OPINION," said the Chief Justice, "that a perfect cup of coffee is as rare as a verdict that pleases both sides." "Objection! Try this!" laughed the Court Crier, quickly stirring up a cup of Nescafé. The Justice tasted it and shouted, "Hot Diggity! Complaint dismissed!"

You'll be just as excited. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only *Nestlé's* knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster... *then instantly its flavor is sealed in! You* release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

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Wiser Ways for Lazy Days

BY JUDY BARRY

WELL IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU? (PLEASE FORGIVE ME!)



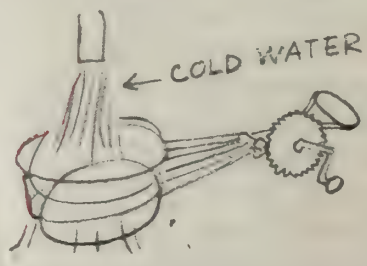
● My grandmother used to say, "Make your head save your heels"—and on days like this it seems more sage advice than ever. Right now, while you're probably lying in the porch swing, we hope you'll do the week's work in your head. Plot a course that will keep your heels cooler and less active. But remember that keeping them flying in the morning hours, before the sun climbs high, leaves you free to prop them on a footstool later when it's really "too hot to move."

● For, willy-nilly, some things just must be done daily, weather or no. And once over lightly *every* morning will keep both you and your house happier this month than a big upheaval weekly.



● August is a month that ought to endear *trays* to any housewife who hasn't already learned to love them for their helpfulness! A big sturdy tray makes it possible to clear the dining table and bring everything out to the kitchen in just one trip. A "tote" tray carries all small cleaning equipment along as you move through the house on your morning refresher course. Gay decorative trays—one for each member of the family—to be filled in the kitchen, buffet style, by its owner, and carried to porch, back yard or a breezy window, make a picnic out of the simplest hot-night supper.

● Bright paper napkins, of course, and wipe-off place mats.



● When it comes to doing dishes—and it does, Sunday, August and always—remember that a little soaking saves a heap of scouring. To say nothing of tempers and manicures! *Cold* water's the thing for starchy foods, doughy dishes, pans that housed milk, eggs or cereals. *Hot* is for sugary sticky stuff. And never let an egg beater out of your hand without treating it to a cold shower.

● Sometimes it seems that we don't take advantage of the fact that we have *two* hands! But with a little practice, *both* work, you know. Take that job of dishwashing, for example. Proceeding from *right* to *left* makes a lazy left hand do its share.

adies' Home

the Magazine Women Believe In ★ September 1945 ★ Fifteen Cents

JOURNAL



The Ghost and Mrs. Muir ★ A Complete Novel by R. A. Dick

CONDENSED IN THIS ISSUE



ROALD DAHL, author of *Death of an Old, Old Man,* writes, "My mother and father were Norwegians. The first language I spoke was Norwegian. The best-looking girl I have ever seen was Greek. After that I went to East Africa and learned to speak Swahili and drink whisky. When the war broke out I joined the RAF and learned still another language. We flew quite a lot around the Mediterranean and I was shot down and got a cracked skull, which seemed to qualify me for being sent to Washington. There I began to write some short stories in the evening. Now I have become excited about it, and writing is the only other thing I want to do."



MARION VALENSI, who wrote *As it Was Before,* says, "I have always loved square brick houses with bay windows in the dining rooms. I was born in a yellow one in Pennsylvania and now I live in a white one in Ohio. At one time I worked on a newspaper. One day my city editor broke down and told me the truth. Newspapers like to print facts. He advised me to try the field of legitimate fiction. I did. Now I'll write anywhere, any time. Seldom at a desk. Preferably curled up in a chair with a huge lacquer tray holding dozens of pencils and a jumble of papers. My dog, a large golden retriever, usually shedding, adds his bit to the confusion."



TOM HANLIN, author of *The Girl Who Wasn't Ditto,* writes, "Born in 1907 in Armadale, Scotland, I left school at fourteen to work on a farm; left the farm to work on a pithead, and before I was fifteen went down to work underground. I am at present working in a pit in Armadale and, owing to the British Essential Works Order, I must remain at my work as a miner. Eight years ago I began writing stories in my spare time. I wrote boys' adventure stories. This work came to an abrupt end with the war, when the evacuation of the children killed the sales of the papers I wrote for." Mr. Hanlin's short novel, Once in Every Lifetime, awarded first prize in a competition open to all British writers, will be published in America in October by Viking. "This has been spare work, as I go daily to the pits."

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e about half the mixing time!
hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2
The batter will be smooth and thin.
two 9" layer pans, 1½" deep, which
rubbed with Crisco and lined with
er. Bake in moderate oven (360°F.)
inutes. Frost with your favorite choco-
All Measurements Level.
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THOSE ENGLISH



This outspoken piece by an infantry major touched off some lively controversy among the JOURNAL staff. It is presented here as one serviceman's point of view and does not necessarily reflect the opinions of several million other returning warriors. ED.

A FEW weeks ago I flew home from Europe laden with telephone numbers of the wives and sweethearts of men I had worked with overseas for two years. Before I had time to learn the value of American money again, I had placed more than ten long-distance calls to tell the girls that their men still loved them. Without exception, the following bit of conversation took place during my three minutes on the phone with each of them:

ME: Yes, he feels well and he looks fine and he's enjoying his work.

WIFE OR SWEETHEART *(attempted laugh)*: What about those French girls?

ME: Oh, you don't have to worry about *them!*

I spoke the truth. They hadn't a bit of cause to fret over French girls. But why they think of the French ladies as competition and disregard the English, is beyond me.

To start with, very few American soldiers speak French well enough to carry on a conversation with a girl who knows no English. Not too many French girls speak English.

There are in France, as in every country, girls with whom it is not necessary to discuss the weather in order to pass the time of day.

That type is not indigenous to France alone, and men who bother with them are the kind whose "wife doesn't understand me" in civil life. Furthermore, the "sign language" girls, as we called them, are not ones to effect permanent transfer of a man's affections.

Disregarding the "sign language" group, we have the average, everyday, garden-variety Frenchwoman of the provinces and the chic, money-conscious Parisiennes.

The provincials are of peasant stock. Few among them speak English, or even a French which an American soldier-linguist could understand. Unlike American farm and village women, they pay little attention to their appearance. They would no more think of wearing an attractive coiffure than they would of churning butter by machine. Their charm is in the fact that they probably look, act, dress and think just as their great-great-grandmothers did. This charm has little effect upon Yanks—especially in a foreign language.

THE good-looking girls in France, with few exceptions, are in the large cities, and chiefly in Paris. There the figures are svelte, the features fine. Their clothes are clothes you will be wearing next year and the year after. (I hope I'm in the Pacific somewhere when those hats get here!) From an objective standpoint, girls in Paris are easy to look at.

Their attitude toward the woman's place in the scheme of life, however, is a shock to most Americans.

"Zees Americain womain," one rather pretty and overly painted lass pointed out to me, "zay like zee politique and zee beezness and zee jeetairbugge. Zay are not what you call *romantique.*"

"Oh, they're romantic enough when w want them to be romantic," I told them "They just don't devote their lives to ro mance. What do you French girls do t occupy your time?"

"Zee Frenchwoman she ees for lahv *pour l'amour.*"

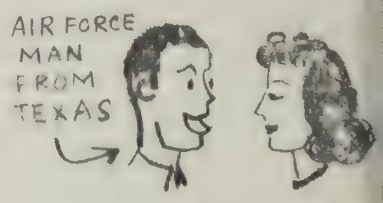
"Fine," I said, "but what do you d during the daytime?"

"Ah-h-h-h," she cooed, "een zee day w prepaire *pour l'amour.*"

See what I mean? This girl was no ex ception. I spoke with many others unabl to fathom American women who go int professions, exert themselves with athletic or enter actively into politics. Please remem ber that we are discussing the rank-and-fil Frenchwoman, not Eve Curie and a fe others who stand out like sunflowers in cabbage patch.

What with the *l'amour* school of philoso phy predominating and his own inability t speak French, which is an almost insupe able handicap, the American in France puzzled. Not that he objects to *l'amour*, bu he would like to be able to talk about oth things too. It is easy to pick up the nicetie like *je t'aime* and *mon petit chou* and *m chère amie*, and most of us soon were hep t that much of the local jive. But try spen ing an evening sometime with those thr phrases! Confining!

A FEW of my Army friends in Paris ha studied French for six years in school an had brushed up with courses in Londo before the invasion. But even they com plained that they couldn't talk about any thing more involved than the weather



love. Thus, in France, American men ar Frenchwomen rarely discuss topics whic form the basis of boy-meets-girl conversa tion here in the States.

A Frenchman can devote two or thr hours to telling his beloved—in French, course—how much he loves her. An Ame ican says, "I love you," and lets it go that. If she's not smart enough to reali that he means her eyes are like twin azu pools and her lips are like velvet and her ea stick out pretty, then it's her tough luc This technique doesn't work at all in Franc and Americans are at a disadvantage.

All this may bring you to the conclusio that French girls are promiscuous. That not at all the case. They love to *talk* abou love. And there is good reason for that. France, women outnumber men. Accor ingly, there is competition among wom for the attentions of men. Frenchmen li pretty faces, striking clothes. Their wome live *pour l'amour des hommes.* They devo their lives to making themselves attracti to men—*pour l'amour.* Is it any wond that women's perfumes, clothes, cosmetics— all man bait—are French products?

You can't just walk up to a strange girl France and start spouting *l'amour* or an thing else any more than you can in Americ Introductions and all the customary sma talk of getting acquainted are considere quite necessary there. Once you are speaking terms, however, it's *l'amour, to jours l'amour.*

GIRLS (NO, IT'S NOT THE FRENCH WHO STOLE THEIR HEARTS —)

BY MERRILL PANITT

Conversation aside, there is one winning characteristic Frenchwomen have that almost, but not quite, overshadows their concentration on *l'amour*. That is their ability to cast off age at will.

The second or third day I was in Paris, an Army friend was invited to a *liberation* party and was asked to bring some Americans. I went along. There were, besides us four Americans, eight Frenchmen and about fifteen French girls ranging in age from twenty-four to forty. Only one of the American delegation spoke French. After an hour the poor man was worn out from trying to carry on his own conversation and translate for the other three. Then our hostess took the floor and made an announcement.

"It seems," our colleague translated, "that we're going to play some games."

A circle was formed and a girl was nominated to be "it." She knelt on a pillow in the center of the circle. The rest of us revolved around her. Suddenly she dropped a handkerchief in front of a man. He left the circle, knelt facing her on the pillow, and kissed her. Then the man became "it" and got to drop the handkerchief in front of a girl in the circle.

When I was young we played "drop the handkerchief" all right, but we used a rope to beat the person who dropped it near us. In France they kiss him. That's indicative of something or other.

But it wasn't the games that impressed us. It was the happy spirit with which everyone entered into them. Instead of being thirty years old, a woman suddenly acted—and almost looked—like ten. The spirit was contagious, so contagious that we all had a grand time.

I believe that lightheartedness, the ability to revert to youth, is the chief attraction of Frenchwomen. It's a fine trait. Like the *l'amour* conversation, however, it becomes wearing after a while. Americans take pride in their ability to grow up and become mature quickly. As a steady diet, they like to be treated like big boys.

After a man has served in two or three countries abroad, he fancies himself an authority on the customs and habits of those countries. This applies especially to men who are traveling for the first time in their young lives. There are bull sessions when such men—and practically every American overseas is in this class—compare notes on which country they like best. This leads to the popular overseas pastime of "rating" the women in countries Americans have invaded—by invitation or otherwise—during this war.

German women can be ignored. We were not allowed to talk to them, even if inclined to do so. Belgian women are much like the French, with a little less make-up and a little more natural beauty. My friends' purely haphazard observations were confined to the European Theater of Operations, so we knew little of Italian women, who are in the Mediterranean Theater bailiwick. Our conversations, then, centered on comparisons and contrasts of French, English and American women.

In the "ratings," which are based on the question, "Which girls make the best dates?" the French girls almost invariably take third place. American girls back home and English girls usually tie for first, with the edge going to the English.

The friends I speak of are hardly congenital rounders. The word "average" is hackneyed, as is "typical." Let us just say they are the same men you have seen at the country-club parties, in a bank teller's cage or behind the grocery counter here at home. Some are married, some single, some officers, some enlisted men.

I made no Gallup-type poll; my research was hardly scientific. What I say here is what I heard at the Junior and Senior Officers' clubs in London, Air Corps rest centers in various parts of England, hotel bars like the plush Savoy and the swanky Dorchester, and pubs like the noncommissioned officers' Running Horse and the Lamb and Lark, which is the Stars and Stripes hangout in an alley off Fleet Street.

The only possible scientific gauge as to the attitude of American men toward Englishwomen would be the number of American men who have married Englishwomen during this war. The total to date exceeds 25,000. The "to date" part is important, because literally millions of men who were in England at some time during the war are on the Continent now. Since hundreds of thousands of letters to English addresses are written each month by American soldiers on the Continent, indications are that many G. I.'s will return to England with honorable intentions.

The 25,000 figure still means little, however, until one realizes what downright obstinacy is necessary on the part of any soldier overseas who wants to marry one of the natives.

Here in the United States, if a soldier wants to marry he merely notifies his commanding officer of his intention—a mere matter of routine—and then goes through the relatively simple marriage procedure set by civil law. In some states a blood test is required, and in others a three-day waiting period between application and license is necessary.

In England an American soldier must fill out forms, attach depositions from his intended and her parents, and submit all this

(Continued on Page 156)

GI's ATE UP THE ATTENTION THEY RECEIVED



OXYDOL WASHES SO CLEAN

even your biggest wash comes

WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING



FAR AHEAD of Most Soaps in preventing "Dirty Grayness"!





Tests Prove Oxydol Washes Clothes CLEANER and WHITER!

Yes, Whiter! In wash test after wash test—Oxydol proves that it washes clothes *cleaner* and *whiter* than many other soaps which, unlike Oxydol fail to get out that last possible trace of stubborn dirt and grime!

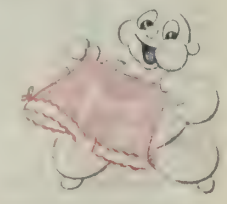


White and Bright Wash After Wash! Soaps often leave behind tiny discoloring particles caused by dirt in the clothes and the "hardness" of the water. Even with careful rinsing some of these impurities stick in the clothes and turn gray or yellow under ironing heat. But Oxydol combats "dirty grayness"—actually helps *prevent* grayness particles from forming!



New "Hustle-Bubble" Suds Lift Dirt Out! Oxydol's new "Hustle-Bubble" suds are so active they *lift* dirt out. And they work longer, too—long after suds from many other soaps are all tired out! Yes, with Oxydol all your white things—except for unusual stains—come so clean they're White Without Bleaching.

So Safe for Colors, Too! And Oxydol is so *safe* for wash colors, rayons and your own precious hands. Your colored clothes come so clean they fairly sparkle!



Prove this yourself! Next washday use Oxydol. Remember—
OXYDOL WASHES WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING!

AVOID SOAP WASTE! Soap is made of vital war materials, so soap waste is war waste! Make your Oxydol go farther!

LADIES' HOME Journal

BRUCE GOULD and BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD, *Editors*

SEPTEMBER, 1945

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THE LESSON OF DACHAU

By Dorothy Thompson

SINCE the revelation from the German concentration camps burst upon the world, I have been wondering whether civilized nations have drawn the right conclusions from their horrors. I have heard over and over again the words, "Such things never happened before anywhere else in the world." But do people say, "Such things never happened before in *Germany*"? For that is also true. These monstrous crimes happened in our own civilization; in a white, European civilization, Christian for centuries, among a people in no way inferior to other western peoples in the things of which our civilization is especially proud: science, technology, organization, production and a high standard of living. Indeed, in a bomb-wrecked Germany, whose entire urban life has been largely demolished, our Army and civilian authorities have been amazed at the material standards that Germany was able to maintain through six years of shattering war, and at the scientific and even cultural discoveries made there.

If only one could say, and dismiss it with that, "These people are savages." They are—but they are a new and terrifying kind of savage. The twentieth century and the white civilized world produced this savage. He can read and write—Germany is a totally literate nation. His brains can bring down fire from heaven and unchain the forces of the universe—German science is second to none in the world. He understands medicine and hygiene. He lives in beautiful and comfortable houses, equipped with laborsaving devices of every sort, set in beautiful parks and gardens, along magnificent highways.

The Germans are in many ways *like us*. That is what is terrifying about the concentration camps, with their millions of victims murdered en masse by the most modern and hygienic methods—gassed to death in ingeniously constructed chambers, disposed of in mass-produced crematories.

They are in many ways *like us*—these people, in whose country victims descended to cannibalism, cutting chunks out of the corpses of fellow victims to appease for a moment the wild hunger ravings of their dying bodies and fevered minds. While they did so, the administrators of the camps lived in pleasant and civilized villas; their tables were set with damask and crystal; they ate food carefully calculated as to vitamins, prepared in modern electric kitchens, served in courses by neat maids; and in the evenings they entertained themselves with sentimental songs played by skilled hands upon properly tuned pianos, or listened to the news of the world on radios, or read books, very often the same books familiar to you and to me—translations, for instance, of Jack London.

NOTHING, to me, in visiting these camps, was so shattering as the sight of the homes of the SS administrators—of the men who, in a modern bureaucratic manner, according to card catalogues, dossiers and files, gave the orders which resulted in tortures, carefully calculated famine and corpses piled like cordwood, when the crematories were too full. Their homes were *civilized*. You or I would have enjoyed living in them. I pulled out of the library of one of them the lyric poems of Goethe, which in my early encounters with the German language, as its beauties dawned upon me, filled me with a sense of magical beauty and spiritual grandeur. On the piano of one of them I found the lovely *Lieder* of Schubert and the songs of Hugo Wolf.

"When the soul goes, man goes." When civilized man, with his science, his technique, his organization, his power, loses his soul, he becomes the most terrible monster the world has ever seen. He is not the savage of the jungle; the wildest cannibals of the South Seas kill only to assuage a hunger they cannot otherwise still. But the modern savage—the twentieth-century savage—understands the most intimate secrets of nature.

In Germany I found a scientist who has developed a high-protein-content food out of wood. It has the consistency of corn flakes; it has the delicious taste of a delicate cheese. So the modern savage knows how to feed himself under the most adverse circumstances. He is about to discover, also, a new source of energy which will be universally available and can turn every wheel in the world. Indeed, he is so ingenious that *he thinks he is God*. His own fantastic achievements—or the achievements of his men of genius—free him, he thinks, from the ethical inhibitions imposed on all previous generations of men. He is the Ultimate Judgment; he is the Creator and Destroyer; he is the Thunder and the Hurricane. There *is* no "still, small voice."

When I surveyed Dachau, my soul trembled within me. "But for the grace of God," I thought, "there we could go."

FOR modern man has set himself up in his own image; or rather, he has set up his own creations as the image of God. He is "functional." The SS administrators were but bureaucratic cogs in a smoothly oiled and functioning machine.

Our political life—all twentieth-century political life—approaches the same "functional" concept. We are advised, even in our own country, to vote as "workers," or as "employers," to arrange ourselves in a "system," to fit ourselves into a "plan"—as though man is a steam riveter, or a manufacturer, or a bureaucrat, or a salesman, and nothing else whatsoever. Is he a *conscience?* Can anyone *prove* conscience? Has anyone ever seen the soul? Can you measure it? Put it under a microscope? Cure its illnesses with sulpha or penicillin? Do you know that it exists? So argues the modern savage.

The soul, says the modern savage, can be manipulated. We have "scientific psychology," which measures the exact reactions of man to suggestions of fear, sex, patriotism, ego, hunger. And the structure of societies is more and more created by careful and scientific manipulations of "mass psychology." The soul is not the subject, but the object; government is a "technique." Religion is an "opiate"—to be administered or withdrawn as any anodyne, according to the purpose to be served.

Even the Nazi concentration camps themselves were testing places of mass reactions. Does the world realize that some of the worst crimes in these camps were committed by the inmates? Reduce a man to the lowest level consistent with the maintenance of the spark of life; put him under carefully calculated pressures of hunger, fear and sex, and play upon his ego, and you can make of him, they argued—and successfully argued—what you will. You can make him the executioner of his fellow victims, the organizer of killing work brigades, the scientific experimenter on human bodies, turning them into guinea pigs, by elevating him an inch or two above them, in terms of relative comfort and relative freedom.

The physicians who inoculated concentration-camp victims with malaria and boil serum to test scientific formulas were prisoners of the Nazis themselves; the organizers of work-and-famine, whose object was to get the largest amount of "manpower" out of the smallest amount of nourishment, were prisoners themselves; the operators of gas chambers and crematories were prisoners themselves. By assisting in the extermination of their fellow victims, they prolonged the lease on their own lives.

Some of them were hardened criminals, put among the political and racial prisoners for this purpose. But not all. Alas, not all. Many of them were "politicals." They came into the camps because they believed, or were suspected of believing, in democracy, or communism, or socialism, or because they were patriots, loving Poland, or France, or Belgium, or Holland.

Various agencies of the United States Government and armed forces have made a study of the behavior of the prisoners of Dachau. Under the terrible pressures under which they were put, did these beliefs determine their conduct? Did democrats or socialists or communists hold together to protect one another? Did Poles stick to Poles or Frenchmen to Frenchmen? Was political belief or patriotism a basis for morale or morality of behavior?

No. That is the most tremendous lesson of Dachau. No. There were communists who were saints—and communists who were stooges of the SS. There were Poles, Frenchmen and Germans who, for the sake of an extra ration of meat, turned loose the cyanide gas on other Poles, Frenchmen and Germans. There were socialists pledged to a philosophy of workers' solidarity, who organized the work brigades that sent tottering, half-dead men into the grueling sun, where they dropped dead.

Under the pressure of life or death—life for an extra week, or an extra day—no political beliefs or economic theories, or physicians' Hippocratic oaths, or national affiliations were decisive. **What was decisive for behavior was the individual human soul. What separated the saint from the sinner-under-pressure was a spark in the breast, an admonition in the heart—was *conscience*.** The old words of Charles Kingsley, "He who will be pure, pure he will be," held good. And nothing else held good.

THE concentration-camp victims gradually came to know who, among their own number, was a man, and who was a function. The OSS report points out that they did not hate "all Germans." For among themselves were Germans who protected them—and Germans who exploited them. There were saints and heroes among the mass of helpless victims, as there were opportunists and savages. But the test was always individual. The words of Whitman were demonstrated daily. "Nothing survives, except personal character." Nothing is decisive when a man stands before torture and death, except his soul.

The lesson of Dachau is that no science, no technology, no political, social or economic systems, neither patriotism nor race, nor material standards of living, nor learning, nor civilization will save mankind from relapse into the most monstrous savagery, but only the most careful nurture of his noblest instincts.

I asked an old friend who served twenty months in the dreadful death house of Mauthausen, issuing from it half mummy and half man, "Who behaved best among the inmates? Businessmen? Intellectuals? What race? What political parties?"

He answered, after thinking a long time, "Priests."

I shall remember that answer forever, and translate it into a larger generalization: They remained men, in conditions of lowest bestiality, who served an Image and an Ideal higher than the highest achievements of man; an Ideal in whom alone man attains significance and worth. They were those who knew that man, as man, is a soul.

Betty Crocker says: "Easy as 1, 2, 3... to get 6 Dozen cookies!"



1 *Northland Cookies are "icebox" cookies . . . which means the dough can be stored in your refrigerator . . . cookies baked fresh any time!*

2 *These cookies are extra easy . . . bake in only 6 minutes. They've a nut-rich butterscotch flavor, a tender yet "chewy" texture!*

3 *If you like cookies soft and "chewy", store in airtight container. Use a container with a loose cover if you want to keep cookies crisp. . . . Either way, better hide 'em!*

Only 6 Tablespoons Shortening Needed

to make 6 dozen delicious Northland Cookies. *Grand* for "snacks," lunch box or picnic basket!

Obtained on a cruise to the Northland, this recipe was refined and perfected by the Betty Crocker Staff. Then tested, like *all* Betty Crocker recipes, by homemakers from coast to coast.

So, too, is Gold Medal Flour *tested time and again* to assure *unvarying quality* from sack to sack. It's a flour you can *trust* . . . the all-purpose flour American women prefer over any other nearly 2 to 1.

Buy a sack today. Use Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour in *all* your baking. Together with the Betty Crocker recipes in every sack, it is your simplest, easiest, surest way to baking success.

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General Mills' experts follow the harvests north. From almost 250 varieties, they select choice wheat samples . . . have them experimentally milled.

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These samples are carefully wedded into a balanced blend . . . ideal for *all-purpose* baking. After testing and milling they are *laboratory* baked.

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Finally Gold Medal Flour is tested by the General Mills Betty Crocker Staff (our Supreme Court!) under "home" conditions —for home recipes.



Betty Crocker NORTHLAND COOKIES

Perfect results assured only with Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour

Cream thoroughly . . with	6 tbsp. shortening (part butter for flavor) 1 cup brown sugar (packed in cup)
Sift together	1¾ cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Enriched Flour 1 tsp. soda* ½ tsp. salt ½ tsp. cinnamon
and stir into creamed mixture alternately with . .	¼ cup cold water
Blend in	½ cup almonds (blanched) or other nuts

Knead well with hands. Shape into 1 roll 1½" high, 2" wide and about 8½" long . . . Wrap in waxed paper; chill until firm (several hours or overnight). Cut with very sharp knife into slices ⅛" thick. Place 1" apart on ungreased baking sheet, to allow for spreading. Bake about 6 minutes in a mod. hot oven (400°). Remove from baking sheet as soon as done. About 6 doz. cookies.

*Use ½ tsp. with Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour.

CUT MIXING TIME IN HALF... YET GET BETTER CAKES

Try the wonderful Betty Crocker New Method with Gold Medal Flour! No creaming of shortening . . . no beating of eggs. Mix in only 1 bowl. Details in recipe folder in Gold Medal sacks.

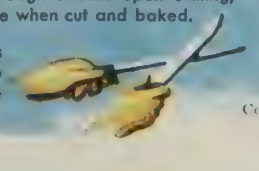
Sacks also contain Betty Crocker recipes for pies, rolls, biscuits and other fine things to bake. In the course of a year you'll get dozens of *tested* recipes. Start collecting them now!

Cooky Tips



Refrigerator dough, after being molded by hand into a long roll, even and smooth, as big around as you want, should be wrapped in waxed paper, *placed in refrigerator.* Dough *stiffens* upon chilling, holds it shape when cut and baked.

For cookies with unbroken edges (and for ease in cutting thru the nuts) *use a thin, very sharp knife when slicing* the chilled roll.



Do not overbake! To do so makes cookies hard and dry. Watch timing carefully, and be sure to test for "doneness" when the minimum baking time is reached. *This is very important!*



General Mills

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WAS I FUSSED?



THE SUB-DEB

BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

A GIRL'S own belongings can cause her more trouble! Feet forty miles long to trip her up. Hands with sixteen fingers to make messes. A tongue clacking itself into catastrophes. And a brain gone cloud-gathering when she needs it most.

It's always my outer fringes. My waistline never gets into awkward jams. My progress would be hazard-free, I suppose, if I carried both arms in slings, wore mittens, fracture splints on my ankles and a clothespin on my mouth. They'd batten me down. But I wouldn't progress far from home.

The family shrieks "Hey, watch what you're doing!" to warn me. But when I'm out on my own I have to be my own lookout, sentry, watchdog and scorekeeper. I've found out it's a matter of concentrating on cohesion. Take that time ——

OH, WHAT I SAID!

I wasn't thinking quick when out flew a collection of words. They dropped into a pit of soggy silence. Everybody looked at everybody, then looked at me. I waited for a giggle—but got a flock of eyebrows instead. Gee, what had I said? I counted back—and the words added up to two answers. The one I meant was safe enough, but the one they all chose was awful. Set myself straight I had to. So I caught a quick breath, dived right back into the same subject and came up with a different angle. The game was just to play as though there was only one answer—mine. Carry right on from there with a continuation of the right theme. And hope they'd all wonder if they'd really heard me wrong. Fussed? Sure, but why let your tongue stiletto backward?

LOOK WHAT I DID

Jill came unstrung in the pearls right in the middle of Spruce and Pine, the fire department, six taxis, a horse and wagon, and four boys looking out the drugstore window. She clutched her throat, pawed the air, stared around wildly to see who was looking, then scuttled into the gutter, muttering fiercely, "I could die, I could die." It was too funny. I howled with glee, "Pretend they aren't yours." But Jill was beyond rescue. Mortification crowned her brow, shame flamed her face, and the more she darted after rolling beads, the more futile she looked.

I suppose it was fussing. But the fire department was going somewhere. The taxis and the horse and wagon didn't stop to laugh at her on hands and knees in the car tracks. Jill must have thought she was the only event on the calendar. That's taking yourself seriously, all right.

The night I stepped on Nancy's skirt on the steps, I didn't laugh though. My big foot really went in it. Ripped a gash about two yards long. Fussed? I wanted to dive over the banister. I could have started up the stairs and pretended I wasn't even there. But I just stood there rooted to her skirt, moaning deep and low. Despair decorated Nancy's face. The evening was yet young, but completely ruined for her—and her dress. And I did it. That was something to get fussed about. Making a monkey out of yourself is nothing to making a miserable mess for somebody else. I could have sulked, swathed in turkish towels, in the dressing room while she wore my dress. But she wasn't my size. I didn't even know her man—to confess, while she beat a retreat, "I ruined your lady." I don't usually carry a needle and thread in the heel of my shoe. What a spot! The third step from the bottom? "Hold yourself together while I trail you," was the best I could muster. And to the dressing room we did go. Nancy felt a bit mollified by my woe and first aid. We patched her up—lucky it was in the back, so she couldn't be reminded of it too often. I assured her it didn't show too much, and promised on my word I'd pick up the dress tomorrow. And that I did. It took my whole month's soda money to have it invisibly mended. At that, it was easier than buying her a new dress. I've been practicing since how to walk down stairs in my own long skirts. And do I keep my distance from others!

MY DEBUT

I've been getting around—but nothing too big stuff. Then Don decided to blow his all into taking me to the Mirror Room to dance for my birthday. A beautiful thought, but it panicked me. What to wear? Where to leave my coat, if any? Should I eat a ham sandwich before I went? What could I order to drink? Did I have the words with the waiter, or defer to Don? Where was the Mirror Room—and what did you do after you got there? I was plenty fussed. Then I took myself in tow. "Lady," I said to myself, "you know Don and you know how to dance. You've eaten in restaurants before and you keep your elbows close to your sides at the table. You can ask directions of any employee—so what's eating you?" And I stopped rehearsing. I'd just take the business of our binge as it came, and keep calm. Fun? It was superluxortable!

WITH EVERYBODY LOOKING

I stuck my neck out. And the class president called on me to stand up and tell the meeting just what I thought. Creeps! I could have snuck into a crack in the floor. Till I realized that I did think something. I grabbed a deep breath, pulled in my tummy and gave. But I knew if I got intense I'd stutter, my mouth would get dry and I'd never get out a word. So I looked around slowly—then turned to the president and spouted. On periods I paused. That gave me time to think. Occasionally I looked down at the table in front of me to assemble my face. It wasn't so hideous—that first time I spoke out in public.

BECAUSE ——

I found out if you push yourself faster than you can go, you fall on your nose. And when you get into a tizzy, things bunch up on you. You can blunder, blush and give up in despair. But that's being Luckless Lulu. Drive slow, then you won't fetch up smack. Keep cool and collected, then trials won't twist you into a tailspin. Fussed? Hardly ever any more. I've got things fixed!

YOUR OWN SUB-DEB CLUB

If you and your femme friends want to organize for Further Fun, a Sub-Deb Club's the answer. Drop a card to The Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and ask for the dope. You'll receive the Handbook to get you started and a registration blank to apply for membership in the National Federation of Sub-Deb Clubs. But that isn't all; once your gang is a full-fledged club, you'll receive the monthly newspaper, The Sub-Deb Scoop. It's brimful of ideas to keep your club swinging on a lodestar!





The "Bottle Bacillus"
Pityrosporum ovale

It may be

Infectious Dandruff

. . . better do something about it NOW!

IF YOU have persistent symptoms like those mentioned above don't ignore them. You may be running into a peck of trouble. They can mean you are in for a case of infectious dandruff.

Those ugly flakes . . . those troublesome scales . . . that annoying itching . . . may be evidence that infectious dandruff is at work.

Don't waste a minute hoping that it will disappear. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Your common sense tells you that germ-killing action is important when germs are present, and that early and persistent treatment may head off infection before it can become really troublesome.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair an antiseptic bath. It quickly destroys millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," held by many dermatologists to be a causative agent of the infectious type of dandruff.

Often, from the very outset, you can note the improvement that the Listerine Antiseptic treatment brings. Scales and flakes begin to disappear. Irritation is relieved. Your scalp glows and tingles. It looks healthier and feels healthier.

76% Improved in Tests

This is the same treatment with which, in one month, 76% of dandruff sufferers, in a clinical test, obtained complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, their dandruff symptoms.

Literally thousands of men and women rely on Listerine Antiseptic and massage as a precaution against infectious dandruff, and as a prompt first-aid treatment when infection has started. If you have the slightest case of this type of dandruff get started with Listerine Antiseptic at once.



The TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and Massage

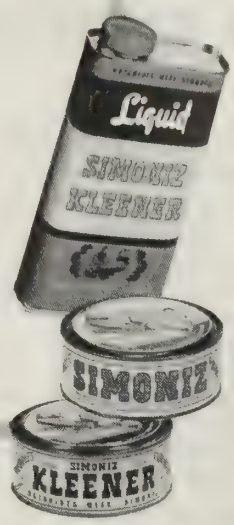
A NEW CAR, JOE?



Restore, Protect Beauty of Finish—Make Sure of Maximum Tradé-In Value!

A new car? Too bad you can't have one of those sleek new models soon! But, you can drive a car that looks as new as the latest—your old car SIMONIZED! It's amazingly easy. First clean the finish with Simoniz Kleener, paste or liquid. Instantly—it brings out the brilliant mirror-like luster you were so proud of when your car was new. Finally, to keep that sparkling beauty undimmed, apply famous SIMONIZ. It protects the finish from fading, oxidizing, staining, the grinding of road grit and other kinds of damage—makes beauty last longer. Virtually eliminates car-washing, too. An occasional wipe-off with a damp cloth keeps the finish shining and spotless. Assures higher trade-in value when that new car you long for is at last available. So why wait? Simoniz right away!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS



Sold by hardware, drug, grocery, paint, auto-supply and department stores—filling stations and garages.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

Our Readers Write Us

For Sightless Readers

Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen: We appreciate the article, Jane Barbour: Housewife in the Dark, published in the JOURNAL. The Library of Congress has indicated particular interest in seeing that this is made available to sightless readers. When it has been transcribed into Braille, it will then be available to veterans, and it is hoped also that it will be deemed appropriate for a Talking Book record, which will likewise be available for our patients.

Very truly yours,
CHAS. M. GRIFFITH,
Medical Director, Veterans Administration.

Mauldin's Up Front

Morristown, Indiana.

Dear Editor: May I say that your magazine has carried what I consider the best war article I have read? Up Front should be required reading for every American.

Sincerely,
ROBERTA KEATON.

La Porte, Indiana.

Dear Editors: Congratulations for printing Up Front. It's a lot stronger meat than Pyle and every bit as good—and I loved Pyle.

My guy is at Okinawa, and I'm sweating it out too. Yours,
Name withheld by request.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editor: My fervent hope is that Willie and Joe may live on as a constant reminder of the price that is being, and was, paid—Up Front. Sincerely,
NORMA SHIELDS.

Sergeant Mauldin's fans probably noticed that he has won both the Pulitzer Prize and the Army's Legion of Merit.
ED.

Brickbats and Flowers

Montclair, New Jersey.

Dear Editor: I am confronted by a lady subscriber, bearing a copy of the JOURNAL. I answer, with discreet approach to truthfulness, several series of questions about my character and habits. And, dammit, I am thereby proved to be a sweet pea.

If even a small fraction of your readers have spent fifteen minutes each on this infantile pseudoscientific rubbish, you have occasioned a fatuous waste of thousands of woman and/or lady hours.

ALAN F. RANDOLPH.

We are sorry you turned out to be a sweet pea, but do not take it seriously; the questionnaire was meant as indoor sport.
ED.

Some Men are Like That!

Hanson, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: I thought you might like to know that the JOURNAL is a magazine that lots of men also believe in.

I am glad you are continuing Mrs. Roosevelt's If You Ask Me. I think that page will prove of even greater interest now. Also, I am happy to have Dorothy Thompson contributing to the JOURNAL.

Respectfully and sincerely,
RUSSELL BROADBENT.

Our Ricksha-Riding Editor

Bruce Gould, our editor, now traveling in China and India gathering material on our Air Force activity there, sends us letters from which we print these excerpts.

Casablanca.

Dear Beatrice: Today we had a talk with Charles Lewis, the consul general here. He tells me the Moroccans are almost literally starving to death. There has been a two-year drought and little or no cloth imported for years. Though there is a plenitude of money, there is no food and no prospect of getting it. Shoes cost $35 a pair, sugar $7 a kilo, a suit of clothes $125 to get made, with cloth at $50 a yard, but even at such prices there is little available. The result is the little Arab, naturally a grain-growing farmer who also raises cows, geese and sheep, is killing off his animals; that means destroying his wealth. So far, there have been no riots to speak of.

En route to Cairo.

So far life has been a matter of perfect flying weather, more food than you and I have seen in months, and deciding not to buy a pair of gold-embroidered babouches or a vermilion-and-saffron hassock, preferably of camelskin. Wonderful restraint.

We lunched in the plane on orange juice, meat, canned corn, string beans, fresh tomatoes, bread and butter, coffee, oatmeal cookies and fruit cup.

After exploring Tripoli we had a cold buffet consisting of two kinds of local olives—very good—deviled eggs, ordinary hard-boiled eggs, sliced ham, some kind of Bologna, a meat mousse, roast beef, potato salad, stuffed tomatoes, bread and butter.

There was brisk buying at the PX, with lire quoted at .0084. No one actually bought a Gurkha knife, but several men looked at them longingly.

So far there is all the soap, shaving cream, cigarettes, cola, chewing gum, razors, flashlight batteries one could want or handle at all the PX's. Maybe it won't last.

The redeployment activity is exciting to see. B-17's and B-25's have had their turrets taken out and benches fitted in so that twenty to twenty-five G. I.'s can be flown from various points overseas to Casablanca. There the men are transferred to ATC C-54's carrying forty-two men and flown over the Atlantic. Some to Dakar-Natal, others via Azores-Newfoundland, others via Prestwick-Newfoundland. All to the tune of 50,000 a month. It's a big operation and means the boys get home in days instead of months.

As we came near Tripoli we could still see signs of the battles that raged hereabouts in bomb craters, discarded tanks, bits of airplanes and roofless dwellings. And the harbor of Tripoli is still full of bombed and junked ships. One of the largest ships had been skip-bombed, with a hole in it big enough to fly a Spitfire through.

Saturday, June 16.

Back in Calcutta after two days in Rangoon, there to see a review of troops by Lord Louis Mountbatten, as Supreme Commander of the Southeast Asia Command.

Things are a bit rugged because the Japs left only a few weeks ago and, indeed, they are still being captured or killed singly or in groups in and about the city as they seek to drift across the lines into Indo-China. But we had water in the morning and evening. The great mounds of filth and garbage which greeted the victors in the streets had been removed, and for the three days Liberators flew at rooftop height spraying the city with DDT, with the result that flies were not about much. Of course, the odor was there all right.

Mountbatten has loads of charm. He looks the way a Hollywood movie star would like to look and was attired in a green bush jacket and trousers, which I much envied. He seems quite liberal and intelligent in his views, with definite ideas favorable to the independence of Burma and even, I suspect, of India.

Monday, June 18, Calcutta.

India has to be seen to be believed. Human life here is regarded as nothing. Have ridden once in a ricksha. I don't know why I think that is so humiliating, both to the rider and the hauler; men shovel coal to make electricity to run streetcars to haul people, and certainly there's a fireman stoking the locomotive on every train. But the relationship is removed and one does not feel that here is a pack animal. That's what makes the whole thing so foreign to us, I imagine.

June 20, Calcutta.

Today I am writing early in the morning, still in bed, with the fan whistling above as it does night and day, and outside a hot sun-filled air, dotted with the

(Continued on Page 13)



Only you can guard him from his greatest risk The "Family Cold"

YOUR TINY BABY doesn't know how to cope with a cold. He hasn't yet built up immunity . . . he's so helpless, he can't even blow his nose. That's why respiratory infections and their complications actually cause more infant fatalities than any other illness.

The *surest* way to guard your baby from the cold that so often runs right through the family—is to keep everyone with a cold *out of baby's room*. There must be no exceptions—father, grandmother or admiring friend. But what if *you* get a cold—and still have to take care of your baby?

Trap germs with a mask

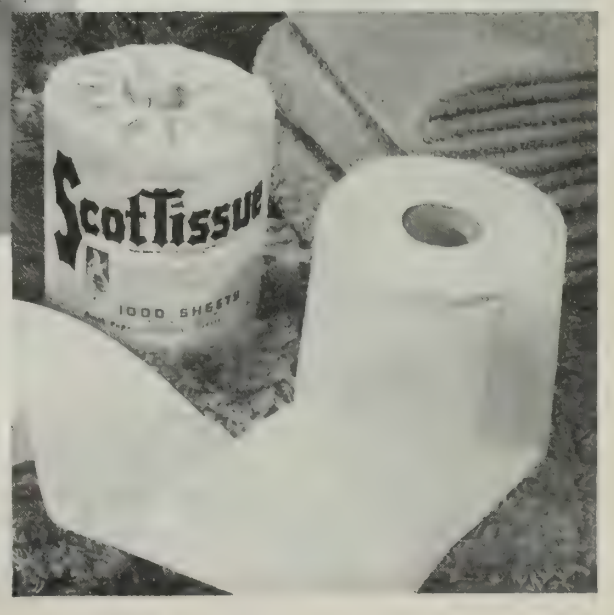
You can greatly reduce the chances of infection by wearing a mask, if you have a cold, whenever you are doing anything for your baby. Remember that germs sneezed or coughed into the air can get into his food, or onto his clothes and then onto his hands and into his mouth.

Mask of tissue easy to make, effective

Just take 2 thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and pin or tie at the back of your head.

Your family and your friends just at first may think you are "fussy"—but they will very soon get used to the Mask-for-a-Cold rule. And in a world still faced by a serious shortage of doctors and nurses you can't keep your baby too safe!

In the first year of his life his greatest danger is the common cold—carelessly passed on by an older child or a grownup



THE CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE IS IMPORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Millions are Grateful for its Luxury Texture



Flowers from a fox-hole

I knew you'd remember.

I don't know how you did it . . . out there . . . dug into the dirt.

But you did.

Your flowers came on our anniversary.

Just as they've come on every anniversary.

In the grayness of our waiting they brought us together. . . . It's you who have always put color into my life.

You must miss color too . . . out there . . . dug into the dirt.

But tomorrow, when I have you back—I'll make up to you for today's drabness.

We'll have color everywhere.

In our garden, in our home, in our clothes.

I'll even get boots for the stormy days . . . in colors that sing in the rain!

and tomorrow—



"U.S." Gaytees—
in heroic colors

We have to see that *he* has the rubber equipment he needs, before we can give *you* Gaytees again.
Gaytees—health protection in the form of a fashion—color at your feet . . . even on stormy days.

SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 SIXTH AVENUE • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 10)

swooping ink spots of kites and swallows. Before I finished my daily stint of reading the Statesman I had morning tea, a thin slice of butter-sogged toast and one of the tiny green bananas eaten hereabouts. Presently I shall bathe and dress and then start a day of drenching myself in sweat from head to foot whenever I make the slightest exertion. This will be punctuated by eating salt tablets and swigging quarts, if not gallons, of water.

The spectacle of what has been going on in this country for hundreds of years is not inspiriting. You run into something called Bengal brain—a slowing down of the brain processes because of heat and humidity, so that all one wants to do is sleep under a fan. Americans, being better fed and better cared for, manage pretty well, but the Indian, never sufficiently nourished, has barely the strength to survive. The average Indian merely wants to get through this life as quickly as possible, so he can go on to his next and next incarnation, until his final death leads him to nirvana. To us he seems to exert no more effort than the constant threat of starvation drives him to.

Tomorrow we take off for Chabua and three or four days inspecting around there before flying the Hump into China.

Love,
BRUCE.

Martha's Turn

Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editor: Orchids to Joseph Auslander for his beautiful poem, Martha. At last we poor, downtrodden, inarticulate ones, who cook *and* wash up after the cooking, have a spokesman.

A "cover-to-cover girl,"
ROSE E. CASEY.

"Those Glorified Shacks!"

Hammond, Indiana.

Dear Editors: I am at a loss to understand why you have featured nothing but streamlined modern houses during the past few months. Do you think that after the war everyone will want to live in one of those modernistic filling stations? I certainly do not! Of course, we want houses built at minimum cost with all modern facilities, but why have furniture (with no arms to support the weary elbow) which reminds one of the dentist's office? Maybe some people think it presents that "uncluttered look" in a home, but I can get just as much comfort and view by sitting on a park bench. If anyone can see any beauty in the exteriors of those glorified shacks, I wish they would talk to me.

Yours very truly,
MRS. ARLINE HATCH.

JOURNAL Editors have been exploring new housing techniques trying to increase facilities, lower cost. Hope to do so and still find Reader Hatch a place to rest her weary elbow. ED.

It's Sordid

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editor: Explaining the Facts of Life is the most sordid, pagan viewpoint on sex that I have ever read. I am the mother of five growing children, all of whom have been told the "facts of life," as they inquired; but in a Christianlike manner.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH M. CASEY.

It's a Matter of Fact

Weslaco, Texas.

Gentlemen: As I read Explaining the Facts of Life it was almost my own story.

From the first question concerning birth, sex, and so on, I have answered in the very matter-of-fact way that I would have said, "Dinner is ready" or "Time for bed." These answers have been accepted in exactly the manner in which they were given. My daughter, age eleven, knows she can come to me with any question and get an answer.

Thanks again for the article. I think that type of sex education will pay big dividends. Sincerely,
MRS. E. B. BALLARD.

No One Ever Told Me

Dear Dr. Levine: I am nineteen and although I love my mother very much, I cannot go to her the way young girls should. No one has ever told me about sex. When my monthly periods started, I was scared to death! I still tremble at the thought of letting a boy kiss me.

Now I am writing to a fellow overseas. I like him, although I have never admitted this to anyone, even him. He is getting a little serious in his letters and this frightens me. The thought of someday getting married is my happiest thought, having children to bring up my richest dreams, but having those children! Can I? I so often wonder, what will it be like? Who can I ask? We have no family doctor in whom I can confide. I could never, never go to a strange man.

I beg of you, encourage mothers to talk to their girls, teach them the importance of confiding in their parents, something I have never been able to do.

It has been very difficult for me to write this letter, for I have never before spoken to anyone in this manner. If only I could talk with you and, however mortified I might be, have you explain to me, a nineteen-year-old girl, the facts of life.

ANONYMOUS.

For those who wish more facts, The Wonder of Life, by Dr. Milton E. Levine and Jean H. Seligmann, is available at most bookstores. ED.

Nations are People

Ransomville, New York.

Dear Editor: After reading How England Lives my eyes were misty. What faith and courage those people must have! As long as people like the Howards and Annie Dive and her family live, there can be no doubt "There'll always be an England." Sincerely,
RUTH WARWICK.

Clean Restrooms Needed

Watsonville, California.

Dear Editors: Women's-club groups who want a Cause to work for should make a tour of public washrooms in their city, including stations, bus depots, hotels, theaters, restaurants, and so on. There *are* clean places whose owners' wrath will descend upon me, but for every clean one there are ten fit to be sties.

EDITH A. COLEMAN.

Dorothy Plans a Party

The Duke's Cottage,
Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Nowadays we seem to be shorter of every kind of thing than we ever were before. But I don't think anyone minds much.

I am planning a party for daughter Mary and Nigel. This entails a great many sums on the backs of envelopes to see how many people we can give supper to, with three chickens and three tins of Spam. The cow having had a little daughter, milk and cream are as nothing to us. But if one of the three chickens, now wandering about the run all lily-white and innocent, should die, or get had by a rat, the whole scheme sinks after the invitations have gone out!

Lots of the boys who were in Jock's regiment with him are back now. I always thought I would hate it, and be sick with envy when other mothers got their sons back again. But I'm not. One learns to face the inevitable and shed no tears over what can't be undone.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

My dears: Have you ever looked into your linen cupboard and seen it bare as Old Mother Hubbard's? Not a sheet, pillow slip or towel left? That is what is happening to us here nowadays. The laundry calls at the outside once in three weeks, so, given a couple of visitors, even putting the top sheet to the bottom, and hopefully ironing out the pillowcases—murmuring "After all, we all bathe a good bit"—things don't go round.

We are busy in our village these days. We are to become an entity, and erect our own parish room. The next thing is to raise money, so there is a grand horse show and sale of work, and for this I have made five dolls. I thought you might like to know three are called Bruce, Beatrice and Mary Cookman! Bruce is very handsome, in a blue skiing suit, with gloves. I will let you know what you all go for. Beatrice is ravishing, in pink linen with handwork! I found this a restful change from fiction writing, but daughter Mary thinks it rather a waste of talent and has just bought me some stuff to make the baby nightgowns. With my love,

DOROTHY.

IF SHE GOES AWAY TO School

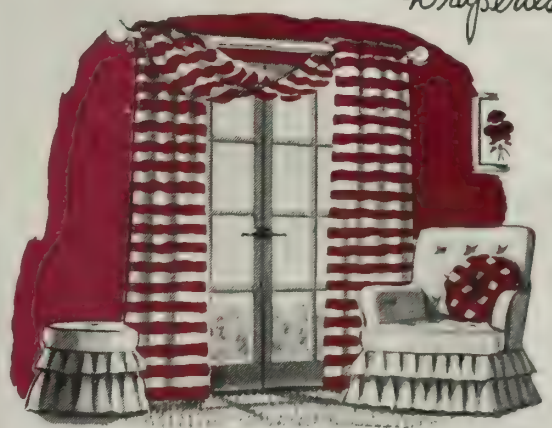


She'll want a dressing table



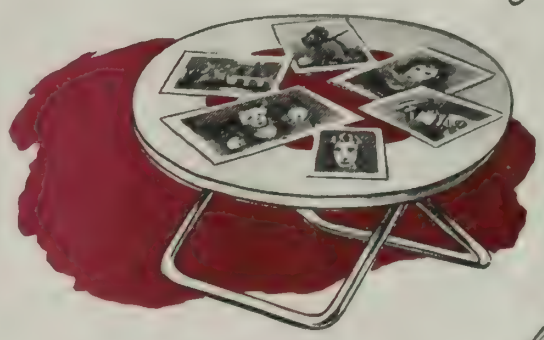
yet there may not be room for the ordinary kind. Here's one to make before she leaves home—and it can go along in her trunk! Just take a semi-circle of wood, mount ordinary wall brackets on the bottom, pad the top and cover with glazed chintz. And send along a chintz ruffle to be attached for the "skirt". Your daughter can quickly assemble it with the aid of a screwdriver—on the inside of her closet door.

Draperies to match



her dressing table skirt can also be made at home in next to no time. These are simply hemmed at either end—and you needn't be too fussy about the length—they're lengthened or shortened merely by draping over the pole and pulling the center "loop" longer or shorter.

For the college tea party



—a large tin tray on folding legs packs away easily and quickly and becomes a wonderful tea table—especially if you have decorated it with enlarged snapshots of Mother, Dad, young Bill, the house and garden and her pet spaniel. Paste all pictures on flat and firm—then waterproof it with several coats of clear shellac.

And of course if you want to make a hit with Daughter's school friends, too, you'll mail her a Whitman's Sampler every so often. These luscious chocolates with their endless variety of tempting centers are every girl's dream of what's delicious—and are a bit of home, wherever she is. (Better buy an extra Sampler for the rest of the family, too!)



If you can't always get your favorite Sampler, it's because each month hundreds of thousands of pounds of Whitman's Chocolates go to all our fighting fronts. But try again. Your dealer receives an allotment regularly.

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1943, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

SWIFT'S Prem IS THE ONE WITH TENDER BEEF ADDED!



TRY IT TONIGHT ON SWEET POTATO FLUFFS
Make oblong mounds of mashed, seasoned sweet potatoes on slices of Prem. Top with another slice of Prem and orange marmalade. Bake in pan in moderately hot oven (400°) about 20 min. Serve with a green vegetable. The family will love it.

IT TELLS IN THE TASTE!

Fine beef and pork are delicious alone, but combined this way—they're wonderful! These two meats together make Prem more tempting and savory. You'll prefer it!

IT TELLS IN THE NUTRITION!

Prem gives you the nutritional benefit of *both* beef and pork. That means plenty of high quality proteins, important minerals, and B vitamins.

IT TELLS IN THE TEXTURE!

Prem is firm and solid. Not soft. Not mushy. A knife slices through cleanly and evenly, yet the meat is delightfully juicy and tender.



BETTER LIKED BY 3 TO 1

Tender, flavorful beef has been added to Prem because American homemakers wanted it—by better than 3 to 1! Experienced cooks themselves, they knew that the combination of beef and pork produced a better-flavored product. So try Prem soon. See how different it is. See how much better you like it.

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

IT'S **Swift's** ... SAY **Prem**!

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



IN September, 1895, the big fair at Atlanta opened, and sixteen-year-old Ethel Barrymore appeared in That Imprudent Young Couple, starring Maude Adams and John Drew. The fashionable seashore hotels held whist and euchre parties almost every night, and honeymooners could go from New York City to Niagara Falls for $8 round trip. Peary failed to reach the North Pole for the second time, and in France, Louis Pasteur died.

The first periodical in the world to use two-tone covers, the JOURNAL featured a Gibson Girl on its August, 1895, cover, standing in a green hollyhock bed against an orange sky. This issue had 32 pages and sold for a dime.

"A corner is pre-eminently the place for a statue," states the JOURNAL in a piece called Comfortable Cozy Corners, and advises draping behind it some rich crimson material to make it stand out from the wallpaper.

"Mabel: It certainly would be in very bad taste for a girl to whistle on the street."

"Ellie: Tan-colored shoes are cooler than black, but are not suitable for wear after September."

"September bride: Do not fail to add a black mohair gown to your list. Seven yards of fifty-inch material will make a full skirt, immense leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and a short godet jacket with a stock collar of rich plaid taffeta. A black straw hat trimmed with ostrich, and pearl glacé kid gloves will make this the 'useful church suit' that you desire."

"Wild Rose: Grape seeds are removed from the mouth by the fingers and laid on the side of one's plate and not on the cloth."

"E. C. S.: Chopin should be pronounced 'Show-pah,' with the accent on the first syllable."



"Laura: For your little dinner party, arrange a very simple menu: First, Little-neck clams with slices of brown bread and butter. Then broiled weakfish, potatoes with melted butter, then broiled chicken, rice, string beans and currant jelly, then asparagus salad, crackers and cheese, and for dessert a queen of puddings."

"Charlie: A man of refinement does not care for the photograph of any woman except the one whom he hopes to make his wife."



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

Journal editor Bruce Gould surrounded by sergeants at the noncommissioned officers' mess at Casablanca.

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

NINETY in the shade here this summer was suddenly made more bearable when in a letter from ***Bruce Gould*** on his trip to the Far East, we got word of the weather out there. Such as, "109° at Teheran on our evening arrival; 120° when we took off at ten the next morning; then 125° at Calcutta. . . . Worst sufferer in the party—a poor red setter puppy." All of which led him to remark, regarding the Taj Mahal, that famous memorial to a Mogul emperor's favorite wife, "She'd probably rather have had a shower bath."

Almost every day now we seem to bump into another Britisher about the office. The most recent was ***Miss Anna Wibberley,*** editor of Everywoman, a large woman's magazine in England, who ran into ***Ann Batchelder*** on a morning when the November food color picture was being taken. "In the magazine," she told Miss B., "your pictures have always looked so wonderfully real that I've been almost suspicious." . . . "Well, they've finished photographing now, and it's time for lunch, so why not try it and see it's



Hands across the—food pages.

true?" . . . "Best meal I've had since before the war," was the British editor's verdict.

Another Britisher, a ***Mrs. Harmon,*** *who had just arrived on a freighter with her children, to join her husband, came in to pay her respects to* ***Mrs. Gould;*** *told her how she and her friends devoured her privileged copies of the* JOURNAL *during the worst of the blitz, and asked a favor. Could she see a copy of the January, 1943, issue, as hers hadn't arrived—had probably gone down? She hadn't been able to finish* ***Mignon Eberhart's*** *The Man Next Door, which she did right there and then, with a deep sigh of long-awaited satisfaction.*

The other day ***Henrietta Murdock*** dropped in at ***Lilly Daché's*** for a hat, and in Lilly's circular mirror-lined trying-on room, where you can see everything that goes on, without seeming to look, Miss M. saw a young Navy man trying to make a selection from a pile of colorful bonnets, like a judge in a flower show. He was having the hats tried on for him by an attractive middle-aged model (one of Lilly's good ideas), so every woman in the room guessed he was buying the hat for his mother, which was correct. Later, it turned out he'd just come in, with the ship's-pool winnings in his pocket, and had thought of this, for $49.75, to surprise his mother in Oklahoma. What kind of hat did he buy? We give you one guess—a sailor.

There are two books coming out this month that will keep readers on the edge of their chairs: one, THE WHITE TOWER, by *James Ramsey Ullman,* in which six people, utterly unlike, climb a hitherto unclimbed mountain peak—an incredibly exciting novel with cosmic overtones; the other, LEAVE CANCELLED, by *Nicholas Monsarrat,* the short, intense experience of love between a departing soldier and his bride, made beautiful by its honesty and depth of feeling. More serene but thoroughly satisfying is *Marquis James'* THE CHEROKEE STRIP, amusing and vigorous autobiography of childhood in Oklahoma at the turn of the century.

Our lucky editors: ***Hugh Kahler*** once found $20 on the street; ***Nell Giles,*** $1 in a taxi; the most ***Ann Batchelder, Mary Cookman, Betty Hoffman*** and ***Laura Lou Brookman*** ever found was 10 cents; but ***Alice Blinn*** found $5 in a purple purse; ***Mary Lea Page,*** $10 in a movie; and ***Richard Pratt*** once found a six-month-old salary check he'd mislaid—in a refrigerator tray, frozen under the ice cubes.

Mary Cookman's curiosity got the better of her when, on the plane back from Boston recently, she sat beside a sergeant from overseas, carrying a very



The sergeant and his souvenir.

fancy parasol. Turned out to be ***Jim MacCammond,*** of Darien, Connecticut, and the parasol he'd won for a shilling at a raffle at his bomber base in England, where they held it for eighteen months while he was a prisoner in Germany, after being shot down over Kiel. Anyhow, when he came in the other day to show his prize to the fashion department, ***Dawn Crowell*** and ***Nora O'Leary*** asked him if he knew whose it had been. "Sure," he said, "Queen Mary's; she carried it at Delhi when the King was crowned Emperor of India."

"We must outlaw war by creating a new machine of peace more powerful than any machine of war." —PRESIDENT TRUMAN.

Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!





—the former Mary Ellen Nelson,

Mrs. Jack H. Ross

New Canaan, Conn.

HERE'S MRS. ROSS' STORY:

Twenty—love! Ellen an art student, Jack in the Army Specialized Training Program, they meet and find happiness in tennis, swimming, lively sports. About her pink and white, Dresden-perfect skin, Ellen says, "I care for it always with Camay—for with the first cake my complexion sparkled—looked clearer and fresher."



"Confidentially," Ellen tells you, "it's easy—with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—to make skin prettier." Yes, simply pat Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—over your face, forehead, nose. Rinse warm—add a cold splash for oily skin. Repeat each morning, each night—and watch your skin bloom! Doctors proved just *one cake* of Camay can bring a clearer, softer, more enchanting skin!



Moonlight—and Home! Their first, their own! Ellen's thoughts turn to days ahead. "I want to keep 'just married' happiness—always. And to keep my Camay complexion, I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

Fresher charm—appealing new softness—come to your skin with your *first* cake of Camay!

Yes, new loveliness comes as quickly as that, when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion!

It's still important to make your Camay last! Precious war materials go into soap.

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir

Complete-in-one-issue Novel by R. A. Dick

MRS. MUIR was a little woman. Everyone was agreed upon that point. Where others were merely referred to as Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith, she was invariably spoken of as "little Mrs. Muir" or "dear little Mrs. Muir," and latterly as "poor little Mrs. Muir," for her husband, that upright member of the church and indifferent architect, had died suddenly, leaving her with two children and an inadequate income. So inadequate, in fact, that she was forced to sell the house he had built for her in order to meet the debts which poured in on every side. An opposing torrent of advice poured down on her from her husband's relatives and her acquaintances, flinging her future this way and that, now into three-roomed flats, now into hat shops or tea shops, and now into housekeeping for single gentlemen, while the children were swept away from her into charity schools, institutions and even adoption.

This, said little Mrs. Muir, awakening one morning to a beam of March sunlight striking through the eastern window across her face, *this has got to*

This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. Copyright, 1945, Ziff-Davis Publishing Company.

"Don't lie to me," said Captain Gregg. "You were very fond of your husband, but you didn't love him!"

It times he was rather attractive. In fact, if the truth be known, he was strictly out of this world!

stop. I must settle things for myself. I will leave Whitchester. Why didn't I think of it before!

Such a sense of freedom possessed her that she sang as she dressed, snatches of melodies that she had not sung since she was a girl of seventeen, and Edwin Muir had come to her father's house in the country to rebuild the library wing, and had remained to court her. There had been no eligible young men in Nether-Whitley, and she had been reading a novel at the time in which the hero had had a fair lock of hair falling over his forehead. Edwin's hair had grown in the same way. The novel finished with a kiss in the rose garden, and the magic words, "and so they lived happily ever after," and Lucy, having been kissed in the orchard, could see no other ending.

But the hero in that book had not been an only son with a widowed mother and two strong-minded sisters. Not that her life had been unhappy; it had just not been her life at all. It had been old Mrs. Muir's life, full of medicine cupboards and emulsions. It had been Helen Gould's life, and Helen, Edwin's younger sister, had made her join all the clubs in the town, and it had been Eva Muir's life, with choral societies, dramatic societies and literary societies. Lucy, who hated loud argument, let them have their own way, even with the children, Cyril and Anna. Indeed, she had never had time to think before that it was not her way too; only now, in the solitude from social activity that her sisters-in-law permitted her in her bereavement, was she coming to the realization that there were other ways of living that might be better suited to herself.

As soon as she had finished breakfast she put on the trailing black draperies, chosen for her by Helen, and hurried to the station.

"Where to, please?" asked the clerk as she hesitated outside the ticket-office window.

"To the sea," replied Lucy on impulse. It would be quite a new thing to live by the sea, and so good for the children.

"To Whitecliff?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, thank you, to Whitecliff," replied Lucy.

It was one of those sunny, boisterous March days with great white clouds sailing across the blue sky, like full-rigged galleons, and a wind that blew hats off heads, and banged doors and slammed windows. The rude, rough day blew Lucy Muir out of the station at Whitecliff, round the corner into the main street, and into Itchen, Boles and Coombe, house agents, with such strength that she could only sit breathlessly on the red leather chair and lean on the wide desk that separated her from Mr. Coombe, junior partner, with no breath left for speaking.

"Was it a house that you were requiring?" asked Mr. Coombe politely.

Lucy Muir nodded.

"Ah!" said Mr. Coombe. Pulling a stout blue book toward him, he began to flick over the pages, reading out the details of houses, mansions and apparent palaces at such a speed that Lucy was unable to find a pause into which she could place so much as one word. "Gull Cottage . . . three beds . . . two recep . . . bath . . . gas . . . small garden . . . charming site . . . ideally situated near church and schools . . . furnished . . . fifty-two pounds a year."

"Fifty-two pounds a year for a furnished house!" repeated Lucy. "That's very little to pay, surely—why, it comes to only a pound a week!"

"It's an absurd price," said Mr. Coombe crossly. "Laburnum Mount might suit you, or Beau Sejour ——"

"I should like to see Gull Cottage."

"That wouldn't suit you at all," said Mr. Coombe firmly. "We'll go to Beau Sejour first."

"I wish to see Gull Cottage," said Lucy, flushing. "It is the size that I require, and the price, though I can't help feeling something must be wrong with it that it should be rented so low. Is it the drains?"

Mr. Coombe looked at her steadfastly. "No," he said, "the drains are in perfect order. The owner lives in America and is anxious to let it and get it off his hands."

"We will go to Gull Cottage first," said Lucy.

Mr. Coombe abruptly pulled open a drawer in his desk and took out a large doorkey. "My car is outside," he said, rising.

The little seaside resort of Whitecliff curved itself round the bay in a neat esplanade to bask in the sun. To the east and the west of the town, white cliffs rose to the downland, and on the lower slopes stood the residential houses, the churches and the schools. Mr. Coombe took the road to the east with his car, and Lucy, sitting beside him, gazed out with interest at all she set eyes on. He changed gear for the steeper slope that rose from the end of the esplanade. Comfortable houses in well-kept gardens stood back from the road on one side, and the cliff and the sea on the other.

"And this is Gull Cottage," he said a few minutes later, as he stopped the car in front of the last house in the road.

It was a small graystone house, standing at some distance from its larger neighbor. A graystone wall curved out into a round bastion, dividing the house from the road. A large bow window with faded blue shutters looked out from the upper floor over the sea, as if it were a trap to catch the sun's rays from every angle of the day.

"I like it," said Lucy impulsively. "I like it very much indeed."

Mr. Coombe switched off the engine. "I think I should point out to you that for a single lady it is very isolated."

"But I'm not single," said Lucy, staring at him in astonishment, for surely anyone must realize that she, with her overcraped draperies, her black kid and jet, was a widow.

"You are, I imagine," said Mr. Coombe more gently, "but recently widowed, which means that you will be living alone without a man's protection."

"But wherever I live I shall be just as unprotected."

"But not so isolated."

"In your book you call this house ideally situated," said Lucy.

"It is ideally situated, but not for a single lady," persisted Mr. Coombe. "Do let me drive you to Beau Sejour."

"After we have seen Gull Cottage," said Lucy, and opened the door of the car.

Mr. Coombe muttered something unintelligible, but he left the car and hurried round to help Lucy alight. It was obvious that he, too, was thinking, "Poor little thing."

The large key turned rustily in the old-fashioned lock, and the hinges of the faded blue door groaned as Mr. Coombe pushed it open. Facing the entrance, a staircase curved its way up to the floor above, and three dingy-white doors opened onto the square hall that was lit by a round window like a porthole. The doors stood open, and Lucy could see through to the kitchen at the back and the dining room next to it. In the sitting room on the right there was a black marble fireplace, and over it an oil painting of a sea captain in his uniform. It was not a good painting; there was a stiff woodenness about the hand clasping the too-brassy telescope, an almost strawberry redness about the square-jowled cheeks, a look of twisted wire about the curly dark hair, but perhaps in very contrast the vivid blue eyes stared down at her with such intense vitality that for one moment Lucy thought one of them had winked at her.

"What is the painting of?" she asked.

"That," said Mr. Coombe in a curiously strangled voice, "is the late owner of the property, Captain Daniel Gregg. You get a marvelous view from this room," he went on hastily, almost dragging her with him to the window, which was a surprising thing for the young man to say, since all that could be seen was a tangled wilderness of garden round a quite hideous monkey-puzzle tree.

She turned back, as soon as she could do so politely, and looked round the room. It was well proportioned, but contained the oddest mixture of the beautiful and the bourgeois that Lucy had ever seen.

On the heavy black marble mantelpiece stood a clock to match, flanked by two exquisite Ming vases; a Persian carpet, perfect in design and coloring, rubbed fringes with a cheap red hearthrug; a red plush sofa had a delicately embroidered India shawl draped over one end, and a red lacquer Chinese cabinet of a past century housed an equally ill-assorted mixture of crested china from Blackpool, Cardiff and Southampton, and a Satsuma tea set and a fine collection of Waterford glass. The whole collection was covered with dust and cobwebs.

What an odd room, thought Lucy, *but it could be charming*, and she began at once to refurbish it in her own mind, painting the walls pale gold, ruthlessly cutting down her own brocade curtains, disposing of all the furniture and bringing in, instead, the few favorite antiques and the comfortable sofa and chairs left her by her father.

And you will be the first to go, she said to herself, looking defiantly up at the painting of the sea captain; but it must have been some trick of light that had made him appear to move his eyes, for now they stared back at her, dull and lifeless.

"The dining room needs doing up," said Mr. Coombe gloomily as he led the way into the next room.

The dining room did not so much need doing up as being done away with altogether and starting afresh. The wallpaper had gone from a lilac blue to a livid mauve. The varnished suite of table, sideboard and chairs had lost its gloss, and the gray film of dust, spreading over them, looked like some foul disease.

"This house can't have been lived in for years," said Mrs. Muir.

"No. The kitchen is next door."

Here, too, the dust and dirt lay like a shroud. A gas oven stood against the farther wall, with a kettle on it and a frying pan. In the frying pan were two rashers of uncooked bacon. On the table under the window a teapot, milk jug, cup and saucer, a plate,

(Continued on Page 61)



"Have I taken away your heart?" asked Miles. "Then how can you live without me?"

The Girl who wasn't Ditto

SHE KNEW THAT LIFE AND LOVE ARE VICE VERSA ☆ BY TOM HANLIN

IF there were customers in the shop and they had change to get, they had to pick it off the counter. She always handed him his. Often enough it was small change, and he was maybe some time collecting it from the palm of her hand. I'm sure it didn't occur to him at first that she had a motive. It didn't strike him she wanted him to look up and get interested in what he saw.

She didn't attract him. He wasn't looking for a girl right now, and he certainly wasn't out to pick a wife. He was a fella doing all right on his own. He passed this shop every day and had made a habit of getting his packet of twenty there. That's how things were from his end.

He'd looked her over the first time he'd come into the shop, which wasn't so long ago, for he was a newcomer to this town. He'd looked her over and thought she was a nice-looking girl. He didn't ask himself how she'd do as a wife. A fella like him, alone in the world and living in digs, when he looks twice at a girl, usually considers how she'd do as a wife. But he only looked this once, gave her average marks, and then picked up his thoughts from where they'd left off.

We'll suppose I could have told him how things were with this girl; kind of faced him up with the problem like this: "Here, fella, this girl didn't want a man till she saw you. And seeing how she looks all right, and seeing how this wanting you is just about all the right success in life there is for a man, how is it you can't get to the stage of wanting her?"

His reply would have been something like this: "That girl's somebody's kind of girl, but she's not my kind of girl. My kind of girl, her face has got to be a certain shape. I can't tell you what shape, but I know all the shapes it shouldn't be. And that's not saying it's a bad shape. Then she's kind of fair and not what you'd say tall. There's no what you'd call flaws in her, but she's made the way she shouldn't be for me. And she's got nothing else that I can see that would make me exert myself to get to know her better."

If he could have put his feelings into words, these are the words he'd have used. There was something else, though, farther back, away back, which he'd have been very unlikely to mention, because he wouldn't know how it connected up. But it was the cause of his likes and dislikes when it came to women.

IT was when at school he'd fallen in love for the first time, and she'd been a dark girl. She'd dark eyes and black hair that grew out of white skin and fell away on each side of a white line that ran over her head. She'd a sharp-shaped face, this girl, and was thin and tall. Up to the time he was sixteen, maybe, there had been nobody but this girl. Then she'd faded out and he'd forgotten her. But what she'd left him was her outline and her black-and-white coloring. All the women who'd attract him from then on would be women who were ditto; or ditto in one or two items.

And now here was this girl with a growing notion of him, and not a thing about her to catch his eye. A girl who wasn't ditto; a girl who was vice versa.

There were women in the past he might have married; women who were just right for him. But he'd seen too many fellas, placed the same way as he was, get married in poverty and start rearing a family in a single end. He wasn't going to be caught that way. He was wide that way. He liked money to spend on beer or football or gambling or other women or whatever kind of sport was his sport at the time.

He'd never been a home bird. Unemployment in his home town had started him on his journeyings, and getting sacked here and suspended there had kept him on the move. Besides, there had always been the urge to see what was going on in other places. Now that the war had started, iron molders were working overtime and making good wages. And his landlady treated him like a son. He'd found out that one place was very like another place. Now he'd no intention of moving, and no intention of changing his single status.

Every night he'd drop into this shop for his cigarettes. JAMES WALKINSHAW, the lettering over the entrance said, TOBACCONIST AND NEWS AGENT. There was a big plate-glass window with a row of newspaper boards underneath, and, in the window, writing pads and bottles of ink and sixpenny books by Edgar Wallace and Sydney Horler and other great authors. At the end of a long street of tenements, it was the place where the inhabitants got all their papers and tobacco.

Well, into this shop he'd go with his thoughts centering on what he was thinking about. Then he got aware that this girl behind the counter had this irritating habit of handing a palmful of coppers. This only made him not look up. It only made him shy of her. Once, when she was serving a customer in front of him, she turned her head and looked over at him when there wasn't a thing to make her look over. His presence was claiming the run of her mind, and what was in her blood made her go outside the routine motions.

It was then he got the inkling that maybe she'd a crush on him. He went away, thinking about it for a little while and then forgetting, for he'd no great conceit about the way he looked.

Then this night he didn't go in. He missed this night. But the next he was there as per usual, but not with the same indifference as per usual. He'd got a lot curious about this girl who looked at him and liked what she saw. He'd found one thing he could admire about her for a start. He could admire her taste when it came to men.

He opened the door of the shop and the bell tinkled, the bell above the door. A long counter divided the shop, and nobody was at the counter. As he closed the door softly behind him, she rose from beside the fire at the far end of the shop, and he knew by the way her eyelids flickered that something inside her had jumped at his appearance.

He put his money on the counter and said, "Same as usual."

She held out the packet, and when his fingers gripped on it it didn't come away. So he looked up, and when he looked up she let go. It was then he knew that he was looking her straight in the eyes for the first time.

With young folk who haven't had time to be evil or mean, and who haven't had all the romance and generosity yet belted out of them, it's the emotion they're feeling or the thought they're thinking that looks out of their eyes. Eyes are a giveaway, and you learn in time to control them. She hadn't got to that stage and her eyes were a couple of azure badges with the same slogan in each: YOU'RE THE MAN I WANT.

Then her voice sounded; her clear, girl's voice: "Where were you? You weren't in last night."

If we'd been standing back on the outside, all we'd have seen was a shopgirl attending to a customer and passing the time of day with a small remark. That's what it appeared to be. But what she really was saying was this: *Stranger, take a good look at me. I'd like you to like what you see. I'd like you to come for what you see. But what I can't stick any longer is you ignoring me. I can't stick it any longer so I'm doing something about it. Keep looking at me and go home with the snapshot. If you get to like it, you've only to come across and get it.* That's what she was really saying. And the listening apparatus that everybody has for these kinds of messages was receiving inside him, and picked up her message all right.

AS he took the packet from her hand, he said, "Aw, I was just tryin' to cut 'em down."

He smiled, she smiled back at him, and their eyes still held, though he was moving backward to the door and on the half turn, and she was going back to the place before the fire. Then he finally reached the door and was out of the shop.

What he'd wired back was something like this: *Hey, quit rushin' me like this. A fella does his own pickin'. Leave me somethin' to do—if I want to do the somethin'.*

She'd reached out for him, and she knew he'd guessed what was the matter with her. She felt glad about it. She'd started something that would get results. One way or another, it would get results.

After the first time he'd come in, she'd seen him come and go, until she got to thinking of him between the times. She wondered who he was and where he came from. Then she'd go home and think of him. Some instinct inside her told her he wasn't tied up; that he was somebody she could get.

Maybe she'd be washing up the dishes, or listening to the wireless, or reading a paper, or just gossiping with her mother and sisters. All the time she looked like a girl with all her *(Continued on Page 118)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



His eyes said, "Hey, quit rushin' me. A fella does his own pickin'."

NOT QUITE LIKE THE BOOKS!

By Gladys Taber

ALIX CARRINGTON laid down her checkbook with a sigh. Either she or the bank had moved into the realm of fiction about her balance, and actually the bank was fearfully apt to be right. Maybe they were giving her a present of three hundred and fifty dollars for being a good girl. But if she accepted it, the very next month they'd be taking away a couple of hundred.

But, she thought cheerfully, *I can pay the insurance premium with it meanwhile, before the bank and I really come to grips over it.* Satisfied, she wrote firmly the check to the Bankers' Mutual. Three hundred and fifty dollars and twelve cents. *Funny about the twelve cents. Why twelve? Why do business people always get huggermugger over cents? It's a little like being marked A minus or A plus in school,* she thought, signing "Mrs. J. A. Carrington" at the bottom.

Bessie was standing in the doorway, a clouded look on her face. The war was telling on Bessie too. It was the canceling of all those red points that demoralized her; she had been saving and saving just in case Mist' Carrington came home, and then the Gover'mint took 'em up. A person never knew from day to day which way to jump, she said. Now they had no more stamps.

"We'll just eat beans," Alix said. "We are all fond of beans."

"Nobody can be fond of beans forever," predicted Bessie. "Beans is one of them things that pall."

Alix sealed the envelope, noted she had left the check out, tore it open and put the check in. Looked vainly for glue.

"The washmachine is broke," said Bessie.

"What, again?" Alix was aghast.

"Well, all it do is moan," explained Bessie, "and ain' no water in it, only my sheets is partly wet inside. And first it whirl itself around like crazy and then it don' whirl atall."

"Oh, my," said Alix. "I don't think they'll want to come so soon."

"I phomed 'em up," said Bessie. "What you want I should do with all the sheets?"

"I'll help." Alix slammed the desk shut.

The machine had that particularly lifeless look of a broken one. The sheets were just wet enough to weigh too much. Bessie and Alix managed to lug them to the basement and dunk them in the set tubs.

"They just need a little renching," said Bessie, "except Tommy's. Look like he and the dogs brung in all the spring mud on his."

"Oh, well," said Alix, "Tommy doesn't care if they look gray; we'll put the same ones back on." She helped carry the basket out.

The three cockers came around the corner of the house. They had been digging for moles. Priscilla, the golden mother, was the color of a rusty gold-piece. Mud fringed her whole face, hung on her long soft petticoats; even her golden eyelashes looked muddy.

"You see?" asked Bessie pointedly.

"I wonder how it feels to dig for moles." Alix stopped and took a clothespin from her mouth. "Must be fun. You might get one once."

Bessie ignored this flight. "That vacuum cleaner got the shakes again."

Pen and Marcy came down the walk, arm in arm. Their friendship was deeper than ever since Pen's John and Marcy's Bill were both in the Pacific theater. It was a little trying at times, thought Alix. The only time they were separated was to sleep in their respective homes, and then they phoned constantly back and forth half the night.

Pen was saying, in her soft sweet voice, "And I don't care what my mark is, I am not going to experiment with mice. I mean, their reaction time means nothing to me. If I flunk psych on account of those mice ——"

"I wish I'd taken Aristotle instead," said Marcy. "But there isn't even a Four-F in Aristotle; and after all, a class with no man at all in it lacks something."

"Was there any mail, muth?" asked Pen, with that too anxious look.

"Not today."

When Alix went back into the house, Tommy was home from school. He was cleaning his gun—in the living room, of course—and the whole place was a mess.

"I'm gonna go out and get some rabbits," he said. "Rabbit stew?"

"Well ——" said Alix doubtfully.

"Now, mom"—his freckled face was lifted—"you gotta get over being allergic to rabbits. Rabbits is meat."

Alix touched his tousled head, the hair growing every which way just like Jim's. "You know I'm a weakling," she said. "Rabbits are such little helpless things."

"Not too helpless to eat up all my Victory carrots."

"You better do your Spanish before you get to hunting," she warned.

Tommy squinted through the barrel, then said casually, "You get any mail?"

"Not today. Maybe tomorrow."

"Sure. It's only the middle of the week." He began to sing loudly and a little off key, "*You got to accentuate the pos'tive—elim-unate thu negutive.*"

Alix hurried upstairs to dress for the Red Cross rally. Where had the time gone? The bills and the checkbook and the sheets and four phone calls and a trip to the attic to see if there was some one overlooked piece of clothing for the relief collection. Nothing important, nothing very real somehow, when the mail didn't come.

Her gray suit was worn and her pumps shabby. *Make it do, use it up, wear it out,* she said to herself, as she brushed back her shining hair, not worn at all, and powdered her nose.

She moved over and looked at Jim's picture. The half-smile on his face, and the wide clear eyes. She didn't feel middle-aged when she looked at Jim. The intense passion of a fully realized love that was subsisting now on the United States Mail left her feeling shaky, like the vacuum cleaner. Tommy was growing up, Pen was going to graduate from college, life was moving along, and they were not together.

Maybe she was tired this day, but it seemed so long that she had been holding the family fort. Bessie came only once a week now, and occasionally to cook company supper, and on Fridays so Alix could leave early for the blood bank.

Jim, she thought, *when you come home, everything will be perfect. Perfect.* For a moment she dreamed, standing in the sharp sunlight by his picture. She kept her special dream for times like this, when the everyday way seemed confused and difficult, and she took out the dream carefully. The house was going to be exactly right for once. Crisp curtains, flowers everywhere, the silver really polished, the furniture waxed to a glow.

Dusk, because he'd come in on Forty-seven from Chicago. Dusk and the weather fine—oh, it had to be fine. Tall, cool, green candles on the table, and the alien smell of steak from the kitchen. Tommy clean and well mended to the last sock. Pen in her best blue without so much lipstick.

Soft music muted from the radio.

Jim.

And then after the children were firmly put out of the way for the rest of the evening, Jim and she would walk in the starlight a little, easing their hearts of all the hard things they'd known, getting close and intimate again. And then, under the apple tree, which was forever in blossom in her dream, Jim catching her in his arms in the old way, the sweet real way that meant man and woman and not just parents.

"Better than my dreams," Jim would say, "better than my dreams." . . .

"Miz Carrington!" Bessie hollered deeply up the stairs. "Miz Carrington!"

Alix came out of the dream. "Yes, what is it?"

"Miz Jones wants to know you got gas enough to pick her up?"

"Tell her if the car will start, I'll pick her up," Alix shouted back. "It's sat so long, it may be dead."

She flew to the closet and got out the old hat, a small peanutlike affair with a wispy veil. She put it on and grabbed her purse.

Alix stuck her head in at the kitchen door. "I'm leaving," she said. *(Continued on Page 111)*

Advice on Welcoming the Returned Serviceman:

Perhaps if you empty the icebox, give away his favorite suit and close the house, then he'll get there!

"He's coming tomorrow," said Alix numbly. "And we have to leave for Florida tomorrow night!"

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL




Everything about her
was hauntingly familiar.
A little like the girl
next door. A lot like the
girl he couldn't forget.
ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

45TH STREET *Once Again*

BY ROBERT THOMSEN and GEORGE BRADSHAW

FOR reasons which have nothing to do with this story, I had recently been discharged—honorably, I might add—from the Army. Consequently when, on a December morning at ten o'clock, the telephone rang, I was in bed.

"Bill," the voice said.

"Yes," I said.

"Bill," the voice said, "this is Harry Levin. I want you to come over here."

"No," I said.

"Bill," Harry said, "I have a job for you. What's the matter?"

"I can't."

"Don't you want a job?"

"Yes," I said. "But ——"

"What?"

"Look," I said, "I am getting readjusted to civilian life."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I've got a hang-over."

"So," Harry said. "How long do you need?"

I thought. "An hour?"

"All right," Harry said. "Same office. I'll see you in an hour."

That's how it happened I turned up backstage at the Regal Theater on West 44th Street the next day, reeking of moth balls and feeling conspicuous in the one decent suit I'd stored away three years before.

I was stage manager for Harry's new show. It wasn't the job I had been dreaming of all through New Guinea exactly, but it was two hundred a week, which is more than most generals get. When I had gone away I had been a director, but you can't expect to pick up where you left off three years before. It was kind of Harry to give me the chance.

I was a little nervous about how I'd fit in, after so long away, but I need not have been. Harry introduced me to the star, Cynthia Robins, and then to the rest of the cast: Martin Hopwell, Evelyn Drew, Helen Sloan, Harry Flicker and a kid named Joan Vance, who was playing the daughter. The playwright was sitting out front and he leaned across the footlight trough, said he was glad I was with them, and then we began with Act One, Scene One.

I sat at the side and tried to follow the words in the script. The air was that heavy sweet; it came from a small bulb on a pilot rod at the side and beat down unmercifully from a thousand-watt work spot overhead. The furniture was old—chairs placed about at designated spots which were chalked off on the floor to indicate positions in "a penthouse somewhere on Park Avenue."

The actors moved about reading their jokes, smoking hundreds of cigarettes and drinking coffee from drugstore containers. Occasionally Cynthia Robins stopped and went down to the footlights and talked out to the playwright-director: "If she crossed straight up to the door when Martin came in, wasn't it perhaps cleaner than if she put her champagne glass on the table first and then crossed?" or, "If the three girls all sat on the sofa, wasn't that maybe friendlier than if she stood beside them talking?"

Tom Simpson (that was his name) always answered these questions by saying, "Try it," and they'd go back and run the scene again.

Slowly, painstakingly, the illusion of a gay, formal party was being created.

I felt—this is hard to explain—a little out of things. I don't know what I had expected from coming home, from getting to work again—nothing definite, I suppose—but I found it hard to keep my mind on what was going on. I realized, sitting there, I was still pretty much in the Army.

There was only one moment that morning when I forgot I was a stranger. That was when little Joan Vance, who played the kid, came on. Something about her—I know now exactly what it was—wiped the time away, and I was interested once more, and back home. She knew her lines and didn't have to stop and look down at the printed words. She came on with authority. Her voice was strong and young.

She didn't have much of a scene—only about five minutes, really—but as I watched it, I suddenly decided to fight at what I saw was happening. Miss Robins was making the child play the whole scene with her back to the audience. I decided suddenly to tell this Robins to forget all the nonsense she was pulling with her cigarette holder and her glass of champagne, to get the child on a level with her, to relax and answer the questions with something like reality. It could have been a fine scene, but as it was going it was just a star showing off her tiresome mannerisms and a little girl talking with her back to the audience.

By the time I was back in my room that evening, I was aware that I would stay and manage the play. I didn't make any conscious decision, as I had thought I would that morning; I just began to think about what I could do to help the play along.

I was back again.

Harry had told me the play would be easy; it was. There were simply three acts of dialogue between the star and her husband: first, talk about a divorce and then, because of a supposed affair he was having with his secretary and a flirtation she warmed up with a former beau, the old Act Two jealousy came in, and Act Three was their decision to stay *(Continued on Page 98)*



She had a special magic for audiences. But for me — well, I was in love with her.

"There's a line somewhere across every combat flier's career. Up to that line, home is real to him. Across it, realities change. Remember, it is that line that saves his life—or at least his reason." —FLIGHT SURGEON.

"I Wanted Wings"

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

Editors' Note: In this rarely discerning article, written after visiting many fliers in the European Theater just before V-E Day, Roger Burlingame helps those of us who stay at home to know better our men who fly. Many of those men, here described, are already in the Pacific. This article will illuminate their attitude toward us and help us to appreciate and understand them when they come home.

"MY feet are in England," I said to the pilot of the transport plane as I left him, "but my mind is still in New York. Is it that way with you too?"

The pilot tried to reach the eternal groundedness of my thinking. "I guess," he said, looking back into the gray sky from which we had come, "my mind is pretty generally in the air."

I moved then into the other world. It was not "other" because it was England or because it was the war. When my mind, catching up, came out of New York it went into a different planet where all thought is in a new dimension.

The boys at the bomber base to which I drove through the foggy twilight were not thinking about England or about the war in any terms I had known. Yes, they asked the stock question, "When will it be over?" and listened inattentively to my answer. I expected them to ask about home, for the American dust was still on my shoes.

One did: "Do they still have forty-eight states over there?"

"Yes, but there are no cigarettes, very little gas, not much steak ——"

His eyes drifted away. I was to get very accustomed to that drifting. The eyes seemed to look over my head, then up. It was not exactly inattention, not exactly boredom. The eyes simply followed a take-off of the fancy into a more familiar element.

I tried to pull them back. "You want to go home, don't you?"

"Oh, sure."

I was surprised at the uncertainty of his voice, repeating the formula.

"Why not," he added slowly, "after eleven months? Or maybe eleven years. I wouldn't know." Then the instant's tenseness left his face. "You heard about the mission today? All visual. Boy, did we clobber that target."

A flight surgeon who had listened to the brief interchange said to me later, "You know, there's a line somewhere across every combat flier's career. Up to that line, home is real to him. But once across it, realities change. Then it's hard to get him talking about it."

"But he knows he *will* go home when his tour is over," I said. "For your ground man there's no certainty."

"I know what you're going to say," said the staff officer. "That the nearer the flier comes to going home, the more he must think about it. I don't say he doesn't. But once he has crossed the line beyond which there are none of the old landmarks or signposts, home is harder for his imagination to reach. If you stay here long enough, you'll find out why. And remember, it is that line that saves his life—or at least his reason."

That was my first intimation that I was in the other world, and in the days I spent at the base I knew that it had no connection with the world in which I lived, to which these boys had been born and to which, if they survived, they must return.

The bomber base was pleasant enough. It had been built by the RAF and taken over by this American group. The quarters were solid and comfortable and the club was almost magnificent. Round the fireplace there were tables, lounge chairs, upholstered benches. There was all the comfort and coziness of a fraternity house in a man's world.

In the long night before the morning mission, men came and went, bringing big glasses of black beer—and stories. Early in the evening some English and American service girls came in. They were incongruous in the group, were never drawn into the talk. They left soon and the full warmth did not return until they had gone.

These boys round the fire had been on a mission today; they would not go tomorrow. Tomorrow's crews were asleep in their quarters. As the stories were told, my mind strained at the words that moved round the circle. Most of them were spoken slowly—drawled without rise in pitch or volume. (When a flier's voice grows loud, staccato or irritated, he is watched by the flight surgeon.) I understood a word in ten of what was said. It was a strange experience—I have had something like it, listening to a play in some language in which I knew enough to order a meal. But that comparison only half fits. For these boys were American boys; their faces, gestures, smiles were characteristic and familiar.

But their language was in symbols, code and numbers: the language of nebulous measurement, infinities of visibility; of mystic instrument eyes piercing overcast, of electric contacts and breaches, of short precise words picked out of the air, of the vast, imaginary clock face which told no time but where the enemy came in at half past two.

It was not the talk of other soldiers. No one spoke of girls or money or liquor or mail from home. If any of these men had a private life, it was so walled within him that he could not reach it himself. They were not talking for me. At moments I thought they were trying to escape me. Was I a symbol of something once loved, now scarcely remembered—something they had risen above? The question was answered before the night ended, not by my own guesses but by an "old man" who was through.

As the night warmed, men moved away to a circle of noise at the end of the room—noise which almost drowned the loud testing of rebuilt engines on the field outside—and others came back to the fire.

"What goes on down there?" I asked.

"Today was payday. They're shooting it."

"Will they let me in? I used to be lucky with the dice."

The lad next me put his hand on my arm and I was suddenly aware he had been watching me a long time. "You can use your money. Those kids get three-fifty and up a month—in dollars—practically clear. You keep out, sir." He was a pilot captain. I had caught his eye once or twice and been puzzled by his smile. There was a twist to his mouth which marked him apart from the others. "That doesn't make sense to you," he said, moving his hand in a precise arc over the group.

"Not yet. That's why it's interesting."

"It's all we know. We've forgotten everything else. Most of these kids didn't have much to forget. They took off from high school. Then training, flying hours, wings and missions. They don't know that responsibilities exist—well, yes, keeping the ship in the air, keeping on the beam, hitting the target, coming home."

"That seems to me a lot. If your decision is wrong, you're dead and nine others with you."

"Yes. But most of it's laid on. It's briefed. It comes from flight leaders, squadron commanders over the interphone. When you're hit there are tricks; a good crew knows them, talks them in their sleep. They're talking them now."

In their sleep. . . . The words hit me with hard meaning. "But, man," I said,

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WHAT THE UNITED NATIONS CHARTER MEANS

"We must not be gadget-minded about world peace or this charter. It is not something that, when wound up, can be left to do the job alone."

BY CHARLES W. TILLETT

MAN has been working at the job of learning how to govern himself for a good many thousands of years. During that time he has discovered a number of successful techniques: sure-fire devices which keep the ship of state on the track. Americans are thoroughly familiar with these techniques as utilized in city, county and state governments. They can easily understand the United Nations Charter because about 90 per cent of what the delegates did in San Francisco when they set about drafting this charter several weeks ago was to draw from the universal kit of governmental tools a few of the simplest principles of successful government and apply them to the problems of the government of nations.

Take the matter of the General Assembly. There is hardly a county in America where, at some time or other each month in the year, the commissioners, or governing body by whatever name called, don't hold an open session and allow the citizenship an opportunity to complain about the county government or make suggestions about it, or discuss it. Complaints are not always heeded; suggestions are not always adopted; discussions are not always enjoyed; but the people can come to the courthouse and get off their chests whatever is on them. And so they don't go to war either with the government or one another. But it is as certain as can be that if this forum of public opinion were not always kept open, there would be trouble, real trouble. In terms used by the constitutional lawyer, this privilege that the men and women of the county have is known as the right of assembly and petition. It is an old constitutional principle in English law. Its soundness as a device for keeping the peace in the city, county and state can't be questioned. So it came about at San Francisco that every delegate there—certainly the delegates from the democracies—knew that there must be some place, some forum of public opinion where matters of international concern could be discussed. The result is the provision that in the General Assembly every nation that is a member of the United Nations organization will be represented; and, in the Assembly, every matter of international concern that is within the scope of the charter can be discussed completely and freely.

Take the matter of law and order. All this talk about the complete abolition of force in a world at peace is amateurish. One of the main troubles with the League of Nations was that it hush-hushed the fact that behind every law there must be force. In a community where law and order prevail, force is not abolished; but the use of force is monopolized by the state. No one has the right to use force on his own hook (bona-fide self-defense excepted); it can legally be used only by the state. For example, we see two men in a scuffle, A and B. A hits B with a stick of wood. No matter how justly A is aggrieved at B (assuming he is not acting in self-defense), his conduct is illegal if he is a private citizen. But if A is a policeman and B is a rough gangster violently resisting arrest, the use of force is legal.

Taking this leaf from the notebook of world-wide social behavior—adopting a principle that has long been recognized by every system of law—the artisans of the United Nations Charter have provided not for the abolition of force, but for its monopoly by the organization and its centralization in the Security Council. The Security Council is the repository of the use of force and it, and it alone, shall have control of the use of force, excepting only action bona fide in self-defense, or actions carrying out the surrender terms of this war.

Another tool of civilization is the court. Of all political institutions, it came first. The courts of England were in existence long before Parliament. The people probably have more confidence in the court than in any other of their institutions. It is significant in support of this statement that President Roosevelt, when he was at the peak of his power, could not get anywhere with his Supreme Court proposals when the public—whether rightly or wrongly I do not say—got the idea that he was trying to "do something" to the court. As a practicing lawyer I have had many mad clients; mad enough to fight. But usually a client, no matter how mad, given a fair trial, a day in court, will not fight even though he loses his case.

Take the case of two farmers and their respective rights to the use of water in a running stream. If the lower riparian owner gets the idea that the upper owner is taking too much water, there is going to be a fight unless there is a fair trial. Take the case of Belgium and Holland. The Meuse River serves both of them. When Belgium built the Albert Canal and Holland built the Juliana Canal, each thought the other was withdrawing too much water from this river. While in this particular instance, and under the circumstances out of which this controversy arose, it would hardly be fair to say that a war between these nations was imminent, it is clear that elsewhere and under other circumstances such a controversy could produce a war if there was no way to adjudicate the rights of the parties. Everybody knows that large wars from little controversies grow. In this particular instance Belgium and Holland took their dispute to the World Court and judgment was entered which, while it did not satisfy both parties 100 per cent, settled the controversy and has enabled these nations to live together in reasonable peace and harmony ever since.

Naturally, then, no one would think of drafting a charter for an organization to keep the peace without including a provision for an International Court.

Now consider the continuing Secretariat. This is a high-sounding name for a very familiar thing. Let's come back to our county government. Many, many times it occurs that as the result of a political turnover the embattled citizens of a county will clean house by electing an entirely new board. Why doesn't the county government go to pot? Because, even though there is a brand-new board, the clerk to the old board remains, and his stenographer, that girl who knows all about the files and the records, keeps her job. The probate judge, the register of deeds, the tax collector, the sheriff (certainly some of them) continue in office. By means of the continuance in office of this administrative personnel, the accumulated experience of how to run the practical affairs of the county is retained and the new board, whether it admits it publicly or not, makes ample use of what the office crowd knows. The Secretariat of the United Nations are, in a manner of speaking, the county clerk, sheriff, and so forth, dressed in morning coats and wearing spats. And the charter is so written that, barring a cataclysmic world political revolution, the turnovers with the Secretariat will not coincide with changes in the personnel of the delegates.

Every good police officer knows that you can't make and keep a community law-abiding by means of a strong police department alone. The solution of the problem of crime requires that the criminal be dealt with firmly, but, even more than that, it requires the elimination of the sources from which arise the inclination to commit crime. In other words, the problem of crime is the problem of crime prevention; and the problem of crime prevention, in large part,

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COMMANDER HAROLD STASSEN, former governor of Minnesota, who resigned during his third term to enter the Navy, was one of this country's delegates at the United Nations Conference and a courageous early advocate of U. S. cooperation in international affairs. Because of his successful role in San Francisco, because his name has long been identified with the international ideal, the JOURNAL asked Commander Stassen's opinion of the accompanying article. This is his reply:



INTERNATIONAL

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The United Nations Charter is a document of vital importance to every woman in America. Her future and the future of her children will be affected by its success or failure.

The accompanying article by Charles W. Tillett is an excellent interpretation of the Charter in terms and examples with which we are all familiar. It will be an article worth reading by men as well as women; in fact, by any citizen of the United States.

HAROLD STASSEN

I could see mamma's letter to papa. "I have made up my mind to do this thing," I read.

ILLUSTRATED BY CORY WHITMORE

As it was Before

THE June sun was warm on my shoulders. The sky was high and blue. I was in excellent health. My new suit from Hattie Carnegie was a success. I loved the silly little wisp of a hat set at exactly the right angle above my slick new coiffure. I stopped in front of a shopwindow and saw a pale gray felt hat with a long and gracefully curving brown feather. From then on nothing that I saw in the shopwindows or on any of the smart hurrying throng of passing people could hold my attention. I could think only of a summer long ago. I was almost sorry I had seen the hat with the feather that had started my backward train of thought. But, underneath, I really knew that perhaps I wanted to look backward, as many people today want to look backward into a time of peace and certainty, the sweet green fields of long ago. And so as I walked along the Avenue I remembered a whole summer long ago and all my feelings and everything that happened. It was the summer I went to grandma's alone. For a little while I forgot today, and my son flying nightly over the Pacific.

I was about ten years old. I was standing at mamma's shoulder reading the letter she was writing to papa. "I have made up my mind to do this thing," I read. "And if I had asked your permission, I am certain you would have forbid me ——" At that moment mamma realized that I was reading over her shoulder and she turned to me very angry, telling me never to do such a thing again; not only was it incredibly rude, but actually dishonest. I went and sat down at the window; but I thought it was very silly not to be allowed to read a letter to my father, especially when I knew what it was all about. Mamma had already told me. It was an explanation to papa about my going to grandma's alone.

Grandma, who was my mother's mamma, lived in the country. My father and my mother and my brother and I lived in the city. The country and the city were far apart long ago. Different worlds.

Our home in the city was a very nice red-brick house in a row of other red-brick houses. But although the houses were almost alike, there was a difference. You could never make a mistake about which was your house. Some of the houses had cupolas and bay windows and some had iron grillwork on the top of the mansard roofs and some had shiny doorbells and some hadn't. I used to think that some of the houses looked sad, and some fierce and proud. Our house had a kind of smiling face. But I knew it was really the way the steps curved, and the way the little colored windows at the sides of the door shone; or maybe it was the mansard windows which looked like laughing eyes. But the way you really knew your own house was something more than just the way it looked. It was feel. It was the feel of home in the way your feet ran up the steps, the way the door opened, the pleasant smell inside.

I thought it was a wonderful house. Now I know it was just a narrow brick house on a street with red-brick sidewalks, and narrow tree lawns, and a few scraggly poplars. But then I thought the street wide and magnificent. And I thought that nothing could ever change. Everything had been that way always. Mamma and papa and Robert and I living in the house on Wentworth Street. School and church and Sunday school and birthday parties and Christmas pantomimes. Music lessons and walks in the park. Parcheesi and tiddlywinks in the back parlor with Robert, while mamma and papa talked. The little sadness when papa left for one of his business trips. The fun when he came home. Mamma's pretty brown hair, her gay little chuckling laugh. The way papa's mustache tickled when he kissed me; and his big white teeth and his big booming laugh that shook the rafters in the attic, mamma always said to be funny. That was the way everything was until the summer I went to grandma's alone.

I remember it was the day of my music lesson that it all started. For that was the day papa told mamma about his long business trip, and said that he thought we should all go up to the country and stay with grandma. But that was late, after Miss Mercer had left. Miss Mercer, who was my music teacher, was still there when papa surprised us by coming home early. I was sitting beside Miss Mercer at the piano, doing an exercise. Mamma was sitting in the bay window with her mending. Mamma always did her mending or her embroidery while I had my lesson.

But this day the front door opened quickly and shut with a bang, and we heard papa calling out, "Hello there, everybody! Where is everybody?" Then he flung open the parlor door and I stopped my exercise. Mamma and Miss Mercer both looked up.

Mamma didn't move. She just smiled and said, "Why, had you forgotten that this is Thursday—Fanny's lesson day?" But her voice was almost too quiet.

"Good heavens!" papa said. "Of course I forgot. Forgive the interruption, ladies; I'll retire at once!" But he was laughing and he went over and kissed mamma. Then he came over and pulled my pigtails while he shook hands with Miss Mercer.

"Oh, you men!" Miss Mercer laughed up at him with that pretty little tinkling trill of a laugh that I always tried to imitate. Miss Mercer's big blue eyes looked wide like my china doll's, and her lips puckered into a rosebud. She was very pretty; and she was very stylish and had the loveliest clothes.

"Well," mamma said, smiling a little, "Fanny's hour was just about up anyhow."

"Oh," Miss Mercer said, "we don't count time that closely!" And she smiled at me. "Fanny, wouldn't you like to play the Fairy Waltz for your papa?"

Papa kind of smoothed his mustache to hide a grin. "If I know Fanny, I don't think she would. Besides, I hear that Fairy Waltz being practiced daily. Why can't we have some new music? Why won't you play a tune, Miss Mercer?"

Miss Mercer laughed again. "Well, I dare say Jenny Nixon won't be sorry if I am a few *(Continued on Page 138*

Most women live to please men, which is perhaps why they so often infuriate them. ★ By Marion Valensi

Ho, the Fair Maid!

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

HEBRON ALLYN'S great moment had come when he rose to preach the welcoming address at the meeting in the Grove. Ellen Frosbie thought his happy, open-hearted smile made it easy to love him and to think of life with him. Next to Ellen sat the Wilburs, from Ohio, with their unwilling son, Frank. Ellen felt smothered in the crowd's emotionalism, and in the darkness left the campground and walked toward the sound of an accordion and Joss Caval's voice.

Coming home, Hebron was surprised to find Ellen waiting for him, standing in the lamplight, drenched to the skin from the storm. He longed to crush the calm purity of her mouth to a submissive sweetness. He kissed her on the forehead.

"Love me, Hebron. I will learn to love you," Ellen said.

Next door to Joss Caval's mother in Edgartown lived Hebron's Aunt Thankee Hooker, widow of a whaling captain. Hebron brought Ellen here, after her return from a short trip to Concord, to live until their marriage. Sitting before the fire with the two women, Hebron felt a strange discomfort, like that of a man in an unknown country without a compass. He worried about the area next to the camp-meeting ground. Captain Norton, who owned it, wanted $5000 for it, and hinted that a group of offIslanders would pay that, to provide a vacation spot. Hebron was also disturbed that Ellen accepted, with no explanation, an invitation to dinner next door. The truth was that Ellen had bargained, with this acceptance, for the safe conduct of Frank Wilbur from Joss Caval's tavern to the meeting ground.

Another little thorn in Hebron's mind was Ellen's discovery that the red roses she had picked up on the wharf on her arrival were Joss' roses. Carly wore some just like them to the meeting ground, where afterward she met the Runt and drove home with him, stopping in the warm bayberry shrubs to drink from a bottle and watch the pilgrims leave.

Joss Caval worked for days to prepare his house, and his mother, for the night Ellen came to dinner. Ellen wore her best gray silk, Joss and his mother the costumes of seventeen years ago when, as the common-law wife of Lord Henry Bredlaw, she had lived in a villa overlooking Tivoli. On the steep road from the cliff, Leonora had recklessly driven their dogcart past a place where a loosened stone turned the cart over, killing Lord Bredlaw and leaving Leonora in a make-believe world. Only when she left it and came close to sanity did Joss fear for her, and drink with her until they were both blind and stupid. This part of their background Joss told Ellen as they waited for his mother to make her entrance.

III

THE fine linen cloth, into which a coat of arms had been woven, had been darned in places. The battered Sheffield candelabra on either side of the Lowestoft bowl with its awkward cluster of Island asters had been tarnished too long and rubbed too furiously. The copper showed through the silver plating. The red brocaded curtains that shut off the living room and had been drawn against the September night had been clawed by time into ribbons which even the cunningly arranged folds could not conceal. At either end of the oval table the two dark, strong faces glowed like faces in a Renaissance portrait, calm yet passionate with life. Their very dress deepened Ellen's confused sense of playing a part in some fantastic drama.

"I owe you thanks and apologies," Leonora Caval was saying. "Your courage may have prevented a serious accident. I confess I drove recklessly. But I was convinced my husband had arrived at last."

"My father," Joss Caval said, "is on a secret mission for his government. Consequently he cannot communicate with us. My mother feels that he may arrive at any moment."

"It is the penalty for being married to a great man," Leonora Caval said lightly. "One must learn to wait."

Albert served, his deformed shadow dogging him monstrously along the empty walls. It was an elaborate dinner and excellent after Maria Pia's foreign, highly seasoned fashion.

Leonora Caval turned to her guest. "My son tells me you are an off-Islander, Miss Frosbie. You have traveled, no doubt."

"Very little. Coming to the Island was my first sea voyage. My father and mother and I had planned to make the grand tour. But then the war ——" She broke off. She had felt the man at the end of the table grow tense.

"The war? What war? I seem to have forgotten ——"

"Miss Frosbie made a mistake, mother." He sounded urgent, insistent, as though he were trying to convey a message to someone almost beyond reach. "The war was before her time and yours."

"Oh, that dreadful Corsican creature!" Now she was a woman of the world again, gathering up a momentarily mislaid strand of memory. "Of course. My husband fought against him. At Waterloo. The youngest ensign in the Guards. But when he married me he sent in his commission. He thought me delicate and that the English climate might be too severe for me. You must let me show you a picture of Bredlaws, Miss Frosbie, and of our Italian villa where Jocelyn was born. We were so happy."

"Mother ——"

But the strain between her outward and inward life had at last broken her tenuous self-control. She stood up violently and her son sprang up with her, offering her his arm. She swept ahead of him, dashing aside the heavy curtains that divided the two rooms, the flounces of her monstrous train hissing at her heels. With mounting excitement, she wrenched open a drawer under the bookshelves and dragged out two small steel engravings. She stared at them, smiling in terrible delight.

"You see—this is the villa. To the left, beyond the waterfall—you can't see it, but you can hear it if you listen—is Tivoli. Beneath us is the Villa d'Este. Sometimes on a warm evening after dinner we walk out to the brow of the hill overlooking the Campagna. We can see the lights of Rome, glowing in the distance, and hear the singing of nightingales in the cypress groves. Do you hear them, Jocelyn?"

"Yes," he said hoarsely.

"My husband and I are restless people. But sooner or later we go back where we were happy." She turned to the other picture. "And this is Jocelyn's real home, where we are going when my husband comes for us."

"It's very beautiful," Ellen said. Her voice was calm. If she had to play a part in this strident drama she would play it as best she could. "It reminds me of my home too. The Concord houses are not grand like this, but they have the same serenity and grace."

She met Joss Caval's eyes. She saw their gratitude and the somber knowledge of what she was trying to do.

"Won't you sing for us, Mr. Caval?" she asked calmly and pleasantly.

As though she had tossed a gay-colored ball into the air, the woman beside her clapped her hands like a child. "Of course. Sing for us, Jocelyn. My son has a fine voice, Miss Frosbie."

"I know," Ellen said.

He made her a little bow and sat down at the shabby piano and ran out a tinkling stream of notes. They were in tune, but thin and faded like the notes of an old, tired voice.

THERE was a moment's silence in which Ellen heard footsteps overhead. They went back and forth. They were like the restless padding of a prisoner to whom confinement has become intolerable. Then a door opened and the steps climbed up into the dark. They seemed without significance, but they had held the listeners in the room beneath alert and troubled. Ellen knew Leonora Caval watched her covertly.

"Did you hear anything, Miss Frosbie?"

"I—I heard someone. A door opened."

"There is a wind rising," Joss said quietly.

He sang, and the air was graceful and sedate. He broke off to ask, "Do you remember, mother—Le Nozze di Figaro at the Scala, and how beautifully Perrozi sang that aria?"

She did not answer. She sat upright before the fire, her hands clasped on the arms of her deep tapestried chair, her face shadowed by its wings. Perhaps she had not even heard him.

"No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close."

His resonant baritone filled the quiet room with warmth, the old song with a new tenderness. Somewhere, somehow the disorder and wildness in him had been resolved.

He passed from one song to another, casually, as though he were alone. Suddenly the words of his song broke into Ellen's consciousness:

"Then tell me, ye swains who have conquered the fair,
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air ——"

He was pretending not to look at her. But she was sure that his eyes watched her from under their thick, almost feminine lashes. The corners of his full mouth twitched mischievously. She forced herself to look severely away from him. She saw Leonora Caval was asleep.

Her son got up. He came over noiselessly and stood beside her. "I'd hoped for this. Now she is safe."

"I must go, Mr. Caval."

"Yes, I suppose you must. It's over."

He put her long velvet cloak over her shoulders. He followed *(Continued on Page 44)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

'D LOVE TO HAVE A PERFECT BLACK BASIC: *'o buy; or make from 1683, 12 to 20. (Miriam Haskell's jewelry.)*



DINNER OVERBLOUSE: *in jersey, to buy; or make from pattern 1478, 12 to 20. Lilly Dache's felt hat.*

A BASIC BLACK SUIT IS MY NO. 1 ESSENTIAL: *Hollywood Pattern 1677, 12 to 42. Broad shoulders, slim hips; Lilly Dache's high-crowned felt with ribbon; Hobe's jeweled clip.*

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r back and other ws, sizes, prices of se Hollywood Pat- ts, turn to page 121.



I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT A WOOL TOWN DRESS: *this fall shoulders and sleeves look new; do it in beige. 1675, 12 to 20.*



TIME FOR SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL: *afternoon dress with bow neck, push-up sleeves; changeable taffeta. 1674, 12 to 20.*

DEATH OF AN OLD, OLD MAN

By Roald Dahl



OH, God, how I am frightened. Now that I am alone I don't have to hide it; I don't have to hide anything any longer. I can let my face go because no one can see me; because there's twenty-one thousand feet between me and them and because now that it's happening again, I couldn't pretend any more even if I wanted to.

Now I don't have to press my teeth together and tighten the muscles of my jaw as I did during lunch when the corporal brought in the message; when he handed it to Tinker and Tinker looked up at me and said, "Charlie, it's your turn. You're next up." As if I didn't know that. As if I didn't know that I was next up. As if I didn't know it last night when I went to bed, and at midnight when I was still awake and all the way through the night, at one in the morning and at two and three and four and five and six, and at seven o'clock when I got up. As if I didn't know it while I was dressing and while I was having breakfast and while I was reading the magazines in the mess, playing shove-halfpenny in the mess, reading the notices in the mess, playing billiards in the mess. I knew it then and I knew it when we went in to lunch, while we were eating that mutton for lunch. And when the corporal came into the room with the message—it wasn't anything at all. It wasn't anything more than when it begins to rain because there is a black cloud in the sky. When he handed the paper to Tinker, I knew what Tinker was going to say before he had opened his mouth. I knew exactly what he was going to say.

So that wasn't anything either.

But when he folded the message up and put it in his pocket and said, "Finish your pudding. You've got plenty of time," that was when it got worse, because I knew for certain then that it was going to happen again, that within half an hour I would be strapping myself in and testing the engine and signaling to the airmen to pull away the chocks. The others were all sitting around eating their pudding; mine was still on my plate in front of me, and I couldn't take another mouthful. But it was fine when I tightened my jaw muscles and said, "Thank God for that. I'm tired of sitting around here picking my nose." It was certainly fine when I said that. It must have sounded like any of the others just before they started off. And when I got up to leave the table and said, "See you at tea-time," that must have sounded all right too.

But now I don't have to do any of that. Thank heaven I don't have to do that now. I can just loosen up and let myself go. I can do or say anything I want, so long as I fly this airplane properly. It didn't used to be like this. Four years ago it was wonderful. I loved doing it because it was exciting, because the waiting on the airdrome was nothing more than the waiting before a football game or before going in to bat; and three years ago it was all right too. But then always the three months of resting and the going back again and the resting and the going back; always going back and always getting away with it, everyone saying what a fine pilot, no one knowing what a near thing it was that time near Brussels and how lucky it was that time over Dieppe and how bad it was that other time over Dieppe and how lucky and bad and scared I've been every minute of every trip every week this year. No one knows that. They all say, "Charlie's a great pilot"; "Charlie's a born flier"; "Charlie's terrific."

I think he was once, but not any longer.

Each time now it gets worse. At first it begins to grow upon you slowly, coming upon you slowly, creeping up on you from behind, making no noise, so that you do not turn round and see it coming. If you saw it coming, perhaps you could stop it, but there is no warning. It creeps closer and closer, like a cat creeps closer stalking a sparrow, and then when it is right behind you, it doesn't spring like the cat would spring; it just leans forward and whispers in your ear. It touches you gently upon the shoulder and whispers to you that you are young, that you have a million things to do and a million things to say, that if you are not careful you will buy it, that you are almost certain to buy it sooner or later, and that when you do you will not be anything any longer; you will just be a charred corpse. It whispers to you about how your corpse will look when it is charred, how black it will be and how it will be twisted and brittle, with the face black and the fingers black and the shoes off the feet because the shoes always come off the feet when you die like that. At first it whispers to you only at night, when you are lying awake in bed. Then it whispers to you at odd moments during the day, when you are doing your teeth or drinking a beer or when you are walking down the passage; and in the end it becomes so that you hear it all day and all night, all the time.

There's Ijmuiden. Just the same as ever, with the little knob sticking out just beside it. There are the Frisians, Texel, Vlieland, Terschelling, Ameland, Juist and Norderney. I know them all. They look like bacteria under a microscope. There's the Zuider Zee, there's Holland, there's the North Sea, there's Belgium, and there's the world; there's the whole bloody world right there, with all the people who aren't going to get killed and all the houses and the towns and the sea with all the fish. The fish aren't going to get killed either. I'm the only one that's going to get killed.

I don't want to die. Oh, God, I don't want to die. I don't want to die today, anyway. And it isn't the pain. Really it isn't the pain. I don't mind having my leg mashed or my arm burned off; I swear to you that I don't mind that. But I don't want to die. Four years ago I didn't mind. I remember distinctly not minding about it four years ago. I didn't mind about it three years ago either. It was all fine and exciting; it always is when it looks as though you may be going to lose, as it did then. It is always fine to fight when you are going to lose everything anyway, and that was how it was four years ago. But now we're going to win. It is so different when you are going to win. If I die now I lose fifty years of life, and I don't want to lose that. I'll lose anything except that, because that would be all the things I want to do and all the things I want to see; all the things like going on *(Continued on Page 93)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS



There was no sense in pretending. He had known it during breakfast, and the morning cigarette, and the reading of a magazine.

Bleeding hearts, Pansies and Phlox



THROUGH NEW WINDOWS THAT ARE HIGH AND WIDE THE GARDEN BECOMES A REAL EXTENSION OF THE LIVING ROOM

BY RICHARD PRATT

SETTING AND PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

As fine a spring garden as the eye could wish to see can be prepared as soon as you finish looking at this picture, or any time during the latter part of August and the first part of September. You need a spot where the ground is cool, and the richer the better; where there's full morning sun, and some shade in the afternoon. You also need some root clumps of *Dicentra spectabilis*, or old-fashioned bleeding heart, and a packet or two of good pansy seed. You set the roots two to three feet apart, and leave two feet in front, finely raked and smooth, for the seed. These you scatter evenly and thinly, pressing them in with a small piece of board, keeping the ground gently moistened, and covering them before frost with fluffy hay, straw or leaves. Then in spring you remove the covering from the bed and let Nature take its course, with pretty much this result; making a large window worth while, with a ledge inside for things like philodendron and a pot of gardenias.

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Will you kindly tell us in what sense we are born equal?

I suppose what is meant when people say we are born free and equal, is that we have equal opportunity to make of ourselves whatever our abilities will allow us to become. It is true that heredity and environment play a part in everybody's development. When you see people, however, with the same heredity and the same surroundings, who differ, you realize that there is something inherent in an individual which makes him take advantage of his opportunities and do better, perhaps, than someone else. It is that equality of opportunity for an individual to strive for himself which is meant when people talk about being born equal.

How soon after the war do you think we will be able to sell our bonds? I don't want to wait for maturity because I want to use the money for my trousseau. I am putting an extra dollar every week toward bonds since the Seventh War Loan.

You can sell your bonds right now if you want to take the present value. It is, however, more patriotic to hold them until the war is over, but then there is absolutely no restriction. It is to your advantage to hold them to maturity, however, because you gain in interest on them, so if you can do so, be sure to hold them for the full time.

Why should we acknowledge a party named Communist? I thought ours was supposed to be a two-party government.

As far as I know, under the law we are not obligated to have any particular number of political parties. There are rules governing how a party can get its name on the ballot. You have to have a certain number of voters and signers of a petition, and if you comply with the law, any party can get on the ballot. It happens that we have had two major parties in this country so that we ordinarily function as though there were only two which were important in an election, but frequently the minor groups get together and make a difference in the outcome of an election.

Don't you think this nation should change the name of the city of Berlin to some other name, so it will be a new beginning in the new world?

I do not know that a change in the name of the city of Berlin would make very much difference. It would complicate our geography! Much of the city is razed, so whatever name it has, it will have to make a new beginning in many ways; and since so many of us have learned that Berlin is the capital of Germany, perhaps it is simpler to let that name be retained than to learn a new name.

I am a soldier who has been in service over four years and take pride in the U. S. Army uniform. I'd like to know why the enlisted Wacs are allowed to wear a gabardine uniform and not the enlisted men of the Army. Gabardine uniforms are much nicer in appearance and hold shape better, but enlisted men are not allowed to wear them even if we buy them ourselves. I don't think this is fair.

The reason Army enlisted men cannot wear gabardine uniforms is the shortage of that material and the shortage of tropical worsted. The Army has taken the entire production of tropical worsted ever since last January, but there is still not enough available to provide enlisted men with such uniforms. There are not so many Wacs as there are men in the Army and they were able to obtain enough gabardine to make it possible to outfit them, but until it can be provided for all the men, the regulations state that none can wear it.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

Why doesn't the OPA ration camera film for civilian use? There are so many special occasions—weddings, anniversaries, sons and daughters leaving for service. And there must be many mothers like me, with new babies, who'd appreciate one roll every few months. When film is so scarce, it doesn't seem fair that only the few who "know someone" dealing with film can obtain it.

The OPA must have a directive from the WPB in order to institute rationing. The WPB feels that camera films are such a small end product, mostly for recreational purposes, and there is such a limited number of people within the population who use film it would be hard to set up criteria for rationing. Film isn't like sugar, for example, which everybody uses and everybody needs. If everyone had cameras and had to use them, then the film would have to be rationed; but as it is, most people use their cameras merely for recreation and hobbies. Some dealers use a sort of voluntary rationing system, putting what film they have on sale at a certain hour, and asking the customer to produce his camera in order to buy the film.

Why doesn't the Government send men of the 4-F status over for the Army of Occupation? I mean men able to carry on with heavy work and yet not physically able to be in the Army. Our boys overseas now serving in this capacity certainly deserve to come home.

One of the reasons the Government cannot send 4-F men into the Army of Occupation is the obligation it would impose upon the Government. When a man is brought into service of the Government against his will, such as in the draft, obligations are thereby imposed upon the Government which last for many, many years. The men who are put in 4-F in the main have disabilities which are progressive, and the service which would be required of them in the Army of Occupation would aggravate their disabilities. Some 4-F men are not only physically unfit, but also mentally and morally; that classification covers a multitude of things. It would not be to their interest to induct them into the Army, and if they were taken in, they would be eligible for the same rights from the standpoint of Government obligation. Even if they were allowed to enter the service and waive their rights, and then later on their disabilities grew worse, they could go to court and say that in the service of the nation they became disabled and the Government would be liable.

Do you think I am too young to write to wounded boys in Army and Navy hospitals who have no relatives to write them? I am only thirteen, but I am quite tall. Do you think I could work in a Red Cross hospital?

I think at thirteen you would not be allowed to work for the Red Cross in any hospital. You could join the Junior Red Cross and do whatever work was assigned you. You are too young to write to wounded boys in the Army and Navy hospitals unless they are friends of your family and you know something about them.

Is the grave where your husband is buried in a garden near the home and are there other members of the family buried there? Is the public allowed to visit the grave?

The grave where my husband is buried is in our old flower garden between the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library and the house. There are no other members of the family buried there and the public is not allowed to visit the grave at present, because the grounds have not yet been taken over by the Government and the stone is not yet in place. When the Government has made all of its arrangements the whole place will be open to the public.

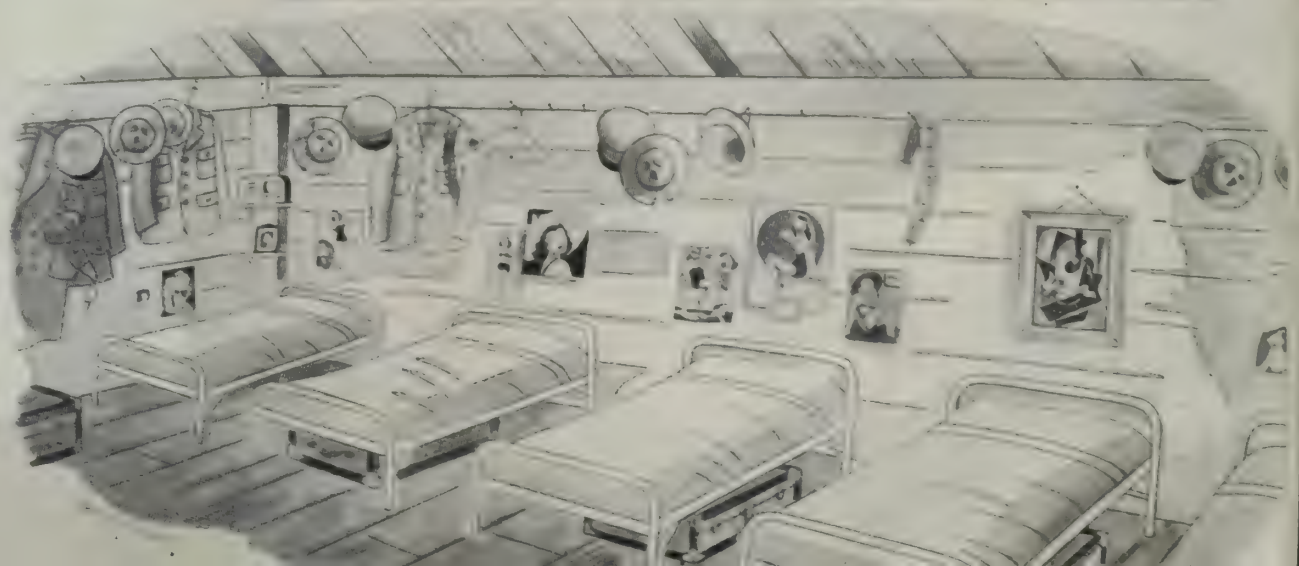
Will officers who have gotten their commissions during the war be able to keep them if they wish to re-enlist after the war is over? If not, I would like to know why.

If an officer is honorably discharged and goes into the Reserve Corps, he will retain his commission and when it is necessary to expand the Army and he is called back into active service, he will be called back with the same commission which he retained in the Reserve. However, if an officer does not enter the Reserve Corps upon discharge and a few years later wants to enlist in the regular Army, he would have to enlist as a private. The commission is retained only in the Reserve.

It seems to me that if the pin-up girls dressed in bathing suits can keep up the morale of the boys in the Army and Navy camps, there is certainly something the matter. I hope my son in the Navy can look for a more decent picture to keep up his morale. What do you think?

I haven't happened to see any pictures that do not look just as any girl looks in a bathing suit. Bathing suits nowadays are rather abbreviated, but I do not believe that seeing a girl in a bathing suit either adds to or detracts from the morale of our boys in the Army and Navy. Photographs of girls in bathing suits are not very different from seeing the actual girls; but if a boy has a girl of his own, he usually puts her pictures up, and I do not believe then that he pays much attention to any others.

CARTOON DRAWN BY BARNEY TOBEY, REPRINTED PERMISSION THE NEW YORKER COPYRIGHT THE F-R PUBLISHING CORPORATION




Menu
BARBECUED SPARERIBS
HASHED BROWNED POTATOES
SAUERKRAUT
FRENCH BREAD
CURRIED-VEGETABLE SALAD
PEACH DUMPLINGS
COFFEE



Stick to the Ribs

BEFORE I do another thing, I think I should tell you about some of my goings on this summer. In the spring I was pretty busy about the birds. I had quite a number of new houses put up—all facing east—and had the old ones renewed and made secure. And the birds arrived on schedule and the tenants took over. The feeding stations and nesting material were well supplied, and I settled down to listen to warblers, robins, thrushes (in the orchard), orioles, red-breasted this and that, *and* catbirds. Bluebirds were abundant.

Things began to happen. Such doings in our garden you never saw. Such morning (beginning around four-thirty) and evening music never assailed the human ear, outside of a bird sanctuary. All day—and as it came to pass, I spent quite some time at my home this summer—song split the air and ghostly figures flitted through the trees or sat serenely in their luxurious tower apartments. And then, suddenly, there was silence. The birds had gone. As a lover finding a farewell note on the pincushion.. I was alone.

Still was the orchard, silent the garden. The tenants had broken their leases. The rent unpaid. They had flown the coop and I was practically without benefit of bird, as they say. And bluer than any bluebird ever shoved from the nest. But my heart is where the birds are, with no wings to fly to my home in the gathering dusk, no flight south in the offing, where the sunshine lasts forever.

The time has come. The days are here when, if you are an addict of the campfire and the nearer-home outdoor grill, it is time to set out some outdoor meals. Most everybody enjoys them—unless they run into a lot of hard work. And they needn't. Outdoor meals can, with a couple of husky men to help out, be pure and unadulterated fun. As well as providing some of the best food known to man or woman.

Simple things, but have them. Portable grills—and good ones, too—are all over the place. With spits or without, with ovens and every gadget. But a good kind with a grill—charcoal preferred—with a spit, and room enough to have your herbs and sauces handy, is about right for any operation.

Ours at Low Bridge is a permanent job. Built of stone with a good iron grill and a chimney, an ample fireplace underneath, it's really quite a number. It's down by the brook. That makes you *think* you're cool. Rippling along over the rocks, it makes a gladsome sound.

Equipment is the word. The outdoor cook should provide her or himself with a pair of loose, gauntlet asbestos gloves. Try to toy with coals and you'll *(Continued on Page 116*

By Ann Batchelder



Line a Day

DRAWING BY ROBERT C. ATHE

1 Plays and books. Books and plays. Slices of life and so much to think about. Let me tell you that Dorothy Benjamin's book about her husband, Enrico Caruso, is one you mustn't miss. A great genius magnificently set forth, like a portrait by Rembrandt. And a love story that could break your heart. Or restore its belief in love.

2 Give glamour to the tomato-juice cocktail at your next party. Frost the rims of the cocktail glasses in white of egg and sugar with chopped mint. Chill and fill at the last. Float a slice of lemon on top.

3 If and when you boil a fowl, boil a cup of rice with it, and you'll come out with so much white meat your eyes will pop.

4 *Never-ask-why dept.—division of utter despair:* A thing called Bewitched Liver. I leave it to you!

5 Would this be your lucky day? Get small cantaloupes. Cut off one end. Scoop out carefully—just the seeds. Chill, fill with ice cream. Put back the top. Let the guests guess. Larger melons may be filled and sliced.

6 A scallop that's maybe something different (as a rose is different from a cabbage) is covered with buttered cracker crumbs. Soak the crumbs in seasoned milk, and beat in a couple of eggs. Beat it well. Cover your scallop. Dot with butter or margarine. Brown. Got something there.

7 If you've gone rural and have more cream and butter than you know what to do with, go old-fashioned, too, and make yourself a batch of cream biscuit. Take four cups of flour, four teaspoons of cream of tartar and two teaspoons of salt. Now work in a quarter of a cup of fresh butter. (This is what it takes.)

8 *Second chapter:* Get hold of two cups of cream and add a teaspoon of soda and mix with the flour and so forth. The dough must be very soft. If *too* soft, knead in a very little flour. Roll out, cut and bake in a hot oven.

9 It's a grand thing that oysters are in again. One way to do is to make a batter (fritter batter). Dip each oyster and fry in deep fat or oil. Serve with lemon.

10 You'll hear oyster and more oyster from me from now on. But just once more for the moment. Broil large oysters, dip each one in melted butter or margarine and serve with horse-radish and—oh, my—minced parsley. Never say die!

11 *From an old cookbook:* "Mrs. Dr. E. gives us this: 'Old Maids are made like common bread. Bake them on a hoe.'" Doctor tell you how, Mrs. E.?

12 Steamed chicken is as delicate as grandma's Chinese fan. Stuff it with oysters, and serve with creamed oyster sauce, lemon and glazed oranges.

13 If you have the good luck to get some canned old-time field peas, heat them with salt pork or bacon. Season well, and you've got a meal. With a salad and pie, to be sure.

14 *Gnocchi?* Well, why not? Cook some fine-grain wheat cereal pretty thick. Let it cool. Slice and cut in rounds like a silver dollar. Spread with butter or margarine and bake. And *that*, my friends, is *gnocchi*.

15 Speaking of *gnocchi*, it's beautiful as is, only more beautiful with jam, maple sirup or gravy. And you can fry it instead of baking it. I don't care.

16 *Answer-to-query dept.:* No, Mary Lou, slip is *not* the slip you refer to—the one that's showing. It's a mixture of milk, rennet, cream, sugar and flour. And don't ask me again. Slip is *slip*.

17 Probably looking for another sandwich. Sweet one this time. Mix equal parts of orange marmalade and chopped puffed raisins and sandwich on whole wheat.

18 As the biscuit goes, so goes the cook's reputation. Make them rich and short, have them well buttered and hot, and what could be sweeter than that!

19 Having done such biscuits, split them, cover with a highly seasoned slice of tomato, an anchovy and Welsh rarebit. Bake until the cheese bubbles. Serve with scrambled eggs—or as they are.

20 *Hint to the unwary:* Don't be fooled. Cymlings are only squashes. Just the good old patty-pan squash under an assumed name.

21 *News item:* From the deep South. Puffed corn—don't ask me how—crisp, cheese-coated and salted. A snack what *is* a snack.

22 Ever fry an egg? But of course. Try putting some chopped chives or basil in the butter or oil, basting all the while. Or give marjoram or thyme a whirl. Well, eggs can be different!

23 I don't know why eggs are always cropping up. Shirred ones, especially. Break the eggs in the casseroles on a piece of French toast, or a slice of cooked ham, and what happens if you have a thin slice of cheese is anybody's good luck. Season and bake until the whites set. Try it.

24 One of the finest dishes in the world is chicken or turkey and broccoli Mornay. Arrange in layers, cover with a rich cream sauce, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, run under the broiler. Seasoning? Plenty.

25 Just one more word about eggs. Poached ones. Have you done them in good chicken stock or even gravy? If not, do. Have the stock boiling like crazy. Whirl it with a wooden spoon. Drop in the eggs, one at a time. Serve on toast with sauce of the stock or gravy.

26 And *here's* something. Make thin toast—easy does it—spread with butter or margarine creamed with brown or maple sugar, put a little cream on each slice and heat until the cream disappears. It's the old strip-tease act.

27 There are only two vegetables that ought ever to be found in a chicken pie—potatoes and onions. Scoop out balls of both and add. But a carrot, parsnip, celery, parsley and green pea mixup isn't a chicken pie, and don't let them tell you it is.

28 Creamed butter or margarine with finely chopped mint or parsley and lemon juice—with a little grated rind—is the best dressing I know for any kind of broiled or fried fish. Got anything better, folks?

29 I'm looking into the subject of field peas, dried peas, "bumper" peas (whatever they are) and "gross peas." Expect a report later. (Department of Agriculture please note.)

30 So—our thirty days are up. Are you tickled pink? I am not. The garden isn't looking too spruce. But here's hoping. Hope—greatest word ever coined. And used most often, I guess.

THE COVERED BRIDGE

This was the bridge I knew
In my oft-quoted past.
Gone with its stanchness now,
For what can last?

Only memory stays,
And memories fade too soon.
But I—I remember so well,
I and the winter moon.

BY ANN BATCHELDER

MUSHROOMS *fresh from the hothouse*

—make a truly wonderful soup

From the first spoonful you know this is going to be delicious soup . . . that you'll enjoy it straight down to the bottom of the plate. For Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is a happy combination of mushrooms and cream.

The fact is, the mushrooms are actually rushed from the hothouses to Campbell's Kitchens so that all their freshness, tenderness and delicate flavor go into the soup. And the cream, added for smoothness and richness, is poured in generously. Blending the two is a soup-making art—eating the soup is a real joy! Fine for company and everyday family meals.

Campbell's

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21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Bean with Bacon · Beef · Beef Noodle (*new!*) · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consommé · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Cream of Spinach (*new!*) · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef

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In fact, the death rate of people who are as much as 20% overweight is approximately *higher than average!*

It is astonishing how gradually overweight can creep up on you. Don't let it! Excessive fat places a burden on more than your two feet; in fact, it is frequently a contributory factor to high blood pressure. It makes your heart, kidneys, lungs, liver, and arteries work harder *all the time.* It tends to increase your chances of developing diseases of these organs—and diabetes, too!

Obesity is usually caused by eating more food than the body can **use up. Most of the excess is simply stored up as fatty tissue unless it is burned off in work or play. In other words, too much food and not enough exercise generally make you fat.**

Occasionally, of course, excessive weight is due to a glandular disturbance, which requires expert medical attention for correction or control. But when you plan to "reduce," start by having your doctor examine you anyway. He'll advise you whether or not you *should* take off weight.

Your doctor will tell you how to develop a safe, sane, and practical reducing program that will help you avoid the harmful effects which sometimes accompany too stringent a diet or too violent exercise. And never use so-called "reducing drugs" except on his recommendation.

If you are past 30 and somewhat overweight, there is no better time than now to get yourself in fighting trim. After this age it becomes increasingly advisable to keep your weight down—even to stay slightly *under*weight. Once you're over 30 it becomes more difficult to take off overweight.

Youngsters—particularly girls in their teens—should be especially careful not to undermine their health on risky "health" diets.

If you are interested in watching your weight, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 95-J, "Overweight and Underweight."

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HO, THE FAIR WIND!

(Continued from Page 30)

her out of the house and gave her his arm for the few steps to its neighbor's door. There they stood for a moment in silence. His face was lifted to the brilliant autumn sky, whose stars, magnified by the polished atmosphere, were like beacons flashing mysterious signals.

"Good night. You've kept your promise, Miss Frosbie. You need never come again."

"I shall come, if your mother asks me."

"Is that a challenge—to whom?"

"You ask too many questions, Mr. Caval. I want to come."

"I shall not take such a risk twice." Unexpectedly he laid the hand she had given him to his cheek. "As befits the end of a charade." But then he added abruptly, "Thank you," and turned and was gone.

Mrs. Thankful Hooker had heard their voices rise to her through the thinning leaves of the elm trees. It was her custom, before she retired, to climb stiffly to her widow's walk and take a last look at the weather signs. Another shadow stood motionless on the lower deck of the rotting ship on her port bow. She ignored it as it ignored her. But both shadows had their faces to the sea.

Hebron had drawn a rough but painstaking map of the Island for her. He had marked every reasonable trail and road, and drawn red circles round swamps and trails that were not reasonable. There was a double circle round Indian Hill and the cove lying to the northeast.

With the coming of fall, the Island, as Hebron had promised, had taken on a richer, deeper beauty.

The air tasted keen and sweet, and Clara snuffled at it and danced for sheer joy of life. It made her rider forgetful, too, of time and distance. She had set out for Allyn's Farm and, as so often happened on these lovely dying days, she skirted it, choosing her trails haphazardly but always seeking to climb a little higher. Perhaps Hebron's red warning circles lured her. It was a mistake, she thought, to threaten human beings with danger. For, deep in their hearts, they hungered for it and, when they could, sought it out to challenge it—even feeble, helpless women.

CLARA dropped from her crisp trot to a walk as the land rose steeply under her bright hoofs. From open country they passed into the glowing shadows of a forest. Ellen knew that she was within one of Hebron's circles. But it did not feel dangerous—only enchanted. There was still sunlight overhead. But among the stark, straight columns of the trees, evening was rising in a slow, inevitable tide. In a sudden clearing a little white chapel stood guard over this strange country. The squat, brownstone graves, huddled on the near-by slope, peered at the intruders over the tall grass. Ellen smelled a wood fire that burned somewhere just beyond her sight. She could see its smoke curling overhead in a light wind that did not stir a fallen leaf. Life was all about her. But it was silent. It was not hostile, but indifferent.

And suddenly the knowledge that she was being watched troubled her. She urged Clara to a trot. The wind was in her face now, greeting her, as they broke out onto a wide-open plateau that looked down steeply on the sea. Across its unbroken, sapphire floor were the white cliffs of Naushon, and black Pasque and Nashawena, like the humps of huge, sleeping monsters.

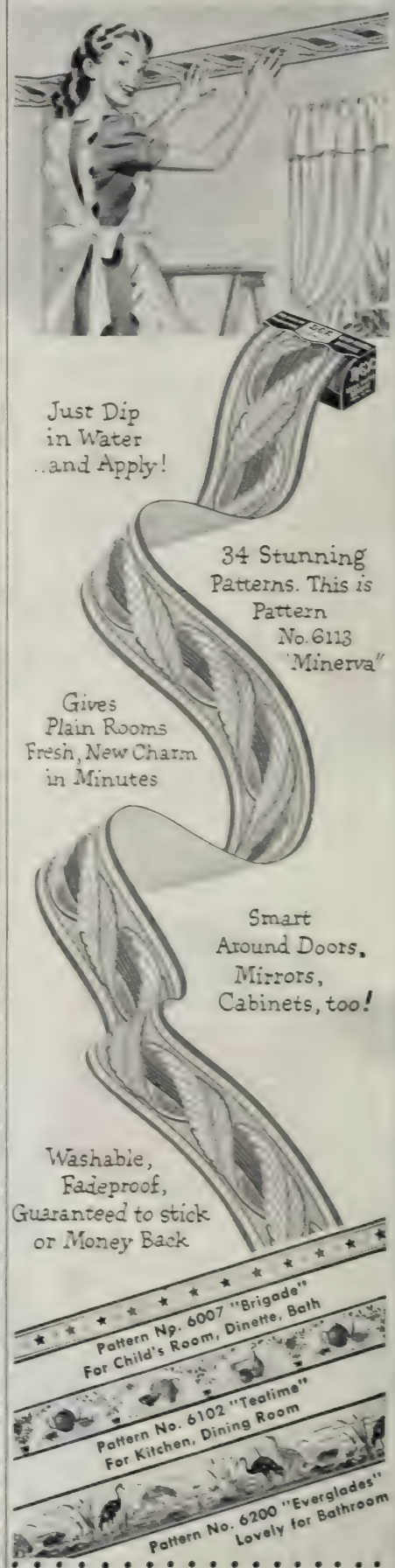
She knew that she could not return the way that she had come. She could not intrude again upon those faceless watchers. She pushed the sweating, trembling Clara to the dangerous descent through scrub and twisted grapevines that clawed at them as they broke through and between high boulders. She knew now that she was lost. This was untraveled wilderness. Even when at last they reached level ground and the banks of a great pond, she had no sense of relief.

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Abruptly she came upon the house. It was little more than a shack, rough and secret-looking. Its two round windows stared at Ellen sightlessly. But a warning streamer of smoke rose from its chimney, and as Clara tossed her head, neighing from fear or some curious recognition, the door flew open. A woman stood on the threshold.

It was not physical danger that threatened Ellen now, but something unrecognized within herself. The woman, she saw, was handsome in a slatternly, coarse fashion. But the light in her that for a moment had made her radiant had gone out. The two women knew each other. They had met before. Their silence, in this wilderness, was an acknowledgment of that encounter and of its instant hostility.

Ellen pressed her heel to Clara's flank and the mare broke into a canter, heading along a rough cart track uphill and from the sea. At an abrupt curve, she reared wildly and swung about.

Ellen was a good horsewoman. And she had been almost thrown. To her breathless dishevelment was added sheer rage that this other rider who had checked her headlong flight should see her at such disadvantage. But when she brought Clara to a sweating, trembling standstill she saw no amusement in his face.

"Don't you know better," he asked sarcastically, "than to gallop a horse uphill and on such a road as this? Or did she bolt with you?"

"That's my affair."

"It's my affair that you're trespassing."

"Then I apologize for trespassing."

"Did you meet anyone?"

She had an impulse to lie. But lying was too difficult. She met his hot, scorching eyes with defiance. "Yes—a woman."

A little child weighs on your knees, a big one on your heart.

In marrying and taking pills it is best not to think about it too much.

Lazy people are always anxious to be doing something.

"And did you introduce yourselves?"

"We did not speak. But I don't see what concern it is of yours."

With a brutal resolution, he brought his trampling, uneasy stallion alongside of her and took her rein. "Never mind that. I am making it my concern to see you safely to the highroad."

"It is not necessary."

"I think it is."

She had not seen him since the night when he had put her hand to his cheek. She realized that she had kept him in a secret recess of memory as he had been then, gentle, courteous. He had now, with a rough gesture, destroyed that picture.

"Have your own way," she told him.

"I shall." He gave a croaking, angry laugh. "You are so small—so seemingly gentle. I keep on thinking of your smallness, because you do such reckless, unexpected things. It tears the ground from under a man's feet. It doesn't fit in with a prim and frigid spinster. She should sit by the fire and knit—socks for the Reverend Hebron Allyn."

"I've told you before," she argued childishly, "he is not a reverend."

"But very much to be revered and certainly obeyed. I wonder that he permits you such a wild excursion."

"I did not ask permission."

"Oh, but you will—you will—in a few months from now," he told her. "Will you tell him, when you get back, that you've been riding over the island's badlands—among savages?"

"I saw no savages. If the lands are bad they are very beautiful."

"Hasn't Mr. Hebron warned you against beauty?" He let go her rein. "Shall you tell him?" he persisted stubbornly.

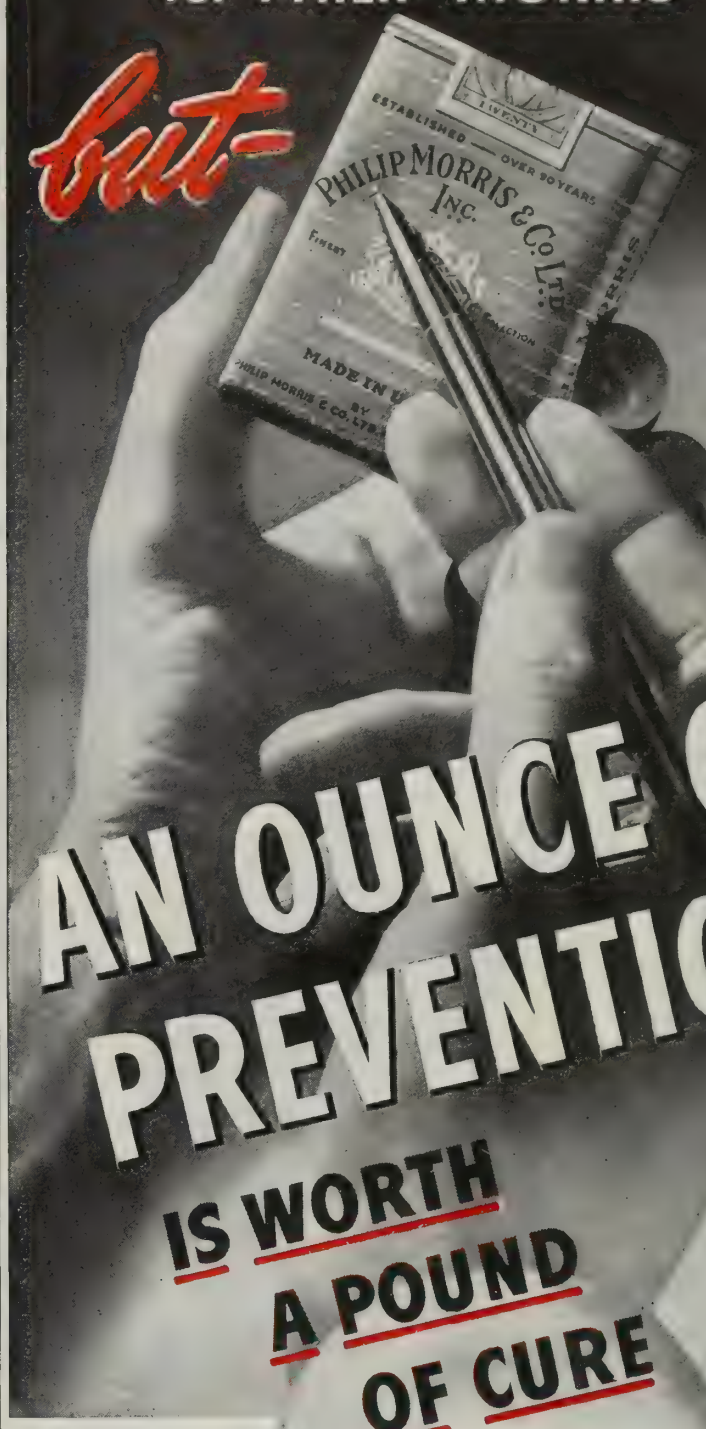
"If he asks me—not otherwise."

"No—don't trouble *his* peace of mind."

(Continued on Page 47)

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS—

but—



AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.



Eminent doctors found—as reported in an authoritative medical journal—that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

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FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

You'll love JOAN DAVIS

NOW ON THE AIR FOR SWAN SOAP!



THERE'S a new love in the life of Joanie—America's Comedy Queen!

And Joanie has put together the grandest, slap-happiest radio show of her life for her brand-new heart-beat—Swan. And for *you!*

It's mirthful! Musical! Merry! Full of Joanie's come-hither!

Crammed with Joanie's special cart-wheeling kind of gags that make you laugh right up from your toes.

Don't miss the fun when America's No. 1 Chuckle-Queen goes into her rib-tickling radio act.

You'll be crazy about Swan's new Joan Davis Show with Andy Russell.

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL PAPER

NEW TIME!



EVERY MONDAY NIGHT ON CBS



NEW STATION!



EVERYBODY'S TUNING IN!

Nobody's too young or too old to enjoy Joan Davis's frantic-antics! Tune in to this great family show Monday nights on your local CBS radio station. Just before Lux radio theater.



EVERYBODY'S DIVING IN!

Just like Joanie, Swan Soap pleases 'em all—from high chair to rocking chair! It's baby's soap—pure as fine castiles. Mommy's favorite beauty soap—so mild, so gentle! And Dad loves Swan's fast, creamy lather!



EVERYBODY'S SWANNING UP!

Swan not only bathes the family—it goes to work all over the house! "Babying" hands with quick, rich suds in the dish-pan. Giving dainty duds baby-gentle care. Why don't *you* try pure, sudsy Swan for everything? You'll love it!



SWAN IS PURE AS FINE CASTILES

(Continued from Page 45)

They rode on in a feverish, unhappy silence. There was no sound but the companionable thud of hoofs, the jangle of harness, the creak of leather.

"This is your road. You have five miles smooth going to Allyn's Farm. Keep to the well-marked paths in future, Miss Frosbie. You may expose yourself to being lost in bad company once too often." He was hatless. But as though he wore hat in hand, he made a sweeping gesture down to his saddle girths. "Good-by, Miss Frosbie, and better hunting."

The something unknown within her made her say quietly, "If I have disturbed your peace of mind—forgive me."

The blood surged up into his dark face. "You need have no regrets. Be sure I had no peace of mind you could disturb."

"I am sorry for that too."

"Don't be. Don't concern yourself with me, one way or another. I don't wish it." He broke out with a no-longer-controllable violence, "Oh, I did not know I could be such an infernal fool!" He swung his horse about.

Ellen rode on in the opposite direction at a sober walk. She could cry now freely, letting the tears run down her cheeks—not from grief, but from some deep, nameless shock. But by the time she reached Allyn's Farm her cheeks were dry and her eyes clear and the sweat had caked on Clara's dusty flanks. Hebron, in his black Sunday broadcloth, came out to meet her and help her to dismount.

Martha, on the house threshold, clasped her to her plump bosom. "Dear sister."

There was a generous fire in the living room and a tall, bearded man stood beside it. He wasn't old. But he seemed old.

"Ellen, this is Brother Paige. He has just asked me to teach next Sunday at the Cove chapel."

Unsmiling eyes took in the hair that had fallen loose from under her little riding hat, the long skirts of her dark green habit, which she had gathered around her, showing as little as possible of her high-booted foot. She knew that she should be abashed under that calm disapproval. She could feel herself flushing faintly.

Hebron pleaded for her. "Off-Island women ride for relaxation, Brother Paige. At first I felt as you do about it. But I have come to see that it has a real purpose. Ellen will be able to accompany me when I am on my missions. The womenfolk will be glad to talk over their troubles with her as they could not with me."

"Brother Allyn is a great exhorter," the older man said. He seemed deliberately to evade the issue, to withhold his final judgment. "You are very blessed in him, sister."

"I know," she said. Her own meekness surprised and irritated her.

HEBRON looked almost boyishly happy. "Won't you come next Sunday to hear me, Ellen? You could ride over—that would be permissible under the circumstances—and you could change your—your dress here and drive with Martha."

"Of course, Hebron."

Martha came in bearing a lacquer tray. "It's your tea, Sister Ellen. You see, you're really at home now."

At home. Yes, that was it. The fire felt kind and consoling, and Martha was offering her love and safety and calm long years.

Hebron laughed. "That's settled, then. Now Brother Paige and I have serious matters to discuss. As soon as I can, Ellen, I will ride home with you."

When the door of Hebron's workroom had closed on the two men, Martha settled herself before the fire. "It's nice to be alone—I mean just for a little while. I mean women do like to relax and chatter, don't they? I suppose it's sinful, but not, Hebron says, very sinful. He says that it's better for me to talk than to burst. It's one of his jokes. And he's so happy today—about the invitation and your coming. And something else. It's a great secret. You couldn't possibly guess, sister."

"I'm sure I couldn't."

"It's about Jocelyn Caval. The ministers of the Island have got together and brought pressure on the sheriff. The next time a merchantman puts in to port and that wicked man tries to smuggle in his devil's poison, he will be caught and sent to prison."

ELLEN sat very still. "Have you thought what that will mean? He's his mother's sole support. What will become of her?"

The stout little body grew stiff. "Even a bad woman does not have to be fed on the fruits of wickedness. Besides, he's not really an Islander. His father was English, and though his grandfather ——" She checked herself. It was as though when it came to the vanished Pedro Cavalho even magpie Martha was vowed to silence. "Jocelyn Caval wasn't even born here," she went on. "Hebron made the sheriff see that he would be helping to rid the Island of a foreigner."

"I am a foreigner, too, Martha," Ellen said.

Martha gave her little irrepressible gurgle. "Oh, but that's different, sister. You are a good woman and you will be Hebron's wife. . . . Isn't your tea right? You don't seem to like it."

"I'm sorry. I—I was thinking." Ellen smiled and laid her hand on Martha's. "Of course," she said. "The tea is just right."

Saladin, who on normal occasions spent most of his splendid and unbroken spirit in trying to throw his rider, walked back demurely to the ramshackle stable in the rear of North Water Street and finally into his own stall and rolled the drunken Joss Caval into Albert's arms. Albert pulled him onto a pile of straw and covered him with a horse blanket. There he could sleep himself sober and no one be a whit the wiser. But what, Albert brooded, had got into him? He hadn't been drunk for a month.

Albert went out softly, closing the stable door, and swaggered in the direction of the Caval house and Maria Pia's kitchen.

Mrs. Thankful Hooker, wrapped in a long plaid mantle and with her black bonnet set at an unconsciously jaunty angle, looked into the parlor and found it empty. Aunt Thankee went down the steps of her tidy house and sniffed the fog. Ellen had said that she would accompany her to the local store. But she had forgotten. Aunt Thankee went on her way, feeling a little grim and more disappointed than she understood. Mostly she had no use for females. And it seemed that she was lonely.

Ellen Frosbie had, in fact, forgotten. She had a punctilious mind. To forget anything was, therefore, a sign of an inner and unfathomable disorder. She had set out, having apparently no clear purpose, with Martha as a companion, and then, meeting up with Young Jeb, had sent them back together. She had remembered a message for Old Jeb concerning Clara's right foreleg, which had been bruised. Also, she had recognized Albert's bent body looming grotesquely out of the fog to meet her.

He stopped and touched his tasseled cap. "Yes, miss. I knows where he can be found. But I wouldn't find him—not if I was you. He ain't nothing to look at or talk to. It wouldn't be fitting—not for a nice young lady."

Ellen said quietly, "I have to see him, Albert."

Scrap

By Eleanor Cole

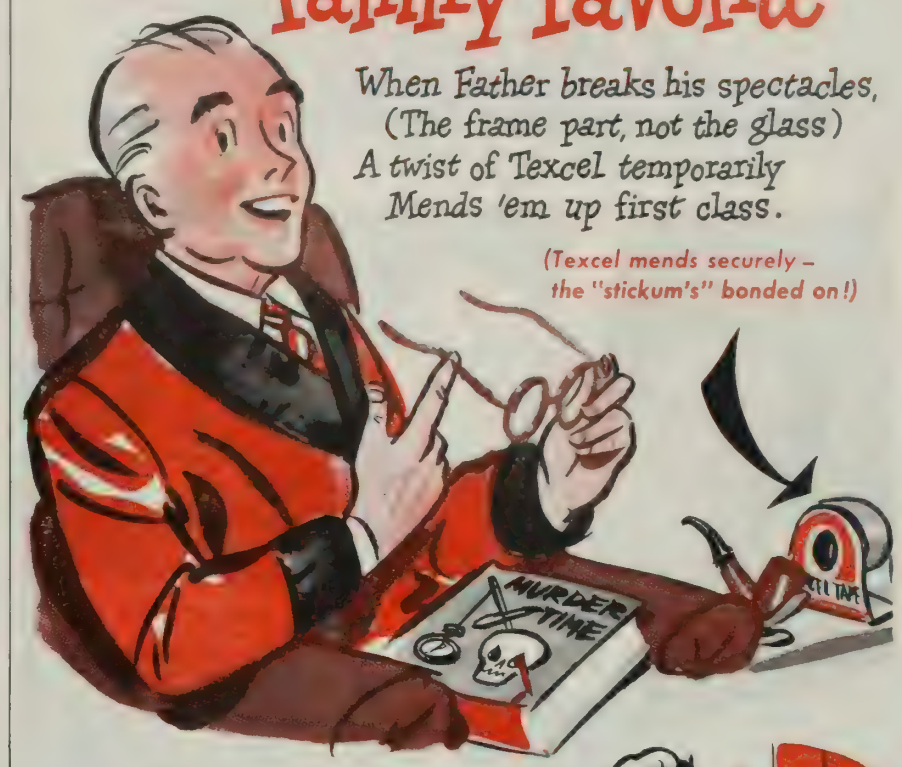
I have loved faces
In many places—
Worshiping idols,
Prostrate at pedestals. . . .

Now that I know
Things come and go,
Let me say at the start:
Here is part of my heart.

Family Favorite

When Father breaks his spectacles,
(The frame part, not the glass)
A twist of Texcel temporarily
Mends 'em up first class.

(Texcel mends securely – the "stickum's" bonded on!)



When Mother puts shelf paper down
And wants it anchored there,
Some Texcel Tape, in place of tacks,
Will help prevent a tear.

(Texcel means no gummy edges – the "stickum's" bonded on!)





For sealing Sister's mothproof bags,
For mending Junior's book-
For everyone it's Texcel Tape,
From Grampa down to cook.

(Texcel holds and holds – the "stickum's" bonded on!)

Yes, Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick um's" bonded on!
It won't come off, it won't dry out
It's one, like grass and lawn.





Today most Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
REG U S PAT OFF

CELLOPHANE TAPE – STICKS WITH A TOUCH

INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION
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Old Dutch Cleanser

CLEANED FASTER AND EASIER

than any other leading cleanser*



WE SAW IT PROVED!



Watching Old Dutch Cleanser being tested against every cleanser well-known in the whole country. Tests like these were repeated thousands of times. Left to right, above:

MRS. H. V. CLARKE
St. Elizabeth's Guild, Western Springs, Ill.

MRS. WM. ADELSPERGER
P.T.A., South Bend, Ind.

MISS LUCILE LANGDON
Junior Women's Club, Waukesha, Wis.

These Impartial Women Say:

"WE SAW GREASY PORCELAIN SHINE AND SPARKLE MUCH FASTER WITH OLD DUTCH CLEANSER"

*Cleansers tested, including Old Dutch, are those used by nearly 9 out of 10 women in the United States.

Here is their report to you:

"We witnessed actual tests of every leading cleanser in removing grease and soil from porcelain."

"We saw Old Dutch Cleanser outclean them all . . . even cleansers priced higher!"

"There is no question of Old Dutch Cleanser's superiority," we agreed. "For dissolving and cleaning away grease, Old Dutch is way ahead."

The reason for Old Dutch's amazing superiority is Seismotite. Old Dutch not only dissolves grease—Seismotite gives Old Dutch a special cleaning action no other material possesses.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECT WE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

CLEANED 77 MORE PANS, TOO!

Previous laboratory tests proved by exacting scientific computations that Old Dutch cleaned 77 more two-quart size aluminum pans per can than any other cleanser tested.

A CUDAHY Plus Product — VALUE TESTED AND PROVED



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FASTER! EASIER! made with SEISMOTITE!

Old Dutch—noted for its gentleness in removing dirt—contains famous Seismotite. No other cleanser, at any price, can make that claim!

He shrugged his distorted shoulders and walked ahead of her through an open gateway into a cluttered stable yard. "He's in there, sort of asleep, miss; or if you wants to know the truth of it, drunk as a lord."

"I shall have to wake him. Please stay outside."

The opened stable door threw a gray light onto Saladin's flank as he turned his head to her, and onto the man lying on the heap of dirty straw against the wall. His unshaved face, that should have been bloated and hateful, had the bitter composure of death. He looked, in all his battered and defeated wretchedness, singularly young. Ellen stood there motionless, gazing down at him.

His eyes opened. They looked dead black in the shadow. "Lord-love-a-duck, Nell," he said, and laughed. "There's no way to be quit of you."

No one, except her father and brothers, had ever called her Nell. This man used the name easily, as though from custom.

"You have a right to be annoyed, Mr. Caval."

"I didn't say I was annoyed." He struggled up and sat with his back to the wall. He waved her toward a rough stable bench. "Sit down, Nell; otherwise, like a perfect gentleman, I shall have to try and stand up. It might be disastrous."

"Please be serious."

"I am serious. In fact, I am about to be hideously, disgustingly sick. For pity's sake clear out and leave me to it."

But she sat there obstinately, with her hands tight-folded on her lap until the sight of the man's racked and convulsed body overcame her. She knelt beside him and drew his head against her breast and with her cambric handkerchief wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and gray cheeks. He lay so quiet that she thought he had drifted back into an exhausted stupor, but, looking down incautiously, she found his eyes open and raised to hers.

Even if your husband can't build a fire without kerosene, he likes to think that he could provide for his family on a desert island.

—PAGE COOPER: All the Year 'Round (Copyright by author). Telegraph Press, Harrisburg, Pa.

"I'm really terribly ashamed," he murmured. "Never marry a drunkard, Nell. But then, of course you won't."

"Be quiet!" she ordered.

"I could be quiet like this forever. It's a lot more comfortable than Abraham's bosom."

She found herself saying confusedly and foolishly, "What do you know of Abraham's bosom?" and she saw his mouth quiver.

"You mean I don't believe in it or in God Himself?"

She withdrew firmly from him and went back to the bench. "Well—do you?" she asked.

He looked up at her quizzically. "After my own fashion. After all, we might as well take a chance on Him. If we lose we won't know. But anyhow, He isn't Mr. Hebron's God." He sighed. "I'm afraid I'm still shockingly drunk."

"Why are you?"

He was silent for a moment, remembering. "That's something I can't tell you."

"You're very unhappy."

"Now you mention it, I believe I am. I hadn't thought of it in those terms before."

"What is it you want so much?"

"Nothing you or anyone can give me, Nell." He cocked his head at her. "I'm a restless roving fellow. I want a good ship under me, hearties aboard of my own choosing, a fair wind and open seas to travel until I founder in them or friendly hands slide me overboard. Nell—Nell," he cried out, beating his thighs with his clenched fists, "this is such a little piece of the world and we shall be dead so long."

"Mr. Emerson said that too."

"Did he? He must be a wise fellow and sick of his own helplessness, as I am."



How to save *hundreds of hours* of kitchen work

By using NESCO porcelain-on-steel enameled cooking utensils you can save many minutes a day because:

1. **NESCO utensils, sparkling white, china smooth, non-absorbent, can be washed quickly in plain soap and water. Probably 10 minutes a day of tiresome scouring with harsh abrasives is avoided. Ten minutes a day is 61 hours a year.**
2. **Foods cook more quickly in NESCO enameled ware than in other materials. Test this! See how much faster a pint of water comes to a boil in a NESCO saucepan. Only 5 minutes less cooking time per meal would save 90 hours in a year.**

Four years of laboratory research have brought revolutionary improvements in NESCO resistance to shock, heat, and stains, with *three* coats of porcelain-on-steel. Dome shaped covers that fit snugly, seamless construction, electro-welded handles that can't break off—are other NESCO features.

The 5 great NESCO factories are making enormous quantities of munitions and small quantities of housewares. Not every dealer can obtain NESCO but you'll find it worth shopping for and waiting for.

NESCO products include oil ranges and heaters, electric roasters, tinware, galvanized ware and enameled ware for all household uses.

NESCO ENAMELED WARE

National Enameling and Stamping Company, *world's largest manufacturers of housewares*, 290 N. 12th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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porcelain-on-steel enameled ware

Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method now available for home use



NO ODOR · NO WRAPPING · NO STORING AWAY

Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year.*

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, $1.19 per quart. Drycleaning won't impair its year-long protection. Washing removes LARVEX but *dry-cleaning* does not. Use LARVEX—*be safe!*

LARVEX IS DIFFERENT



QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!



. . . CHEAP! Just *one* LARVEXING will mothproof this $89 upholstered chair *for a year!*



SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat Larvexed fabrics!



ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR..

LARVEX

Registered Trade Mark

She felt the tears crowding into her eyes. She held her head high so that they should not fall. They were not altogether for herself or him. They rose from a greater, wider grief.

"One day you won't be helpless."

"You mean when my mother and grandfather have gone? For of course you know it was my grandfather you heard prowling overhead that night. Everyone on the Island knows. But the Island won't allow it has a murderer, so it can't hang him. And it wouldn't let a lot of off-Island scum lay hands on him either—not even your Aunt Thankee. He's safe so long as he stays in his own house. He can stalk up and down his widow's walk at nightfall and Aunt Thankee won't even look at him, though they'd been friends and, so rumor has it, more than friends." He added somberly, "He's a little mad, too, by now."

She gathered herself together. "Mr. Caval, I did not intrude upon you frivolously or impertinently. I had to warn you. They have planned to waylay and arrest you when the next ship comes in. They have persuaded the sheriff to take action."

He chuckled. "Meaning Mr. Hebron and the brethren?"

She said defensively, "They believe they are doing their duty." She stood up. "I must be gone now. Please be careful. Stay sober, Mr. Caval."

"For whose sake—yours?"

"If that would help you."

"Yes—yes—it would help. Now go at once"—he tried to laugh—"and for pity's sake, stay gone, you meddlesome and reckless woman."

To a mother, every child is a problem child.

Recipe for giving a woman a successful evening: Intimate that she would have been a great lawyer if she weren't an enchantress.

A few of life's major satisfactions, even if they are occasionally disappointing: A husband, a child, a rosebush, a dog.

—PAGE COOPER: All the Year 'Round (Copyright by author). Telegraph Press, Harrisburg, Pa.

She went out quickly, shutting the stable door behind her, and passed Albert, the sentinel, with a proud, desperate gesture of acknowledgment.

Nine days later Ellen Frosbie learned the consequences of her action. Martha heard it from Old Jeb. It seemed that the sheriff with his coast guards had picked up Joss Caval, sneaking under cover of night into Lambert's Cove, his bumboat loaded to the gunwales with Bibles, hymnbooks and missionary tracts. Where or how he had collected them no one knew. He had maintained piously that, being converted himself, he had resolved to convert the godless Islanders. Subsequently the sheriff, whose temper was short at best, refused Hebron point-blank to be made ridiculous for a second time.

"Someone must have warned the scoundrel," Hebron declared. He paced back and forth in Aunt Thankee's parlor.

Ellen bent her head over her needlework. She felt shame and contrition. She was aghast to find herself also shaken secretly by the Island's laughter.

"Are you listening to me?" Hebron pleaded.

Ellen sat before the living-room fire. She felt tired out by the long Sunday-morning service and stupefied by the heavy midday meal. It seemed to Ellen that Hebron was trying to say something long prepared but which still cost him a painful effort.

"Ellen, I want you to take your part with me—to share the glory."

"Yes, Hebron. But I haven't understood, I'm afraid. What is it you want of me?"

"I am talking of the Camp—the land that lies between it and the sea. If we could buy it and dedicate it to God's worship ——"

Showed under by a big wash?



Get this NEW KIND of soap!

DUZ does Everything

—ALL 3 KINDS OF WASH!

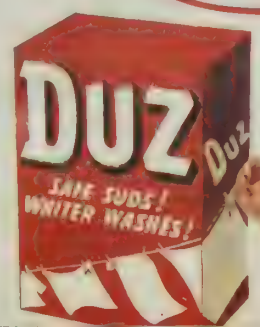


Yes—DUZ does more for YOU!

Here's new proof!

Lady, put DUZ to work on that big wash of yours! Prove for yourself DUZ does it best. We proved it in actual tests of 25 other washday soaps. DUZ beat them all for white washes, suds for cleaning, safety for colors *combined! DUZ does everything!*

3
DUZ IS SAFER —EVEN FOR PRETTY RAYON UNDIES!





A LITTLE DUZ A LOT . . . Don't waste DUZ—it contains vital war materials.



"We're on our wa-a-ay..."

HERE THEY come! Those dandies of the deep, Birds Eye Fish, are coming back to grace your dinner plate again. Some are here *right* now!

Not in staggering numbers of varieties. But keep peeking into the Birds Eye



case! You're apt to snatch up a delicious Fish Dinner any day now. We recommend Cod, "most misunderstood of fish."

Not salted, smoked, or dried cod. We're telling of "ocean-fresh" cod—the kind fishermen call "the king of fish!"

Birds Eye Fish *are* Ocean-Fresh!

Birds Eye Cod Fillets *are* ocean-fresh. Quick-Freezing seals in that marvelous ocean tang and freshness.

We nab our cod in those cold New England waters, rush them to port. There—within 4 hours—they are cleaned, boned, washed, filleted, and Quick-Frozen! We



do ALL the work. You do ALL the enjoying of fish at its finest!

For these delicious cod fillets are superb and satisfying eating—packed with *just-caught* freshness. Just unwrap, cook, serve. And if you're economical, you'll *dote* on Birds Eye Cod Fillets! For you EAT ALL YOU BUY! No waste. Look in at your Birds Eye Store for Cod Fillets—and look again. Try 'em, first chance you get!



BIRDS EYE FROSTED FOODS

Product of General Foods

PAY ONLY FOR WHAT YOU EAT!

1. When you buy whole fish (as you usually do), you pay by weight for the whole fish. Right?



2. This price includes head, tail, bones, and insides, which average 65% of the entire weight. Right?

1 LB. = 3 LBS.



3. So, when you buy waste-free Birds Eye Cod Fillets, 1 lb. equals 3 lbs. whole cod. Right?

So it was money he wanted of her. She felt rather wearily surprised and curious. "How much do you—do we need, Hebron?"

"I don't know quite, Ellen. I'm afraid—maybe as much as five thousand dollars."

"I can give it you, of course."

"Not to me—to God, Ellen," he pleaded.

But she was silent.

Her silence seemed to disconcert him. "Ellen, have I in any way distressed you?"

"Why—why should I be distressed?"

"I have been afraid—almost to the point of cowardice. I had to ask you—to lay this God-given opportunity before you. But it has not been easy. I have had to wrestle with myself."

"But why?"

"You might think," he stammered, "that just for this I had sought you as my wife."

"No, Hebron." She added dryly, "Perhaps I am too vain."

"I could not have borne to hurt you."

"You could not hurt me."

Could not. She had tried to comfort—to reassure him. And a flash of lightning had shot through her own darkness. *Could not.* He had never touched her except with a vague tenderness and pity. He never would.

Afterward, looking back, it seemed to her that that had been their last day of sunlight. Thereafter winter closed down on them. The gray fogs swept in from the sea and the Island seemed to wither and shrink under their dank breath.

Ellen sat before the fire with Aunt Thankee. She never saw Joss Caval now. But sometimes, at night, she heard his footsteps. She heard the door of the next house open and close again softly. But the house had wrapped itself in a deathly silence. At dusk Aunt Thankee still climbed out onto her ship's crow's-nest. But one night when she came down her face was bleak. For there had been no other shadow to watch the gathering of a storm with her.

The next day Minnie told Ellen that there was grave sickness in the Caval house.

The sickness set out from the Caval house and crept stealthily over the length and breadth of the Island. A dense gray fog carried the fever on its drenching breath by way of keyholes, down chimneys, through momentarily opened doors. It caught up with Aunt Thankee and pulled her gaunt uprightness down onto the grim tester bed where so many of her people had given life and lost it.

Some of the very young and very old fell asleep and did not wake. Gray, silent processions wound their way through the dismal, dripping twilight to the cemetery.

For two weeks the fog lay on the people in a foul, suffocating blanket. It did strange things to them and to the Island. The Caval house grew more livid, more corpselike under its rank breath. Behind the disintegrating façade, at which Ellen glanced anxiously as she passed, a fight with death was being waged. Old Doctor Pierce came daily until he, too, was stricken.

"Well, and whom have you killed off today?" Aunt Thankee would gibe at him and he would reach provokingly for her pulse.

"Mind your own business, ma'am. Or you'll have your sailing orders next."

Ellen's monkey was dying. Hebron had said that it could not live. He had been right. But the dying had been so slow, so gentle, that Ellen had been able to deny it to herself. The night when the monkey could not crawl out of her blanket to greet her, Ellen knew. An ice-cold paw clung frailly to

---

The hardest work you can find is the best antidote for trouble you cannot help.

To see her husband irritated by an attractive woman gives any wife a primitive delight.

—PAGE COOPER: All the Year 'Round (Copyright by author). Telegraph Press, Harrisburg, Pa.

MEAL-TIME MAGIC WITH **muffins**



Any meal takes on a more exciting air when there's a trayful of delicate, delicious hot muffins to go with it. And with Duff's always on hand, you can serve muffins at a moment's notice. Enjoy them plain, or in any of the tempting variations suggested on the box.



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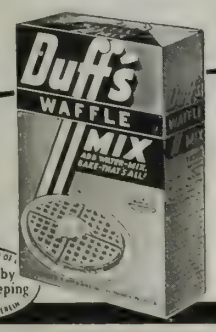
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Ellen's finger—less, she thought, in supplication for help that could never come, than in farewell. Ellen lifted her out of her cage and held her against her breast.

The wind, like a momentarily exhausted fury, fell silent and in that lull Ellen heard the rapid beat of hoofs and the crunch of wheels. They stopped abruptly. She lifted her head to listen. That was not Hebron. There had been about the sound of that arrival something headlong and reckless.

She heard a bell through the startled house, and presently the furtive opening of a door. She put the monkey tenderly back among her blankets. Candle in hand, Ellen went to the head of the stairs.

Rosie, who slept next the kitchen, had been startled out of bed and, wrapped in some flannel garment, cowered in the frantically dancing shadows of the hall beneath. She lifted a white face to Ellen's candlelight. "Go back, Miss Ellen. It's not for you."

But Ellen paid no heed to her. All her awareness was centered on the figure who, in black gleaming oilskins, stood with his back to the now closed door. From his dense black hair the rain ran down his face.

SO LITTLE—
BUT SO MUCH!

Paper makes or wraps over 700,000 items used by our armed forces. Many of these must now be double and triple wrapped to protect them against tropical climates for the Pacific war. And remember—home-front needs will not be allowed to slow down the packaging of such essential military supplies as blood plasma, shells and field rations.

So Please—

1. Share this magazine with friends (fewer copies are printed, due to the paper shortage).
2. Save this magazine for paper salvage.
3. Look through attic, cellar or storage room to find old magazines for the next collection.

So little to do—
but it means so much!

"What is it, Mr. Caval?" she asked. Only disaster, she knew, could have driven him across this hostile threshold.

His mouth twisted. The words that came out must have tasted gall-bitter. "It's Carly—the woman you met up with—dying. I apologize for this intrusion, ma'am. But you are a good sailor. You know the adage—'Any port in a storm.'"

Ellen, halfway down the stairs, looked back. Aunt Thankee towered behind her. "What storm, Jocelyn Caval?"

He shook his head, as though in some secret reassurance. "No one of yours is foundering in it."

"What do you want in this house?" Aunt Thankee asked.

"Help," he said.

"You have no right to expect help," Aunt Thankee told him—"not from decent people."

His eyes and those of Ellen Frosbie had come together. They were knit together.

"You don't need rights," she said in a low voice. "I shall come with you."

"No—I won't have that. I haven't told you. Carly's in childbirth." He was trying, she knew, to hurt her beyond endurance. "What does a New England spinster know of childbirth?" he gibed savagely.

"Enough. I helped Clara with her foal." She sounded in her own ears spinsterish and acid. "I am not a complete fool, Mr. Caval. I'll get my cloak." She turned and faced the



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Now *"sheer-gauge"* powder!

—goes on with smoother, lovelier color

• Today's most intriguing glamour news—a "sheer-gauge" *face powder!* It's Pond's luscious Dreamflower Powder—now made "sheer-gauge" by a special *suffusing* ingredient that *spreads out* the tiny particles of soft color . . . blends them with new "sheer-gauge" smoothness over your skin!

That's why Pond's shades look so much softer "on"! That's why they suffuse your face with sweeter color . . . smoother color . . . more "glowy" color.

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"Sheer-gauge" means lovelier color for your face, too!

Two stockings—exactly the same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Now—Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so beautifully "sheer-gauge"!

POND'S Dreamflower Powder

—made "sheer-gauge" by *experts* in beauty!

(Continued from Page 52)

went out. But there was still the firelight. A woman stepped into its red circle. Albert, at sight of her, fell back with a muttered "Holy mother of God!"

Ellen Frosbie had slipped off her oilskins and sou'wester and given them to Jocelyn Caval, who had taken them in silence. She stood, in the midst of this filthy misery, and smoothed her fair hair with the precise, automatic gesture of a lady who has come in from a walk and taken off her bonnet.

"You had better relight the lamp, Mr. Caval."

He obeyed her. The merciful shadows receded. A yellow dirty tide flowed over the room. It spared nothing. It isolated Ellen Frosbie in a tragic incongruity.

She could feel Joss Caval watching her. "I do not want you here," she said stiffly. "Is there no place where you both could find shelter?"

"There's the stable across the road," he told her.

"If I need you I shall call for you."

The light wavered again and a wind cold as death blew against her neck. She heard the door close. Then it was as though the two men had fallen into a pit. The shack became the deathly silent vortex of the storm.

Ellen Frosbie went over to the ship's bunk against the wall and took the hand lying inert on the gray blanket. It came instantly alive and closed on hers. She had to stand there and meet the wide-open eyes, bright with fever.

"I've come to try and help you," Ellen said. "Don't be afraid."

"I'm not skeered. Who are you?"

"Ellen Frosbie."

"I know. Hebron Allyn's wife."

"Not yet."

"But you will be." The tormented head rolled back and forth on its pillow and came to rest. Carly said hoarsely, "I've got to talk. I'll be yelling soon and it'll be too late. Sit down, can't you? There's nothing a lady can do for me. I've done for myself."

ELLEN drew up one of the two wooden chairs and sat down. The red-brown furious eyes of the other woman watched her.

"I know what you're thinking, but I've got something to tell you that you ought to know. Being born is a dirty business, lady. And if you ain't born right, it's a damned business. Ask Joss. Ask him what it felt like, waking up one morning to find he wasn't a fine young gentleman, but just a fine gentleman's young bastard. No name. Ask him what that did to him."

"I think I know."

"Your kind can't know. Joss is going to have a son in a few hours. Maybe it'll be a daughter. Listen, lady, you're going to marry a good man. Women like you don't toss their caps over windmills. And they don't marry the likes of Joss Caval—not if he was the last man on God's earth. Bastards ain't got a choice, lady. They take what they can get—women like me."

"What is the use of all this?"

"A lot of use. Joss will do what you say." She thrust out her naked beautiful arm and caught Ellen's hand. "There's still time. Tell him to marry me. It's not right to bring bastards into this world!"

Ellen, with fascinated horror, looked down at the naked, distorted body that Jocelyn Caval had once loved. All that it represented—the squalid despair and violence—took her by the throat so that for a moment and for the first time in her life she felt her senses failing her.

Carly screamed, "Be quick. Young Jocelyn Caval ain't going to wait forever."

Ellen went unsteadily to the door. She called, "Please come," and Joss Caval stepped instantly into the light.

"What is it? Did you call?"

"Yes."

"What is it you want, Nell?"

"You are a very unhappy man, Mr. Caval," she said in a voice incredibly precise and cool. "I think you have been greatly wronged. Do not wrong someone equally helpless."

"What do you mean by that?"

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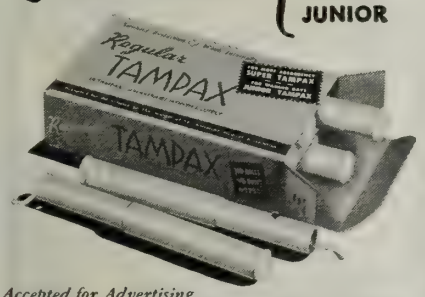
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She said bleakly, "Marry her. Now, before it is too late."

"You must have gone mad! She must have bewitched you."

"No. She only told me what you, especially, should have known. She may not live. Your own life was crippled from the start. But you have a chance now ——"

"What chance?" he demanded.

"Your child's chance."

"I am not interested in my child," he flung at her. "I never wanted it."

"Whether you wanted it or not, you brought it into being. You are responsible." She swung away from him with a gesture of furious despair.

Carly lay motionless, her eyes closed. But Joss Caval, turning on her, suddenly caught a gleam of light under the thick lashes. He laughed outright.

"So you two women have got together. Women always get together. The New Bedford harlot and the lady from Concord. What chance has a man against such a union—such unity of purpose?" He began to pace back and forth like a wild, tormented animal. Then he shouted, "Hey there, Runt!" and, like an imp conjured up out of the dark, Albert appeared.

"Yes, guv'nor?"

"Drive over to Holmes Hole. In this storm Father O'Malley won't have left the Island. Find him and bring him back with you. Tell him"—he hesitated—"tell him it's a matter of salvation."

Ellen drove back to Edgartown in the dusk of the following day. The torrential rain had stopped. The wind, weary of its own fury, carried a few last dismal tears on its gusty breath. But the sea still tore with white vicious fangs at the Island, lying like a battered, waterlogged ship under the lowering sky. It was a long and weary journey, and Albert drove in unbroken silence. Through her utter weariness and spiritual confusion Ellen felt his hunched body beside hers as something darkly hostile. It was as though that ceremony to which they had been witnesses had linked them in an unwilling, detested partnership. She guessed that he was reliving that strange scene. The priest had been a simple, elderly man who saw in this act a sign of grace in a prodigal and willful son, and he had lent to it and even its sordid background the dignity of his faith. An hour later, a child, fighting feebly for life, had been born in blessed legitimacy to Jocelyn Caval and his wife.

Patient: Doctor, Why am I seized by these restless longings for the glamorous and the faraway?

Doctor: My dear lady, they are the usual symptoms of too much comfort in the home and contentment in the heart.

—PAGE COOPER: All the Year 'Round (Copyright by author). Telegraph Press, Harrisburg, Pa.

Saladin came to a halt outside the Caval house. Albert helped Ellen to alight.

"I hopes you sleeps well, miss," he said. "It's more than I will."

She walked the few steps to Aunt Thankee's door, which had been left unlatched for her. She made her way to her own room.

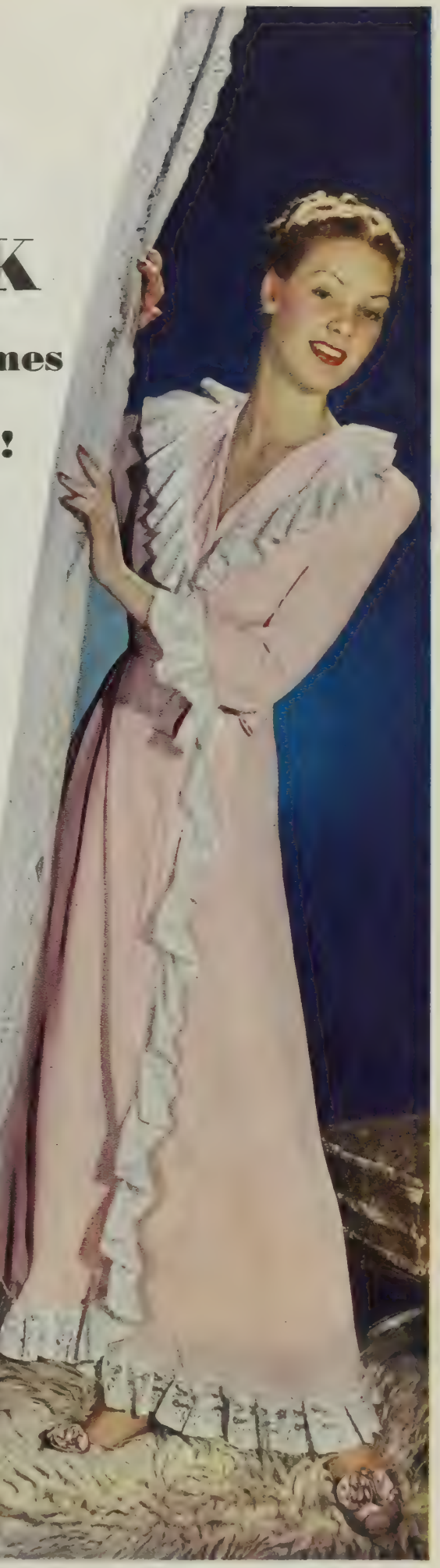
The little monkey had not waited for her. She had died in the cold and dark, alone. Ellen covered it up tenderly. Then the frozen aching heart in her melted and broke. She flung herself down on her knees by her bedside and wept with a wild abandonment.

The next morning Old Jeb made a coffin for the monkey, put Clara in the shafts of the Caval rig, which he had unceremoniously borrowed, and he and Ellen drove out to Allyn's Farm. There Jeb dug a grave and later covered it with heaped-up earth.

Out of the gray smoke of winter a pale green fire kindled. Life was being born to Allyn's Farm, to the fields and in the pastures and barns where Hebron sometimes spent his nights. If Ellen had seen him then,

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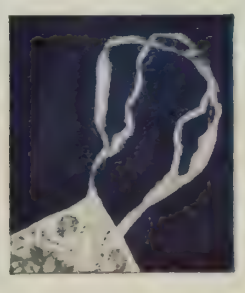


Lux care keeps undies lovely 3 times as long

See how color-fresh this negligee looks! Yet negligee and nightie were Luxed and ironed *30 times* before being photographed. The color of both is still beautiful, the lace perfect.

Don't risk spoiling pretty undies. Strong soap, hot water, rough handling soon fade colors—often damage lace, pull out seams. Tests proved Luxed undies stay lovely 3 times as long! Give precious undies thrifty Lux care!







(far left) **Harsh washday methods** did this! Strong soap, hot water and rough handling faded color, frayed the shoulder straps, as this photograph shows.

(left) **Gentle Lux care** kept this slip lovely! After 30 Luxings color is still fresh, shoulder straps firm, as you see.

Soap contains vital war materials—
DON'T WASTE IT!



his face compassionate and wise in the lanternlight, and heard his voice, softened to a murmur of encouragement and hope to some poor laboring beast, she would have known him better.

One hard-pressed day he left his farm and rode to the Grove. He had asked Norton for an interview, and Norton, recently returned to the Island, had accepted Hebron's suggested meeting place. The camp's drab council chamber was dark and chill after the long winter, and even Norton's friendly, handsome face had a pinched and irritable look. To Hebron's surprise, he had not come alone. Two Island men—stout, bald-pated Capt. Grafton Collins, and Ira Darrow—sat at the long table on either side of him. Father Brerton, who had come over from the mainland, had also brought a stranger—a short, stout fellow whose cold, alert eyes ran over Hebron with a look of sardonic interest.

"Meet Mr. Felix Overton, Hebron," Norton said. "Mr. Overton is thinking of becoming an Islander—at least in a business sense. Mr. Overton, this is Mr. Hebron Allyn."

The two men acknowledged each other. They did not offer to shake hands. Hebron sat at the head of the table.

"I thought it only right that there should be representatives of both sides at this meeting, Hebron," Norton said. "I know how you feel about the Island. I even hope that your hostility to our enterprise may have modified to a point where we can work together and not against each other."

"No," Hebron said. He went on after a moment, "I am in a position to offer you any reasonable price you ask, Norton, for the land between Wesleyan Grove and the bluffs."

"I'm sorry, Hebron, to disappoint you," Captain Norton answered. "The Oak Bluffs Wharf and Land Association has already been formed."

"You mean, Captain Norton, that you have sold us out?"

"That is a hard and unwarranted statement, Hebron. I assure you that I have sold nothing for my own personal gain. My associates and I hope to remake the Island's fortune—to give our people new life and hope."

"Hope of what?" Hebron asked. "Their salvation?"

"I don't think their spiritual salvation is involved in a reasonable and decent business enterprise. But their earthly salvation unquestionably is."

Hebron sprang up like a man goaded by intolerable pain and went over to the window. He turned his back on those hostile or mocking or pitying eyes. He looked down through the grimy glass onto the dripping oak trees between whose lean branches he could decipher the preacher's stand, still boarded up against the winter desolation. There he had once stood with God's flaming message in his heart. Hebron no longer saw the beloved trees or the place from which he had once delivered God's word. His eyes were blind and galled with tears.

"There is one comfort that we can offer you, Hebron," Norton's voice went on. "We shall have the authority and power to clean up the Eastville water front and put an end to the illegal traffic ——"

"If you want my money," the stout stranger interposed sharply, "you'll have to go farther than that, captain. You'll have to rid the Island of its malefactors. I have been told that you harbor a notorious murderer. Decent people aren't going to spend their vacations and their money where they can't be sure of their lives."

Hebron turned sharply. But Captain Collins took the words from him. He shouted, "I'll have you know, sir, our people are the best, the most law-abiding citizens of our country."

"Father Brerton, here, tells another story."

"Brerton is an off-Islander," Norton interrupted. "He cannot possibly understand ——"

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"It's not a question of understanding, but fact. New Bedford folk know as well as ou do what goes on here. This Pedro avalho and his story have got across to s ——"

"It's an old story," Norton interrupted. Eighteen years old, to be exact. By God- ey, it might be forgotten."

"It's not forgotten. Scandal can always e revived by some malicious person."

"What malicious person?" Collins asked harply.

"Never mind that, captain. It is sufficient hat people are free to say that the Island olerates criminals." Felix Overton threw ut his well-filled waistcoat. "Come, gentle- ien, do you or do you not defend murder?"

"We do not, sir."

"But you harbor murderers."

Ira Darrow brought an angry fist on the able. "Norton, is this fellow trying to tell s how to run our Island?"

"It won't be your Island," Overton ointed out. "Not when I've staked out my aim on it. I've got my reputation as well s my money to consider. I'm not venturing ther until I have assurance that this Portu- ee ruffian will be arrested and given his ng-overdue deserts. Then, gentlemen, we an start business with a clean slate."

Hebron had left the window. Hardly nowing how he came there, he had ranged imself with Darrow and Collins at Nor- on's side.

"We can't arrest dead men," Norton aid. "Pedro Cavalho is dead."

Father Brerton leaned across the table nd peered into Hebron's gray, strained ace. His own was sorrowful. "Brother Iebron, it is possible that our informant ed to us. You are not only an Islander. You re a good Christian to whom the truth eighs more than earthly loyalties. What is he truth?"

Hebron swallowed against the dryness of is throat. "Pedro Cavalho awaits God's udgment," he said. "He is safe from ours."

Both the old man whom Hebron loved and the hated stranger stood up. Felix Overton buttoned up his coat. "That's a prevarication," he said. "It confirms every- thing I've been told. No outsider can do business with an Islander. Sooner or later they'll gang up against him. Good-by, gent- lemen. My money and I will find some other outlet for our usefulness."

Norton had jumped to his feet. "You and your money can go to blazes, sir. The Island will survive without you."

Father Brerton limped over to Hebron's side. "I have had great hopes of you, Hebron Allyn," he said. "I believed that you would burn in our midst like a rekindled beacon of the Lord. But you, too, have turned to dust and ashes."

Hebron remained silent. He heard a shuffling of feet and the closing of the door and thought that Norton, too, had left him. Then he heard the familiar voice:

"Well, I'm not the businessman I thought I was, Hebron—and you're not quite the Christian you thought you were. First and last, it seems, we're Islanders."

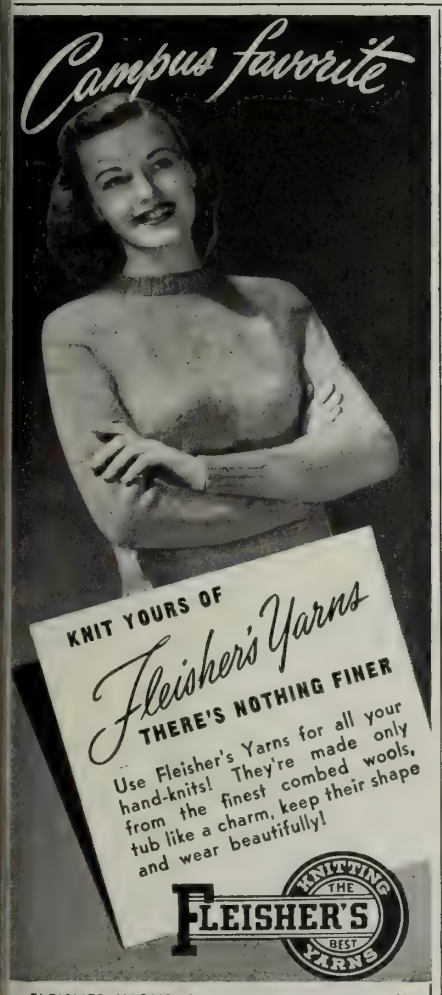
"I am first and last a sinner," Hebron said sadly.

Norton half held out his hand. "I've a no- tion," he said, "that God has a weakness for His Island sinners."

Long after Norton had gone, Hebron stood with his back to the drab, forlorn room. He could not bring himself to face its silent reproach. He would not enter it again. He had spoken for the last time in the coun- cil of good men. Never again would he de- liver God's word to the hungry multitude under the green shelter of the trees. If faith itself were dying, it was because he, too, with so many others, had been proved unfaithful.

He went out, closing the door softly, and down the narrow stairs.

In those few hours Ellen Frosbie had managed to give back to the hide-out some- thing of its first seamanly order and cleanli- ness. Almost certainly, Joss Caval had thought as she had swept him out of her



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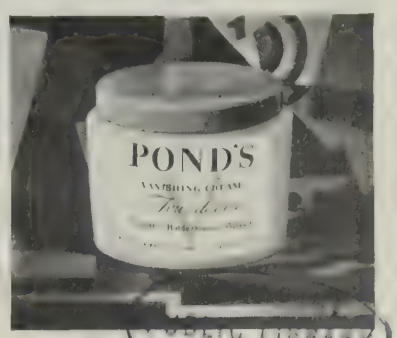
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"My grandparents were lots of fun..." SAYS KATE SMITH



"I have so many childhood memories of my wonderful grandparents and their little private jokes . . . like the vanilla bottle.

"Quite often Grandma would find it in the middle of the kitchen table. She knew what that meant.

"And that night, Grandpa, eating her luscious vanilla pudding, would say, 'What a *surprise!* My favorite dessert!' Then we'd all laugh . . . especially me.

"Too bad there weren't any quick-and-easy Jell-O Puddings in those days. In just 5 minutes Grandpa could have cooked himself a creamy Jell-O Vanilla Pudding as smooth and delicate as the pudding it took Grandma so long to make!

"There are two other grand Jell-O Puddings, you know. Chocolate with its deep, rich flavor straight from the famous Walter Baker folks . . . and luscious Butterscotch. No wonder these nourishing puddings are America's best sellers!

"Because the makers of Jell-O Puddings are rationed on sugar just like you, your grocer's supply isn't always plentiful. So buy only your fair share, and take whichever flavors your grocer has for you."

Jell-O Puddings



Products of General Foods—made by the makers of Jell-O

"Like Grandma's—only more so"

coolly charted course, she had never in her life before gone down on her knees to scrub a floor. Certainly she had never delivered a woman of child. She had done both with an authoritative, sometimes waspish efficiency. Finally she had bundled all Carly's dusty and broken trash into her apron and, through the driving rain, had marched with it to the edge of the gray waste of sea and tossed it to the waves with a gesture of housewifely good riddance.

When all was done she had stood in the doorway and looked back at the swept and garnished room, at Carly, sleeping exhaustedly with the wisp of new life in the unconscious curve of her arm. She had looked at once prideful and almost—but not quite—broken with weariness. Then Ellen's eyes had met Joss Caval's eyes so fleetingly that he would never know what, if any, message they had had for him.

Since then the room had been hers. The cleanly order which she had given it was all that he had of her. He became its guardian and its servant. He went at rare intervals to the Eastville tavern, which he had given over to Albert's uncertain keeping, and put to sea at night only when the latter's wail concerning depleted stocks drove him to take the risk. He had never before thought of it as a risk.

But here in his old hide-out he found an unreasoned peace which he hid from Carly as a miser might hide his treasure from a rapacious and watchful enemy. He had bought her a fine woolen dress such as a well-to-do farmer's wife might wear, and she wore it submissively and it became a bawd's dress. She would not take the cheap earrings from her ears. They reminded her, she said sullenly, of better days. They sparkled in the firelight, like her eyes, with a sly lasciviousness. But he rarely saw it. For he did not look at her directly, if he could save himself. He was only, at times, aware of her.

He was aware of her now, standing behind him, where he sat at the table whittling a toy boat out of a block of pine wood. From the depths of the homely cradle by the fireside came a feeble, appealing cry. She heard it, but did not answer it.

"What a miserable, ugly little beast!" she said, and laughed.

She did not love the child. She nursed it with a resentment from which, Joss Caval thought, it drew its sickliness. A premature child, at best, Doctor Pierce had said when he paid his reluctant visit, had a poor chance of survival. Its life had to be fought for, night and day, with an unremitting patience. Joss Caval was fighting for it alone.

"He should have chosen a different father," he said.

Carly laughed again, to herself, secretively. She came closer to him. "Were you an ugly little beast once, Joss, with pointed ears and a mean, wizened face?"

"I have forgotten."

"You grew up anyhow. What's the use of fooling round with that toy? Our little Peter won't ever play with it."

"I intend that he shall."

"Why? You've got a good strong wife now. You could have good strong brats"—she grinned—"if you were a good strong husband to me."

He did not answer.

She laid her hand on his shoulder. "Joss, when are we getting out of this place?" she asked.

"Where should we go?"

"You've got a fine gentleman's home waiting for you."

"It's not mine. It's my mother's. And get this into your head. As long as my mother lives you'll never set foot inside that house. Afterward it can rot."

"You'll go back to it then, Joss," she told him.

"Don't fool yourself. Simple, honest fishermen like Jocelyn Caval and his son don't live in fine houses."

"So that's it! That's what you mean to do to me. All right. Then the brat can go wherever it came from."

He half rose and then sat down again. He resumed his work. He knew that she had wanted him to strike her, believing that out of that physical contact a spark would be struck and an old fire rekindled. He would never touch her.

Carly had eaten supper and crawled into her bunk with the baby's cradle drawn beside her, just outside the circle of firelight. She had turned out the lamp. But there was light enough to see the sordid little heap of clothes, just as she had stepped out of them, and the unwashed dishes and the platter of stew on which a nauseous film of grease had settled. Carly, Joss knew, was not asleep. She watched him from behind the shelter of her thick lashes, alert for any involuntary gesture of disgust. Squalor had been natural to her. It had become calculated and provocative—a gibe in the teeth of his fastidiousness. One night or other, her primitive wisdom taught her, this man would jump the gulf between them to lay murderous hands on her. Then they would be together again locked to each other by a last shared violence.

But he went to work patiently. He took hot water from the kettle by the fire and washed the dishes. His huge shadow followed him derisively. *This is Joss Caval,* he told himself; *this is what has come of that fine lusty gentleman!*

At last Carly spoke slumberously out of the shadow. "You're very late. Where have you been, Joss? Over to the tavern?"

"No."

"Eat something."

"I'm not hungry."

"Drink then. Take a drink and warm yourself."

She had left a flagon of his own flip on the table and he poured out a mugful and stood in the firelight, drinking slowly and smiling at her over the mug's rim.

"It's still good," he said.

"It's better," she told him. "Drink it down, Joss."

"I might drink myself senseless. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Carly?"

"Maybe you'd get some of your senses back," she whispered.

His eyes, caught for a moment in the light, had a yellow glare in them which seemed to spread in a dangerous brilliance over the whole ravaged face. But he spoke with the same gentle remoteness. 'Some of them, no doubt."

He heard the child stir and moan. If Carly heard, she gave no sign. Her strange intentness was fixed on him. He crossed the room and bent down over the white pin-point smudge, floating in the cradle's shadow. And in that moment of inadvertent nearness Carly pounced. Her arm reached out and her strong, beautiful hand clamped its fist on his arm, pulling him off balance, so that he fell on the bunk beside her. His face was so close to hers that he breathed her breath. She put her free hand to his cheek.

"Ugly devil!" she murmured thickly.

(Continued on Page 60)

Wardrobe

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

There was a time when each new frock
Foretold a happy meeting place;
But now I know that cloth can mock,
And even gloves, and hats, and lace.

Today I know at last that I
Now have the love that bids me take
Blue from the sea or from the sky
To wear in velvet, for your sake.



"SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT" SUPPER FEATURES

Old-fashioned, chickeny noodle soup!

WITH Lipton's Noodle Soup, you can fix every bit of this grand supper in *less than 25 minutes!*

First course—big, steaming bowls of this rich, chickeny-tasting noodle soup, with the fragrant broth and tender noodles that only *fresh-cooked* soups can have! (Lipton's, you see, is soup you actually *make fresh*—just by emptying the wonderful soup mix into boiling water and cooking 7 minutes!)

To serve 6 people, you need just a 10¢ package of Lipton's—and you'll serve them the grandest, old-fashioned noodle soup since the days of grandma's own soup kettle!



SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT SUPPER

Lipton's Noodle Soup
Crackers
Cold-Cut Salad
Sliced Tomatoes
***Jiffy Jam Delight**

****Jiffy Jam Delight.*** With Lipton's fresh-made goodness at the beginning, and this picture-pretty dessert—your spur-of-the-moment supper's going to be a *triumph!* Dip 12 rounds of bread in egg nog mixture (made by mixing 3 beaten egg yolks, ½ cup milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla). Place two rounds of bread in each sherbet glass with strawberry (or other) preserves between. Top with meringue (made by beating 2 egg whites until foamy and adding 2 tablespoons sugar gradually, beating until stiff). Garnish with preserves. Serves 6. Put Lipton's Noodle Soup on your shopping list—and be ready to fix this quick supper at the drop of the hat of a drop-in guest.



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The reason a Hopper's Facial is so ACTIVE and lubricates the skin so EXPERTLY is because it's *homogenized!* Use nightly to help maintain exquisitely lovely *natural* skin beauty thruout the years. Hopper's Facial Cream is also an unsurpassed powder base for dry, contrary skin. Be sure to buy *your* jar today. Any cosmetic counter.



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Edna Wallace

HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

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(Continued from Page 58)

He said, "I'm sorry, Carly—for us both."

"Why should you be? The brat hasn't spoiled me. I'm still good to love. What are you waiting for? That bit of frozen, white nothing? What *is* she to you, Joss?"

"I can't tell you that. I know. But I can't tell you. I would if I could."

"You never felt that way about me, did you?"

"No."

"You never loved me."

"I never said so."

"And you don't want me any more?"

"I'm sorry."

"You're not sorry! You're glad to be free of me." He saw her swallow convulsively. "Maybe now the brat's got a lawful name," she said slyly, "you'll want to be altogether quit of me."

"How could I be?"

"Folks get divorced, don't they?"

"Not in my church."

"So you wouldn't—then—no matter what?"

"No matter what. It's for so long as we two live."

She shuddered. It was a violence that spread over her whole body. The last barrier went down before it. Now she was free—out in the open.

"That's quite a price to pay for a wizened-faced monkey with pointed ears. Have you got pointed ears, my darling?" She ran her fingers along the edge of his thick hair, pushing it softly back. But she was staring straight and recklessly into his suddenly wide-open and intent eyes. "Do you know anyone with pointed ears, Joss?"

He thought that there was no sound in the world but the beating of his own heart. He could no longer hear the sea beyond the sand dunes. He tried to. He thought, *If I could hear the sea I should be safe.* But all he heard was that heavy, slugging beat. He couldn't see Carly for the red fog that had fallen between them. They were closer to each other now than they had ever been, for this passion was stronger than lust of life. It was death itself. Carly knew it too. She looked up exultantly, showing the white line of her teeth in wild, silent laughter.

"Bastard!" she flung at him.

He was silent. Gently, he pried Carly's fingers loose from his arm and stood up. He opened his slop chest and pulled out pillows and blankets and spread them against the wall. He stripped himself of his pilot coat and sat down and kicked off his knee-high boots. Such was his custom. So he slept in this place that Ellen Frosbie had given into his keeping.

"What are you going to do, Joss?"

"Sleep," he said.

Her defeated, bewildered rage broke its last bonds. She sat up, thrashing her own body with clenched fists, screaming at him. "You—you filthy, impotent beast. You couldn't even beget a child of your own—you had to borrow a runt's leavings."

He lay down and clasped his hands behind his head and looked up steadily at the low, raftered ceiling on which the fire cast its last somber reflections. Gradually Carly's screams faltered to sobs and the sobs to a broken, heavy breathing. He heard her twist herself about and lie still with her face to the wall, like a glutted, exhausted animal. Perhaps she slept.

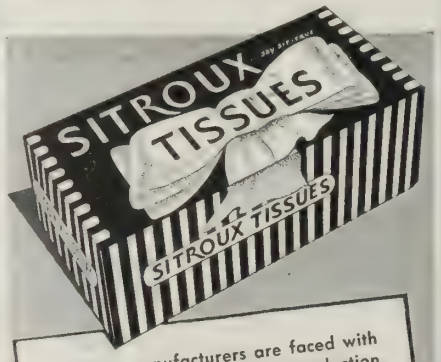
But he was not thinking of her. He was only aware of her. His mind concerned itself with a man's loyalty which with much else had crumbled to dust and ashes. More strangely still, he felt no anger, but only a great pity and a grief so bitter he could taste the gall of it in his mouth, in his slow tears.

He heard the child cry out. It had not the strength to cry loudly. It was a poor, hapless scrap of lust-begotten misery. Joss Caval stood up and went over to the cradle and gathered up the little whimpering thing and carried it back with him. In the curve of his arm, warmed and comforted against his breast, it fell asleep.

(To be Concluded)



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THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR

(Continued from Page 18)

half a loaf of bread and a dish of butter stood on a sheet of newspaper. Lucy, glancing down at the newspaper, saw that it was dated but a week earlier.

"I thought you said the house hadn't been occupied for years," she said.

"Nor has it been. The charwoman came in to do a bit of cleaning."

"To do what?" asked Lucy, raising her eyebrows.

"She did clean the hall and the staircase," said Mr. Coombe defensively.

"Was she called away in a hurry?"

"She may have been taken ill."

"But don't you know?"

"Or she may have found it too big a job," said Mr. Coombe. "We found the key in the letter box at the office, but she never came for any wages."

"I'm beginning to think that there's something very odd about this house," said Lucy.

"Then in that case there's no point in going upstairs," said Mr. Coombe in a relieved voice. "I knew it wouldn't suit you."

"But it does suit me!" said Lucy. "It's exactly the house I want."

Without a word Mr. Coombe turned and led the way upstairs. A bathroom and three bedrooms opened onto the square landing above. The back bedrooms were simply furnished under the usual coat of dust, and the front room with the big bow window was arranged with equal simplicity. There were blue rugs on the stained wood floor, an iron bedstead, a chest of drawers, a large wicker armchair in front of the gas stove, and three pictures of sailing ships on the whitewashed wall. What took the eye, and held it, was a brass telescope standing on a tripod in the window, glittering in the afternoon sun.

Lucy stared at this object and stared at it again. She had seen telescopes before. What was there, then, so strange about this one? There was something about this particular telescope that had hit her sight with almost physical violence as soon as she had entered the room.

"Of course," she said aloud, "you're clean!"

"I beg your pardon," said the startled Mr. Coombe.

Lucy scarcely heard him. Another sound seemed to be filling the room and her ears, a deep rich chuckle. She glanced at Mr. Coombe, but that young man was certainly in no laughing mood. He had flushed to the roots of his hair and was staring at her.

"Come," he said hoarsely and, seizing her arm, hustled her down the stairs and from the house, before she had time to protest.

"I thought so!" said Lucy as he helped her into the car and climbed in himself. "The house is haunted."

"I didn't want to show it to you—you would see it," said Mr. Coombe, and sent the car forward feverishly.

"Oh," said Lucy, gasping, "do you always drive so fast?"

"No—I'm sorry," he replied, slowing down. "The fact is, I don't feel very well."

"You do look pale," said Lucy. "Should we stop at a chemist's and get some sal volatile for you?"

"That wouldn't help, thank you," said Mr. Coombe gloomily. "It's in my mind that I feel ill. That house! I've let it four times in the ten years that I've been in the firm. The longest time any tenant stayed in it was twenty-four hours. If it weren't that I were a married man with a family, I think I'd set fire to the house one dark night. It's getting on my nerves—I dream about it. Damn Captain Daniel Gregg and all his works! I beg your pardon."

"Why does he haunt?" asked Lucy. "Was he murdered?"

"No. He committed suicide."

"Oh, poor man, was he so unhappy?"

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"Did that laugh sound unhappy?"

"No, it didn't," admitted Lucy. "But if he wasn't miserable, why did he put an end to his life?"

"To give as much trouble as possible to other people. I should forget all about it if I were you."

"But," said Lucy, "I loved Gull Cottage and I want to live in it."

"Well, you see for yourself you can't. And I will now take you to Beau Sejour."

Beau Sejour was a neat little semidetached villa with a smug expression on its stucco face in a long line of similar little semidetached villas.

"Oh, no!" said Lucy as the car came to a standstill. "I'm sorry, but I couldn't live there."

"You could live there very comfortably," said Mr. Coombe severely. "It is full of laborsaving devices."

"The only way to live in a house like that," retorted Lucy, "would be for it to be so full of unlaborsaving that there would be no time left to look out of the windows and realize one was in such a place—so shut in."

"Better to be shut in than haunted out. I have the key, we will go in."

"No," said Lucy, "no!" And huddling down in the corner of the seat, she covered her ears with her hands, for fear that old custom of obeying other people's plans for her should prevail yet again. Common sense and suitability and the right thing and what everyone does, my dear, all clawing at her budding independence, to tear it to pieces and fling it to the four winds. "I know," she said suddenly. "Couldn't you let me Gull Cottage on approval for one night?"

"On approval! I never heard of such a thing!"

"Oh, I know it's very irregular," said Lucy, "but it's not a very usual house, is it? Don't you see, I could sleep there one night and find out if there really is anything there that might frighten the children. It's too ridiculous, really, in the twentieth century to believe in apparitions and that middle-ages nonsense. All sorts of hidden things make noises in houses. Look at the way furniture creaks and groans all by itself in the night sometimes, and the way rats rustle and gnaw in the wainscoting."

"You can't explain that laugh by creaking furniture or rustling rats."

"Well, it may have been the wind."

"If you will forgive my saying so," said Mr. Coombe, "you are the most obstinate woman I have ever met."

"Then you will let me do as I wish?"

"If you can get some reliable woman to spend the night with you," said Mr. Coombe stiffly, "I will try and arrange it."

"Thank you," said Lucy. "I will bring my old cook, who is frightened of nothing. Let me see, today is Tuesday—we will come, unless you hear to the contrary, the day after tomorrow."

At half past ten on Thursday morning, Lucy Muir stood once more on the doorstep of Gull Cottage, but this time Martha Godwin stood beside her. Martha was the only cook that she had ever chosen for herself, before her in-laws had had time to take control. They had not approved of Martha, with her cockney tongue and independent spirit; but they could find no fault with her cooking, and Martha had stayed for six years until she had suddenly married the gardener. They had no children and it had been easy for Martha to get away.

It had not been so easy for Lucy to leave her home. Where was she going, and why? What? She was thinking of leaving Whitchester? Absurd . . . ridiculous nonsense . . . all her friends were in Whitchester. And wasn't she rather rushing at things; if only she would wait till next week, Eva would accompany her.

Lucy, breathlessly determined, weathered the storm and, having caught the early train to Whitecliff with Martha, she collected the key of Gull Cottage from a silently disapproving Mr. Coombe and was now fitting it into the rusty lock of the blue front door.



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THE HOUSE OF Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POUDRE—CREMES—MAKE-UP

"Could do with a lick of paint, mum," sniffed Martha, square and upright in her black cloth coat, her black toque trimmed with nodding violets pushed back on her tightly smoothed hair. In a wicker basket, besides her needs for the night, were an apron, a bar of yellow soap, a scrubbing brush, three dusters and a broom head.

Lucy, having unlocked the door, led the way into the dusty, cobweb-hung kitchen.

"Strewth!" Martha said succinctly; she whipped off her hat and coat, tied on her apron, rolled up her sleeves, and proceeded to fill a bucket with water. "'Ot water's what we need, and plenty of it."

But something seemed to have gone wrong with the gas stove. Try as she and Lucy would, they could not manage to light it.

Yes, said Mr. Coombe when appealed to on the telephone, he had rung up the gas company and the water company and the electric-light company, and everything should be in order. If they rang up the gas company themselves, perhaps they would send a man out.

No, said the gas company, appealed to in turn, they were extremely busy and they were very sorry but they could not send anyone up before next day at the earliest.

"Better get a Beatrice sent up," said Martha tersely. "We gotter 'ave 'ot water."

"A Beatrice!" repeated Lucy in bewilderment.

"One of them there small stoves, and order a bottle of paraffin ter fill it," said Martha, and tying her head up in a red cotton handkerchief, she attacked the cobwebs on the ceiling with the broom.

Yes, they would send the stove and paraffin immediately, said the man at the shop whom Lucy rang up for these articles, and presently a boy with a bicycle deposited the package on the doorstep.

By nightfall all the rooms except the sitting and dining rooms were cleansed of cobwebs and swept of dust.

"We can do those tomorrow," said Lucy as she and Martha made up the bed together in the front room upstairs.

"You don't want to overdo it, mum," said Martha, smoothing down the fine linen sheet that Lucy had brought with her over the rough blue blanket. "Suppose you was just to lay down on this bed and get ten minutes' shut-eye, while I pop the eggs and bacon in the pan and cook the supper."

"Now, Martha," said Lucy, "don't you begin giving me any of your advice, for I won't take it from a young thing like you."

"Young thing!" said Martha. "And

(Continued on Page 65)

Next Month

His voice was strangely low and calm now. "I've thought about this for a long time and I know what I'm saying. I'm in love with you, Angie!" Words tingled at my lips and I felt my hands trembling, but there was nothing I could say. I didn't even know what I was thinking. Love is such a big word. And no one had ever said it to me before . . .

. . . and no one ever would again—in quite the same way; in quite the same dreamed-of, magic-filled way. Because there is no encore for the first fragile love song of a

Seventeenth Summer

A Novel by Maureen Daly
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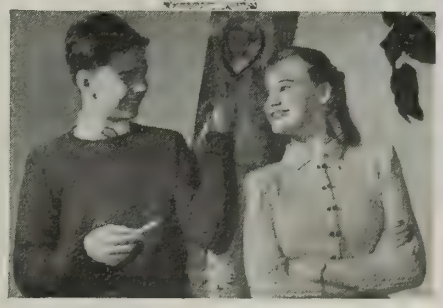
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(Continued from Page 63)

thirty-two in February! Get along with
ı, mum."
'And I shall be thirty-four in July," said
cy. "How we do grow up, don't we,
irtha? Halfway through life already and
at have we done?"
'Well, I know what I done," Martha
nned. "Cooked enough beefsteaks to
ch from 'ere to St. Paul's, I shouldn't
nder, to say nothink of marryin', and
nin' enough socks to stuff a elephant!"
'Yes, you've led a very useful life."
'Well, mum, you've not done so bad
irself, with a couple of children," said
irtha. "And if you're goin' to run this
se single'anded that's as much as any
man could do."
'It's an easy house to run, don't you
nk?"
'I never saw a easier," said Martha.
Vell, I'll be off downstairs, mum, and get
supper." She went out, closing the door
ind her.
Lucy sat down in the armchair. She was
re tired than she had realized. Her eye-
s drooped and she was asleep.
She dreamed that Captain Daniel Gregg
d come to life again and was in the room
th her. A taller man than she had imagined
m the painting, with broad shoulders and
g legs, rolling a little in his gait as if he
re pacing a quarter-deck in a heavy sea.
was not in uniform, but wore a navy-
ıe suit with a white shirt and a black tie,
d he was smoking a pipe. The whole bear-
g of the man gave an impression of intense
ility. He came very close, in her dream,
d stared down at her with a surprisingly
ndly expression in his blue eyes.

For a few seconds he
ood there. Then he
rned and, going to the
ndow, opened it and re-
med his steady pacing
and down, as if he were
ying to walk out the so-
tion to some problem in
s mind. So real did he
em in her dream that
hen she awoke she could
arcely believe he was not there, and gazed
und in search of him. But of course it had
en a dream, and she leaned back, shiver-
g a little, the cold breeze from the open
indow blowing in her face.

Funny, she thought. *I was positive I shut at window before Martha and I started to ake up the bed. I know I shut that window*, ıe said to herself. *The catch was stiff and I ueezed my finger*. There was a red mark ill on her forefinger to prove it. *Who opened ?* she thought, and a dark cloud seemed to ld itself down on her spirit. She crossed to ıe window and banged it shut as if she thus uld keep out her own forebodings. She ırned back into the room to unpack her itcase and laid out her ivory toilet set on ıe chest of drawers.

A small, square mirror was propped gainst the wall, and in it, as she combed ack a lock of hair, she saw the reflection of ıe door; it was opening stealthily, slowly, ithout noise. She stood there, the comb oised in her hand, as still as if she had been ırned into an ivory image herself. Her elief was so great when Martha's red face ppeared in the opening that she swayed rward, supporting herself with her arms on ıe furniture before her.

I CREP' up," said Martha, "thinkin' you ight 'ave dropped off to sleep, and not 'ishin' to disturb you."

"I have been asleep for a few minutes," aid Lucy. But had she? Had that been a ream? "Did I close the window before we nade the bed, Martha?" she asked.

"Yes, and squeezed your finger, mum. t's shut now, ain't it?"

"Yes, Martha, it's shut now," said Lucy, nd wondered why she did not tell Martha f her experience. A strange reluctance kept ıer silent, but whether from fear of Mar-ha's scorn or the consequences if she should onvince her, she did not stop to think.

"My, you don't 'arf look pale, mum," said Martha as Lucy turned to go down-stairs. "I shouldn't 'ave let you do so much. You'll feel stronger for a nice cup of tea and a bite to eat."

Martha was right. Lucy did feel much better after she had had her supper; and after they had eaten, and washed up the dishes they sat talking over old times, until Martha yawned herself upstairs and away to bed in the back room, leaving Lucy to glance at the newspaper she had bought for the train journey. Soon she, too, began to yawn and though it was scarcely half past nine, she decided that she would fill her hot-water bottle and go to bed. They had used all the hot water in the kettle for washing the supper things, and she refilled it at the tap before lifting back the top of the Beatrice stove to light the wick; but the only answer to the lighted match was a feeble blue flame that died on the instant to blackness. On shaking the stove, it proved to be empty of fuel, as was also the bottle that had contained it.

Bother, said Lucy, *of course it was burning all day and I should have remembered to order more paraffin before the shop shut.*

THE blue hot-water bottle lay limply on the table, cold as a frog to the touch, and the thought of it plump and warm filled Lucy's tired mind till it became an absolute necessity to her that she should have hot water to pour into it. She removed the kettle from the Beatrice stove and put it down with a smack on the gas stove. Lighting another match, she turned on the gas, or attempted to, for it still refused to work.

"Why won't you light, why won't you, why won't you?" Lucy said aloud in exasperation, and a deep voice said:

"Because I don't choose that it should."

Dropping the matchbox, Lucy stared around the room. There was no one there.

"I don't approve of gas," continued the voice. "I hate the damn stuff, blast it!"

The voice was not really there either, she did not hear it with her ears. It seemed to come straight into her mind like thought, but how could it be her thought when she never swore even to herself? It must be Captain Gregg speaking to her, and suddenly she was angry and, anger driving out fear, she lashed out at him with fury.

"You're selfish and hateful and unreasonable," she cried. "If you wanted to live in this house, why didn't you live in it, instead of killing yourself like a stupid, great coward and ruining things for everyone?"

"I did *not* kill myself!" The voice seemed to roar through her head in its wrath, like the thudding bass notes of an organ. "I went to sleep in front of that blasted gas fire in my bedroom, in my armchair, and I must have kicked on the gas with my foot in my sleep. It was a stormy night with a wind blowing half a gale and the rain ruining the curtains, so I shut the windows as any sensible man would, and the fools came in the morning and found me dead and brought it in as suicide, because my confounded charwoman gave as evidence that I always slept with my window open, no matter the weather. And how the devil should she know! I never slept with her."

That proves it, thought Lucy, blushing hotly. *I could never have thought of that last speech.*

"Of course you couldn't," said Captain Gregg, "you're a nice-minded woman—too nice-minded—only half alive, in fact."

"I'm not," protested Lucy. "I'm far more alive than you are, and I wish you'd go away and leave me alone. I want to fill my hot-water bottle and go to sleep."

"Well, go to sleep," snapped Captain Gregg. "I'm not stopping you, though you have put all that feminine frippery on my good bed."

"It is not frippery," retorted Lucy. "It's the best hand-embroidered linen. I couldn't sleep in anything but linen sheets, so I brought my own."

"I never heard of such highfalutin balderdash. What you need, young woman, is a

He who has come through the fire will not fade in the sun. —HINDU PROVERB.

God made time, but man made haste. —IRISH PROVERB.

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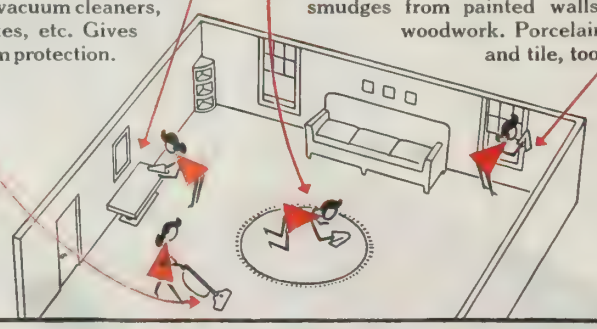
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(Continued from Page 67)

seeing the house occupied wore away, and people, having called, pronounced Mrs. Muir a nice little thing, and forgot that the house had ever been empty and the reputed haunting ground of Captain Gregg's ghost.

Only Lucy remembered. And how could she forget when he visited her every evening, after the children were in bed, to talk over the events of the day? But the fact that she had taken gold from its secret hiding place under a stone in the cellar, and had bought a house for herself to live in, and had made a will leaving it as a home for retired sea captains, haunted her far more than the ghost, upon whom she began to look as a friend, even if an interfering one. He argued with her for weeks on the subject of the money.

"I don't care," said Lucy obstinately one evening, and for the fiftieth time, "I feel like a thief. Sometimes I begin to wonder if you are a real ghost. I mean—I've never seen you except in a dream, and why are you still here? Why haunt, when there is no longer any reason for your haunting?"

"I said I'd stay here till my house was a home for seamen, and I'm a man of my word and you're not so much as a ship's boy," retorted Captain Gregg. "God bless my soul, I've a perfect right to stay in my own house, which I built with my own hands and have now bought with my own money, which incidentally has gone to my blasted next of kin in any case, so what you're worrying about, me dear, I can't imagine."

But Lucy did worry. No one that she had ever met had been on intimate terms with a ghost.

And supposing, thought Lucy in alarm, supposing Captain Gregg were but a figment of her imagination. Women approaching middle age and living alone did sometimes go odd, she had read, and imagined the wildest situations; but after all, she was scarcely stepping onto the threshold of middle age, and surely Captain Gregg was wilder than her mind, at the most odd, could invent. This new aspect of the case weighed on her so much that at last it drove her up to London to visit a psychoanalyst. After a surprising conversation with this earnest specialist in human peculiarities, he assured her that she was as normal as any woman could expect to be, though there did seem to be this curious obsession in her subconscious, a craving perhaps for the ideal lover, which made her imagine this Voice, and if she were to continue her visits to him, at three guineas a time, a dozen times or more, they could no doubt sublimate this Voice and rationalize it.

"I don't think anyone could make my Voice more rational," said Lucy, "and there's nothing loverlike about it, I do assure you."

"That, of course, is your conscious still attempting to repress your natural instincts," said the specialist.

"Then you don't believe in ghosts at all?"

"WELL, dear lady," the specialist said guardedly, "there are queerer things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Come back next week and we will see what we can do."

Which, thought Lucy, *is not really worth paying three guineas for.*

"As I could have told you," said Captain Gregg that evening, "but I knew you wouldn't be satisfied till you'd been."

"Do you believe in psychoanalysis?"

"It's a new science, and they are only experimenting," said Captain Gregg. "It's rather out of my province, in any case."

"I thought you would know everything about everything in your state," said Lucy. "Tell me, what is the next world really like?"

"No," said Captain Gregg, "it's too difficult. The words I should have to use would have no meaning for you. Besides, even if you could understand, I doubt if it would be fair to tell you—I mean it would be like handing you a crib in a difficult grading exam in languages. You might pass out of the first grade all right, but unless you'd sweated the words out for yourself and made them your own, you'd soon fail in the higher grade. No, me dear, fair's fair, and you'll have to work out life for yourself, and death."

"BUT I'm not asking you to tell my fortune or give me advice about the future," protested Lucy. "I just want to know as a matter of curiosity what the next world is really like. Do you have wings and float about on clouds all day, playing golden harps, and where do you sleep at night?"

"Did I say you were in the first grade? Dammit, you're no higher than the kindergarten. There is no day here and no night; it's eternity, not time."

"Oh, dear me!" said Lucy. "Eternity, everything going on forever and ever—it makes my head reel!"

"Exactly," said Captain Gregg, "and yet you expect me to explain it to you in words of one syllable. Reality on earth is all you need worry about at the moment, and without me I doubt if you'd be capable of tackling that!"

It was astonishing how swiftly the days slipped by. The children were happy at their schools, where they remained for lunch until Lucy should become more proficient in the art of cooking. She herself was more than happy in her solitude, knowing that it would be broken each evening by the lively chatter of her daughter Anna, to whom each day brought some scene of stirring adventure, and by the more restrained account of her son Cyril's doings, and not least by Captain Gregg's appraisal of the day's happenings, of which he often did not approve.

Indeed, he was quite fierce in his disapproval of the alterations that Lucy made in the downstairs rooms, though finally he had to admit that the pale gold walls and brocade curtains in the drawing room set off his Persian carpet to advantage.

"But what you wanted to get rid of that good suite of furniture for, I can't think," he grumbled. "And I don't see why you had to move my portrait up here."

"You ought to be pleased that I didn't move it to the attic," said Lucy, glancing with disfavor at the oil painting of the captain that now hung over the bedroom fireplace.

"It's a very good portrait," said Captain Gregg stiffly.

"That," said Lucy, "is a matter of opinion. I think it's frightful."

"Why? What's wrong with it?"

"The hands are terrible."

"They weren't my hands," replied Captain Gregg. "I took the fellow that painted the picture out to South America and he made that portrait instead of paying me passage money. Of course I couldn't always be sitting for him, and wasting my time, so he'd paint bits of anyone that came along."

"He can't have been a very good artist."

"He wasn't. Bigamy was his trouble."

"I was referring to his artistic ability."

"Oh, well, chuck the thing away, or use it as a cucumber frame," said Captain Gregg. "I don't really think so much of it myself."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Spendthrift

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

I passed a meadow where some god
Emptied his pockets, and they rolled
An acre into goldenrod,
A mile to marigold.

So, lavish in his lustihead,
This autumn spendthrift tossed his wealth
To hearten us with more than bread,
Delight with more than health.

Now, mad with Midas, bush and tree
Convert to gold the common leaf;
Men find the miracle they see
Too brilliant and too brief.

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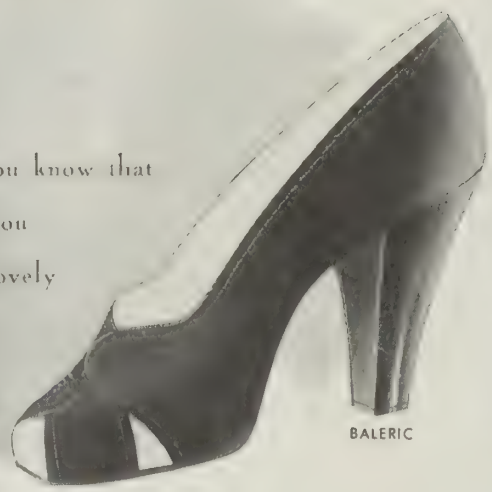
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But he was not so easily placated when Lucy hired a gardener to set the garden in order and cut down the araucaria. He burst on her consciousness like a whirlwind.

"My tree—my monkey-puzzle tree—I planted it with my own hands!" he stormed.

"Why did you?" asked Lucy.

"Why! Because I wanted a monkey-puzzle tree in my front garden."

"But why? It's not useful and it's certainly not ornamental. Think how much prettier a bed of roses will look there."

"Bed of roses be damned! May the whole blasted bed die of blight!"

"I wish you wouldn't swear, it's so ugly."

"That's not swearing," retorted Captain Gregg. "That's Sunday-school language to what I'm thinking."

"Well, I shouldn't admit it then," said Lucy. "I would have thought you ought to have known better by now. You still seem to be very—very earthly for a spirit."

"You, madam, are enough to turn a saint from his canonizing," snapped Captain Gregg. "But all women are alike—I might have known."

And he vanished in a sudden stillness that clapped down on her senses louder than any thunder. Nor did he come back for several evenings, not indeed till Lucy had bought two small bay trees and planted them in green tubs on either side of the front door.

"Bay trees doing well, I see," he said, his voice strolling in casually as she turned on the light in her bedroom a few nights later.

"Oh!" she said, more pleased at his return than she cared to admit. "Yes, I hope so."

"Appropriate too."

"Appropriate?"

"The wicked shall flourish like the green bay tree. It was a pretty way of admitting your villainy, my dear, but never mind, we'll forget it. I was never one to bear a grudge; even when that swine in Valparaiso borrowed my best pants, I only threw him in the ditch and said no more about it!"

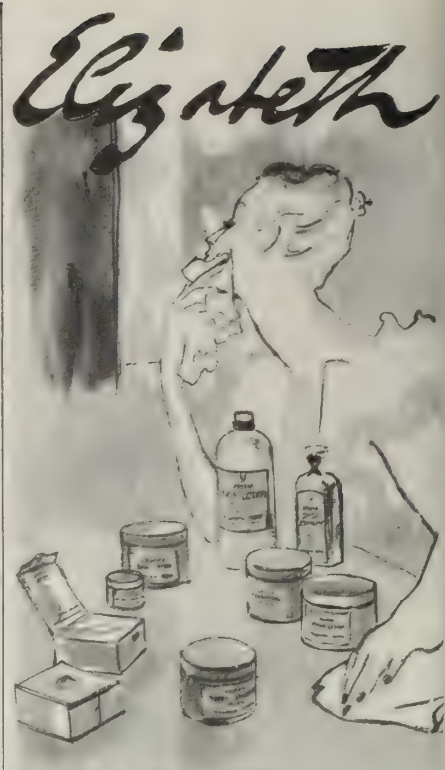
The days slipped by, and the laburnum trees shed their yellow glory in pools of gold about their roots. The buttercups spread a vivid carpet across the field that lay beyond the garden wall. Most of the residents had let their houses to summer visitors, and the pierrots had set up their stands on the beach, where bathing tents had sprung up like a colorful garden of flowers.

More colorful thought Lucy ruefully one evening, than her own garden, where her herbaceous border wilted under the hot August sun, showing a healthier display of weeds than blossoms. It was hot work tugging the obstinate weeds up by the roots. She sat back on her heels, sweeping a curl of tickling hair off her damp forehead, as the garden gate clicked and the postman clumped his way up the path and back again.

Not so many people wrote to Lucy that her curiosity could allow the letter he had brought to lie hidden in the letter box. She dusted her earthy hands on the grass, rose to her feet and went toward the house. She felt in the wooden box for the envelope. A glance at the firm writing showed her it was from her sister-in-law, Eva. With a ridiculous feeling that she was showing her independence by keeping that strong-minded lady waiting, she thrust the letter into the pocket of her gardening apron and sauntered back into the garden. She climbed the steps up to the lookout in the wall and seated herself on the parapet, gazing down on the shore where her children were playing.

Lucy looked fondly down at them. *I wonder if there is something wrong with me,* she thought, *that I can get so much from so little, because all my joy really comes from not doing—not spending summer afternoons listening to women setting their neighbors' morals to rights over the bridge table, not spending summer evenings listening to men and women setting the world's affairs to rights over five-course dinners, not sewing in circles, reading in groups. I must be very selfish, for all I want is to be left in peace to make what I can of this problem called life for myself and my children.*

"Anna, Anna!" Cyril's shrill voice came up to her on the breeze. "It's time for supper." He straightened himself and, picking



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up his bucket, began to make his way up the beach toward the cliff path.

Anna continued on her way, dancing along the wet sand.

"I told her, mother," said Cyril, panting a little from his climb up the steep cliff path, "I told Anna it was time for supper."

"I know, darling, I heard you," said Lucy.

He stood on the grass looking up at her, a fat little boy with round glasses on a sharp little nose, and mouse-colored hair growing stiffly up from his high forehead. He was so good and so conscientious, and her first-born and a son. Why, then, did she not appreciate him more? And suddenly the reason came to her—he was Eva's child far more than hers; he was Eva herself, in a gray shirt and shorts, and that was a depressing thought: to have produced a man like a maiden aunt, if only in miniature.

"Darling!" she said with fierce affection as the unwelcome truth took a firmer grip on her consciousness. "Darling, what a lovely lake you made!"

"It wasn't a lake, it was a reservoir," said Cyril in his precise voice. "Did the postman come?" his gaze on the white envelope sticking up from his mother's pocket.

"Yes, dear."

Turning, Lucy saw her daughter clinging to the top of the wall. With a last scrambling effort the child hooked a brown leg over and swung herself upright. "I'm hungry. What's for supper?"

"Salad and cream cheese, brown bread and butter and honey, milk, cake and fruit."

The love of liberty burns brightest in a dungeon. —BYRON.

"Scrumptious," said Anna. "You do think of the goodest food." She snuggled down like a puppy beside her mother on the top of the wall, noticing in her turn the letter in her pocket. "You've had a letter," she said. "Who from?"

"From Aunt Eva," replied Lucy, trying to keep prejudice far away from her speaking.

"Oh, golly! What does she want?"

"I haven't read it yet," replied her mother. "I'll read it at supper."

The letter was not a long one. It merely stated that everyone was well and that the writer intended to come and stay on August the fourteenth.

"But she can't," burst out Anna, "there's no bedroom for her."

"I will write and explain that we have no spare room," said Lucy, but without any real hope in her heart.

Nor did that fact deter Eva Muir. She would sleep, she wrote by return, on a divan in the sitting room, and she would come on August the fourteenth, arriving at 5:45 P.M.

This is awful, thought Lucy as she undressed that night.

"Write and tell her you have smallpox," came Captain Gregg's advice.

"That would be useless," said Lucy. "She would come and nurse me—nothing would put Eva off once she has made up her mind. And the trouble is that I have only just got used to making up mine for myself. She'll ruin everything. I shall give in to Eva, I know I shall, and be 'poor little Lucy' again, and I do despise 'poor little Lucy' so, weak little fool!"

"Leave her to me," said Captain Gregg.

"No!" said Lucy. "You must promise me you'll never speak to her, you must promise! She'd have me out of the house at once if she knew about you, indeed she would. Or she'd have me in a mental home, for she doesn't believe in ghosts. You must promise not to come near till she has gone away."

"I'll do no such thing."

"Oh, dear me! What am I to do?"

"You do nothing," said the captain with a chuckle. "You leave the doing to me."

"WHAT you ought to do," said Eva, "is to start a few hens. You've plenty of room, and you could sell the eggs."

"I don't know anything about hens," said Lucy.



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"Well, you could learn, my dear child, you could learn," said Eva.

She had not been in the house twenty-four hours, but already she had rearranged Lucy's entire way of living to her own satisfaction, or rather she had arranged it in her own mind, for dear little Lucy was proving surprisingly obstinate about carrying out her advice. Obviously she needed shaking up. Why had she joined no clubs, no societies?

"There, there," said Eva. "You must pull yourself together, my dear, you must buck up. Edwin wouldn't like you to give way like this. I see that my place is here for the present—no, don't thank me, I have always known my duty and have never shirked it. But if you don't mind, I will have the divan moved out of the dining room into Anna's room; I never did like the idea of sleeping in the same room as one eats."

Lucy did mind. She minded very much, and so did Anna.

"I can't bear it," wailed Lucy into her pillow that night, "and as for you," she went on, raising her head and looking across at the portrait of Captain Gregg, "you're no help at all. You said I was to leave Eva to you, and you haven't been near me for a week!"

"If you will remember our last conversation, you implored me not to come near you till that woman had gone away," said the captain's voice.

"And you said you'd do no such thing."

"Perverse little creature, aren't you?" The captain chuckled. "Well, if you ask me nicely, perhaps I'll help you after all."

"What will you do?"

"Never you mind, that's my business."

"You must tell me," said Lucy, "you must tell me," and stopped abruptly at the sound of a door opening across the passage.

"Are you all right?" asked Eva, coming into the room.

"Quite, thank you," said Lucy, pulling the sheet up to her chin and peering over it at the square figure of Eva in a pale pink kimono.

"I THOUGHT I heard you cry out," said Eva. "I distinctly heard you cry out. 'You must tell me,' I thought I heard you call that out twice."

"It must have been your imagination," said Lucy, "voices—you know—like Joan of Arc ——"

"My dear child!" exclaimed Eva. "What an idea! I can assure you that *I* have my imagination completely under control—voices indeed! Really, Lucy, I am quite worried about you. You must get away for a bit, you must go on a cruise. You could go to the West Indies or the Greek islands and meet the nicest people—you'd love it."

"Tell her to go on a cruise herself," roared Captain Gregg, "and drown herself."

Lucy closed her eyes and waited for pandemonium to break over her head; but all was quiet, and she opened them again to see Eva sitting there quite placidly as if she were deaf.

"Of course she's deaf," said the captain, "spiritually deaf. She can't hear me—she's only tuned in to earth and herself. And if you have anything to say to me, think it. There's no need for you to speak to me out loud; I can hear all you think. And don't you be bullied into going on any blasted cruise."

"I won't," began Lucy out loud, and stopped abruptly.

"My dear Lucy, how can you possibly tell whether you will enjoy it or not till you've been on it," said Eva tartly. "And I don't think it's very polite to speak in that tone to me when I'm only trying to help you."

"It's very good of you, Eva," replied Lucy, "but I don't need any help."

"That's the ticket," put in the captain.

"I am perfectly well and happy here," continued Lucy, emboldened by the captain's encouragement. "All I want is to be left alone to live my life as I wish and not as other people think best for themselves."

"And put that in your pipe and smoke it, madam," said the captain triumphantly.

"REALLY, Lucy, I can't think what has happened to you lately," said Eva. "You used to be such a sweet little thing. Lady Smythe always used to say to me, 'I'm so fond of your sister-in-law, she's such a sweet little thing'—I doubt if she would say so now."

"Who cares a damn what Lady Smythe thinks or doesn't think?" roared the captain. "Go on, Lucy, tell her that."

"I really don't mind very much what Lady Smythe says about me," said Lucy. "I don't mind what anyone says about me," she went on recklessly, "because most gossip is only the evil in people's own minds coming to the surface."

"Are you accusing me of having an evil mind?" demanded Eva angrily. "Because if you are, you have only to say so." She broke off suddenly and pulled her kimono more closely about her. "What a draft!" she said peevishly. "Where can it be coming from? I'm chilled to the bone."

"It's me, madam," said the captain, "and I wish it were a cyclone."

"Oh, dear!" giggled Lucy childishly.

"I see nothing to laugh at in my being frozen to death," snapped Eva. "But perhaps you think I have no sense of humor as well as an evil mind."

"I—I'm not laughing at you," said Lucy weakly as another gale of merriment shook her.

"Then what are you laughing at?"

But Lucy could not tell her.

"Hysteria," declared Eva. "I shall take you to a doctor the first thing in the morning." She rose stiffly from the bed and went out, shutting the door behind her.

But she did not take Lucy to the doctor on the following morning, for the doctor came to see Eva instead. Her neck was so stiff that she could not turn her head. Being unused to illness in herself, she made an impatient and most disagreeable invalid.

"Don't overdo it," Lucy told the captain that night. "I don't want her bedridden."

"And that's all the thanks I get for the trouble I've taken," he said with a twinkle

(Continued on Page 74)

LITTLE GUY



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(Continued from Page 72)

in his voice. "But don't you worry, I'll have her out of here in the turn of a screw."

Eva's neck was better by the following day, but her constitution seemed to have suffered. She had rheumatism in her knees and a cold in her head, and was very angry with herself, and Lucy, and life.

"Look at me," she went on crossly, "aching in every joint—and I am never ill at home. You'll have to go on your bended knees to get me to visit you in this benighted house again."

"The place seems to suit us, we are very well here," said Lucy, trying not to sound too complacent. "We are quite healthy here, and very happy when we are alone."

"When you are *alone*—I see," said Eva. "Well, I can take a hint. You want me to go—don't deny it—you want to be rid of your own husband's sister—don't deny it, I say."

"I am not denying it," said Lucy very quietly. For a moment Eva stared at her in such astonishment that Lucy herself could scarcely believe that she had found the courage to say such wounding words. "I'm sorry, Eva, but it's true—you can't live other people's lives for them. Go home and make something worth while of your own."

"Oh, I'll go," said Eva, rising to her feet and striding to the door, "I'll go by the very first train in the morning."

Summer sailed its magnificent way into autumn and autumn into the shelter of winter's harboring, and life went on in growth and peace at Gull Cottage.

The children were happy at their schools. Cyril was top of his class, with distinction in Latin. Anna was bottom in her exams, danced a solo at the end-of-term entertainment, and wanted a phonograph.

And spring voyaged forth once more, and Lucy bought a dog. The little creature was partly Sealyham and partly terrier, and altogether amusing and companionable. With Tags, as she called him, she went farther and farther afield after the housework was done, coming home with glowing cheeks to listen to the children's adventures and exchange for them her own.

And almost every evening Captain Gregg visited her and told her tales of the sea and his own youth.

"Are you old now?" asked Lucy one evening after a particularly stirring account of a voyage through the South Seas.

"There is no old nor young for us," replied the captain. "There is just being—no age and no time, no height and no depth—only immortality and eternity and vision."

"It sounds frightening and rather dull."

"Because, as I have told you so many times, I have no words to make you understand," said the captain. "It's all the beauty and serenity and nobility you have ever experienced on earth. It's all your grandest and most generous feelings, and the finest sunsets and greatest music—and then you're only on the fringe of understanding."

"I don't see why you ever leave it, if it's so lovely."

"I've told you the answer to that, too," replied the captain. "I'm a pigheaded fool, and I hate leaving things half done."

"But you haven't," said Lucy. "You've cleared everything up. I've made that will leaving the house to your old sea captains. Don't you trust me?"

"Not altogether. You are so young."

"Young! I'm thirty-four!"

"In years perhaps," replied the captain. "In experience you are about seventeen, and you don't look much more when you are playing with Anna or that ridiculous dog. Suppose you were to marry again!"

"I wouldn't think of marrying again."

"Someone might think of marrying you, though. You are really very pretty."

"Oh," said Lucy, flushing, "am I?"

"Don't be so coy, dammit," said the captain. "You must know you've got naturally curly hair, and eyes as blue as a calm sea, and ears like—like little pink shells. Someone might easily want to marry you, very easily, and you are extremely susceptible."

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"I'm not," retorted Lucy.

"How do you know?" asked the captain. "What men have you met since you were widowed?"

"Mr. Coombe ——"

"A codfish with a conscience!"

"Doctor Hamer ——"

"Married to his profession and a wife and four children!"

"The vicar and the curate ——"

"One a celibate and the other an adenoidal nonentity!"

"Oh, don't be so critical," said Lucy. "Were you so handsome?"

"I may not have been handsome," said the captain, chuckling, "but I could make myself felt, and not only with a rope's end. Why, I could have twisted you round my little finger, me dear, as any man with any pretensions to be a man could."

"You couldn't—they can't," protested Lucy.

"What do you bet?"

"I don't bet."

"Well, I do—my greatest weakness was a good gamble—and I lay you your rose trees to a new monkey-puzzle tree that you'd fall for the first attractive man who showed he admired you."

"You don't sound in the least unearthly in spite of all your fine talk just now. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But damn it, me dear, even a ghost must have his fun. I give up a good deal of peace one way and another to hang about down here, keeping an eye on you and helping you out."

"I don't need any help, thank you," said Lucy. "I can manage quite well alone, and I am to be trusted—completely."

There were clouds sailing up over the western horizon as Lucy set out for her walk on the following afternoon with the dog Tags. She took the cliff path. Tags careened over the short turf on the scent of rabbits, nose down, yelping with excitement at each fresh trail, digging frantically in each fresh burrow, till suddenly he disappeared. He was there, and then he was no longer to be seen, and Lucy, running forward, found that he had dug himself into a hole, which had collapsed on top of him.

"Tags! Tags!" she cried and, going down on her knees, dug with feverish hands at the earth that covered him, but the dog had crawled in to some distance and, dig as she might, she could not get at him.

Realizing that her efforts were hopeless, she jumped up and ran blindly forward, running into the arms of a man coming up the steep slope.

"Come, come quickly," she said, and, taking his arm, she dragged him back to the place where she herself had dug with such futility. "Dig!" she gasped, and at the urgency in her voice the man stooped and began to hurl aside the mound of earth.

Presently the limp flag of Tags' tail appeared, and his rescuer, thrusting in his arms up to the elbow, drew out the small earth-stained body and began to press up and down on the ribs, till his breathing returned. Then he pulled out a flask from his hip pocket and, prying open Tags' jaws, poured a few drops of the brandy down his throat.

"There you are, old chap," he said as Tags spluttered, choked and sneezed. "That will put new dog into you—and what about

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LEFTOVER recipes need lemon

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Surprise the family with a tasty appetizer made from leftover canned fruits. And for that tartness appetizers need, add a generous amount of lemon juice to the syrup. Other first course dishes like sea food and tomato juice need lemon, too.



SAVORY STEW

With plenty of garden fresh vegetables that leftover roast can be easily turned into a delicious stew. But don't overlook *this* one secret to good stew making: The freshly squeezed juice of one lemon...added while stew is simmering...has a way of blending the hidden flavors of all the ingredients into one savory dish that's sure to bring forth the compliments.



VEGETABLE SALAD

Toss together...in wooden bowl...such thoroughly chilled leftover vegetables as peas, beans, beets, cauliflower. Drench with Lemon French Dressing (page 14 Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book), add crisp lettuce and serve with lemon quarters for extra zest. No salad's complete without the tang of lemon.



EMERGENCY PUDDING

Steam leftover fruit or spice cake through. Top with this Lemon Clear Sauce: Blend 1 tbs. cornstarch with ½ cup sugar; add 1 tsp. grated lemon peel, 1 cup water. Cook 2-3 minutes until clear—stir constantly. Take from heat—add 3 tbs. lemon juice, 2 tbs. butter or margarine, a pinch of salt, chopped maraschino cherries. Serve with tea and lemon.

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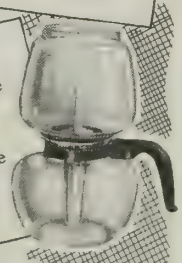
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you?" he added, turning to Lucy. "You look as if you could do with some new dog too!"

"I'm all right," said Lucy, sitting abruptly on the grass, for her knees certainly had no strength in them. "It was so horrible—knowing he was in there—and being so helpless—so stupidly helpless."

"It was a man's job," said Tags' rescuer, "and I'm very glad that I was near enough to be the man. Rather strange, really. I was on my way to my cottage down there, and something made me suddenly change my mind and come up this way—almost as if a voice spoke to me."

"Oh," said Lucy, flushing, "a voice?"

"I don't mean a human voice."

"No, I was afraid you didn't," said Lucy, her cheeks flaming.

"Afraid!" repeated the man. "Why afraid? You needn't be alarmed, I'm not one of these psychic people—I mean I don't go in for voices with a capital *V*—but surely you know what I do mean. Everyone must have these sudden intuitions at times. I say, you really must have a little of this," said the man, producing his flask again. "It will pull you together quicker than anything."

"I'm quite together, thank you," said Lucy. "I'm perfectly all right."

"You certainly look it," the man said admiringly.

"Thank you very much for helping us," Lucy said, and went toward Tags to put him on his lead. "I think we've had enough rabbit hunting for one day."

The black clouds were coming up fast now, and heavy raindrops began to fall.

"There's going to be quite a shower," said the man. "You'd better come along to my cottage till it's over."

"No—no, thank you."

"Afr—aid, afr—aid!" the wind seemed to whistle in her ears—or was it the wind?

"You'll be soaked to the skin," the man said solicitously. "I do wish you'd come. It's only down that slope amongst that clump of trees." Taking her arm, he led her down the hill to a little stone cottage halfway down the face of the cliff.

"I never knew there was a cottage here," Lucy said as he opened the door for her.

"It's well concealed," he replied. "Sometimes I like privacy even at the cost of primitiveness. The water has to be carried a mile every day, and my bath is the sea, which is cold enough in this weather, but it suits me at present."

The door opened into a living room, and an open door on the right showed a bedroom beyond, furnished with bare necessities of bed, table and chair. The living room showed more attempt at comfort; there was a rug on the floor, cretonne curtains at the windows, a horsehair sofa and armchair drawn up to the oven fireplace; the round table held an oil lamp, a jumble of books and papers, and a jam jar full of cowslips and violets, picked with too short stalks, as a child picks flowers with too eager hands.

It was the sight of this pathetic attempt at decoration that restored Lucy's confidence. She seated herself in the armchair and watched the stranger as he knelt on the hearth, putting a match to the fire. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man of about her own age, with curly red-brown hair. He wore a smart tweed coat and well-creased gray flannel trousers, but there was a hole in the heel of one of his gray socks. A maternal feeling of pity swept over her. Had he no one to look after him, living alone in this poor little place?

"I think a cup of tea would fill the bill," he said. He filled a kettle from a bucket of water, and placed it on the hob over the now crackling fire.

"Thank you, I'd love a cup," said Lucy.

It was cozy in the little room, with the fire chattering up the chimney, and the rain beating against the windowpane outside. Tags lay at her feet, in the twitching sleep of dog exhaustion. He had saved Tags' life—a bond of gratitude stretched between her and this stranger.

"Have you been here long?" she asked.

"About a week." His eyes were the same color as his hair, red-brown; there was a cleft

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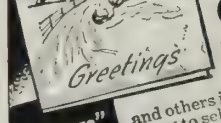
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the pleasant household cleaner

in his chin; he wore a jade signet ring on the little finger of his left hand.

"It's a lovely place. How did you find it?" asked Lucy.

"I saw an advertisement in a paper."

"It's so peaceful."

"Most women would say, 'It's so lonely.'"

"I love loneliness."

"Have you ever tried it?"

"Indeed, yes," answered Lucy. "I'm alone all day while the children are at school."

"Have you children?" he asked with a surprised lift to his eyebrows.

"Two, a boy and a girl—I'm a widow."

"You look too young to be a widow." He rose and, taking the kettle from the hob, made the tea.

"But there are many widows much younger than I am."

"I don't refer to years as much as experience. You haven't even a married look."

"Is there one?"

"Definitely, like a well-set jelly."

"And I don't look well set?" she asked.

"You don't look set at all."

"That sounds very untidy—and wobbly." Lucy laughed.

"You are very sweet."

"I don't think you should say things like that," Lucy said, blushing. "I don't even know your name."

"My name is Miles Everard Fairley Blake—and you are very sweet."

"Don't be absurd."

"I don't think you should speak to me like that. I don't even know your name."

"My name is Mrs. Muir," said Lucy, "and if that tea is for me, will you please put some hot water in it; I don't like it too strong."

"Her name is Mrs. Muir, and she likes weak tea," he said gravely. "I am beginning to know you very well, but not as well as I hope to."

"It was strange how that rain came on," Lucy said primly. "It was so fine when I left home."

"I ordered a rainstorm, the weather prophet is a friend of mine," Miles said.

Anger improves nothing except the arch of a cat's back.

—COLEMAN COX.

"Perhaps I will ask him to make it a flood, then you will never leave me."

"Oh!" Lucy gasped. "I—I think I'd better be going now."

"No, you can't go, it's much too wet, and if I had an umbrella I shouldn't lend it to you."

"I must go," said Lucy, rising to her feet.

"No, no, don't leave me," he said. "It's quite all right. You needn't be afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid of you," said Lucy.

"Then prove it by sitting down and finishing your tea."

"Well, I really can only stay for a little while," Lucy said, seating herself on the edge of her chair. "What do you do when you are not here?"

"I live in London."

"Yes, but what do you do?"

"I paint a bit, and write a bit, and play golf and squash and ride, and play bridge and poker."

"Have you no profession?"

"Oh, I was more or less trained as a barrister, but the law courts depress me."

"I gather that you don't have to work for a living."

"No."

"Well, why don't you work for someone else? You could do so much good."

"How and where?"

"Well, you could go and live in the slums, or into Parliament," Lucy said earnestly, and broke off as she noticed a twinkle in his eyes, spreading to a hidden smile that made a pulse beat in his cheek. "You're laughing at me," she said accusingly.

"I'm not, I swear I'm not. You are doing me a lot of good; I feel a better man already."

But Lucy was not convinced. "You are laughing inwardly," she said, "and I thought

(Continued on Page 79)

LITTLE LULU by Marge



Our future is in his hands

That's right, youngster—reach for it! Whatever it may be, to you it's something new and brightly shining—and so worth looking into.

And that's the spirit this old world needs—today, tomorrow and always.

* * *

Reaching out for new things is an old American habit. It's a good thing we still have it.

For looking beyond the war clouds, we know we will want more and better things than we have ever had before.

We will want more jobs than we've ever known. We will want good wages for those ready to earn them. We will want living standards higher than any we have enjoyed in the past.

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And General Motors men—busy now at meeting the needs of war—see great progress yet to be made in peacetime in household refrigeration and in the field of home freezers, and the protection of frozen foods in quantity.

So we find that today, as always, many future benefits rest in the hands of those who reach for the bright and shining promise, as this youngster is.

And as long as each generation is free to go forward with confidence in its future, the march toward "more and better things for more people" will continue steadily and without halt. That has always been General Motors' goal.

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(Continued from Page 77)

u were in earnest and really wanted ad-ce."

"I've never met anyone quite like you fore."

"I'm very ordinary," said Lucy.

"Oh, no, you're not, my dear," said Miles ntly, but with such conviction in his voice at she hastily rose to her feet once more d crossed over to the window.

"The rain is stopping," she said. "We've en talking a great deal of nonsense, but ank you for saving my dog, and for your spitality."

He had come up beside her. "I meant what I id just now; I have never met anyone quite e you. You make me think of the spring, d primroses—a new beginning to life."

She looked up at him for a moment, and r eyes met with such apparent honesty in s that it seemed to make yet another bond tween them. Their glance held till Tags, aping up in sudden fright from his dreams, oke it. He jumped up at Lucy, demand-g her sympathy and attention, but she, wildered by the sudden turmoil of her elings toward this stranger, went quickly the door and, opening it, darted out into e fresh coolness of the rain-washed eve-ng. She ran away up the cliff path, eager get back to her own familiar places.

UT if she thought she could be rid of Miles ake so easily, she was mistaken. It was t difficult for him to find out where she ed, and he called on her the next after-on and the next. He lay in wait for her on r walks, and the beach and the cliff and e woodland were not her private property. e could not avoid him, and presently e had no wish to do so.

Their favorite meeting ace was in a little beech od that lay in a cleft the downs behind Miles' ttage. Here she came one ternoon in May, when e bluebells were begin-ng to flower in the secur- of the green spears of eir leaves. Miles was waiting for her. He as seated on a fallen tree trunk, leaning ck against a living beech. His eyes were sed. He looked like some statue waiting be brought to life, and the thought that e had the power to do this very thing oved her so that she caught her breath th wonder, and stood silently gazing down him. He sensed her nearness and rose, lding out his arms. With a little cry she n forward into their encirclement. Tilting her head, he kissed her very gently on e lips, and again less gently, and then th such ardor that she felt herself being awn out of ordinary living into some ared existence that she had never known fore, and which seemed to make her one th all the first things on earth.

"Oh, my very dear," he whispered, at last leasing her, "you—you are so different."

It was not the word she had expected, d a little shiver went over her, a shadow the warmth of her spirit; but he took her nd and, moving back to the log, pulled r down beside him.

"Happy?" he asked.

She nodded her head. "I—I have never t like this before."

"Nor I," he admitted. "You are very ecial—so special that I never want you go, and why should you? In my small use there is plenty of room for you. Come me with me, Lucy, and stay with me ways."

"You mean ——"

"I mean that I love you and never want be parted from you."

Turning, she looked up at him. "Never? ou want us to be together for always?"

"Forever," he said, and kissed her. "Oh, ucy, come home with me, come with me w, and never leave me."

"But there wouldn't be room for the ildren in the cottage."

"The children!" he said in sudden anger. You don't love me. If you did you'd forget ey existed. If you felt as I do there'd be om for no one else in your thoughts."

"I do love you," she said in distress. "You know I do—how could I let you kiss me like that if I didn't love you?"

"Like what?" he asked.

"As if—as if we were already married," she whispered.

He looked at her oddly and, moving his arm, reached into his pocket for a cigarette. "You are very young," he said. "I don't think you really know much about love."

"I do now," she said proudly, "and loving you like this makes me love everything and everyone much more. I want us all to be happy, and the children wouldn't be happy if I deserted them. Of course I'd leave them behind on our honeymoon, but I'd make arrangements for them to be properly looked after till we came home."

"Need you be so sentimental and so practical? I hate practical people, they take all the magic out of life."

"But, Miles," she said unhappily, "I couldn't just abandon Anna and Cyril—you wouldn't want me to do that."

He flung his cigarette down and ground it viciously into the moss with the heel of his shoe. "Yes, I would. I want you to forget the existence of everyone but me. If you really loved me, you'd come home with me now, but you don't love me enough to do as I ask, so I'm wasting my time." He stood up and looked down at her. "Good-by."

She rose swiftly and caught his arm. "Miles, oh, please don't talk to me like that—like a stranger. I love you and will do anything that you ask."

"Anything?"

"Give me a little time. Tomorrow—I can arrange things for tomorrow."

"Arrange things! You can't arrange love—like booking seats at a pantomime—love should just happen."

She gave a little sob and buried her face against his coat. "Oh, Miles, I was so happy—don't spoil things."

"It's you who are spoiling things," he said. But he put his arms round her again and held her close. "Little silly," he said gently, "don't you realize that no one else matters in the world but you and me?"

A stick crackled in the undergrowth behind them. In the stillness of that quiet place it sounded like a pistol shot. Lucy pushed him away and looked round in alarm.

"Someone is there," she said, "someone is watching us."

"It's only a rabbit," he said easily. "I can hear it scuttling away home to tell all the other rabbits that Mrs. Muir is behaving in a most depraved manner in the greenwood."

"You are so absurd," she said, smiling. "But it is getting late, and I must go home too. You'll be here tomorrow?"

"Yes. I'll be here tomorrow, though God knows why I come, when you are so hard-hearted."

"Hardhearted! If you could just see my heart!"

"What should I see?"

SHE smiled shyly up at him. "Perhaps I'll show you tomorrow," she whispered, and ran from him before he could prevent her.

At the edge of the clearing she glanced back to wave good-by, but he was not looking. He had taken a letter from his pocket, and as she watched he suddenly tore it into small fragments that fluttered down on the green moss. He strode away, slashing at the young bluebells with his stick.

From the first meeting she had had a curious reluctance in discussing the situation with Captain Gregg. She remained with the children until they were asleep, and, undressing in Anna's room, crept quietly into her own and into bed. She pulled the blankets up about her ears, feigning deafness and sleep. She had no wish to speak of Miles Blake with Captain Gregg. But that night the captain refused to be put off.

"I must speak to you, Lucia," he said.

"Well?"

Sympathy is two hearts tugging at one load.

—C. H. PARKHURST: The Art of Sympathy, T. S. Knowlson (Frederick Warne & Co.)



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"Oh, Lucia, me dear, me dear," said Captain Gregg.

"Yes," said Lucy, sitting up against her pillows, "you were right; there's no fool like an old fool. I admit everything, I am ridiculous, susceptible and happier than I've ever been in my life."

"Oh, Lucia, will you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" said Lucy. "But haven't I just told you that I'm happier than I've ever been in my life?"

"Stop! Stop!" said Captain Gregg. "It was all my fault, blind fool that I am—but there he was and he seemed ideal for my purpose, and I never realized just how young in your emotions you could be, Lucia. I felt you needed a lesson, you were so complacent and cocksure, and you've got your lesson all right."

"What do you mean?" asked Lucy.

"Me dear, the man is married."

"Miles—married!"

"He is indeed. He has a wife and three children."

"I don't believe it."

"It's true for all that," said Captain Gregg sadly. "You must never see him again."

"Of course I shall see him again," replied Lucy. "There must be some mistake. He can't be married—we love each other."

"Me dear, today I took a journey and saw his wife."

"Is she pretty?" asked Lucy swiftly.

"Beautiful," said Captain Gregg, "and the three boys the dead spit and image of their father."

"No," said Lucy, "I don't believe it."

"I'm afraid you will have to believe it," said the captain. "I blame myself, it is all my fault, but there was never a thought in his mind for his wife. I could tell no more than that he was married till today when a letter came from her, telling him the baby was to be christened. For all his charm and good looks he's nothing but a dilettante with enough money to indulge his fancies."

If envy were a fever, all the world would be ill. —DANISH.

If there were not listeners, there would be no liars. —ANON.

"You mean I'm just one of his fancies?" asked Lucy.

"I'm afraid so, me dear," said the captain gently. "He was an only child, his father was a bad lot and his mother spoiled him."

"But I can't believe it," said Lucy. "I can't feel Miles is evil. He makes me feel good, and kinder than I have ever been."

"The devil himself was in heaven before he fell, and his temptations may be full of beauty and great subtlety. But you must be strong, Lucia, you must be strong."

"I don't want to be strong," said Lucy wearily. "I just want to be with Miles." And turning on her face among her pillows, she wept.

BUT in the morning confidence in her happiness returned. She could scarcely wait for the afternoon, and when it came she almost ran to the meeting place. She was there before the time of their tryst, and, seating herself on a fallen tree trunk, she closed her eyes and let herself sink warmly into oblivion.

Miles' kiss woke her, and, putting her arms about him as he knelt beside her, she held him close, till the happiness of the present, in contrast to the cold misery of the night, made her weep again for very joy.

"My little love, what is troubling you?" he asked.

"It was only a dream," she whispered.

"But I can't allow even dreams to disturb my dear. What was this dream?"

"I dreamt about you," she said in a low voice.

"And was that such a nightmare?"

"I dreamt that you were married," she said, lower yet.

Miles did not speak, and out of his silence grew all the tuning orchestra of the wood, as if the tapping of the woodpecker, the song of the blackbird and the thrush, the call of the cuckoo, the rustling of the leaves were all part of some great finale to bring down the curtain on the last act of tragedy.

She pushed him away suddenly. "But it is true," she said, and covered her face with her hands. "You lied to me," she said, past tears in her grief, "you lied to me!"

"No," he protested, "I told no lies."

"Not with your lips, but you were living a lie that was beyond words."

"It was and is no lie that I love you. I will divorce Olivia, and we will marry and go on being happy."

"Can one be really happy at someone else's expense?"

"SHE will get over it," said Miles easily. "Olivia isn't romantic, and she is fonder of the children than of me. She puts them first all the time. She even refused to come to Switzerland this winter because she didn't want to leave them." He sat there on the log looking up at her, and presently he smiled and held out a hand. "Come, Lucy, how can it be wrong when we make each other so happy?"

"I don't know," she whispered brokenly. "I just don't know. I must have a little time by myself—you make me feel so weak as if you had taken away my will as well as my heart."

"Have I taken away your heart?" he asked, smiling. "Then how can you live without me?"

How, indeed? cried Lucy inwardly; but she shook her head and made no answer with her lips.

"You will come to me here tomorrow," he said, "And try and grow up a little, my dear, but not too much, for I love you very well as you are."

Tears came to her eyes at the tenderness in his voice, and she turned and stumbled away, hurrying from enchantment, while she yet had power to resist.

But in the night temptation returned, and with it Captain Gregg to combat it.

"If you won't think of Olivia's children, think of your own," he said sternly.

"Eva will look after them," she said.

"That woman! What chance will the poor little brats have with her? Would you be happy, knowing Anna to be miserable knowing Olivia to be left?"

"Olivia doesn't understand him."

"Balderdash!" said the captain. "The trouble is she understands him too well. She's a thoroughly nice woman with a sense of humor and a sense of honor."

"Indeed," said Lucy. "Yet she neglects him for the children—she wouldn't go to Switzerland with him at Christmas because of them."

"Her baby was born on New Year's Eve," retorted Captain Gregg. "Which didn't prevent Master Miles going off and enjoying himself with a red-haired wench of loose morals but perhaps he hasn't told you about her?"

"He has told me everything," said Lucy.

"And that's a lie," said the captain. "He never mentioned her. He makes holiday with any attractive woman who comes along."

"And I suppose you think he is merely making holiday with me," said Lucy. "Well you are mistaken. He wants to marry me."

"The sad thing about women is that they believe so much that a man tells them with his lips, and will not listen to what is told them by his actions."

"I believe in Miles," said Lucy. "I won't listen to you—I won't!" Lucy covered her ears with her hands and drove the captain's voice away.

But reason, without Captain Gregg to rouse her opposition, refused to be shut out and in the morning, though the sun shone from a clear blue sky, her own horizons were black with heavy clouds of foreboding.

All through the morning the struggle went on. Now she would run to Miles and tell him all her doubts and fears; now she would never see him again. Pride took a hand and held her prisoner in the house till the time of their afternoon tryst in the wood was past, and the clock struck through the long

(Continued on Page 82)

I followed you to Miami...



And we had 2 months in Heaven

before you shipped out. What fun to play house in that borrowed apartment—our first married home! You praised my cooking; marveled that my hands were still so smooth and soft. Didn't you see that extra bottle of Jergens Lotion in the kitchen, darling? Dishwashing takes nature's softeners from hand skin, but trust Jergens to help make good!

Tropic sun, the sea—
and the song in our hearts.
This we've had, dear. "*And for me, sweet,*"
you said, "*the unforgettable softness of your hands.*" How can a girl
risk disenchantment, when Jergens Lotion
hand care is so easy?





On Promenade Walk,
we'd watch the sunset. "*I'll have this with me in my dreams,*" you said, "*your little hands, so friendly-soft.*" I dream of those days,
too, dear—and I keep my hands soft.
I faithfully use Jergens Lotion.

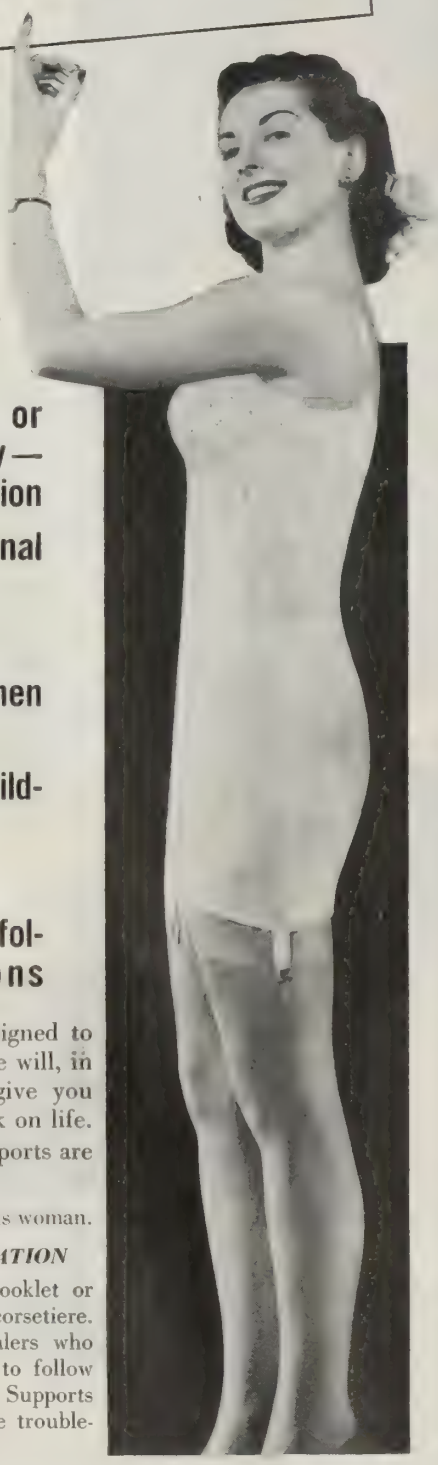
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(Continued from Page 80)

afternoon like a knell for dying hopes, till the sun began to go down. But now that duty held her to the house by the children's needs, she felt she must be gone at all costs and, hastily preparing a cold supper for them, she left a note telling that she had been called away, and that they must have their supper and go to bed like good children, and that she would soon be home.

Panic overtook her as she hurried over the cliff path. She came to the top of the hill and gazed down into the hollow. The gray cottage scarcely showed in the gathering gloom; only from the western window a light shone out. The little patch of garden it lit up between the trees looked unreal, as if it were part of the scenery on a stage. And as if it were Lucy's cue for entry, a woman's laugh rang out through the open window.

If I hid I could see through the window without being seen, thought Lucy desperately, but knew that this was a situation to be faced boldly in all its truth.

Yet when she flung open the door, without knocking, the lamplit scene held as little reality for her as if it were, indeed, part of a play. A red-haired woman in a green dress sat facing her in the armchair; by her side, his arms about her, knelt Miles. And Lucy seemed to know the play by heart. She knew the woman would stare boldly across at her with pale green eyes, that Miles would start up and come to her, saying:

"My dear, I waited hours for you and you never came, and when I got back to the cottage I found my cousin had motored down."

And, "*Cousin* Miles," the red-haired woman said, "*cousin,* why not *sister,* so much less suspicious and we both have red hair?"

"I said *cousin,*" said Miles, and turned away. "I thought you had deserted me." He was putting the blame on Lucy, staring at her with eyes that held no truth in them.

"I *hae* deserted you," she said gravely. "Good-by, Miles." She shut the door quietly behind her, knowing that the red-haired woman would hold him from following her.

Captain Gregg's voice was very quiet when he came that evening. "Nothing that I can say would be adequate," he said. "It would be useless for me to tell you that you were in love with a man that never existed, because he did exist in your mind and heart. All I do ask is that you try and forgive me."

"I forgive you," said Lucy dully.

"But I cannot forgive myself," said the captain. "I should have known better, because interfering unasked in other people's lives, whether from kindness or cruelty, is one of the greater sins, and I knew it. It was my own pride. I thought you needed a lesson, and I am the one that should be taught. I am, indeed, a poor representative of either world, and I shall go away until I have learned greater wisdom. Shall I go away, Lucy?" he asked humbly.

But she did not answer him with her voice or her thoughts. She sat there, staring at the ghost of her own happiness.

Captain Gregg did not come back, and the years followed one another, seeming to gather greater pace with their going, till a season seemed no more than a month, and a year no more than a season.

Lucy, in the restlessness of her sorrow, changed her way of living at first. She no longer had any peace in solitude and sought out work in a way that would have gladdened the hearts of her sisters-in-law, helping at the girls' club and the women's institute, at the summer camp for slum children and the winter soup kitchen for the poor, until an attack of influenza, followed by pneumonia, drove her back, on the advice of her doctor, into her old quiet existence, which she resumed with a relief that surprised her.

The dog Tags had died and Anna, saving up her pocket money, had bought her, as a Christmas present, a Pekingese. Lucy called her Miss Ming, and painted a dog basket lacquer red for her to sleep in at the foot of her own bed; but Miss Ming had other ideas and invariably insinuated herself under the eiderdown, against Lucy's feet, as soon as she was asleep, creeping out again in the morning before she waked, till one



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night Lucy was awakened and heard the almost forgotten voice of Captain Gregg booming in her ears.

"Take the damn dog off the bed—bless my soul, it will be between the sheets next."

"Oh! So you've come back," said Lucy, hauling Miss Ming up into her arms. "I thought you liked dogs."

"So I do like dogs," replied the captain, "not furred frogs like that—it's an insult to call a creature like that a dog, blast it."

"You don't seem to have changed," said Lucy. "I thought you'd come back full of noble talk and wise sayings."

"Oh, so you were sure I would come back," said the captain.

"I was too busy to think of you at all till just lately," said Lucy, "though when I was ill I thought of you once or twice. Have you been learning a great deal?"

"I'm not a very good pupil," said the captain. "My thoughts kept wandering back here. I'm still too interested in Mammon, I dare say."

"Meaning me?" asked Lucy pleasantly.

"Meaning you and my house. I thought at any minute you might make another will leaving it to those slum children. Admit that the idea did cross your mind."

"Yes, it did," said Lucy. "It would seem a more natural will for me to make, and Cyril is growing up and may ask questions about such things. He wants to go into the church. He has won a scholarship to a theological college."

"I know," said Captain Gregg. "And Anna wants to be a ballet dancer."

"How do you know about all this?"

"Oh, I take an interest and I've been about."

"Oh!" said Lucy and was silent.

Adult: one who has ceased to grow at both ends and has begun to grow in the middle.

"Yes, I've seen Miles," said the captain quietly. "You were well out of that, me dear. He has grown stout and bald and his taste in women gets younger and younger. They laugh at him and take all he'll give them and turn him down, then he runs back to his wife to be consoled."

"She hasn't divorced him?"

"No. She is a very faithful wife and forgives him every time."

"She's a better wife than I should have been," Lucy admitted.

"She's in love with him, not romance," said the captain. "And real love isn't blind; it sees everything and has an endless capacity for forgiving."

"Were you ever in love?" asked Lucy.

"I thought I was, often, but I never went so far as wanting to marry any of them. The sea and my ships always came first."

"Cyril says he thinks celibacy is a very fine ideal."

"You wait," said Captain Gregg. "The bishop has a daughter with quite other ideas."

"He never told me about a daughter," said Lucy. "But that is like Cyril; he has always been secretive, so unlike Anna—which makes me think you must be wrong about her wanting to become a dancer, as I'm sure she would have told me about it."

"She will tell you," said the captain, "and then the trouble will begin. Be gentle with her, Lucy; it means a lot to her."

The trouble started the following week after Anna had danced at a charity concert. "Mummy," she cried, bursting into the kitchen, "Madame Lachinsky was at the concert and she says she'll take me."

"Take you, darling," said Lucy. "Take you where?"

"Into her dancing school in London. She's been on holiday at the hotel here, and I went to see her and she said she'd come and see me dance and I never dreamt she would, and there she was and she says she'll teach me. Oh, mummy, I'm going to be a dancer!" Seizing her mother around the waist, she waltzed her about the kitchen.

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"What's all this noise about?" asked Cyril, coming in from the dining room.

"I'm going to be a dancer, a dancer, a dancer," sang Anna, continuing to whirl alone as Lucy sank breathlessly onto a chair.

"A dancer!" said Cyril suspiciously. "What sort of a dancer?"

"A beautiful ballet dancer," said Anna, pirouetting on her toes.

"Not on the stage!" said Cyril.

"Of course on the stage. Why not?"

"Mother, she can't," said Cyril, turning to Lucy. "What will the bishop say?"

"Who cares what the bishop says?" said Anna.

"I do," said Cyril. "It may not strike you, but if you go on the stage it may ruin my whole career."

"And what about my career?" asked Anna hotly.

"Now, children, don't lose your tempers," said Lucy. "We must talk this over quietly and ——"

"But, mother, make her see ——"

"But, mummy, make him see ——"

"We won't discuss it at all until after supper," said Lucy. "There must be some solution."

They were still seeking it at eleven o'clock when Lucy sent them to bed and went wearily to her own. *I feel like a battered shuttlecock,* she thought as she slid down between the sheets.

"If I hadn't said I would never interfere with anyone again, I should suggest that they compromise," said the captain's voice.

"In what way?" asked Lucy.

"Tell them that they must each give in a little. If Anna wants to become a dancer, she must change her name; then they can go their several ways and their lives need never meet."

"But isn't that rather sad," said Lucy, "a complete break between a brother and a sister?"

"It seems to me that that would come in any case," said the captain.

"I will sleep on it," said Lucy. "I don't want to interfere with my children's lives any more than you do, but I want them to be happy. Must growing up always mean a breaking up?" she asked sadly.

"No, but it often means a breaking away," the captain said. "And you wouldn't want them to stay anchored for the rest of their existence, growing barnacles all over them and rotting away with rust."

THERE being no better way out of the impasse, Cyril agreed that if Anna were to change her name, there need be no further connection between them. Anna was to leave immediately for London.

"And I should be going with her," said Lucy that evening to Captain Gregg. "I don't like the idea of Anna alone in London."

"Alone in London!" the captain scoffed. "Isn't she going to live with Martha?"

"Yes," agreed Lucy. "Of course it was unfortunate that her husband should die, but I feel it is providential that she should have returned to London and set up a lodging house. I would trust Anna with Martha anywhere. Besides, I couldn't afford to keep up Gull Cottage and live in London as well."

"Then stop worrying about it," said the captain. "And there's no question of your giving up Gull Cottage, so of course you must live in it."

Presently that very question did arise. Lucy had never been extravagant, but she had very little knowledge of money. Suddenly her expenses seemed to be running ahead of her income in an alarming manner. And then Cyril fell ill, and the doctor said that an operation for appendicitis was necessary.

"It's no use," said Lucy to Captain Gregg. "I shall have to let Gull Cottage."

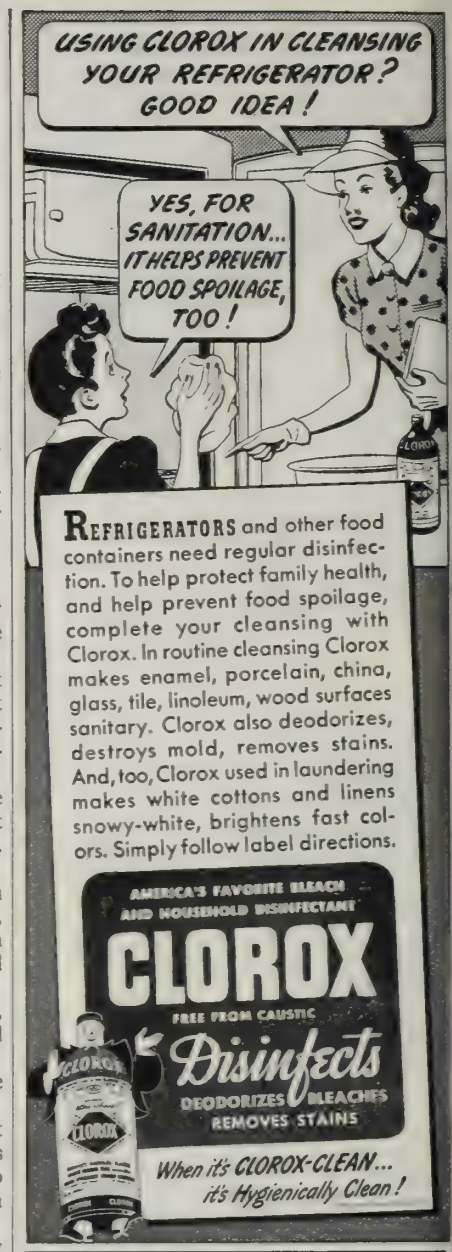
"You can't," said the captain.

"I can," said Lucy, "and I must. If I don't let it, I shall go bankrupt."

"Then you must make some money."

"I might take boarders."

"I won't have a boarder in this house—you a landlady! You'd be driven to drink."





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"Well, what can you suggest?" asked Lucy. "I'm no good at dressmaking, I can't paint pictures or write books, and I'm rather old to learn to be a stenographer. I seem to be quite useless."

"Write books," said the captain.

"I've just told you that I can't."

"No, but I can," said the captain. "I can write a book—bless my soul, I can write a best seller of a book—and you shall put it down."

"But what will the book be about?"

"Me," said the captain. "It will be the story of my life, and I shall call it—I shall call it Blood and Swash."

"I don't think that's at all a nice title."

"It's not meant to be." The captain chuckled. "But it's arresting. Get a pad and some paper and we'll start tonight."

THERE were many times in the next few weeks that Lucy folded her hands in her lap and refused to go on with Blood and Swash.

"Such words," she said one evening. "They would never get printed, and I can't put down things like that. I will not write this Marseille bit; we'll leave that out."

"We will not," said the captain.

"I will," said Lucy.

"Then I won't go on," said the captain. "This is my story and I'll damn well have it my way. This isn't a literary epic, it's the unvarnished story of a sailor's life."

"It's certainly unvarnished."

"Well, smear on your own varnish," retorted the captain. "Change the grammar all you want to as long as you leave the guts under it. And if there's one more crack out of you, I'm through. Marseille is different to any other port in Europe."

By bullying and persuasion and the very real need for the money the book might bring, Captain Gregg hurried her along night after night, keeping her up till all hours.

You can't say anything complimentary to a woman that will surprise her.

Some six months later Lucy crept up the steps of a London publisher's office, the manuscript of Blood and Swash under her arm.

"Tacket and Sproule" were the names on a brass plate over the door.

"I've looked them up and they publish unusual books," the captain had told her. "Ask for Sproule; he's mad about the sea."

"Couldn't I send it by post?" asked Lucy.

"I thought you wanted to keep your name out of it," said the captain. "It will be easier for you to explain that to Sproule than to put it in writing."

And now Lucy was walking up to the door, wishing herself a thousand miles away. The door was ajar, and through it she could see a pale-faced boy seated at a desk. She walked in.

"Is Mr. Sproule in?" she asked.

"Yep," said the boy.

"Can I see him?"

"Take a seat."

She put the manuscript on her knee, and stared at the boy so intently that at last he shifted uneasily and, rising, went through a door with "Mr. Branley" on it in black lettering. Returning after a few moments, he reseated himself at the desk and asked Lucy if she had an appointment.

"No," said Lucy.

"Then he can't see you. Mr. Sproule don't want to see you without an appointment."

"But that door is marked Branley," persisted Lucy.

"Firm used to be Tacket and Branley, now it's Tacket and Sproule—and Sproule's busy." A bell sounded and he lifted the receiver of the telephone. "Yep," he snapped, "yep." The boy, muttering curses under his breath, went out of the room.

"Now, Lucia me dear," whispered the captain, "quick, before that brat gets back."

(Continued on Page 87)



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"Like a faithful and staunch friend, that refrigerator has served continuously ever since. And it is still doing its work, quietly and efficiently."

—from an unsolicited letter by Mrs. M. Carey Drake, of Friendship, New York.



Compared with modern G-E Refrigerators, Mrs. Drake's 1927 "Monitor Top" model is old-fashioned looking. But, thanks to the sealed-in-steel mechanism, "it is still doing its work, quietly and efficiently."



This postwar G-E Refrigerator, shown in a G-E All-Electric Kitchen, is built around *today's* permanently sealed G-E refrigerating unit. Smaller, yet far more efficient than even the record-making original units, the modern unit is concealed *under* the cabinet. You can't see it, but it's there—for attention-free *service* year after year after year!

What every woman should know about refrigerators:

You can see at a glance *some* things about a refrigerator—such as the streamlined beauty and the many timesaving convenience features in postwar G-E models.

But the most important thing, you can't see at all: the "refrigerating unit" itself.

It is important because it must serve you so unremittingly. For the first and most important job of any refrigerator is to *preserve food efficiently*—24 hours a day, 7 days a week, year after year.

Unique! The G-E "sealed in steel" unit

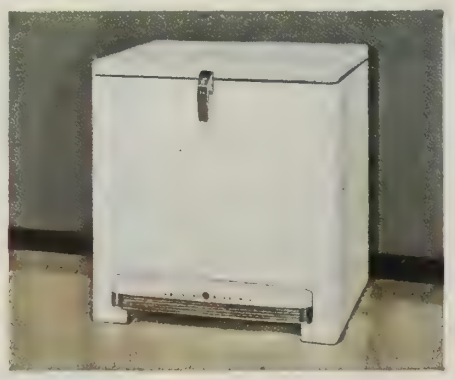
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FOR FINAL VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

(Continued from Page 85)

With wildly beating heart, Lucy rose and crossed to the door marked Branley. She tapped on it as the boy had done, and entered a small room that seemed almost entirely filled by an enormous desk with a large red-faced man seated behind it.

"Well," said the red-faced Mr. Sproule, half rising and pulling out a chair beside the desk as if he were expecting her, "do sit down, Miss Gorton. Our readers quite like Silver Threads, but ——"

"I am not Miss Gorton," said Lucy, seating herself. She began to unwrap the manuscript of Blood and Swash with shaking hands.

"Well, if you're not Miss Gorton, who the—who are you?"

"I've brought a manuscript," said Lucy, ignoring this question.

"So many people bring me manuscripts. How did you get in anyway?"

"I just walked in."

"That boy ——"

"He told me you wouldn't see me, and then—then he was called away, so I walked in."

"Do you always walk in when you are asked to walk out?" asked Mr. Sproule, eying her with a certain favor.

"No," said Lucy. "But as you obviously were in, I didn't see why you shouldn't look at my manuscript."

"Your first book, and you simply had to write it." Mr. Sproule groaned. "All about love, I suppose."

"No," said Lucy, and remembering some of the language and incidents, she suddenly blushed scarlet and sprang to her feet. How could she let this man think she knew about such things as were written in that manuscript, let alone publish them? "I've made a mistake—I must go," she stammered.

A good cry is like sending your heart to the laundry and getting it back clean.
—VICKI BAUM.

"My dear lady!" said Mr. Sproule, rising from his chair in alarm. "Are you ill?"

"No, but I didn't tell you the truth—I mean it was a friend ——"

"A friend wrote the book?" asked the publisher.

Lucy nodded, gazing beseechingly up at him.

"Sit down, dear lady, sit down," said Mr. Sproule tenderly. "There's nothing to be frightened of, nothing at all," and, gently pushing Lucy back onto the chair, he took the manuscript from her and reseated himself. Idly he flicked over the pages. His amused expression gradually changed to incredulity and then to absorbed interest.

At eleven-forty-five the office boy appeared and announced the arrival of Miss Gorton and was told to go away. At a quarter to one, he reappeared to say that Miss Gorton was leaving, and at half past one he returned to say that he was going out to lunch.

"Lunch!" echoed Mr. Sproule. "What's the time?"

"Arps one," said the boy.

"SEND me in a tray from opposite," said Mr. Sproule without raising his eyes. "And I don't want to be disturbed."

"The usual twice?" asked the boy, glancing at Lucy, sitting pale and stiff on the hard wooden chair.

"Anything, anything," muttered Mr. Sproule.

Presently a silent waiter appeared with a large tray laden with pewter-covered dishes, and withdrew as quietly as he had come.

"Aren't you going to eat your lunch while it's hot?" asked Lucy, who was almost famished, since she had had a light and very early breakfast.

"What's that?" said Mr. Sproule, raising his eyes and looking at her with as much surprise as if she were some new species of human on a desert island. "Oh," he went on, "so you're still here."

"Of course," said Lucy.

"Of course," said Mr. Sproule, "and good heavens, it's two o'clock and someone has brought us something to eat. Will you join me in some lunch?"

He lifted the covers off the dishes and handed Lucy a plate weighed down with beefsteak and kidney pudding, mashed potatoes and cauliflower. He put the other plate before him.

"Remarkable!" he said. "A most remarkable book. At first I thought you were being temperamental and that you really had written it yourself, but of course you couldn't have—it's a man's book, and, gad, what a man! I would like to meet the author. Where could I get hold of him?"

"HE doesn't want to be got hold of," Lucy said, her cheeks burning. "He wishes to remain anonymous."

"Oh, nonsense, dear lady. I must meet him—a man after my own heart."

"I'm sorry," said Lucy desperately, "but you can't meet him; he's not there to be met, he's ——"

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Sproule with a significant look at the black coat and skirt that Lucy always wore when she journeyed to London. "I see—I'm afraid I've been tactless—you have my deepest sympathy; I quite understand."

"You don't understand," said Lucy, exasperated by so much uncalled-for solicitude, "and I'm afraid I can't explain."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Sproule slowly, and an interested expression came into his eyes. "Then, of course, I mustn't ask any more questions about this mysterious author."

"No more questions at all," said Lucy. "This is a very good steak and kidney pudding."

"They are noted for it over the way," said Mr. Sproule. "And now," he added, pushing away his plate, "we must talk business. In the event of our deciding to publish, with whom shall I communicate?"

"Oh, dear me. Must you communicate? Couldn't I just come and see you?"

"It would be a little difficult to make out checks—always supposing there were any checks—to Mrs. X. Come, dear lady, you really can trust me, you know. Your secret will be perfectly safe in my hands."

"I'll think it over," said Lucy, "and I'll come back in a week's time and let you know." She went out before he could prevent her.

"He spoke as if he knew I had a secret," said Lucy. "Did you hear him?"

"I did, me dear," said the captain. "Oh, Lucia, you are really very young for all your years, and very innocent."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, me dear, he obviously thought I was human and your lover."

"Oh," cried Lucy, "he can't have thought such a thing. I'll never go back there again—it's disgusting. I'll never speak to him again."

"Oh, yes, you will," said the captain, "for if you don't I'll visit him myself and then the fat will be in the fire."

"Perhaps he won't publish your old book anyway."

"He'll publish it," said the captain complacently, "and it will be a best seller, you mark my words."

It was not for many months that Captain Gregg's history was published, not until Lucy had had to sell out capital in order to meet her expenses, not until Anna was already earning money at the Sadler's Wells Theater, not until Cyril had completed his theological course and become engaged to the bishop's daughter. Blood and Swash was published and the first edition sold out and the film rights sold for a fabulous sum in the autumn, which also saw the marriage of Cyril to Celia Winstanley.

They were all discussing the book at the house party assembled for the wedding at which Lucy was an unwilling guest. Seated at the bishop's right at the dinner party the



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night before the ceremony, she felt so frozen with horror at the situation she found herself in that she was beyond speech.

"A terrible book," said the bishop, who intoned his lightest remarks and sent this one ringing down the long table as if it were part of the commination service.

"What book is that?" asked old Lady Parminster, on the bishop's other side.

"Er—Blood and Swash, Lady Parminster," replied the bishop. "I cannot imagine how any decent firm could bring themselves to publish such a book."

"I thought it rather fine," said a colonial bishop on Lucy's right, a distant cousin of the bishop's.

"Pagan, I should call it," said Cyril.

"Definitely," agreed Celia, a fair-haired, well-groomed girl, so polished in appearance and manners that she gave Lucy the impression that she had been brought up in a glass cabinet.

"Celia dear, I had no idea you had read that nasty book," fluttered the bishop's wife.

"Personally," said Sir Everard Parminster, "I never read anything but the Times and Thackeray."

"And Dickens," suggested Eva, who was also of the party, in pale pink satin and her amethysts.

"Who wrote Blood and Swash?" asked Cyril. "Does anybody know?"

"The author prefers to remain anonymous," intoned the bishop, "and I for one am not surprised. The chapter on Marseille is quite shocking. It would never surprise me if the book were withdrawn from publication. In fact, I have written to the papers suggesting that it should be withdrawn."

"I must say I should like to meet the author," pursued the colonial bishop. "I suppose his publisher knows who he is."

"As a matter of fact," said Eva, "a friend of mine has it on the best authority that the author is a cripple in Soho, who has never been to sea in his life."

There was a curious booming sound as she finished speaking, and a rush of air swept through the room, blowing out the candles on the dinner table, slamming the door in the face of the butler, so affecting Mrs. Muir that she cried out and, toppling sideways, fell on to the shoulder of the colonial bishop, apparently in a dead faint.

"How dared you—how dared you?" stormed Lucy as she lay on the sofa in her bedroom, to which haven she had been carried, and restored with smelling salts, and left by her own request to recover. "You promised me that if I came here you wouldn't say one word."

"Nor did I," said the captain, "but damn it, Lucy, that was too much, calling me a cripple who had never been to sea in his life—it was too much to bear after all that other bunk."

"Will you please go away?" Lucy repeated. "And don't come near me till after the wedding. I don't trust you and I don't like you; in fact, I dislike you very much indeed—behaving like a whirlwind!"

"I know—I'm bad and don't seem to get any better," said the captain impenitently, "and I'm sorry I put you to all that trouble of pretending to faint. I'll go—I'll go." His voice vanished, leaving Lucy alone.

But not for long, for presently the door opened. Celia and Cyril came into the room with faces solemn enough to visit the mortally stricken.

"How are you feeling, mother?" asked Cyril.

"Perfectly well, dear."

"It's like you to say so," said Celia, "but don't you think you had better see the doctor? Cyril has told me that he has never known you to faint before."

"Faint!" said Lucy in astonishment. Then she added hastily, "Oh, yes, of course—but I feel quite all right now."

"You gave us a fright," said Cyril, "and of course it was quite alarming the way all those candles blew out—the bishop thinks it was some sort of an earth tremor."

"A very earthy tremor," said Lucy.

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"I'm scarcely fifty," said Lucy.

"Of course that isn't really old nowadays," said Celia tactfully, "but too old, don't you think, to live alone and do all your own work, especially if you are subject to these fainting attacks?"

"But I am not subject to fainting attacks. I never fainted in my life."

"Until this evening," said Cyril. "We've made a plan. You are coming to live in Whitchester with us."

"It's very sweet of you to think of it, dears," said Lucy, trying to put the fervent gratitude she was so far from feeling into her voice, "but it would never do—young people should have their own home."

"But it would be our own home."

"Not with a mother-in-law in it," said Lucy.

"But we would get on beautifully, I know that we should."

Lucy shook her head. "No," she said, "you are dutiful, kind children, but things are better as they are. I am a selfish old woman, set in her own ways, and they are not the ways of this generation."

"You would have your own sitting room," said Cyril.

"No," said Lucy. "It is very, very kind of you to think of it, but I will stay where I am, at Gull Cottage."

I shall have a quiet rest till lunchtime, thought Lucy the following morning as she lay in bed with Miss Ming warming her feet. *There is nothing and no one to disturb me.*

A gentleman in a telephone booth saw a girl's name, "Mabel," and a telephone number after it, marked on the wall. He called Mabel and a voice said: "Hereafter, save your nickels and buy bonds."

But she was wrong, for even as she dozed a car stopped on the road outside her gate, and Anna's voice came floating up to her through the open window.

"All right, darling," she said, "come back at twelve and take us out to lunch."

Who was darling, Lucy wondered. Anna had so many friends; but she wasn't going to spy on her daughter from behind window curtains, and anyway, if "darling" was coming back at twelve, she would see him then. Anna had her own latchkey and would let herself in. Lucy hastily slipped out of bed.

"Mummy, where are you?" called Anna in the hall below.

"Upstairs, darling," said Lucy.

She was at the dressing table, brushing out her hair, when Anna burst into the room. She embraced her mother warmly.

"You lazy old woman," she laughed, "in bed till all hours on this lovely sunny morning."

"I'm a little tired after the wedding," said Lucy.

"Yes, I want to hear all about the wedding," said Anna. "Celia looked like a Vogue dream in white satin, and what did the bridesmaids wear? Thank God they didn't ask me to be one—and that's not sour grapes. I sent them a lovely telegram and a silver salver. What's all this about Cyril's wanting you to go and live with them?"

"How did you know?" asked Lucy in surprise.

"Oh, I know everything," answered Anna. "But you can't go and live with them; I should never be able to go and stay with you—besides, if you live with anyone, you'll live with Bill and me."

"Bill!" said Lucy.

"His real name's Evelyn Anthony Peregrine Scaithe, so of course he's called Bill, and the ghastly thing is he's a baronet."

"But why ghastly?"

"I don't want to be a lady," said Anna with genuine disgust in her voice. "Oh,

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mummy, isn't life odd? I did my best to fall in love with someone quite different, but I couldn't bear him nearer me than the other side of a table. Here, living with Cyril, who disapproved of me utterly, I felt bold and bad, the Queen of the Underworld, in fact; but on the stage I am the original Quaker girl—I still love to dance, but I want to do it privately, when *I* want, not every night for anyone to see. Oh, mummy, do you understand what a failure I feel as me?" she cried.

"Yes, darling, I think so," said Lucy, though in truth she felt a little overwhelmed. "I gather you are engaged to Sir Evelyn Scaithe and are going to marry him and settle down, and you feel it's rather a tame ending to your career."

"I knew you'd understand," cried Anna. "Dancing isn't just liking to move about to music, in or out of the limelight; it's living it, being possessed by it—that is, if you are to be at the very top, and I could never bear to be halfway in anything. But I love too many things; I love the theater, and music and parties, and I love to ride, and sail a boat in a rough sea, and most of all," she ended simply, "I love Bill."

"You will never be lonely," said Lucy, and tried not to think of how much she had missed herself.

"And you will never be lonely either. You shall come and live with us."

"No, darling," Lucy said quietly. Impossible to explain, even to Anna, that loneliness was not a matter of solitude but of the spirit, and that it was often much greater in company for that very reason. And it was selfish to give herself even a passing thought when Anna was so happy.

"As a matter of fact," went on Anna, "Aunt Eva rang me up last night—very late it was too. Have you got a weak heart, mummy? She told me you had fainted, and frightened me to death about you—but I must say you look all right. It's not like you to faint, even if there was an earthquake."

"But I didn't," said Lucy guiltily. "You know how interminable those dinners can be, and I thought this one would never end, so ——"

"So you pretended to passout!" said Anna, smiling. "Really you are an astonishing old lady. In fact, I think you need Martha to look after you much more than I do—of course, that's the solution! Martha wants to come and be my cook when I marry, but Bill has a cook married to his butler. It would be far better if she came and cooked for you, and then I wouldn't worry about you a bit. And now will you please get dressed, darling, or we'll keep Bill waiting."

THE years sped by, like beads told by nimble fingers on a rosary, smooth and round, full of interest for Lucy with her visits to Anna and Bill, and Celia and Cyril; and now Bill was a Member of Parliament and Anna had grown into his very gracious lady with grandchildren of her own; and Cyril was, if not a bishop, at least very comfortably settled as Canon of the Cathedral and Vicar of St. Swithins. One by one all Lucy's contemporaries were passing away, dropping from the tree of life like autumn leaves; but Lucy had never been dependent on society for happiness, and now she seemed to need it less than ever. With Martha to care for her, she lived a simple life in great contentment. In warm weather she pottered about the garden among her flowers. In cold weather she sat in front of the open fire, listening to the radio and knitting blue jerseys for the fishermen in the North Sea. Often in the evenings she dozed a little, nodding over the jerseys that grew more and more slowly as her fingers became stiff with rheumatism.

One of her recurrent arguments with Captain Gregg was on the subject of this complaint.

"Why don't you go to Harrogate or Droitwich? Why don't you see your doctor?" he asked. "You've plenty of money."

But poverty in her old age was Lucy's one dread. She could not be persuaded that money that had vanished so swiftly in her husband's lifetime might not do the same in hers, even though the proceeds from Blood and Swash had been invested in gilt-edged securities by the London bank into which the amazing royalties had been paid with the strictest secrecy.

"Taxes are going up—everything's going up in price," said Lucy. "I don't want to end in the poorhouse."

"You're a pigheaded, obstinate old woman," said the captain, "and if I didn't think you quite capable of leaving my house as an annex to the Battersea Dogs' Home, I'm damned if I'd come and visit you any more."

"Now I never thought of that," said Lucy with her old twinkle in her eye. "What a good idea!"

"Oh, you—women!" growled Captain Gregg and left her.

The years sped by, and now spring was here once more.

Lucy was drawn out into the sunshine to tend to the blooms she loved so well; but the sun's rays held no warmth for her old bones, and she shivered as she stooped over the flowers, and made no real protest when Martha coaxed her to go in.

"I'll come, I'll come," she said, for she suddenly felt very tired as well as cold.

Lunch revived her a little, the hot chicken soup, the filleted sole and creamed lettuce and potatoes, the chocolate soufflé, cooked as only Martha knew how.

"You don't think we're being too extravagant, Martha?" Lucy asked anxiously as she sank into her armchair.

"Lor' bless you, no, mum," replied Martha. "What you eat wouldn't plump up a sparrer, so why not have the best?"

"I don't want to end in the poorhouse," said Lucy. "We were once nearly made——" What was the word? "We were once nearly made——" What could it be? And why couldn't Martha help her, standing there with her red face, and her mouth a little open—and how old she looked, her face was a mass of wrinkles. Why, Martha was two years younger than she was and she was sure she didn't look like that. "Oh, do close your mouth, Martha," she said crossly, "gaping at me like a codfish."

"Which I was on'y standin' 'ere, mum," said Martha, "because I thought you were wishful to speak ter me." She went out, her skirts rustling indignation around her.

"Bankrupt"—that was the word; of course she would think of it as soon as Martha had gone.

Martha had gone and she hadn't turned on the what-you-call-it, and she knew she liked a little music after her lunch. It seemed so easy to forget words now; she was so tired . . . so tired. Her head nodded sideways and she fell asleep.

But the rest did not refresh her as it usually did, and she felt irritable and out of sorts when she awoke.

She dozed again to the lilting music of a Strauss waltz, her rheumaticky fingers clasping the white bone knitting needles on which the fisherman's jersey grew so slowly. She felt too tired to make her usual change of dress for her solitary dinner, which she scarcely touched, and soon afterward laboriously climbed the stairs to her bedroom.

Her hair seemed unnecessarily tiresome . . . she could scarcely hold up her arms to tend its vagaries . . . the hairpins seemed to think they were nesting birds clinging to their resting places . . . and the pain in her left arm was worse . . . it made her feel breathless and very cross.

"Well, Lucia," said the captain's voice, close to her.

"I wish you wouldn't come bursting in on me like that," said Lucy irritably.

(Continued on Page 92)

One man may teach another to speak, but none can teach another to hold his peace. —POUSH.

Punishment is a cripple, but he arrives. —SPANISH.

Too far east is west. —ENGUSH PROVERB.



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LUCIEN LELONG

(Continued from Page 90)

"You're tired, me dear. But never mind, you'll feel better soon."

"Of course I'll feel better soon," snapped Lucy. "I'd feel better now if you'd go away and let me get to bed."

The door opened and Martha came in with a glass of hot milk on a silver salver. "Are you all right, mum? You didn't eat more'n a bite of your good dinner."

"Oh, do go away," said Lucy impatiently. "I don't want any hot milk—I hate hot milk. Take it away—you bad thing."

"Now, now, don't get in a state, mum."

"I'm not in a state," said Lucy. "I just want to be left alone."

"Very well, mum," said Martha in a hurt voice and went out.

"Call her back," ordered Captain Gregg. "Call her back at once, Lucia."

"No," said Lucy. "She's an interfering old thing."

"Call her back," thundered Captain Gregg. "You can't leave her like that—weren't you taught as a child never to let the sun go down on your wrath in case there should be no dawning?"

"Everyone bossing me," whimpered Lucy. "Oh, very well, you great bully. Martha—Martha," she called feebly.

Martha must have been close at hand, for she came on the moment. "Yes, love," she said eagerly.

"I'm sorry I was cross," said Lucy, and suddenly she was sorry, so sorry that she wept, turning to Martha's greater strength for comfort.

"There, there, love," said Martha, stroking her bent head. "I understand—you just take a drink of the good 'ot milk to please old Martha and you'll be right as rain."

Lucy obediently sipped a little of the milk. "I'm a nasty, cross old woman, but I am very tired and I have a pain in my arm."

"Strained it, I shouldn't wonder, with all that there gardenin'," scolded Martha. "Shall I give yer arm a rub?"

"No, thank you," said Lucy. "I will be better in the morning. Good night, Martha—and thank you very much for looking after me so well."

"Now don't you start that thank-youin'," said Martha, "for abide it I cannot. Good night, mum, sleep well and pleasant dreams."

"GOOD NIGHT, Martha, and God bless you," said Lucy. "I was cross, I admit it," she said as the door closed behind Martha, "but I am so tired," and suddenly she fell back in her chair, her head lolling back and a little sideways, her hand holding the hairbrush swinging at her side.

"And now you will never be tired again," said the captain's voice. "Come, Lucia, come, me dear."

She rose to meet him, and miraculously her pain and weariness fell from her. She went to him gaily, lightly, as a young girl. But who was that, lying back in the chair that she had just left?

"Who is she? How did she get here?" asked Lucy in surprise. "The little old woman?"

"Look again, Lucia," said the captain very gently.

And Lucy, looking more closely, saw her rings on the woman's fingers, her locket on the gold chain about the other's neck.

"That—that isn't me?" she whispered.

"It was you, Lucia," said Captain Gregg.

"But I don't feel like that," said Lucy, "so little and wan and frail."

"It is only your earthly covering," said the captain, "and you have sloughed it as a snake sloughs the old skin. Ah, Lucia, now we are together, as we were meant to be."

"I feel so strange, so happy," said Lucy.

It was quiet in the room. Only the clock ticked on in the remorseless, mechanical minutes that men have made for themselves to measure away the joy and sadness of their earthly lives.

The body of little Mrs. Muir sat very still in the chair, the face tilted sideways, looking without seeing into the painted eyes of Captain Gregg's portrait on the wall.

(THE END)

It's so easy to tell FIBS!

...FIBS are quilted-have rounded ends!





Once you've used FIBS, there are two special advantages that you'll always remember:

FIRST, those smoothly tapered, gently rounded ends that assure easy insertion. You can tell at a glance that FIBS must be easy to use.

SECOND, the "quilting" that prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes. It's a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate.

FIBS quilting also contributes directly to your comfort...keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Stout Women

"I have always been well pleased"

writes a customer of Lane Bryant



We never print a letter without the writer's permission.

This picture was taken in one of your dresses purchased five years ago. It still keeps its shape and color after many washings. All your shoes, too, have worn very well. I have always been well pleased with your merchandise and you can depend on me to order from you for many years.

Mrs. Dorr Roseboom, *Worcester, N. Y.*

"You have a large variety of styles for stout women."



When it comes to fitting the larger figure, there is none to compare with Lane Bryant. You have a very large variety of styles in all sizes for stout women. Your clothing is well made, wears long, and is youthfully styled.

Miss Eva C. Klingbile, *Fish Creek, Wis.*



"You always have the size for me."

I have always been well pleased with every order from you. I tell my admiring friends, "Of course I received this lovely new dress from Lane Bryant." I am sure you will always have the correct size for me.

Mrs. Ruth Clagg, *Erie, Kans.*

"Your clothing is perfectly fitted to stout figures."



I am very happy now to express my good opinion of all the Lane Bryant wearing apparel. I have been wearing your dresses for many years, and I can sincerely say that your clothing is not only beautifully styled, but also perfectly fitted to stout figures.

Miss Vera M. Hubner, *Milford, Ill.*

Lane Bryant
752 E. MARKET ST., DEPT. 56
INDIANAPOLIS 17, INDIANA

DEATH OF AN OLD, OLD MAN

(Continued from Page 36)

sleeping with Joey. Like going home sometimes. Like walking through a wood. Like pouring out a drink from a bottle. Like looking forward to week ends and like being alive every hour every day every year for fifty years. If I die now I will miss all that, and I will miss everything else. I will miss the things that I don't know about. I think that those are really the things that I am frightened of missing.

I think that the reason I do not want to die is because of the things that I hope will happen. Yes, that's right. I'm sure that's right. Point a revolver at a tramp, at a wet shivering tramp on the side of the road and say, "I'm going to shoot you," and he will cry, "Don't shoot. Please don't shoot." The tramp clings to life because of the things that he hopes will happen. I am clinging to it for the same reason; but I have clung for so long now that I cannot hold on much longer. Soon I will have to let go.

It is like hanging over the edge of a cliff, that's what it is like; and I've been hanging on too long now, holding onto the top of the cliff with my fingers, not being able to pull myself back up, with my fingers getting more and more tired, beginning to hurt and to ache, so that I know that sooner or later I will have to let go. I dare not cry out for help—that is one thing that I dare not do—so I go on hanging over the side of this cliff, and as I hang I keep kicking a little with my feet against the side of the cliff, trying desperately to find a foothold, but it is steep and smooth like the side of a ship, and there isn't any foothold. I am kicking now, that's what I am doing. I am kicking against the smooth side of the cliff, and there isn't any foothold. Soon I shall have to let go. The longer I hang on the more certain I am of that, and so each hour, each day, each night, each week, I become more and more frightened. Four years ago I wasn't hanging over the edge like this. I was running about in the field above, and although I knew that there was a cliff somewhere and that I might fall over it, I did not mind. Three years ago it was the same, but now it is different.

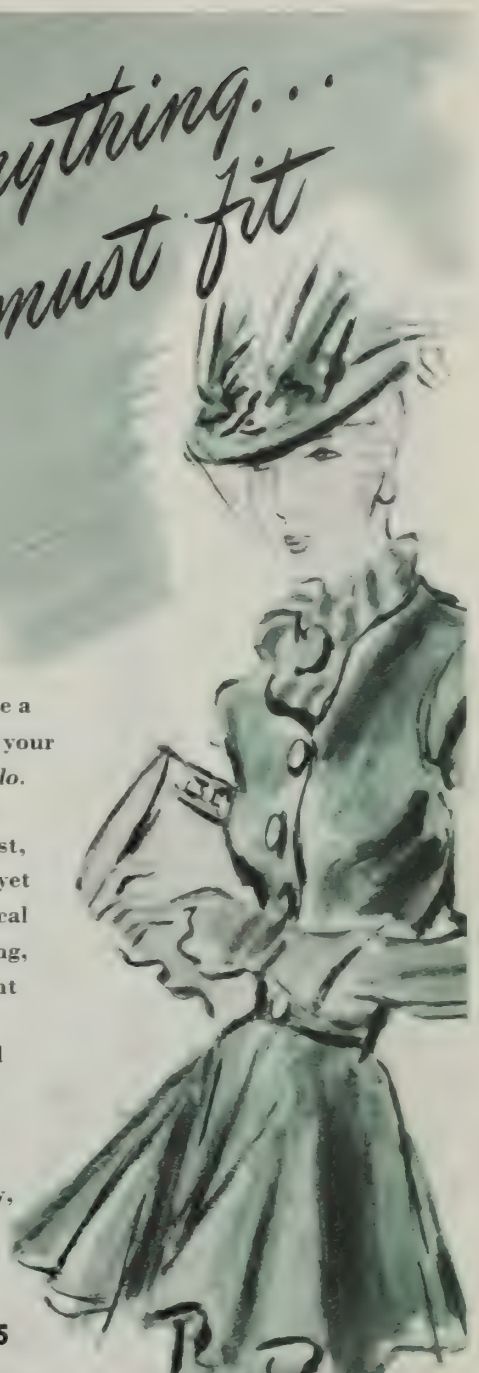
I KNOW that I am not a coward. I am certain of that. I will always keep going. Here I am today, at two o'clock in the afternoon, sitting here flying a course of one hundred and thirty-five at three hundred and sixty miles an hour and flying well; and, although I am so frightened that I can hardly think, yet I am going on to do this thing. There was never any question of not going or of turning back. I would rather die than turn back. The turning back never enters into it. It would be easier if it did. I would prefer to have to fight that than to have to fight this fear.

There's Wassalt. Little camouflaged group of buildings and great big camouflaged airdrome, probably full of one-o-nines and one-nineties. Holland looks wonderful. It must be a lovely place in the summer. I expect they are haymaking down there now. I expect the German soldiers are watching the Dutch girls haymaking. Watching them haymaking, then making them come home with them afterward. I would like to be haymaking now. I would like to be haymaking and drinking cider.

The pilot was sitting upright in the cockpit. His right hand was resting lightly upon the stick, and his left hand was forward on the throttle. All the time he was looking around him into the sky. From force of habit his head never ceased to move from one side to the other, slowly, mechanically, like clockwork, so that each moment almost he searched every part of the blue sky, above, below and all around. But it was into the light of the sun itself that he looked twice as long as he looked anywhere else; for that is the place where the enemy hides and waits before he jumps upon you. There are only two places

(Continued on Page 95)

above everything... fashion must fit



Just as your suit must fit with pure perfection to be a masterpiece of fashion, so must your shoes. *And Foot Savers do.*

The only shoes formed over the exclusive Shortback* Last, Foot Savers flex with your toes yet clasp your heel firmly. Practical proof that, above everything, fashion must fit to look right . . . to feel right.

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(Continued from Page 93)

n which you can hide yourself when you are ıp in the sky. The one is in cloud, and the ›ther is in the light of the sun.

He flew on; and although his mind was vorking upon many things, and although ıis brain was the brain of a frightened man, ⁄et his instinct was the instinct of a pilot who is in the sky of the enemy. With a quick glance, without stopping the movement of ıis head, he looked down and checked his nstruments. The glance took no more than ı second, and as a camera can record a dozen hings at once with the opening of a shutter, ›o he at a glance recorded with his eyes his ›il pressure, his petrol, his oxygen, his rev :ounter, his boost and his air speed, and in he same instant, almost, he was looking up ıgain into the sky. He looked at the sun, ınd as he looked, as he screwed up his eyes ınd searched into the dazzling brightness of he sun, he thought that he saw something. Yes, there it was: a small black speck mov- ng slowly across the bright surface of the ›un; and to him the speck was not a speck ›ut a life-size German pilot sitting in a Focke-Wulf which had cannon in its wings.

He knew that he had been seen. He was :ertain that the one above was watching ıim, taking his time, sure of being hidden in he brightness of the sun, watching the Spit- ire and waiting to pounce. The man in the Spitfire did not take his eyes away from the ımall speck of black. His head was quite ›till now. He was watching the enemy the way a cat watches a mouse; and as he watched, his left hand came away from the throttle and began to move delicately ıround the cockpit. It moved quickly and ›urely, touching this thing and that, switch- ng on his reflector sight, :urning his trigger button rom safe over to fire and ›ressing gently with his :humb upon a lever which ncreased, ever so slightly, :he pitch of the airscrew.

There was no thought in ıis head now save the :hought of battle. He was ıo longer frightened or :hinking of being fright- ened. All that was a dream, and like a sleeper who opens his eyes in the morning and forgets his dream, so this man had seen the enemy and had forgotten that he was frightened. It was always the same. It had happened a hundred times before, and now it was happening again. Suddenly, in an instant, he had become cool and precise, as the workings of an accurate watch are precise; and as he prepared himself, as he made ready his cockpit, he watched the Ger- man, waiting to see what he would do.

Poor folks can enjoy think- ing they may be rich some day, while rich folks can only fear they may be poor!

A rich man is one who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.

THIS man was a great pilot. He was great because when the time came, whenever the moment arrived, his coolness was great and his courage was great, and more than any- thing else his instinct was great, greater by far than his coolness or his courage or his experience. Now he eased open the throttle and pulled the stick gently backward, trying to gain height, trying to gain a little of the five-thousand-foot advantage which the German had over him. But there was not much time. The Focke-Wulf came out of the sun with its nose down, and it came fast. The pilot saw it coming and he kept going straight on, pretending that he had not seen it, and all the time he was looking over his shoulder, watching the German, waiting for the moment to turn. If he turned too soon, the German would turn with him, and he would be duck soup. If he turned too late, the German would get him anyway, provided that he could shoot straight, and he would be duck soup then too. So he watched and waited, turning his head and looking over his shoulder, judging his distance; and as the German came within range, as he was about to press his thumb upon the trigger button, the pilot swerved. He yanked the stick hard back and over to the left, he kicked hard with his left foot upon the rudder bar, and like a leaf which is caught up and carried away by a gust of wind, the Spitfire flipped over onto its side and changed direction. The pilot blacked out.

As his sight came back, as the blood drained away from his head and from his eyes, he looked up and saw the German fighter way ahead, turning with him, bank- ing hard, trying to turn tighter and tighter in order to get back upon the tail of the Spit- fire. The fight was on. *Here we go*, he said to himself. *Here we go again*, and he smiled once, quickly, because he was confident and because he had done this so many times be- fore and because each time he had won.

THE man was a beautiful pilot. But the German was good, too, and when the Spit- fire applied a little flap in order to turn in tighter circles, the Focke-Wulf appeared to do the same, and they turned together. When the Spitfire throttled back suddenly and got on his tail, the Focke-Wulf half- rolled and dived out and under and was away, pulling up again in a loop and rolling off the top, so that he came in again from behind. The Spitfire half-rolled and dived away, but the Focke-Wulf anticipated him, and half-rolled and dived with him, behind him on his tail, and here he took a quick shot at the Spitfire, but he missed. For at least fifteen minutes the two small aircraft rolled and dived around each other in the sky. Sometimes they would separate, and wheel around and around in tight turns, watching each other, circling and watching like two boxers circling each other in the ring, waiting for an opening or for the drop- ping of a guard; then there would be a stall turn and one of them would attack the other, and the diving and the rolling and the zooming would start all over again.

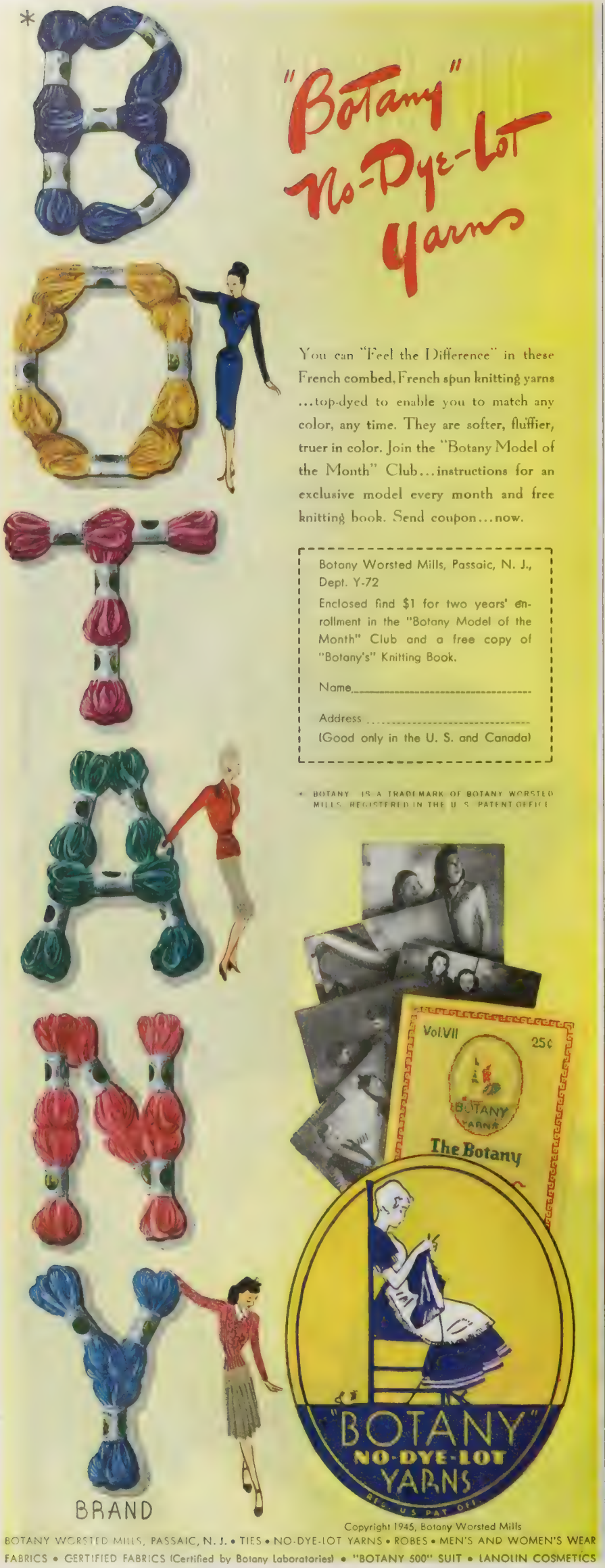
All the time the pilot of the Spitfire sat upright in his cockpit, and he flew his aircraft not with his hands but with the tips of his fingers, and the Spitfire was not a Spitfire but a part of his own body: the muscles of his arms and legs were in the wings and in the tail of the machine so that when he banked and turned and dived and climbed he was not moving his hands and his legs, but only the wings and the tail and the body of the airplane; for the body of the Spitfire was the body of the pilot, and there was no difference between the one and the other.

So it went on, and all the while, as they fought and as they flew, they lost height, coming down nearer and nearer toward the fields of Holland, so that soon they were fighting only three thousand feet above the ground, and one could see the hedges and the small trees and shadows which the small trees made upon the grass.

Once the German tried a long shot, from a thousand yards, and the pilot of the Spitfire saw the tracer streaming past in front of the nose of his machine. Once, when they flew close past each other, he saw, for a moment, the head and shoulders of the German under the glass roof of his cockpit, the head turned toward him, with the brown helmet, the goggles, the nose and the white scarf. Once when he blacked out from a quick pull-out, the blackout lasted longer than usual. It lasted maybe five seconds, and when his sight came back he looked quickly around for the Focke-Wulf and saw it half a mile away, flying straight at him on the beam, a thin inch-long black line which grew quickly, so that almost at once it was no longer an inch, but an inch and a half, then two inches, then six and then a foot. There was hardly any time. There was a second, or perhaps two at the most, but it was enough because he did not have to think or to wonder what to do; he had only to allow his instinct to control his arms and his legs and the wings and the body of the airplane. There was only one thing to do, and the Spitfire did it. It banked steeply and turned at right angles toward the Focke-Wulf, facing it and flying straight toward it for a head-on attack.

The two machines flew fast toward each other. The pilot of the Spitfire sat upright in





his cockpit, and now, more than ever, the aircraft was a part of his body. His eye was upon the reflector sight, the small yellow electric-light dot which was projected up in front of the windshield, and it was upon the thinness of the Focke-Wulf beyond. Quickly, precisely, he moved his aircraft a little this way and that, and the yellow dot, which moved with the aircraft, danced and jerked this way and that, and then suddenly it was upon the thin line of the Focke-Wulf and there it stayed. His right thumb in the leather glove felt for the firing button; he squeezed it gently, as a rifleman squeezes a trigger, his guns fired, and at the same time he saw the small spurts of flame from the cannon in the nose of the Focke-Wulf. The whole thing, from beginning to end, took perhaps as long as it would take you to light a cigarette. The German pilot came straight on at him, and he had a sudden, vivid, colorless view of the round nose and the thin outstretched wings of the Focke-Wulf; and then there was a crack as their wing tips met, and there was a splintering as the port wing of the Spitfire came away from the body of the machine.

The Spitfire was dead. It fell like a dead bird falls, fluttering a little as it died; continuing in the direction of its flight as it fell. The hands of the pilot, almost in a single movement, undid his straps, tore off his helmet and slid back the hood of the cockpit; then they grasped the edges of the cockpit and he was out and away, falling, reaching for the rip cord, grasping it with his right hand, pulling on it so his parachute billowed out and opened and the straps jerked him hard between the fork of his legs.

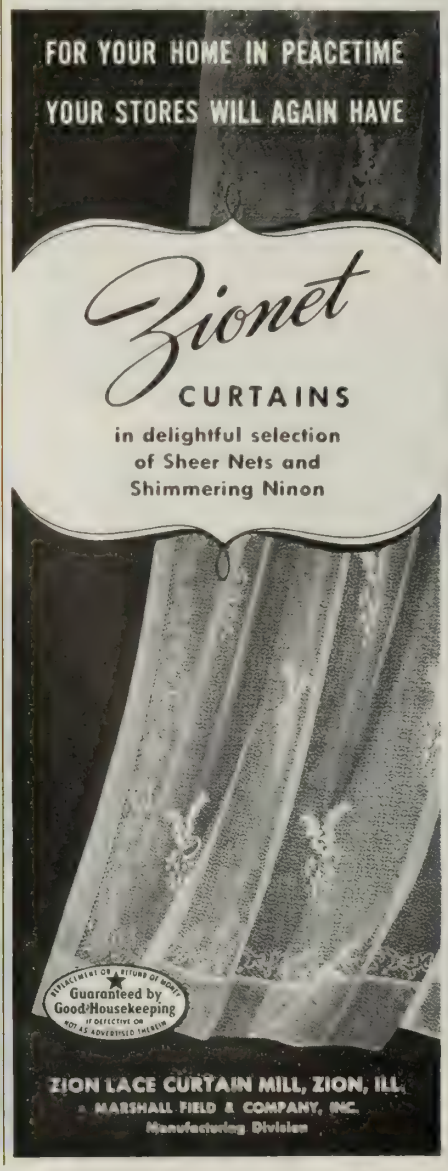
All of a sudden the silence was great. The wind was blowing on his face and in his hair, and he reached up a hand and brushed the hair away from his eyes. He was about a thousand feet up, and he looked down and he saw flat green country with fields and hedges and no trees. He could see some cows in the field below him. Then he looked up, and as he looked, he said "Good God," and his right hand moved quickly to his right hip, feeling for his revolver which he had not brought with him. For there, not more than five hundred yards away, parachuting down at the same time and at the same height, was another man, and he knew when he saw him that it could be only the German pilot. Obviously his plane had been damaged at the same time as the Spitfire in the collision. He must have got out quickly too; and now here they were, both of them parachuting down so close to each other that they might even land in the same field.

He looked again at the German, hanging there in his straps with his legs apart, his hands above his head grasping the cords of the parachute, and it seemed as though he was a small man, thickly built and by no means young. The German was looking at him too. He kept looking, and when his body swung around the other way, he turned his head, looking over his shoulder.

So they went on down. Both men were watching each other, thinking about what would happen soon, and the German was the king because he was landing in his own territory. The pilot of the Spitfire was coming down in enemy country; he would be taken prisoner, or he would be killed—or he would kill the German, and if he did that he would escape.

I will escape anyway, he thought. *I'm sure I can run faster than the German. He does not look as though he could run very fast. I will race him across the fields and get away.*

The ground was close now. There were not many seconds to go. He saw that the German would almost certainly land in the same field as he, the field with the cows. He looked down to see what the field was like and whether the hedges were thick and whether there was a gate in the hedge, and as he looked, he saw below him, in the field, a small pond, and there was a small stream running through the pond. It was a cow-drinking pond, muddy round the edges and muddy in the water. The pond was right below him. He was no more than the height of





house above it and he was dropping fast; was dropping right into the middle of the nd. Quickly he grasped the cords above s head and tried to spill the parachute to e side so that he would change direction, t he was too late; it wasn't any good.

All at once something brushed the surface his brain and the top of his stomach, and e fear which he had forgotten in the fight- was upon him again. He saw the pond d the black surface of the water of the nd, and the pond was not a pond, and the ter was not water; it was a small black le in the surface of the earth which went down and down for miles and miles, with ep smooth sides like the sides of a ship, d it was so deep that when you fell into it, u went on falling and falling, and you fell ever. He saw the mouth of the hole and e deepness of it, and he was only a small own pebble which someone had picked up d thrown into the air so that it would fall o the hole. He was a pebble which some- e had picked up in the grass of the field d thrown into the hole. No one would ar it hit the bottom; no one would hear t because the hole was so deep.

Splash. He hit the water. He went rough the water and his feet hit the bot- n of the pond. They sank into the mud on e bottom and his head went under the ter, but it came up again, and he was nding with the water up to his shoulders. e parachute was on top of him; his head s tangled in a mass of cords and white k, and he pulled at them with his hands, t this way and then that, but it only got rse, and the fear got worse because the ite silk was covering his head so that he uld see nothing but a mass of white cloth d a tangle of cords. Then he tried to move vard the bank, but his feet were stuck in e mud; he had sunk up to his knees in the d. So he fought the parachute and the gled cords of the parachute, pulling at m with his hands and trying to get them ar of his head, and as he did so he heard e sound of footsteps running on the grass. He heard the noise of the footsteps coming closer and the German must have jumped, because there was a splash and he was knocked over by the weight of a man's body.

He was under the water, and instinctively he began to struggle. But his feet were still stuck in the mud, the man was on top of him and there were hands around his neck holding him under and squeezing his neck with strong fingers. He opened his eyes and saw brown water, and he noticed the bubbles in the water, small bright bubbles rising slowly upward in the brown water. There was no noise or shouting or anything else, but only the bright bubbles moving upward in the water, and suddenly, as he watched them, his mind became clear and calm like a sunny day. *I won't struggle,* he thought. *There is no point in struggling, for when there is a black cloud in the sky, it is bound to rain.*

He relaxed his body and all the muscles in his body because he had no further wish to struggle. How nice it is not to struggle, he thought. There is no point in struggling. I was a fool to have struggled so much and for so long; I was a fool to have prayed for the sun when there was a black cloud in the sky. I should have prayed for rain; I should have shouted for rain. I should have shouted, "Let it rain, let it rain in solid sheets and I will not care." Then it would have been easy. It would have been so easy then. I have struggled for five years and now I don't have to do it any more. This is so much better; this is ever so much better, because there is a wood somewhere that I wish to walk through, and you cannot walk struggling through a wood. You cannot do anything struggling; especially you cannot live struggling, and so now I am going to do all the things that I want to do, and there will be no more struggling.

See how calm and lovely it is like this. See how sunny it is and what a beautiful field this is, with the cows and the little pond and the green hedges with primroses growing in the hedges. Nothing will worry me



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8



In Praise of Cadet Nurses

BEATRICE GRAHAM WHITNEY, *of Suncook, New Hampshire, has been awarded the Avon Medallion of Honor for Women of Achievement.*

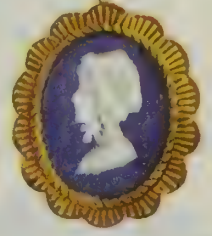
The presentation of this award to Cadet Nurse Whitney, who has been commended by Army Hospital officers as "outstanding in her work among wounded men," is symbolic of the nation's gratitude for the selfless service of the Cadet Nurse Corps.

These girls have shown remarkable ability in discharging their duties and in assuming responsibilities far beyond their years. In addition to releasing thousands of graduate nurses for overseas duty, the Corps is credited with having prevented the collapse of civilian nursing service on the home front.

Sixty thousand more cadets are needed to continue the march of graduate nurses to the aid of our fighting men and those who are being rehabilitated for return to civilian life.

No matter what your activity, personal beauty and daintiness are important to your morale. So welcome your Avon representative when she calls to help you realize the added charm that Avon cosmetics can bring to you.

BE HOSTESS TO LOVELINESS



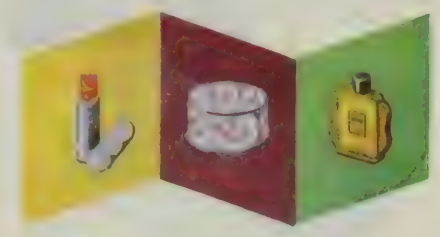
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awarded to women of achievement chosen by the following committee of prominent women:

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GLADYS SWARTHOUT
Metropolitan Opera star

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any more now, nothing, nothing, nothing; not even that man splashing in the water of the pond over there. He seems very puffed and out of breath. He seems to be dragging something out of the pond, something heavy. Now he's got it to the side, and he's pulling it up onto the grass. How funny; it's a body. It's a body of a man. As a matter of fact, I think it's me. Yes, it is me. I know it is because of that smudge of yellow paint on the front of my flying suit. Now he's kneeling down, searching in my pockets, taking out my money and my identification card. He's found my pipe and the letter I got this morning from my mother. He's taking off my watch. Now he's getting up. He's going away. He's going to leave my body behind, lying on the grass beside the pond. He's walking quickly away across the field toward the gate. How wet and excited he looks. He ought to relax a bit. He ought to relax like me. He can't be enjoying himself that way. I think I will tell him.

"Why don't you relax a bit?"

Goodness, how he jumped when I spoke to him. And his face; just look at his face. I've never seen a man look so frightened as that. He's starting to run. He keeps looking back over his shoulder, but he keeps on running. But just look at his face; just look how unhappy and frightened he is. I do not want to go with him. I think I'll stay here for a bit. I think I'll go along the hedges and find some primroses and if I am lucky I may find some white violets. Then I will go to sleep. I will go to sleep in the sun.

Roald Dahl, author of Death of an Old Old Man, will have a collection of his stories published next month by Reynal and Hitchcock. Entitled Over to You, the book will include three stories previously published in the JOURNAL: Katina, Only This, and They Shall Not Grow Old. The book also contains the first full-length publication of Roald Dahl's original story, The Gremlins, a very condensed version of which was previously published as a children's book with illustrations by Walt Disney.

45th STREET ONCE AGAIN

(Continued from Page 25)

together. The chitchat was fairly amusing and the whole business was lent a certain distinction by the introduction of one really well-written part, that of a bachelor-girl friend of the family, the part Helen Sloan was playing.

It also held an interest for me because I felt so sure the daughter could be made a vital part of the play. However, Tom Simpson seemed quite pleased with everything that was happening on stage and quite content, too, to let La Robins do as she pleased with the child.

It was obvious that Simpson was far too well-bred ever to kick up a theater stink. It was enough for him that he had written these pearls in his Connecticut farmhouse and now some highly paid Broadway actors were "putting them on their feet." He had a careful tweedy dignity and a handsome, polite, refined young face which annoyed me and always made me feel he should have stayed on in Connecticut and sent his jokes in to us by carrier pigeon.

I guess my real resentment of him sprang from his handling of the kid. Every day that seemed a greater talent to me. I kept watching her all the time, and the strange thing was that she didn't seem new to me: everything about her was somehow hauntingly familiar.

About the fourth or fifth day of rehearsal, instead of working straight through, Tom called a break at six o'clock and told us to report back at eight. As I was putting on my coat and collecting my script and the few notes I'd made, Joan walked over to me and said that her mother hadn't planned to call for her until later. She wanted to know if I'd mind if she stayed on in the theater. She explained that she had fifty cents and could bring a sandwich in from the drugstore, but I told her not to be silly, to come on out and have dinner with me. I was planning to eat with Helen at her hotel and the two of us would be delighted to have her along.

At the hotel, Helen had some telephoning to do, so she told us to order for her. "Anything," she said. "Anything except mushrooms. Remember now."

"Mushrooms?"

"I'm allergic to them, dear."

"What's that?" Joan asked.

"Oh, I come out in the most awful rash," she said. "But all over, dear." Then she went on to the phone and we ordered and I had my first chance to talk to Joan alone.

I started off by telling her I thought she was good and that if everything went well, this part would undoubtedly establish her around town. She listened to me without saying anything, with great serious eyes, and then she shook her head.

"It's not right yet," she said. "But thank you, Bill. It's going to be."

Then she asked me if I'd seen any of her other shows and I explained about being overseas and having missed everything.

"Well, then, do you know my father?"

I shook my head.

"I don't either. Not really—but I've seen his pictures."

"Is he good?"

"Not—very." She took a long time saying this. But then suddenly she turned. "Oh, but he's very, very handsome. Everybody knows that."

Right then I understood. This child, this Joan sitting beside me, was Mary Laurence's daughter.

Mary Laurence.

I remembered myself young, full of ambitions, directing in summer stock. I remembered meeting her for the first time in a bathing suit on Cape Cod, all sunburned and blond and nineteen. Mary wasn't too beautiful. She was short—about five feet three—and a little like Margaret Sullavan. The thing about her was that she always reminded every man who saw her a little of the girl next door. But when I got close to her, I saw a fire and an arrogance, a poise and assurance that scared me, but made me know for a fact that first time I was with her that I'd never completely get her out of my head.

Mary Laurence.

I remembered the parts she did that summer: the big ones, the good ones, the bad ones. I remembered the rehearsals and the work, going back over and over scenes at any hour, day or night, until we knew together exactly what we wanted and how we could get it.

I remembered New York the following winter in the rooming house on Fifty-fifth. I remembered the room there with its old Victorian marble mantel, and how we'd sit sometimes with all the lights out and watch the glow of the slow-burning coals and talk; and the script I was able to buy with the little part for Mary—the rehearsals for that, the opening, and the heartbreak closing night.

And the other job she got that year for another management, the one where they called me in to direct the last week out of town. I remembered the fights and battles we had on that, and I remembered, too, the real triumph when she finally saw what I wanted and agreed to play it my way. I used to stand in the wings and watch her and I knew how the audience was feeling. I was in love and I knew that the two of us together could do anything in theater we wanted.

And then I remembered the summer of '35, when I had money enough for a company of my own and Mary was signed to do the leads. I was directing and we had new scripts to try out, with the very possible chance of bringing some of them into town in the fall.

And I remembered—what luck we had had in getting the celebrated new Hollywood face, Carlton Vance, to fly on from the Coast to star in the first bill. What luck.

I saw her doing scenes with Vance. I heard him telling her how great she was, how magnificent, and I watched her listening to him and then I saw her playing for the first time her way, not mine.

I saw her again the night in the box office of our little theater asking to be let out of her contract the middle of July so that she could go to the Coast and join Vance. And I remembered we never looked at each other again, straight, eye to eye. Then I saw the lines which appeared about them in the columns, and recalled the difficulty of trying to follow a romance as the movie magazines told it. They were a "twosome," then there was the wedding, then pictures of their "blessed event." Then, nothing. His star shot up, but no word at all of Mary. Then one night Winchell carried the divorce rumor. Then more years of nothing. And then the war.

I remembered everything, but above all I remembered one night going back to the room when Mary had taken my arm and said, "You can say what you like, Bill; we've argued and fought, disagreed about everything and hated each other, but we've always been completely happy together, haven't we, Bill?"

Mary Laurence.

That evening, at rehearsal, we'd stopped for a moment around nine o'clock, and I'd stepped out for a word with the doorman when Mary walked up. She was wearing a blue tailored suit and a little gray hat. We shook hands and stood and talked. Thank God we had something to concentrate on. We talked about what Joan was going to wear. The wardrobe woman was none too efficient, and Mary was getting the clothes herself.

It wasn't until I'd called Joan out and told her we were finished with her for the night and that she could go and report back the next day that I began to realize what the changes in Mary were. There were no lines in her face, no specific signs of age, but her whole being was grown up now. She was Mary still, but she was thirty, not nineteen and new.

It's impossible afterward ever to recall in what order things have happened during a final week of rehearsal. They do happen, that's all. Miraculously, everything is collected and falls into its proper place. A stage manager never runs an opening performance by a normal process of thoughts. There is only the awareness of the black, hushed off stage beyond which there is a space of concentrated light where the actors move about and speak—and always sound quite different than they ever did before—and beyond them still, beyond their brightness and separated by a sharp line, is the terrifying, exciting sea of audience. It is a place and time unlike any other in life, and the Boston opening of The Wedding Ring was no exception.

Several days before we'd left New York, Harry had come to me and told me that we had to get a girl to understudy the three women. He doubted if we'd ever let her go on for Cynthia Robins, but we had to be covered in case anything happened to the others. I told him that by an odd chance the finest actress in America was going to be traveling with us, since her daughter was in the troupe, and he handed over the pile of understudy sides to me and said:

"Pay her a hundred a week and get her up in the parts right away, quick."

A funny thing happened then: for some reason, I was afraid to offer the job to Mary. I had no way of knowing what the ten years had been and there was the awful possibility of her resenting it, of her thinking I was hitting her by suggesting she understudy. But I took the chance and told her what Harry was willing to pay.

For a long time she didn't answer, then she took my hand. "Of all the things you've ever done for me," she said, "that's the sweetest.

(Continued on Page 101)

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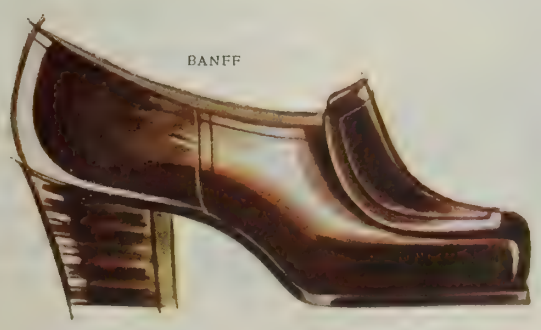


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(Continued from Page 98)

Thank you. We can use a hundred." Then she added with her old pride, with her old quick change of voice, "For tips, you understand." Then she smiled. "I'll know my words the first of the week, never you fear."

The Boston critics were divided. Some of them said it was sophisticated and smart and a sure New York hit, but some said it was thin and needed work. However, they all agreed that the acting and production were "top drawer" and they unanimously pointed out that Helen Sloan's part was dynamite, that she played it with "great gaiety" and "brilliance" and was undoubtedly on her way to stardom. Three of the papers also had the wit to mention that young Miss Joan Vance, making her Boston debut, played the daughter with "naturalness and charm," "childlike simplicity" and "great unaffected appeal." Young Miss Vance, on the strength of this, ordered up a round of chocolate éclairs.

There were rewrites, of course, and these, I found out, were to be done by Simpson in the seclusion of his suite at the Ritz and sent over to the theater for me to stage. (It wasn't fair that he should have the double strain of writing and directing. We all heartily agreed to that.)

I was delighted with the first new lines that trickled from him, because they were to be inserted into the mother-daughter scene and they gave me my first legitimate chance to really get in there and dig with that mess. Luckily, La Robins was no trouble. In fact, it turned out she quite liked being told definitely what to do and where to move and, since she was in such magnificent spirits that week because of her box-office draw, everything was soon "darling Bill" and "but how right you are, my angel."

Joan, of course, took to new lines like an old trouper, knew them by heart after she'd read them over once and played them for the first time as though they'd always been part of her repertoire.

Mary was always around, watching Joan, watching me direct her, and then listening at night to see if I were right. History was doing a peculiar repeat, but we were too busy to talk about it then.

One night the subject did start to come up, but only briefly. Joan had a speech which she read beautifully, and I told her so. She played it as rehearsed on Thursday night and got a little round of applause on her exit. The next night, to my surprise, she stopped halfway through the speech, changed her reading, and ended up very quietly and rather pathetically. When she went off there was no applause. I didn't say anything then, but later on the way back to the hotel she was walking between Mary and me and she took my arm and looked up into my face.

"Bill, I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I'll never, ever do that again."

"Okay."

"I must have been crazy." She hugged my arm and we walked on; Mary was beside us. "You were so right," she said. "Why didn't I know? Why didn't I?"

"Oh, Joanie, don't make such a fuss about it," Mary said, and suddenly I felt very funny walking by her with her kid hugging my arm. "You have to try new things," she said. "It's—well, it's the only way you learn sometimes. Isn't it, Bill?"

I tried to help her out. I said, "I guess it is," and we went on, but we didn't look at each other and we didn't say anything more about it then.

Our first free day came on Sunday after the Boston opening. And the only reason that was free was that Cynthia Robins had a weekly broadcast to do in New York and it was impossible to rehearse any part of the play without her. Most of the company grabbed the chance to take the sleeper down in order to spend the day in New York and we were a forlorn little group left behind at our hotel: Helen, Mary, Joan, the electrician, a man named Smithers, and myself. We saw a movie, walked on the Common, and then gathered in Helen's room around five to talk and wait for Monday.

At eight o'clock Mary made the suggestion that instead of breaking up for dinner we all stick together and move down to her room, and have food brought in to us there. She and Joan went on first to order and see if the maid had been in, and the rest of us stayed back.

When we arrived at their place, dinner was already there, laid out on a large table shoved between two beds. There were consommé, a sort of croquette arrangement, and lots and lots of chocolate éclairs. Joan was all over the place being a hostess and, as I watched her prop pillows behind her guests on the bed and serve them soup over on the bureau, I decided again that if ever I had a daughter I'd put her in the theater the moment she could speak, so that she might get that wonderful, easy thing with other people which all theater children seem to have. I guess I loved that child, Joan Vance. Anyway, her Sunday-night supper party in the hotel room was a howling success.

The next day most of the cast arrived back on the noon train and we had a rehearsal called for two. Around three there was a message for me to call Helen Sloan, and I went out to the box office and phoned the hotel. When her room answered, a doctor's voice told me that she was ill. He thought it was measles. She had a rash and fever and under no circumstances could he allow her to play that night.

Fortunately, Mary was in the theater. She was up in the part, of course; miraculously, all of Sloan's clothes fit her; and so we ran her through twice with the cast and she went on that second Monday in Boston.

She went on as though she had never been away from the theater, as though she had had the full four weeks of rehearsal in the part. I stood with the book in my hand right by the entrance, ready to throw her any line she needed, but after her first speech I relaxed. The old gas was there and I knew there was nothing to worry about.

She played with sureness and great style. There were certain little things she missed, but at the final curtain when Robins called her out for a special bow with her the applause swelled and built up until it was almost a cheer, and it was clear that the old special magic of Mary's was still able to enchant an audience.

When I'd brought the last curtain down and given the order to bring the house lights up, I ran across to her room. I was going to tell her. I was going to come clean and say to her that she was still the big-time gal, that ten years didn't matter, that together ——

At her door the cast was standing around, and some of the stagehands too. I pushed my way through them and saw her sitting in



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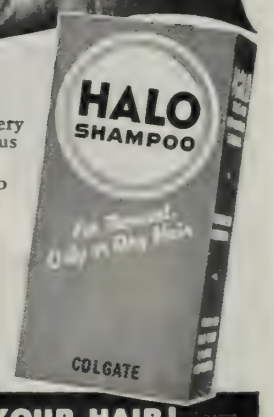
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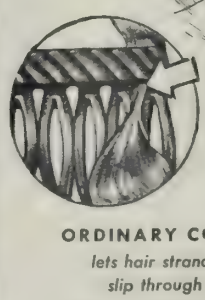


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front of her mirror. She was laughing, and as I stepped into the room I saw Tom Simpson standing beside her. She held out one hand toward me and I took it. Then she said a line I'd heard before.

"It's not right yet," she said. "But it could be. We know that, don't we, Bill? It could be, couldn't it?"

I squeezed her hand. "We'll work, baby," I said. "We'll work, you and I. Night and day. It will be, never you fear."

"Yes," she said and looked in my eyes. For a moment we were together. We were happy and we were ourselves. "We will."

"Nonsense," Tom broke in. "You were great! You were magnificent! You were ——"

She laughed up at him.

"Don't you change a bit," he told her, and then he went on and said those things that playwrights say, and I stood there without speaking, only half listening and looking at her. I seemed to remember from very far back Carlton Vance and one night in summer stock. The easy way. The fancy words.

After a moment she turned to me. "Be an angel, will you, dear?" she said, and she was speaking directly to me; there was no mistake. "Tom wants to talk; take Joanie over to the hotel for me, would you, Bill?"

"Sure," I said, and she patted my hand.

"You are sweet."

"Sure." I went out alone to find the kid.

At the hotel we had some corn flakes and milk, and then as we were about to get on the elevator a strange thing happened. The headwaiter spotted us.

"Ah!" he called and bowed very low. "My favorite actress, yes!"

"Good evening," Joan said, but she didn't do her usual half curtsy. She kept holding my arm and I thought she rather hurried me toward the elevator.

"And how was the dinner last night?" he asked, following us. "As you ordered it? Everything satisfactory?"

"Fine. It was lovely, lovely. Thank you." The kid was practically pushing me into the elevator. "Thank you very much. It was very nice."

But the headwaiter was no one to be brushed aside. He stood at the door of the car and beamed in at us. "Plenty mushrooms!" he said with a great grin. "Just as you say. Plenty mushrooms in everything."

Then the door finally closed on him still bowing at her and we ascended to her floor without saying a word.

HELEN was feeling better on Tuesday. But on Thursday a skin specialist informed Harry that Miss Sloan would in all probability remain lobster-red for thirty days.

Meanwhile, Mary continued to play the part. She didn't play it well, she didn't play it badly, and it apparently didn't matter. Audiences believed her, and Tom Simpson seemed, in his tweedy way, to have fallen in love with her. However, we had practically a week to practice, so I figured we might best polish up Mary's performance. I knew she could be not just all right, but fine.

There were two important places, and I knew that if she agreed with me on these we were solid. They were indicative, in a way, and if she started these right I knew they would give her a slant on the whole performance. One was on her first entrance and the other was a third-act spot.

When the character first came on she spoke of being tired; she'd been dancing for hours, and I wanted her to take her shoes off and play the scene following in her stocking feet. I felt it would give a genuine, down-to-earth quality to the gal and might also lend itself to some good, old, sure-fire comedy.

Mary said she'd try, but I could tell she preferred being decorative and playing her weariness with a kind of brave nobility. The character had been dancing with servicemen, and I'm afraid she thought she could get sympathy for her tiredness if she kept appearances up and her shoes on.

The other point was quite like it. In the third act, after having told her life story to Robins and indicated clearly how desperately she wanted to get away from it, a

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group of soldiers called to her from off stage. Her exit line was to the men. "Shut up, damn you," it read. "I'm coming!"

I wanted her to get sore on this line, to call out to them, bawl them out, to go, of course, because this was a character caught in the round of things; but as she went I wanted the audience to see her pulling herself up, getting tough, and going out with a laugh. I wanted her to read the line out of the corner of her mouth and exit with a definite defiant swagger.

Mary didn't see this at all. It was tragedy to her. The "Shut up, damn you" was to be read with a sob, and the final "I'm coming" was to be a flood of emotion against which the character dragged herself to duty.

Well, we fought.

We fought all around Boston. I am, thinking back on it now, surprised at the violence that went into those days. You wouldn't think—but perhaps you would. It is obvious that the events of ten years before were not dead and forgotten, for either of us.

Our bitterness had that quality of attachment which pain sometimes produces. We couldn't keep away from each other. Nothing but that one subject held any interest for us. Mary accused me of everything that came into her head—even of trying to take Joan away from her. I tried every trick I knew on her—all the old ones, and some new I had learned. She held the big stick of Tom Simpson over me. *He* was the director. I was only the stage manager. And he was satisfied. I made it very plain to her that whatever she had had in the old days certainly was gone, gone forever.

The whole company watched us with something like wonder. Even La Robins took time off from thinking of herself one afternoon and said to me, "My word, Bill, you must be terribly in love."

Chinaman's definition of a toboggan ride: "Whish—walk a mile!" —ANON.

I remember the last night in Boston. I stood in the wings and watched Mary through an open window of the set. It was no good. I wasn't twenty-one and powerful.

The atmosphere around a Broadway theater the day of an opening is not unlike that in a home the morning before a wedding. Great long, white florists' boxes appear: the first indication that things are under way. Then more boxes and baskets of flowers and gifts, and then the cast arrives early to dress and make up, and then the telegrams, the good-luck wishes, the gags, the notes, the rush, the nerves, the show.

Well, I had been through a lot of them. But this time—I faced it—I wasn't in the mood.

I guess it was at a quarter of eight I made my decision. I was thirty-one; it was time I behaved like a grownup for a change; there had been enough of this baby talk; I'd tell her, when I went to call "Half hour"—I'd tell Mary I loved her and to blazes with all the rest.

For fifteen minutes I felt fine.

But when I knocked on her door I heard Tom's voice inside. He was reciting the night's itinerary. I listened to him: "The Stork, Twenty-one, and then perhaps the Persian Room." For a moment I stood very still. This was my chance.

I knocked again and said, "Half hour and good luck, Mary," and then went on down to Joan's room again.

She was standing in her doorway holding an old-fashioned bouquet I'd sent her, one with lace paper all around it. "That's the prettiest thing I ever saw," she said. And I asked her if she had a date that night, or if I could take her home. She said I could and we wished each other luck.

The show went well. It was not sensational, just a good performance of a competent comedy, but for me there were two great and memorable moments in it. And neither

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2 eggs, beaten
½ cup milk

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, salt and ginger. Mix Wesson Oil and sugar. (Pure, delicious Wesson Oil blends easily and quickly. Just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix!) Add molasses, eggs, vanilla and orange rind. Beat well. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Mix well. Pour into oiled shallow pan and sprinkle with mixture of 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Bake at 350° F. about 40 minutes. When cool, sprinkle with confectioner's sugar, if desired. Cut into bars. Makes 24 medium bars.



***And for your salad*— WESSON DRESSING**

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix and shake in a jar. Wesson Oil is just as pure and delicate as it *looks*, never drowns the seasonings under a heavy, oily taste!

For occasional variety: try adding ¼ cup crumbled Roquefort-type cheese, or a chopped hard-cooked egg, or 1 tablespoon chopped onion.

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of these was written by Mr. Simpson. The first was the entrance of Mary Laurence. There was a little polite applause and then the cast gathered around her and went on with the lines. But at that moment I saw little Joan get up from her usual position on the sofa and come around deliberately to Mary, who was standing behind the sofa. Then I saw something occur which had never taken place on the stage before. She stepped on her mother's evening slippers with both her feet and left her full weight there for a good sixty seconds. Mary's fists tightened. Her face never changed. She went on talking, but when she crossed around in front of the sofa she was walking in her stocking feet and carrying both shoes in her hand.

The other moment was Act Three, and that, too, was by Joan, not Simpson. The scene had gone beautifully, but as the men called from offstage and as Mary got set for her exit speech, I saw Joan again leave her proper position and cross to behind her mother. She hadn't been noticed by the audience, and perhaps it appeared as a natural move. The men called again, and then I saw Joan slowly take her mother's upstage wrist, the one hidden from the audience, and pinch it with all her might. Mary turned to her as though she'd been bitten, then in a flash she turned back to the window, her face livid. "Shut up!" she hollered instinctively, and in a vixen's rage. Then she stopped and broke away in the direction of the door. But it was too late. She was caught. She couldn't ever get back to the sad, emoting bravery. She had to go on. She looked back at the others. "Aw, shut up, damn you," she yelled, and then right out of the corner of her mouth she let them have it. "I'm coming!" she said, and stalked offstage. The applause was terrific, but I shall never know if Mary heard it. She walked by me straight into her room and closed th door.

There were fourteen curtain calls and record mob backstage, but my job was fir ished. I pushed my way through the famou and collected Joan in her dressing room. Sh looked enchanting, and I told her I was tak ing her out for supper. I also told her sh had no soul, that she would undoubtedly b a great success in the theater and that loved her good.

She looked at me for a moment and the said, "What's going to happen?"

I said, "I don't know."

She frowned and said, "I'm almost afrai to go home."

I said, "I don't wonder."

Then she grabbed up her bouquet and w started to fight our way through the mob.

At Mary's door we were caught for a mo ment by some people who had to say ex travagant things to Joan. But we wer caught just long enough for me to hear on speech from Tom Simpson, one speech h was saying to Mary.

"Listen, my sweet," he said, "I'm floored You know I've always thought you wer perfect. But tonight—listen, tonight yo were—this was the best performance you'v ever given. You were inspired; I mean i Darling, this was genius."

Then we fought our way out into the coo dark theater alley. We were almost at th corner when Joan stopped and looked back Someone was coming. I could hear runnin footsteps on the pavement.

Well, you know the rest.

In a moment Mary had one arm, Joan th other. We began to walk, but after onl three or four steps Mary looked up at m

"Shut up," she said. "I'm coming."

Joan giggled.

We went on to supper.

"I WANTED WINGS"

(Continued from Page 26)

because I must get him to say what he had to say, "isn't that responsibility? To land a ship with a hundred flak holes and a wing tip gone? To fly with two engines out? Or a dead navigator? Or a broken radio?"

The captain got up. "Let's take a look at the crap game."

Round the table the boys stood three deep.

"See the stakes," said the captain.

The lowest piece of money on the table was a five-pound note, worth twenty American dollars.

"Tomorrow night and the night after, and most of them will have shot a month's pay. Then they'll be broke, but they'll be taken care of. No debts, no doctors' bills, no school tuition."

We went back to the fire and I said, "How did you get to see these things?"

"I'm old. I'm twenty-four. I worked my way through school. I had a good idea of the value of money, because there were folks dependent on me—partly. I've lost that, of course. You lose perspective flying."

I remembered the look of the earth from twelve thousand feet, the leveling of heights, the flat values of hills and valleys.

"But you haven't lost it. You are not talking in your sleep."

"I was till you came. I guess you waked me up."

"I haven't said anything."

"You're a civilian. You were home—when, last night? Listen. I'm going home. I've done two tours. Seventy missions. I've *got* to go home! They won't let a man stay after two tours. Now I've got to go home for good. Twenty-four years old. Maybe a ground assignment in the States or the Pacific. Then I'll be twenty-six. What chance does a guy have at twenty-six?"

"You can fly."

"A bomber pilot in a commercial transport? We don't go in much for comfortable landings. Maybe some of us can learn those rules. But the companies won't take us. It's too dangerous. No, I think I'll go into buying and selling potatoes. I have some contacts there and there's money in it."

"Potatoes ——"

The dive was so sudden that I looked fo the smile on the pilot captain's faintly cyn cal lips. He was quite serious. Two of th boys who had gathered round us laughed ou at him and said some of the words that cor nect fliers and soldiers and are not obscen when these boys say them.

So I began to notice the others and se how silent and thoughtful they had becom under their words, as if each had quietl landed in the personal world of what h thought was home. I tried to remember suc a world at nineteen, at twenty, and it wa hard; but as I looked over these faces, I sa how hard it was for them to cross the spa that had been only a twentieth of life. A gi or half-a-dozen girls, seasons of games, pile of books, troublesome parents and death i visible and incredible. Report cards, brough fearfully home from school! Today the re port cards after the cold, indifferent interr gation had been black-marked with losse losses of men and ships; failures of bombs t kill. Which was dream, I wondered, an which was waking? The conflict was s plain on the faces I was watching that I wa relieved when the boys said good night an went away to bed.

Midnight had come and gone. The sleepe were getting up for the first briefing, eatin their solid pancake breakfasts in the bi kitchen and moving unhurried, slouching, t the briefing rooms across the snow. I fo lowed them. All was normal there, quie without tension, the day's work. The voic of the briefing officer was a monotonou drawl, but his pointer on the screen move fast beyond my understanding over th death spaces. In the class there were n quick motions, no audible breathing—nor of the nerve gestures of a football squad b ing coached on a blackboard between halve I asked myself why and saw the answer suc denly: normal life would be resumed aft the football game, but this mission *was* li and the whole of it. The next act woul either be more of the same or crack-up.

(Continued on Page 106)

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¾ tsp. salt
1¼ tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. baking soda
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup milk

Cream shortening and sugar, slowly add molasses, beating constantly. Sift together dry ingredients and add ½ cup to molasses mixture. Add eggs, beat well. Add remaining dry ingredients alternately with milk. Pour into well-greased 8-inch cake pan. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.), about 60 min. One word of caution! Be *sure* you use Grandma's Old Fashioned Molasses . . . for the *sweetness* this cake needs to make it a success. Not only is Grandma's *sweeter* than ordinary molasses, but it has a finer, more delicate flavor—(one cup equals a cup of sugar in sweetness). It's the *only* nationally sold brand that *does not contain* sulphur dioxide!

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(Continued from Page 104)

So when the immense sound of the warming engines came suddenly into the quiet room, I was the only one who jumped.

When I left this English base, I thought I had gone as far from my own world as a man can go. I was wrong. The fighter base in France was a step beyond.

It was a TAC group. Its job was fighter-bomber support of the ground forces, which meant that its pilots dropped bombs, shot at the enemy in the air and, with their guns, destroyed men, trucks, trains, planes and supplies on the ground behind the enemy lines. In his plane, the fighter pilot was alone.

I drove to this base from the infantry front. It was a good transition, because I had seen what the infantry needed from the air. The major who was my guide was a Public Relations Officer. In the cold night drive, I looked for a warm fire in a cozy brick building. I looked for all the things that had made a home for the bomber crews in England. So as the jeep came to its last halt in the hub-deep mud, I asked:

"Are we stuck?"

"No," said the major. "We are there."

Then I saw the dim outlines of a canvas town stretching away in the mud sea. "They live in tents?"

"Of course. What did you expect? These TAC fighter bases are not permanent. They move up. But come in here. This is the club."

We went into a battered old French house. The mirrors and bric-a-brac of the forgotten owner still stood like dusty ghosts about the walls. In a corner of the broken tile floor stood a stove of G. I. make, red-hot. In riotous celebration against this singular background stood some fifteen American boys.

It was a holiday. It was school let out. It was the end of commencement with a long summer lying lazy ahead. It was snake dance after the game. It was all these known things together; so remembered and familiar that, for an instant, their world and mine seemed to merge.

"Are they all going home?" I asked.

"Going home? Good heavens, no!"

THE major detached a pilot and introduced him. I saw the Flying Cross on the boy's chest. And then I could hardly believe it, for he was so hell-with-it happy.

"Boy," he said to me, "boy, sir, you've come on a big night!"

"A mission?"

"No," said the major. "They've got their Mustangs back. They had Mustangs before. Then, for a while, they had to fly Thunderbolts. Today the news came that they've got their Mustangs back."

"Not only the news," said the boy, "but the Mustangs. I'm taking one up on a transition flight tomorrow."

"But they tell me," I said, "that the Thunderbolt is a good job."

"It's a good truck," he said. "It isn't an airplane."

"It's got a good engine," said the major. "A Thunderbolt engine can be hit and still you can land the plane. When a Mustang engine gets hit, it's all over."

The boy's eyes turned dangerous. "Mustangs," he said, "don't get their engines hit. They're too fast."

"The Thunderbolt," the major persisted, "carries a bigger bomb load."

The pilot turned to me with a hard effort at patience. "Who the hell wants a bomb load?" he said. "Are they trying to make us into heavies? Who the hell wants a bomb load when you can't get off the runway with it? Look at Butch this morning." He looked back at the major and the major smiled just in time.

"Take it easy, Mac," he said.

Later the major explained. "I took a chance with Mac," he said. "You can insult their girls if you like. But it's healthier to leave their Mustangs alone. They've forgotten the other kind of love—if they ever knew it. Go to another base and you'll find them in love with Thunderbolts. They're all

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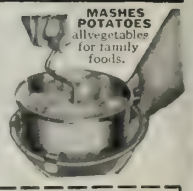
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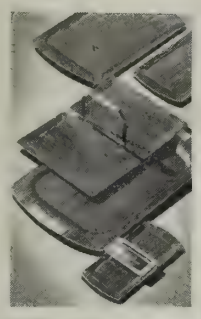
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in love with something. Maybe that makes them die happy."

"But if they don't die—can they live happy in a grounded world?"

"I don't know. We converted them quickly to the air. Perhaps somebody can reconvert them—slowly. But their formative years were in the sky. Can they learn your ground language now?"

The language of little tradesmen, lawyers, dirt farmers. The language of rent, price, profit, loss, goods; the language of conscience; of marriage, divorce, obstetrics, diapers.

Through the mud we drove six boys home in our jeep. They were on the hood, the fenders, one another's laps. They sang and yelled their unmeaning obscenities. After they had gone to their tents we heard their song all the way back:

"I wanted wings,
But now I've got the Goddamn things
I don't want them any more."

"Is that true?" I asked.

"God knows what's true," the major said. "That's for the folks at home to find out."

The chorus was faint now and the jeep was loud:

"They taught me how to fly
And they sent me here to die;
I've had a bellyful of war."

The major laughed. "It's young anyway," he said. "Maybe that's the main hope."

"What about Butch?" I asked.

"You'll see him tomorrow. But I'll show you his plane first and you won't believe it."

Never try to reform a man. If his mother has failed, so will you.

Prayer of a Scottish preacher: "O Lord, guide us aright, for we are verra, verra determined."

The morning was warm and blue, a rare flying day.

"Everything will get off today," said the major as we drove round the airfield's perimeter. In the mud just off the end of the runway was a Thunderbolt, upside down. "Butch," said the major.

"But you said we'd see him today."

"We will. Butch is all right."

I looked back at the plane and tried to picture a whole man crawling out of it. Then we drove to Butch's squadron. On the way the major asked me what I thought of fighter pilots. I told him in terms of bombers.

"Yes," he said, "they live faster, more intensely. They make quicker decisions. They take their pleasure in big doses because they expect to die."

"But they show no fear," I said.

"No. You must live with them a long time to see that. You must see the gadgets in their pockets, round their necks. How one man must take a shower before a mission and another must wear the same dirty shirt he's always worn. The words you mustn't say because they were said to someone just before he crashed. The other day I was in a kid's quarters and I saw eight letters from home unopened—fear. They shove it out of sight, but someday it will all gang up on them. But you make an old civilian mistake when you call fighter pilots lone wolves. A squadron is a tight team. They cover one another in formation. Wing support is like football interference. And the grief when one is hit is as deep as the grief in any bomber crew. Let's go see Butch. I'll get him to tell you about wing support."

Butch was in the sunlight outside his tent, carefully cutting his nails. His face was covered with talcum. His hair had been slicked to mahogany veneer. He was a frail little fellow of nineteen, the smallest pilot I had seen.

"Hello, Butch," I said. "I've just seen your airplane."

"That's not an airplane. That's a Thunderbolt."

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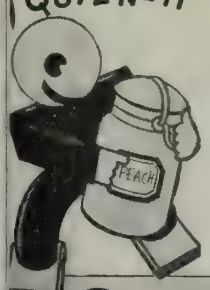
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"Yes, but you're shot with luck, aren't you, to have it turn over on top of you and you come out without a scratch?"

"That wasn't the luck," said Butch.

"How did it happen?"

"I started down the runway. I couldn't get airborne. I gave her everything. But I couldn't get airborne. Then I knew I wouldn't ever get airborne, so I chopped. It was too late. We went off into the mud."

"And you don't call that luck—that you came out from under it without a scratch?"

"No, sir," said Butch, looking carefully at his face in a little hand mirror. "The luck was she had her full bomb load. It was on top of me, but it didn't go off. Two thousand pounds of bomb."

"Listen, Butch. I'd like to do a story on wing support. Can you tell me about it?"

"Well," he said, "it's this way. Judson over there is the element leader. I'm wing support. All right, we get in formation. Oh, hell." Hell was not the word he used. The word he used was the word books are banned for in Boston.

I tried to encourage him, and he began again.

"We're in formation, close. All right. Out of the cloud comes a Kraut at two o'clock." He stopped again. "Oh, shucks," he said. "Jud will tell you, sir."

I asked Jud, but it was no good. I asked four others in Butch's squadron. They all answered me in words of despair, and I knew then that no fighter pilot in all this record-breaking group could ever tell me what wing support was. They could never tell anyone but themselves.

On a day when all the world was picture-post-card blues and greens, I went to an island in the Tyrrhenian Sea. Once it had been a land of last escape for romantic tourists. Now it was an escape land for the boys of the Air Corps, curiously called a rest area.

All day in the intense sunlight and sharp shadows, combat fliers climbed the *salitas* and gathered in the little squares to buy hideous cameos for late-remembered girl friends. All night, while the moon, flooding through stone pines, painted total unreality on the immense and silent sea, the boys drank, danced, spent what furious moments of love the island afforded and told their endless stories.

Missions were reflown over and over by a pilot sitting at imaginary controls. It was only wider, louder, more released. The audiences were new. The fight for reality in the remote peace of the island was more intense.

The Red Cross girls who tried to lead the boys out of the clinch of their fraternity into dance and singing, told me that there was healthy catharsis in all this; that they were "getting something out of their systems." To me, the civilian stranger forever outside the gate, it seemed that they were keeping something in—something still necessary to life and mission sanity—defending it against the threat of beauty; the threat of ground and sun, measurable distance and the smell of earth; the threat of home, women and seasoned food.

I came home then. I came back to life that I had called normal; to ordered streets, whole houses. I came back to reality and knew that all my life would be shaded by the cloud dreams, which I had so barely understood. Yet here at home, somewhere, was the conclusion of the serial story I had begun to read. It would be incomplete, with strings untied; the movement of the characters would go on beyond my life to rebuild or destroy. But I could not leave it.

There were too many questions. There was the question of finished tours, of tours broken by flight surgeons. By the shipload, these boys were coming back. Some were going forever home, some would be caught in the vast circle of rotation—screened, sorted and redealt. Some would be rebuilt from scratch—more delicately and uncertainly than engines, because minds and spirits cannot be machined to a planned tolerance.

One spring day I went to a big beach town which for generations before the war years

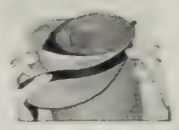




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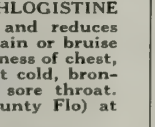
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had been dedicated to pleasure. It was swarming now with soldiers. I found the combat fliers back from the war in a genial place encumbered by the heavy title, Army Air Forces Personnel Distribution Command.

"Don't be alarmed by the name," said the colonel at its head. "Civilians are scared by Army words. We've had to abolish some of them. We don't say 'rehabilitation' any more. We don't say 'psychoneurosis.' They make the home folks think a boy is queer when he is simply tired. Well, I can show you what the Army is doing here. But suppose you get it first from the G. I.'s."

I went to the enlisted men's mess and I began to disbelieve the beginning of my story. I spoke to a sergeant gunner about the food.

"I've never known anything like it," he said, "since I can remember. But it's not only the food. It's the whole place." His eyes drifted for a moment. "I bailed out over Bucharest," he said.

He told me about it for an hour. He spoke without tension in plain language and he told more of people than of engines.

"This place is something," he said, "after you've been a prisoner."

"You've been home, of course."

"Yes. But this place is something. Your wife and kids can come here and it's something for them too."

But home? I said good-by to the gunner and went to an immense building full of tennis courts and doctors. Alongside the tennis courts was a line of soldiers going in and out of little offices. I found an office marked "Flight Surgeon" and I went in. I asked the doctor some questions.

"They are being 'processed,'" he said, pointing to the men outside. "That's an Army word. Eyes, teeth, bones, nerves."

Keep alive your faith in the ultimate triumph of good by remembering this wise saying: "There is not enough darkness in all the world to put out the light of one small candle."

"And combat fatigue?"

"Yes, call it that."

"You were a flight surgeon overseas?"

"In a bomber group. Well, these men are supposed to be O.K. We make sure of it. If they are, they go to a new job somewhere in the United States—not flying for a while. If we find something that the overseas doctors have missed or something that has developed *since a boy came back*"—his voice rose an instant in emphasis—"we send them to a convalescent center where the men also go from the general hospitals."

"They go home before they come here?"

"For twenty-one days. They have to. They'd go nuts if they didn't."

"Do they sometimes go nuts because they do?"

He looked at me as if I had answered rather than asked a question. "I am still in the Army," he said, "and so are they. It's a fine thing to have their wives and kids come here. This is the Army. Nobody's on exhibition. Nobody's a hero . . . or a sucker," he added slowly. "But this processing," he went on, "takes only a fraction of a man's time here. The rest of the two weeks is swimming, lying on the beach, games, straight rest and no questions asked."

"The Army is doing this for its own purposes?"

"Theoretically, yes. To keep men fit for war."

"Does it help fit them for peace too?"

"Go to a convalescent center," he said. "It's all part of the same show. Maybe that will answer your question."

The earth was coming alive in the rolling farm land where I found the end of my story. The willows were yellow green, the fields were newly plowed. Cows and pigs were giving birth and the men who assisted these lively functions were in uniform. I found a major worming hens with a stomach pump.

(Continued on Page 111)



What makes sewing more fun?

Answer: When the clothes you make not only *look* well and fit well—but *wear* well, besides! That's why it's smart to follow the lead of the experts and choose time-tested Talon slide fasteners every time. For only Talon fasteners give you a specially developed fastener for each different closing need! That means better service, longer wear!



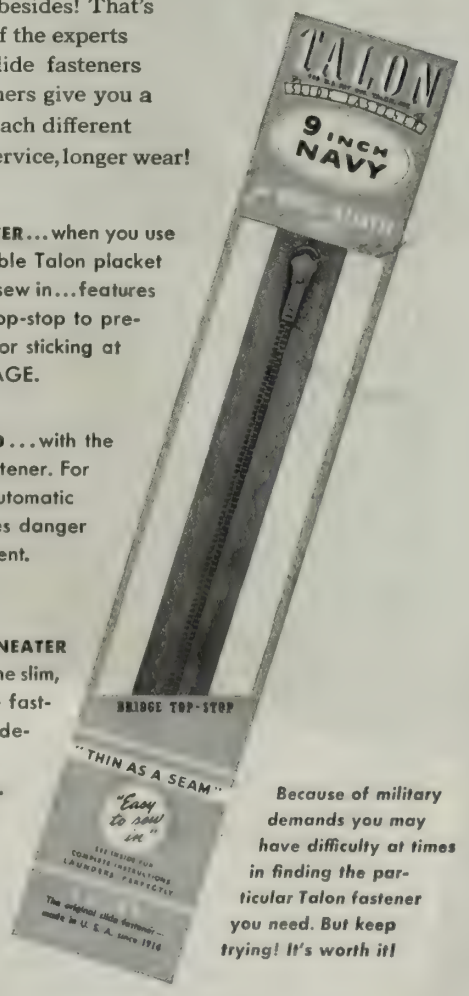
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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

★ 53,490 *entered the Armed Forces* ★ 906 *have given their lives for their Country*

(Continued from Page 109)

'e left the hens after a while and put on a ouse with a Flying Cross on it.

"That's enough for today," he said.

I went to the great, sprawling building hich had once been a boarding school for ch little boys. It swarmed with men and ogs and kids. Someone took me upstairs nd showed me shops and classrooms, voca- onal schoolrooms, theaters and studios.

"You assign patients to these places?" I sked.

"Good Lord, no. They either find them r themselves or they don't. A pilot came ere once. He had flown I forget how many issions over the Hump. He was through r good. The hell with the world; he didn't ant any part of it.

"Well, everybody here is left alone—ex- pt for medical baths and thermal treat- ent. We left this kid alone for three weeks. e walked around all the time from room to om. He called people sissies because they ainted pictures. They told him in air-crew nguage to go to hell and one day he walked s far as the cow barn at milking time. He opped and watched for five minutes and then he let out a string of words that would have conked a one-o-nine.

"'So you call that milking!' he yelled.

"After that, he worked on the farm ten hours a day for six months. He's all right now. Oh, sure, we knew he'd grown up in Iowa. But we left him alone. After that many missions a farm boy might want to build skyscrapers the rest of his life."

Late in the day, I talked to the psychi- atrist. "It is still the Army," he said.

I had almost forgotten. "Yes," I said, "but some of these people are going to be discharged from here into civilian life."

"Then they will become a civilian prob- lem. Are civilians doing anything about it?"

"I understand so. There are men working on re-employment. There are centers ——"

"No, no. The people at home. In the small towns. The people who don't know, who don't understand. You are a civilian— but you've caught a glimpse of something else. And you have seen us here. Can you make them see these things?"

"Probably not," I said, remembering distant homes after another war. "But I can try."

NOT QUITE LIKE THE BOOKS

(Continued from Page 22)

essie was eating doughnuts. "Oh, well," id Alix, reaching for a nice hot one, "who ures about the calories?"

The car decided to go, starting in coy tle leaps and bridling at her. As she backed own the drive, she ran over a few of ommy's bats and balls and an old orange ate from heaven knows where. She drove pidly, because she was late. And also be- use the nightmare was chasing her. That as the trouble with the dream: the night- are came after it.

She remembered just when she had begun worry about Jim's mental state when he ot back. There was an article in the maga- ne. Maybe she would have risen above at, but there was another in the next agazine. And then the lecture by that cute d man with mustaches, on how to treat the turned veteran. And all the stories she had ad. The most awful things seemed to hap- en between husbands and wives when the en got back. The wives never understood nd the husbands nearly left them—yes, ey did.

The lecturer, the books, the stories all ightened her to death. Would Jim be cold nd separate, lost to her? Would he mind wfully that she hadn't been in the trenches nd foxholes, resenting what he'd been rough when she stayed quietly at home? ould marriage and family life seem un- portant to him?

Alix shivered, and almost ran down the xpressman. She leaned out and smiled. Sorry—out of practice," she called.

Well, she told herself stoutly, *I'll simply nd purely walk on eggshells when he comes me. If he wants me to be pale and grave nd silent, I'll be it, if it kills me. It's not my ay, but I'll do it.*

She stopped a moment at the butcher's. Any neck bones?" she asked hopefully. Isn't it good there are so many necks in e world?"

"I got a few." He was always cautious w about what he had. "And some hearts r your dogs. How's Priscilla? She going have any more puppies? I think when the y comes home, he'd like one of hers."

Alix smiled. He had his dreams too. "Well, e haven't made any arrangements for a edding yet, but you know how Tommy is."

"I never did see such a dog-minded boy all my life," he agreed.

Both of them spoke at once then: "What you hear?"

"Well, the boy thinks he may get a ave—he's been on so many missions, he's ie."

"I haven't heard for—for some time."

"You know how the mails are."

"Yes."

She thought about the mails, keeping an tangible but stronger-than-steel bridge between Iowa and Iwo Jima, Chicago and Cairo, Sioux City and Stalingrad. There were articles and talks, too, about what to write to the one across the world. *I'm glad nobody has to see my letters*, she thought, *as an example. "Dear Jim: I wish you would consider letting me give away that old brown suit; it looks like a potato sack for a sack race. I know how attached you are to it, but after all—and the puppies ate up the cuffs of the trousers this week when I was cleaning your closet. It hangs in frills now—the pants, I mean. Please think this over. Tommy is getting to be a real tycoon; takes after your side of the family. He's buying and selling old bicycles. He fixes them up and paints them—and really makes money, of course not counting what I pay the cleaner for his clothes. Pen has knit some socks for you and John. Don't mention that one sock is twice the size of the other when you write; it just seemed to happen that way."* No, her letters wouldn't stand much analysis.

Main Street was beginning to look very shabby. Paint peeling from shop fronts, display windows dusty. Signs were pasted on most of the shops: "Closed all day Monday." . . . "Closed Tuesday." . . . "Closed Friday." How would it look to Jim?

How would she look, in her old clothes, and having gained weight on all those macaroni and rice casseroles and bean dishes? If she had time for one of those remodeling jobs advertised in the magazines—slim and lovely and clear-skinned and lustrous-eyed—she would move gracefully to meet him, holding her spine straight and reaching mentally for the sky. The girl of his dreams! She ought to begin this minute, and lie upside down twenty minutes a day, changing the course of her circulation. But where could she get twenty minutes?

Instead of finding them, she lost an extra hour because someone failed to come, and she had to write out an extra report. So she came dashing up the steps just in time for supper before going to the church to help clean the Sunday-school room and make crepe-paper butterflies for the children's party.

Tommy and Pen met her at the door, waving an envelope. "Mail from pop!" said Tommy. . . . "Mail from daddy!" said Pen.

Alix handed over the parcel from the butcher, which was leaking meat juices through the war-issue paper. She didn't wait to take off her things; she flew to the living room and sat down and opened the letter.

Then she gave a cry and waved the letter in the air. "He says—he says ——" She couldn't speak; her eyes were filled with quick tears.

"What is it, mom, what's he say?"

WILLINGER SHOSTAL PHOTO



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FOR DANDRUFF . . . ask for and use Fitch's *Dandruff Remover* Shampoo. . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first application* is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . . barber and beauty shops.



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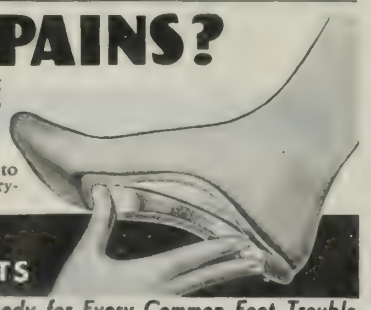
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The Improved **PEANUT BUTTER**



"He says he's coming back to America, and will be in—in Florida! And we're to come down!" said Alix breathlessly.

"To Florida!" both children screamed.

Alix was reading it again; it was incredible! "He wants us to come to Pine Lakes—he'll be there a month; a whole month!"

"C'n I cut school?" asked Tommy.

Alix was rapidly figuring. "We'd have to leave in ten days. I should have had this letter days ago—oh, why couldn't he cable? But of course we'll make it; we have to!"

"Will we have a house there?" asked Pen.

"He says to get reservations at the Edgewater Inn—we stayed there once long ago—it's the hotel nearest camp."

Tommy bounded away shouting, "Bessie—hey, Bessie, we're headin' for the blue horizon!"

Alix held her head in her hands. "Let me think. We'll have to plan ——"

She swallowed her supper hastily.

"I'm going to leave early for the church," she said, "and stop and make the train reservations. I better wire the hotel too."

"I'll simply have to have some new clothes," said Pen. "I haven't a single rag fit to wear."

"We'll worry about that later," said Alix.

She dashed upstairs, changed into a fresh blouse, brushed her hair. Jim's picture was smiling at her; she flew over and picked it up and whispered, "It is real! It is real!" Florida and Jim for a month!

There was a new man at the station. Alix had to wait while he took a long telegram over the wire and said, "Well, I can't understand all that junk."

"I want to make three reservations fo Florida for the twenty-seventh," said Alix breathlessly. "On the Limited."

"Lady, if I could get three reservation on the Limited, I'd use 'em myself."

"What do you mean?"

He grinned sardonically. "Anybody tel you there's a war on?"

"My husband's in it," she said. "I hav some inkling."

"Now take it easy, madam. Maybe yo don't know about the transportation diffi culties. Now you wait and I'll see what can do. Come back tomorrow."

"I've got to have them," said Alix firmly "My husband will be expecting us in Pin Lakes."

Jim would be there when they arrived she could see him now, walking down th platform in the sharp Florida sun, tall an brown and half smiling. There was a pati in the Edgewater; they'd sit there in th moonlight in the dreamy Florida nights. *Wel* she thought suddenly, *the old blue lace wi look better in the moonlight anyway.* . . .

"It seems to me a hundred butterflies al enough," said the chairman. "They jus jump around and tear them up right awa anyhow."

"I really ought to get home," said Ali thankfully. "I'm trying to get ready to g to Florida to meet Jim."

"My goodness, will the OPA let you?"

"Do I have to ask the OPA?"

"I don't know, but my cousin from Lon ridge tried to go to Oklahoma when h baby was coming and she couldn't g

(Continued on Page 114)

Home Work

WHY not start a masterpiece—some impressive and fascinating undertaking that will hold your interest and keep your hands busy all through the long winter evenings that lie ahead? And if the patterns we list below don't appeal, write for our COMPLETE LIST OF HANDICRAFT PATTERNS, No. 1752, which we mail to readers free on request.

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WORK AN HEIRLOOM

1743. "HOME SWEET HOME" SAMPLER. To embroid and frame. Pattern includes a hot-iron tra fer sheet and a chart giving color suggestio for the embroidery. 5c.

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1671. NEEDLEWORK PICK-UPS. Hot-iron transfer signs for curtains, place mats and a b quilt; also directions for crocheting butt flies in two sizes for a luncheon set. 10c.

KNIT A DRESS

1987. CLASSIC ONE-PIECE DRESS. Long sleeves, b tons to the waist in front, turnover coll Size 16. 5c.

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2002. DRESS WITH SHIRTWAIST TOP. V-neck, elb sleeves, skirt with cable stitch pattern. S 16. 5c.

1983. YOUNG DRESS. Broadened shoulders, belt waist, youthful fullness in skirt. Size 16.

2051. SLIMMING JACKET SUIT. Fifth Avenue desig Sleek and smooth. Size 14. 5c.

1992. CLASSIC TAILORED SUIT. Jacket has lo sleeves and revers. Size 16. 5c.

We will gladly send any of these patterns if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed velopes or War Stamps. Readers in all foreign countries should send International Reply Coupons, purchased their post office. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pen

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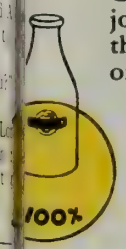
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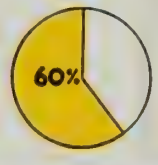
What makes GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk so superior? Just this — it is produced only on carefully selected farms, comes from fine Guernsey cows, and must meet high requirements of local and state health authorities plus national supervision by GOLDEN GUERNSEY, Inc. No wonder healthy Americans enjoy GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk! You and your family deserve this enjoyment too—ask your milkman to begin your deliveries of GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk as soon as possible.



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harles Riverview Dairy

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Wayne Eskay Dairy Co.
Allen Dairy Prods.

INDIANA (Con.)
Gary & Hammond
Cloverleaf Dairy Co.
Dixie Dairy Co.
Gas City Solms Bros.
Hobart Hillcrest Farm Dairy
Huntington Pure Milk Co.
Indianap's Capitol Dairies
Wm. H. Roberts & Sons
Kokomo Med-O-Bloom D'y
Lafayette Furnas Ice Cr.
LaPorte Scholl Dairy
Marion Pure Milk Co.
Richmond Wayne Dairy
South Bend Reliable Dairy

IOWA
Ames F. H. Logsdon
Davenport Wyanet Farms
Fort Dodge Creamery Co.

KENTUCKY
Ashland Hickory Hill Dairy
Louisville Cherokee S. Milk
Owensboro Model D'y, Inc.
Princeton Cream & Butter
Winchester Marsh Dairy Co.

MAINE
Anson A. H. Ouellette
Farmington Richvale Farm
Kingfield Maple Lane Farm
Madison A. H. Ouellette

MARYLAND
Baltimore Green Spring D'y
Church Hill Kennersley F'm
Frederick Ideal Farms Dairy
Hagerstown
Eden Plains Dairy Farms
Woodside Hall Farms
Hyattsville Harvey Dairy
Lanham Moughon Farms
Port Deposit Mt. Ararat F'ms
Rockville Sycamore Dairy
Salisbury City Dairy
Homestead Dairy
Williamsport
Woodside Hall Farms

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston and Vicinity
Deerfoot Farms
H. P. Hood & Sons
Wethersfield Farm
White Bros.
Whiting Milk Co.
Bradford Robert H. Sawyer
Brockton H. P. Hood
Cape Cod
Hyannis H. P. Hood
White Brothers
Falmouth H. P. Hood
Woods Hole H. P. Hood
Chicopee F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Duxbury White Brothers
E. Bridgewater H. P. Hood
Fitchburg Tri-City Co Op.
Framingham Deerfoot Farms
Sunshine Dairy
Gloucester Dr. Babson Farm
Greenf'ld Sheldegren Farm
Haverhill Rob't. H. Sawyer
Holyoke F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Shadylawn Farm
Littleton J. Fred Herpy
Longmeadow
F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Lowell John Kydd & Sons
Marlboro Deerfoot Farms
Methuen Greycourt Farm
Milford R.W. Coffin & Sons
Natick Sunshine Dairy
New Bedford Frates Dairy
Gulf Hill Farm
North Adams
Fillmore Farms, Inc.
Northampton United Dairy
No. Easton Langwater Farm

MASSACHUSETTS (Con.)
Pittsfield Crescent Cr'y.
Pittsfield Milk Exchange
Rockport Dr. Babson Farm
Shrewsbury Hillcrest Dairy
Jensen's Wayside Dairy
So. Dartmouth Gulf Hill Farm
So. Hadley Shadylawn Farm
Springfield F. B. Mallory, Inc.
General Ice Cream Corp.
United Dairy System, Inc.
Taunton H. P. Hood
Topsfield Meredith Farm
Westfield F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Worcester Deerfoot Farms
Hillcrest Dairy
Jensen's Wayside Dairy
United Dairy System, Inc.

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor Hirth Brothers
Bay City Bay City Dairy
Caledonia Rosemont Farm
Flint Genesee Dairy
Kalamazoo Lockshore Farm
Lansing Heatherwood Farm
Midland Midland Dairy Co.
Saginaw Huebner Dairy
Saginaw Dairy

MINNESOTA
Austin Marigold Dairies
Barnum Barnum Creamery
Faribault Marigold Dairies
Farmington Brandtjen Farms
Mankato H. N. Best & Son
Lawguern Farm
Marigold Dairies
Minneapolis
Ewald Bros. Sanitary Dairy
Moorhead Fairmont Cr'y.
Owatonna Marigold D'ries
Pipestone Allen Gewecke
Rochester Marigold Dairies
St. Paul Sanitary Dairies
Van Dyke Guernsey Farms
Winona Marigold Dairies

MISSISSIPPI
Bay Saint Louis Sandolan
Gulfport Robinwood Farm
Horn Lake Gayoso Farms

MISSOURI
Jefferson City
Vogels Guernsey Farm
St. Louis St. Louis Dairy
Versailles Repelmar Farm

MONTANA
Billings Billings Dairy

NEBRASKA
Lincoln Skyline Dairy
Omaha Alamito Dairy
Roberts Dairy

NEVADA
Reno Model Dairy

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord Summit Farms
Hancock The Flagstones
Milford Crosby Farm
Peterborough Old Town F'm
Salem Rockingham Farm
Wilton
Hampshire Hills Farms

NEW JERSEY
All Northern Counties
Alderney Dairy
Audubon Abbotts Dairies
Bloomfield Mt. Vernon F'ms

NEW JERSEY (Con.)
Bridgeton Rainier's Dairies
Camden Abbotts Dairies
Chatham
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Clifton Sisco Dairy
Convent Hollow Hill Farm
Cranford Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Elizabeth Dairyland Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Fanwood Wood Brook Farms
Florham Park
Florham Park Dairies Inc.
Haddonfield Abbotts D'ries
Haddon Heights
Abbotts Dairies, Inc.
Hightstown Conover's
Hightstown Guernsey D'y
Hillside (with Elizabeth)
Mt. Vernon Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Irvington Alderney Dairy
Mt. Vernon Farms
Port Murray Dairy
Sunrise Dairies
Phil Knorr
Port Murray Dairy
Kearney Mt. Vernon Farms
Linden Mt. Vernon Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Madison
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Medford Locust Lane Dairy
Mendham Audley Farms
Merchantville
Abbotts Dairies, Inc.
Parks Dairies, Inc.
Metuchen Wood Brook F'ms
Midland Park Franklin Lake
Millburn
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Middlesex & Union Counties
Forsgate Farms, Inc.
Moorestown Locust Lane
Newark Alderney Dairy
Dairyland Farms
Mt. Vernon Farms
Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
New Brunswick Krauzer's
Kreiger Dairy
Mayer's Sanitary Dairy
Middlesex Farm Dairy
Paulus Dairy
Schmidt's Dairy
Wood Brook Farms
No. Arlington Forest Dairy
Paterson Franklin Lake
Peapack-Gladstone Dairy
Perth Amboy
Supreme Milk & Cream
Wood Brook Farms
Plainfield Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Point Pleasant
Van Schoick's Dairy
Port Murray Dairy
Princeton Rockwood Dairy
Rahway Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Ridgewood Franklin Lake
Camden County
Abbotts Dairies
Millside Farms
Parks Dairies
Roselle Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Roselle Park Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms

NEW JERSEY (Con.)
Summit Canoe Brook Farm
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Union Ideal Dairy Farms
Mt. Vernon Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Westfield Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Westville Abbotts Dairies
Westwood Franklin Lake
Whitehouse Durling Farms
Woodbury Abbotts Dairies

NEW YORK
Albany Mark W. Stevens
Boulevard Dairy Co.
Norman's Kill Dairy
Auburn Auburn Guernsey
Brewster The Rider Dairy
Buffalo Beck's Dairy
Clayton Merle L. Youngs
Conesus Damian Farm
Harrison Dellwood Dairy
Hoosick Falls
Fillmore Farms, Inc.
Irvington Dellwood Dairy
Mamaroneck
Dellwood Dairy
Mill Neck Beaverbrook Farm
Mount Vernon
Dellwood Dairy
Newburgh Forge Hill Farm
New Rochelle Dellw'd D'y
Oswego Oswego Dairy
Pattersonville W.W. Jeffers
Plattsburg Dairy Co.
Rochester Hudson Dairy
Nakoma Farms Dairy
Schreiner Milk Co.
Rye Dellwood Dairy
Scarsdale Dellwood Dairy
Schenectady Connelly Bros.
Syosset Woodside Acres
Syracuse Syracuse
Guernsey Dairy Co-Op.
Tarrytown Dellwood Dairy
Troy Collar City Creamery
Utica Sunshine Dairy
White Plains Dellwood D'y
Yonkers Dellwood Dairy

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville Southern Dairies
Boone New River Dairy
Brevard Transylvania D'ries
Concord Clear Springs Farm
Durham Durham Dairy
Elkin Klondike Farm
Hendersonville
McNaughton Farms
High Point Clover Brand
Kings Mount. Archdale D'y
Lexington Coble Dairies
Mount Airy Hatcher's D'y
Mt. Pleasant Green Hills
Tryon Hidden Valley Farm
Winston-Salem Selected D'y

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo Fairmont Creamery
Roanoke Rapids
Chockoyette Farm

OHIO
Akron Akron Pure Milk
Belle Isle Farm
Chestnut Ridge Dairy
Mountrose Dairy
Cincinnati Opekasit Farms
G. H. Berling Dairy Co.
J. H. Berling Dairy

OHIO (Con.)
Cleveland & Suburbs
Dairymen's Ohio
Farmers'
O. A. Dean Dairy Co.
Franchester Farms
H. J. Munz Dairy
Schneider-Bruce Dairy
Telling-Belle Vernon Co.
Columbus Diamond Milk
Dayton Grocer's Coop.
Himes Brothers Dairy
Shoemake Farms, Inc.
Dover Cappeldale Farms
Hamilton McGreevy Dairy
Lancaster Bennett Dairy
Mansfield Raemelton Farm
Mt. Vernon Jewell Milk
Sandusky Esmond Dairy
Springfield Citizen's Dairy
& Lynn Guernsey Farm
Toledo Babcock Dairy Co.
Wooster Ideal Dairy
Youngstown Sanitary Milk

OKLAHOMA
Ardmore Primrose Farm
Tom Cooper Farms
Enid Jerry Oven Farm
Oklahoma City
Meadow Lodge Farms

OREGON
Eugene Chula Vista Dairy
Hillsboro Morningdew F'ms
Medford Cloverhill Farm
Portland Fairview Farms
Shedd Prairie Rose Dairy

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown Hess Lehigh
Altoona J. E. Harshbarger
Ambler Meyer's Dairy
Ambridge Taylor Milk Co.
Beaver Falls Bonnie View
Berwick Berwick Creamery
Corner Park Farm
Berwyn Chesterbrook Farm
Bethlehem Mowrer's Dairy
Big Run William Irvin Co.
Brockport Keystone Dairy
Butler Moser's Dairy
Carbondale
Bethany-Homestead Farms
Chadds Ford Hill Girt Farms
Chambersburg Dairy
Chester Miller-Flounders
Cornwall Fairview Farms
Donora Triumphant Dairy
Doylestown Smith's San. D'y
Gardenville Farms
Easton Moyer's Dairy
Easton Sanitary Milk Co.
Elizabeth Mentor Farms
Ellwood City Fisher's Dairy
Erie Meadow Brook Dairy
Fromknecht Dairy
Yaple's Dairy
Fayette City Patterson D'y
Greensburg Silvis Farms
Hamburg Paul R. Kohler
Smith's Model Dairy
Harrisburg Goose Valley
Harrisburg Dairies
Hatboro Ivycrest Dairies
Hazelton S. C. Price
Modern Sanitary Dairy
Honesdale
Bethany-Homestead Farms
Hummelstown Geo. Fromm
Indiana Indiana Dairy Co.

PENNSYLVANIA (Con.)
Jenkintown Taylor's Dairy
Johnstown Sanitary Dairy
Somerset Dairy Co.
Kane Ideal Farms
Lancaster Queen Dairy
Lebanon Hershey Choc. Co.
Lewistown
Lewistown Pure Milk Co.
Meadville Moore-Davison
Mechanicsb'g Konhaus F'm
Monongahela Hank's Dairy
Mapleview
Norristown Holiday Dairy
Levengood Dairy
White Hale Farm
Parkers Landing
Parker's View Farm
Phila. Breuninger's Dairy
(Main Line) Brookmead
Pittsburgh Lewis Dairies
Page Milk Co.
Pottstown Levengood Dairy
Sunny Slope Dairy
Pottsville J. H. Brokoff
Pulaski Pleasant Acres
Quarryville Norwood F'ms
Reading Clover Farms
St. Lawrence Dairy
Red Lion Warners Dairy
Roxborough Missimer-
Wood-Narcissa Dairies
Scranton Glendale Farms
Shamokin Sanitary Milk
Shippenville Gruber & Son
Sligo Shook's Dairy
Spring City
Sunny Slope Dairy, Inc.
Stroudsburg Penn-Dell
Terre Hill White Oak Farm
Tunkhan'ck Shadow Brook
Uniontown Garner Dairy
Friendship Hill Dairy
Wayne Brookmead Dairies
Waynesboro Antietam Farm
West Chester Eachus Dairy
Wilkes-Barre Glendale F'ms
Goodleigh Farms
Wilkinsburg Chas. G. Turner
Williamsport Milk Products
Willow Street C. H. Witmer
York Warner's Dairy
York Sanitary Milk

RHODE ISLAND
Barrington
Cedar Lane Farm
Cranston H. P. Hood
Pawtucket H. P. Hood
Providence H. P. Hood
Warren Cedar Lane Farm
Warwick H. P. Hood
Woonsocket H. P. Hood

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston West End Dairy
Chester Hillbright Dairy
Columbia Edisto Farms Dairy
Zimalcrest Farm
Hartsville Guernsey Dairy
Moncks Corner Gippy Ptn.
Orangeburg
State A & M College
Spartanburg Hill Top Farms
Union Union Dairy
Yemassee
Brays Island Plantation

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls Lakeside Dairy

TENNESSEE
Bristol Pinemont Farms
Knoxville Farragut Farms
Memphis Gayoso Farms

TEXAS
Dallas Cabell's
San Antonio Dairyland

UTAH
Logan Cache Meadow
Ogden Arden-Sunfreze
Salt Lake City Arden Dairy
Cloverleaf Dairy

VERMONT
Bennington Fillmore Farms
Brattleboro
Shaw-Bellville Dairy Co.
Springfield Estey's Dairy

VIRGINIA
Alexandria
Alexandria D'y Prod. Co.
Denbigh Burkholder Dairy
Fairfax Willowmere Farms
Fredericksb'g Farmers Cr'y
Galax Round Hill Farm
Kenbridge Guernsey Dairy
Lynchburg Westover Dairy
Lynnhaven Bayville Farms
Martinsville Fisher Farms
Norfolk Bayville Farms
Portsmouth Pine Grove Farm
Pulaski Buena Vista Farm
Radford
Clover Creamery Co., Inc
Richmond Lakeview Dairy
Curles Neck Dairies
Richmond Dairy Co.
Virginia Dairy Co.
Roanoke Clover Creamery
Garst Brothers Dairy
Roanoke Dairy
Staunton
Augusta Dairies Inc.
Virginia Beach Bayville F'm

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Thompson's Dairy
Wakefield Dairy

WASHINGTON
Bellingham Hillview Dairy
Bremerton Price's G. Dairy
Everett Arown Farms
Olympia Meyer's Dairy
Port Orchard Price's Dairy
Seattle Marymoor Farm
Golden Arrow Dairy
Vancouver Golden West D'y
Middale Guernsey Dairy

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston
Imperial Ice Cream Co

WISCONSIN
Ashland Howard Joyce
Chippewa Falls
Clover Dairy Co
Eau Claire Uecke Dairy
Dolly Madison Dairie
Fond du Lac Luxerin Farm
Green Bay Delwiche Farm
Kaukauna Modern Dairy
Kenosha Milk Pro's. Co-Op
La Crosse Dolly Madison
Madison Bowman Farm D'y
Manitowoc Sorge Dairy
Menasha Gear Dairy Co
Milwaukee Golden
Guernsey Dairy Co-Op
Oconomowoc
Shoreland Farm
Racine Progressive Dairy
Stevens Pt. Altenburg Dairy
Superior Russell Creamery
Tomahawk
Ta-Ma-Awk D'y
Waukesha Fox's G'nsey D'y
Wausau-Bridgeman-Russe
West Bend Decorah Farm D'y
Wisconsin Rapids
Wis. Valley Creamery
Wrightstown Modern Dairy

WYOMING
Douglas Judevine Cream'

(Continued from Page 112)

reservations until six months and it was too late; the baby came in Chicago."

"Oklahoma is different from Florida; it's so far away," said Alix. "I'm going to give the house a good cleaning before I shut it up. I'll bring you some things for the rummage—there's an old brown suit of Jim's he won't be needing now any more, and some old dresses I was going to wear out this spring."

"My, how I envy you," said the chairman. "Some people have all the luck!"

Alix rang up the station the next morning. "I'm calling about my drawing room to Florida," she said brightly.

"Yes'm. Earliest thing I can get you is eight weeks from now."

"Oh—no!" Alix was frantic. "No, I've got to have it! It's my husband—it's Jim, and he's been gone so long and ——"

"Well, I'll try again. I'll wire to see if I can pick up something along the line. You'd ought to made up your mind sooner."

"It isn't my mind, it's the Army's."

"They ain't answered your wire yet about the ho-tel."

"Well, I won't worry about that," she said confidently. "We stayed there before; they'll remember us."

Then she went into a tailspin. Bessie had to come the next few days. Bessie reported her mother-in-law, whom she cared for, had lost her teeth again and she had to find them before she left the house.

"But, Bessie, we've got to pack away the winter things!"

"Well, maybe she can eat soup," said Bessie doubtfully, "but she don't like soup."

Alix flew up and down stairs, carrying coats and blankets and furs. She had a huge pile for the rummage by noon: Jim's brown suit, her old green coat, dresses that were all right for the house but not for the Edgewater Inn.

Bessie finally arrived and they moved together in a haze of moth flakes. By night they had done a week's work, and felt it. But the next morning they dug in again. Alix saw herself in the mirror as she lugged an armload of drapes up the stairs. She looked like an old hag, she thought; it wouldn't do.

So she left Bessie rolling up the small rugs and flew downtown and bought a new expensive suit, good enough for even the Edgewater. It was a soft lime green with a rolled collar, and it made her look better than she had hoped. She added a creamy full-sleeved blouse with black pearl buttons and a hat as big as a thimble. The outfit cost more than her usual year's budget, but she was filled with recklessness—and besides, Jim couldn't be ashamed of her at the Edgewater. She phoned Pen, and met her at the College Shoppe and they both ran amuck. A new evening dress, just in case, and a date dress, just in case, and some skirts and sweaters and a white wool coat.

"And I'm going to do just as well by Tommy," said Alix. "He can't run around that hotel in baggy pants and a sweat shirt. It's not that kind of place."

At the corner they met Mr. Allerton, the painter, and when Alix told him they were going away for a month, his eye brightened.

"I could come and repaper," he said, "and get the worst of the woodwork done. If I had the house to myself and no picking up to do, I'd be able to work it in all right."

"How soon would you start?"

"Well, I could come and peel off the living room tomorrow," he said.

"All right," said Alix. "And bring some samples of wallpaper."

Bessie met them at the front door. "Man been phoming and phoming," she said; "got a telegram for you."

Alix dashed to the phone and got the station agent. "My reservation?" she asked.

"Naw'm, wire from Florida. Got no space atall at the Everbeach ——"

"Edgewater," she said.

"Well, you can't stay there," he said.

"What do I do now?" asked Alix.

"Might wire the Chamber of Commerce. Might be another hotel with some room."

"All right, wire them," said Alix.



Wake up! Make up with

Clarion



Clarion lipstick, $1. (Harmonizing face powder, cream or dry rouge, $1 each). All prices plus tax.

Make your lips sing...lift up your face with Clarion, new clear red by DuBarry. Never before such a wonderful spark to fire every costume color. See it... wear it...love it as a blazoning badge of all the good days in store for you!

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Carry Spot-Stik with you, *always*, to conceal any blemish that pops up. *Waterproof!*

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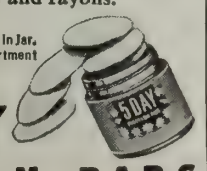
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5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

"And no luck with your train reservations either," he said. "I guess we'll have to wait for a cancellation."

Alix felt her head whirl. If she couldn't get there—but she would. If she had to walk.

She went on packing, picking out wallpaper, having her hair done, cleaning out the food in the icebox. They were going to be ready, that was all there was to it.

"The climate is mild down there," she told Pen, "and we might be able to buy a tent."

"Muth, with our new clothes! A tent!"

"C'n I take my sleeping bag?" asked Tommy.

A neighbor was going to take Pris and the puppies, the milk was cut off, the paper notified.

"But, muth, what are we going to do," Pen kept wailing, "if we can't get there and can't find a place to stay after we do get there!"

"We'll be all right," said Alix. "Just don't worry so."

That day the wire came. The only available quarters in the whole state of Florida, it appeared, were in the Wagon Wheel Motor Court five miles out of Pine Lakes.

"All right," said Alix, "the Wagon Wheel it is."

She came home with a few last-minute things like tooth paste and hairpins and new slippers for Tommy. Mr. Allerton had all the paper off the living room and hall. Furniture was piled everywhere, overlaid with newspapers and dirty canvas. The phone was ringing, as usual, and Alix reached for it with her free hand.

"Got you three uppers," said the agent, "on Friday night. Can you leave then?"

"Certainly," said Alix.

No brain is stronger than its weakest think.

—From LAUGHS, by Thomas L. Masson. Copyright, 1926, by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

Breathless with triumph, she went to the kitchen.

"We've got to leave Friday," Alix told Bessie, "and we have a place to stay! Isn't it wonderful?" She dumped her packages.

The phone was ringing again. Alix ran blithely to answer it, humming under her breath.

"Long distance from New York calling Mrs. J. Carrington."

"My goodness," said Alix, "I hope it isn't Aunt Hattie wanting to come for a visit."

And then a voice spoke to her over the phone. She dropped the receiver, caught it, sank on the chair by the phone table.

"Jim!" she cried. "Jim!"

"Alix—are you sick?"

"Certainly not," she said. "Are you sick?"

"No, I'm at LaGuardia Field."

"But how did you get there?"

"I flew," he said reasonably. "It's an airport."

"Oh, darling!" Alix said. "Oh, darling!"

"Look," he said rapidly, "I've got two days before I go to Florida, so I'll be out on the next train. I'll be there at six tomorrow morning."

"Jim! Oh, Jim—the children and I are leaving for Florida tomorrow night!"

"Nonsense," said Jim. "Are you crazy? I'm coming home for two days. Two days!"

"But I got reservations, and they won't save anything down there either and ——"

"Cancel 'em," said Jim firmly, "and we'll make some more."

"Make some more! Jim, darling, I can't get any more for months."

"What's the matter, you traveling in a private car or something?"

"I have three uppers," said Alix. "And not only that, there's the reservation down there—they won't hold it."

"Nonsense," said Jim. "I'll ring up the Edgewater Inn right now and fix it."

"We aren't staying there. We're staying at the Wagon Wheel Motor Court."

"What in the world for?"





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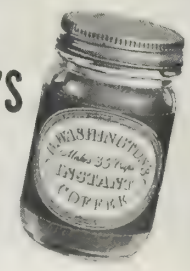


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G. WASHINGTON'S *NEW* INSTANT COFFEE



"It's the only place we could get in," she told him.

The operator intervened. "Will you kindly limit your call to five minutes, pullease?"

"Well," said Jim, "I'll come on the six o'clock. I can help you get your bags on the train. And say good-by."

They were all at the station to meet him, including Pris. The early light was dazzling. Alix was pale and Pen had an upset stomach. Excitement always went to her stomach. Bessie was unpacking enough silver and dishes to cook for Jim for two days, and Alix promised to try to get some food to replace all she had given away.

The train, of course, was two hours late. Tommy kept dashing across the street after more hamburgers and onions to stay him. Pen looked green every time he loped away.

Then it came, rumbling down the track, and there was Jim. There was that awful moment of meeting, when Alix felt too much, when Jim looked almost frightened at seeing the two tall children. Then she was in his arms, feeling how hard he was, how strong, how incredibly real. "Jim—Jim," she kept saying, and the tears were running down her cheeks and she couldn't help it.

"Gosh, mom," said Tommy, "what you cryin' now for?"

Jim was clearing his throat. "Well, well, now," he kept saying, "well, now."

Somehow they got in the car and Pris was all over Jim and they drove home.

"Jim—you're driving so fast!" cried Alix, clinging to the seat. "We'll be arrested!"

"Back-seat driving again?" he grinned. "I'm used to jeeps."

The hall was full of suitcases and hatboxes. The living room was full of trestles and canvas and paint and wallpaper and Mr. Allerton. The dining room was so full of furniture that Bessie had breakfast ready in the kitchen. The big bedroom had a pile of wallpaper on the bureau, and boxes of moth flakes on the bedside table. The house couldn't have looked worse, not possibly.

Jim walked through the dismantled room and laid his overcoat on the bed. Alix dropped her things beside his and moved over to the window beside him.

"Jim," she said, "of all the things I thought about your home-coming, I never thought it would be like this. I wanted it perfect! I wanted it to be just right!"

Jim caught her in his arms. He kissed her, and he held her so hard she couldn't breathe. "Oh, darling," he said, "it's better than my dreams! Better than my dreams!"

The sounds in the house seemed to die away. The scent of moth balls filled the air, not the scent of apple blossoms. The only music was Tommy's vigorous singing.

"Yes, it's heaven," said Alix, drawing a deep breath as Jim released her a moment.

Jim said, "And what time does the train leave for Florida?"

"Seven," she said faintly.

"Well, could be worse." He was grinning at her. "Guess I better get into some old clothes and help organize things before you have to leave." He ruffled her hair in the old familiar way. "Seems like home," he said. He moved to the bureau and peered at his immaculate uniform over the pile of wallpaper. "Now," he said briskly, "I'll just put on my old brown suit and get busy!"

STICK TO THE RIBS

(Continued from Page 41)

see why. Two extra-long-handled forks, two feet at least. Spoon ditto. Two carrying bags to sling around your neck and over the shoulders. One for you and one for another fellow. This kind of business needs at least one active partner.

Oh, yes, these carrying bags are the last word in fetching things from house to grill. Ample, durable, handy and indispensable. That's the canvas carryall.

Spiders, coffee maker, pan to catch the juices from—no, not a raft of hamburgers or a three-inch steak. But in this case, to catch the indescribably sweet and succulent fats and juices that come as the barbecued spareribs are doing their stuff, and the fragrance of their browning is wafted on the hazy, smoke-bewildered September air.

And now stick to the ribs. There are as many schools in the barbecue branch of higher education as there are spareribs in Kansas. (It *is* Kansas, isn't it? I'm never sure.) But here is one—and one receipt for barbecue sauce. If you have a better or a better-liked one, go to it.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

Allow 1 side of spareribs for each 4 persons. Wipe off the ribs and put in a roasting pan, first seasoning with salt. They won't need pepper, as the hot barbecue sauce later on will take care of that. Roast in a slow oven, 325° F., uncovered, for about forty-five minutes until only partly done. (This is precooking, but I prefer my spareribs juicy and tender but *well done*.) Make the barbecue sauce in advance and pour part of it over the semiroasted ribs about an hour before you plan to broil them on the outdoor grill. This marinates the spareribs and gives them that barbecue blessing.

BARBECUE SAUCE

Chop 4 large onions to make 1 cup. Mix with 1¼ cups of condensed consommé—or use stock made with meat paste and hot water—1 cup of chili sauce, ½ cup of catchup, 1 cup of vinegar, ¼ cup of Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon of hot Mexican pepper sauce, 2 tablespoons of brown sugar, ¼ cup of butter or margarine, 1½ teaspoons of salt. Simmer for half to three quarters of an hour until the mixture has reduced some and flavor is well blended. Cool.

Have a good bed of coals started well ahead, so the heat will be moderate to low. If the fire is too hot, the ribs will char and not get done. Have your bowl of barbecue sauce and a brush handy. Lift ribs out of sauce in which they have been marinated and put them on the grill. After a time turn them and brush the cooked side with more sauce. Continue turning and brushing. Don't pour the sauce on—it just gets wasted dripping into the fire and does the fire no good. When the fork goes through the meat easily, the ribs are done. And over a charcoal fire they are even better than oven-broiled. Though if it rains, use your oven broiler and baste with sauce while broiling.

Speaking of spiders. These are called frying pans by the purists. I was reared thinking of them and hearing them referred to as spiders, and the habit hangs on. You will do well to choose heavy iron ones, for you aren't cooking on a refined modern range with heat controls. You are cooking on well-meaning but stolid and unimaginative coals. So you will need your barbecue spiders for such things as fried potatoes, corned-beef hash and paprikaed corn. And many a hamburger out of a spider has held its own with the charcoal product.

Receipt that's no receipt—hashed brown potatoes. Do them in hash formation, or if you are just old homebodies, slice them and call the result "home fried." They taste the same. Fry them in salt pork or bacon fat, in butter or margarine; and for my sixty-five cents, I'll take salad or olive oil.

One of those things. I promise to say a word or two—no more—on the subject of sauerkraut. Maybe you have guessed it is not one of my favorites, but I admit that it goes along with spareribs to most folks' taste. For those who care for sauerkraut, heat in a frying pan with a little water, thin strips of bacon or tried-out salt pork, add a sautéed chopped onion and two or three apples peeled and sliced. Simmer slowly for an hour or so and serve with your spareribs.

The mixed chill. Of course, I needn't tell you that this refers to salads, fruit especially. It also means a mélange of fresh fruits or a mixture of sugared berries made into a pie or tart to be served cold.

Chill all your greens and dry them well. Take them out at the last minute. Have everything in your salad fresh from the refrigerator or—at the grill—fresh off the ice. Everything but the dressing. Never chill that—and dress your salads when you're ready for them.

My taste runs to lemon juice in a fruit-salad dressing. And a little lime isn't a bad idea. And if you have a really first-class fruit salad, that's dessert enough for anybody. Especially if a point or two of Camembert goes with it.

But fruit salads may not appeal to hearty outdoor appetites. For a salad where "hearty" is indicated, this receipt is one of many—with curry furnishing the bit of difference.

CURRIED-VEGETABLE SALAD

The vegetables should be cooked a day ahead. Chill them well. You will need 2 cups of cooked peas, 1 cup of cooked Lima beans, 1 cup of Frenched green beans, 1½ cups of cooked diced carrots, 1 head of cauliflower cooked and broken into flowerets. Add 2 scallions or 1 large onion, chopped. Mix 1½ tablespoons of curry powder with 2 tablespoons of vinegar and stir into 1 pint of mayonnaise. Add the curry dressing to vegetables and season well with salt. It won't need pepper. Let it chill and marinate in the refrigerator for several hours. Turn out in a bowl filled with greens.

French bread cut almost through in thick slices, well spread, with a crushed clove o garlic placed between the slices and heated is a piece to go along with almost anything cooked and eaten indoors or out. But don't go in for it with oysters, clams or shellfish. At least that's the way *I* feel.

MIDDLEWESTERN PEACH DUMPLINGS

For the sirup mix together 2 cups o dark corn sirup, ¾ cup of water, juice of lemon and 3 tablespoons of butter o margarine. Bring to a boil and simme about ten to fifteen minutes.

Slice 1 quart of peaches. Now mak the pastry. Sift 2½ cups of flour with 3½ teaspoons of baking powder and ½ teaspoon of salt together. Chop in ½ cup of shortening to the consistency o coarse meal. Stir in ¾ cup of milk all a one time with a fork. Fold and turn carefully a few times on a lightly floured board Roll out into a thin rectangular sheet Cut into 8 five-inch squares.

Now mix the sliced peaches with ¾ cup o sugar, the juice of ½ lemon and ¼ tea spoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Pu a good tablespoon or so of sugared peache on each square—one at a time. Pinch th four corners together and set them clos together in a rectangular baking pan Pour the sirup over the dumplings. Bak in a hot oven, 425° F., ten minutes. Re duce to 350° F. Bake thirty-five minute more. Serve warm. The same receipt ma be used with apples.

Pack up the makings. And let's go dow to the grill. Take along those ravishin spareribs, that pitcher of barbecue sauc those frying potatoes. Take along the crea and butter and ice-packed tomatoes an celery. Tote the precarious dumplings, bu den someone with the pots, the pans, th coffee. Have all your seasonings handy.

The fire will have been made and coole down. Bright red it glows through th grateful bars. Hot are the wood coals unde neath, ready for whatever is forthcoming- be it roasting ears, lobsters, clams or spar ribs and potatoes.

Deep is the bed where this fine fire awai the food. And watchful is the cook, but th appreciation of friends and family is her r ward. Life provides few of equal satisfactio

Party Sandwiches OR Everyday Lunch



RECIPE: (1) Mix 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 tablesp. French's Mustard, 1 tablesp. minced parsley. Remove crusts from thinly sliced white bread. Spread with filling—roll up. Garnish with watercress.

(2) Blend 2 tablesp. French's into 4 tablesp. butter or margarine. Cream cheese can be substituted for butter, and minced chives or chopped olives added. (Other delicious sandwich fillings in "Mealtime Magic.")*



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THE GIRL WHO WASN'T DITTO

(Continued from Page 20)

attention on these things. Nobody guessed how she was altering inside, and she took good care not to let on.

She dreamed all sorts of dreams about him, with herself in those dreams playing leading lady. For a time she was quite content with them. She used to long to get to bed and snuggle down with her eyes shut and get inside herself and be alone with him. Then came a time when she'd put her head on the pillow and turn sick and restless. It began to look as if he'd never be anything more to her than somebody to think about. Then she'd get to waking up in the middle of the night, and that was the worst of all.

It's then, in the night, it's then that what's unimportant gets eliminated, and what remains to torture you or make you happy, what remains is all your life. Outside the wind whines, or maybe the falling rain patters in the dark. These lonely sounds had woven themselves into the stuff of her dreams. Once they were allies, they knew her secret and were background music to her happiness. But now at this stage the small sounds began to torture her. She got afraid that her life was just leaking away. She realized they were heedless and mocking; that they went on whether you lived or died; that they had all eternity to whisper, and were careless what happened to you in your small ration of time.

She learned who he was and what he was and where and how he lived. That seemed for a while to be all she could do about it. She'd always let things happen to her; she'd always let others advise her and order her about. She'd never had anything private before that urged her to get up and do things for it. Even before she spoke to him, she hadn't planned to start anything. She'd acted the way she'd acted because something inside her had just upped and grabbed the controls.

He went out of the shop that night turning things over in his mind. He'd missed a night and she'd missed him. There were maybe two hundred people went into that shop every day, but there was a lack in her life when he didn't show up. Her eyes were azure and her hair was thick and shining. Her cheek had a curve and her chin was soft and inward and babyish.

She might be married; might be a widow; might have been around with a dozen. She might, but he knew she wasn't, couldn't, and had never been around. He knew by her walk she was loyal, knew by her voice she was trusting; her face showed she was simple and as good as they make 'em.

This is where he made inquiries and found out that she lived with her father and mother and sisters. That she was about twenty-four maybe, and had been working in that shop for years. They'd often seen her going to the pictures with her sister. She didn't attend any of the dance halls; at least they'd never seen her at any of them. "She's a nice quiet girl; maybe you're takin' a notion of her, Mac?"

Well, there she was. He had her life story. It was the same life story as a million other girls'; no different; not a thing in it you could cheer about or be surprised at.

He'd be packing sand in the molds, down on his knees on the floor of the shop. Cranes clattering overhead and the furnace throwing out heat shafts. Dust and din and fellas passing remarks all about him. He was surprised now at how he'd been observing without knowing it.

All the time he was picturing a girl on the other side of a counter, full face; or moving about with her back to him; or turning as she reached to some shelf for an article before handing it to a customer. He'd seen all this when there were three or four people in the shop in front of him. He hadn't realized that it had filmed itself and filed itself away. It was now showing and the performance began to be continuous.





(Continued from Page 119)

d understand. When yours came along, ur heartbreak, you had it all to yourself. , God, you had it all to yourself. And the y was just an ordinary day, with no chnicolor. And you were no platinum nde, but just a lass in a shop. And you ld die any time you liked now.

And outside there were those terrible folk, believably and heedlessly passing on to ere they were going, as if nothing had ppened.

He walked up the street, blind. You saw fella walking along smoking a cigarette, d you'd have thought he was just doing se things and no more. All the time he was king to himself and avoiding others by stinct.

Maybe you could only get one room. But ppose there was a girl like that in it, wait- for you to come home? A girl with thick, ining hair, in a short jacket and a woolen mper that curved over her breasts; a girl o changed color when you came in, just cause you were coming home to her? If king a wife had big drawbacks, being with- t a wife could never have a high spot like at.

He'd have to leave. If he stayed in this wn she would get him. Already she was in s blood. He'd have to take the road, for he uldn't live near her without wanting to live th her.

But what was he made for? To prowl m town to town and never to have any- dy? Sometime he would settle down. metime when he had everything. He'd t nothing as yet, not a shilling of what you eded to take a wife. All he'd got was this l who was on fire for him, and who'd set m on fire too.

He knew it now. He had everything. It oked as if sometime had arrived; it looked if sometime was here.

On the Saturday the shop closed an hour r dinner, and she was coming back to the op after having had her dinner. It was the st time she'd seen him outside the shop, st as it was the first time he'd seen her. e could see him on the other side of the reet and a distance away. To get to the op she'd have to cross over farther down. e decided to cross over right away, so that, the angle, she'd step onto the opposite vement within a yard of him. In her inno- nce she thought this would look casual and cidental. She didn't mean to look at m—oh, no—but as she began crossing the ad the eyes she'd never learned to control ked on him and wouldn't switch.

He looked up and saw her when she was aybe about halfway across the road. He uldn't take his eyes off her, either, and for conds their eyes held. People were passing and down, and both of them, he and she, st seemed to be another two passing along ecause they had someplace to get to, and were careless about what they saw on the way.

Even as their eyes still held and they were coming nearer, even as she waited for some sign of recognition, even at that moment he switched his gaze carelessly. He switched his gaze even though the sight of her had made his heart jump. He was afraid of betraying himself, and was letting on he was a fella walking along thinking his thoughts, and not seeing anything outside that connected up with anything inside.

Down inside her, where the pain was, there was also a cold wonderment. It couldn't be possible he was that kind of stranger to her. And as she walked on she guessed. She guessed, and halted with certainty in her eyes. Then she turned and looked back.

There he was, turning as she turned; looking back as she was looking back. Over the distance between them, over the pavements and the people, she smiled for him, smiled to him, and very easily and calmly walked on.

She'd hardly got inside when he entered. He wanted a paper. He'd never come in for a paper before. Gravely, she handed it over.

"Just saw you gettin' in," he said. "What time d'you shut the like of the night?"

One arm was reaching toward the drawer on the underside of the counter. Her head lifted to look at him. "Oh, we shut at eight," she murmured.

He folded the paper, a slow smile breaking. "An' where does he take you a night like this after eight?"

"Where does who take me?" Outside, through the plate glass, people were unbelievably going on to where they were going on to.

"Aw, come on. The boy friend. Your fella."

"What makes you think I go with a fella?"

"If you've no fella, it's because you're not tryin'."

"I go to the pictures. My sister and me, we go to the pictures. We always go together."

"That's where you make the big mistake. There's no fun goin' with a sister."

"It's the way it's always been."

"Never heed your sister the night. How about goin' with me? How about givin' a fella a chance? You're not always goin' to go with your sister."

"I suppose it'll come to an end sometime."

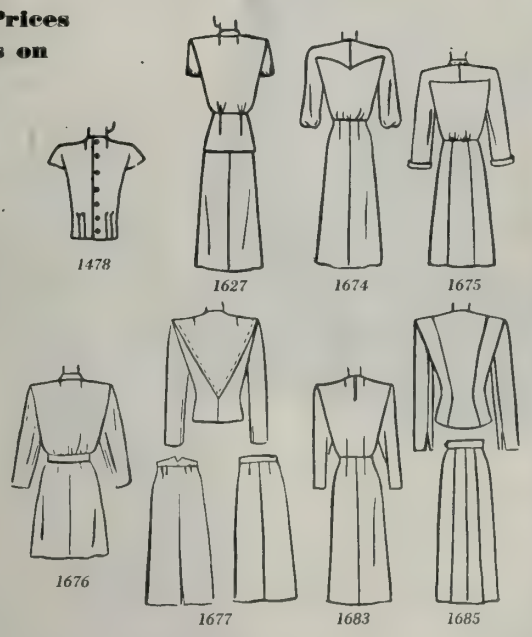
"You're dead right. This is where it ends. This is sometime. See, we'll take sister along the night. After the night, she'll know."

"She'll know what?"

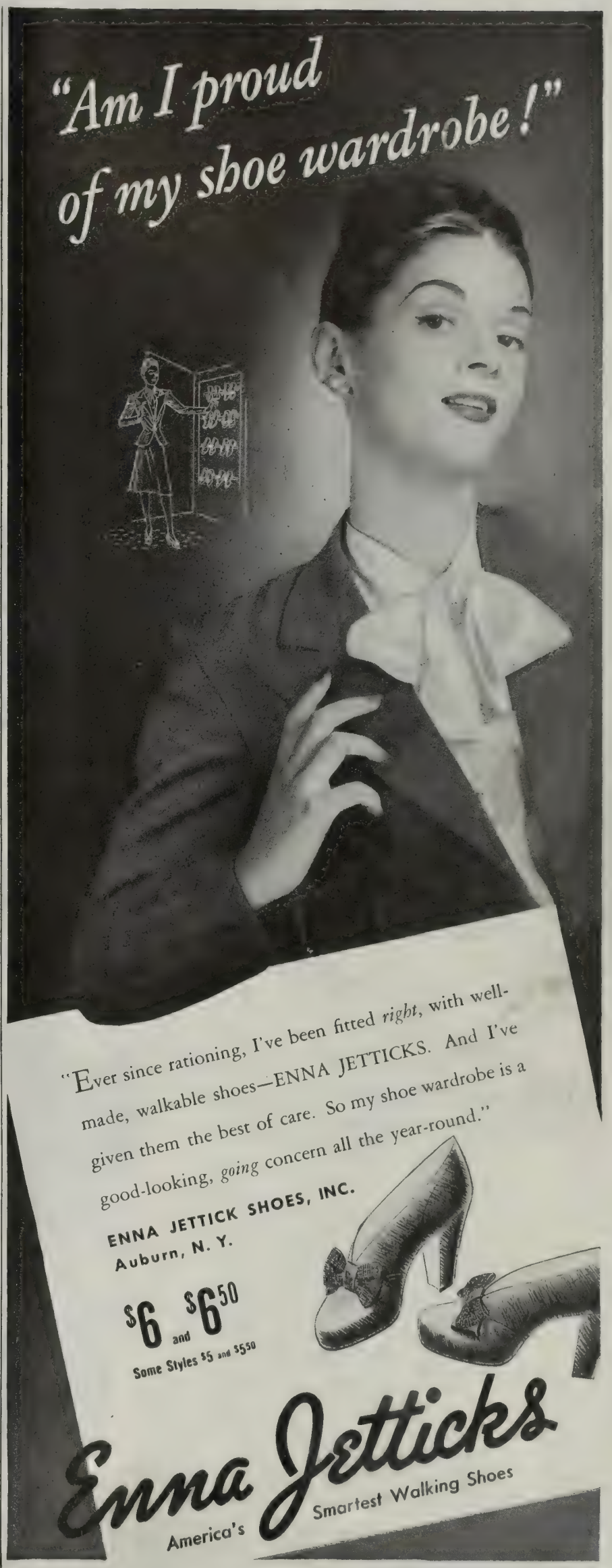
"About you and me and the way it is with us; how we've got to get together with no sister cuttin' in. Now, it's all settled and cut and dried. Behave yourself till eight, and outside, sister an' me'll be waitin'."

ack Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 34 and 35

78. Blouse. 12 to 20. 15c
27. Two-piece suit dress; peplum jacket blouse, four-piece skirt. 12 to 20. 25c
74. One-piece dress. 12 to 20. 25c
75. One-piece dress. 12 to 20. 25c
76. Coat. 12 to 20. 25c
77. Two-piece suit. 12 to 42. 25c
83. One-piece dress. 12 to 20. 25c
85. Two-piece suit. 12 to 20. 25c



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Straight from Paris

these exciting young hair-dos!

On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

Lovely Madelon Mason . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl" . . . posed for all three photographs. For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses.

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.



(*Left*)—Huge ribbon bows, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this simple but lovely center-part hair-do! Back hair was set as for a page-boy, then combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair, freshly washed in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in this one shampoo!

(*Below*)—New parisian page-boy! Notice covered ear . . . and how the hair slants shar down from above the ear to a long, long ba Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shin beauty, due to Drene Shampoo with Hair C ditioning action. No other shampoo can m your hair look so lovely!



No other Shampoo...

only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam.

Such manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Drene Shampoo

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MEET THE WIDOW SMITH

When her husband died, she had $3000, and six children under ten.

BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

THERE is always a lively parcel of kids on hand at the Smiths' at 2235 Forty-sixth Avenue in the Sunset District of San Francisco, but you would have no trouble at all picking out who belongs there. Find the ones with the most freckles on their beguiling Irish faces, the pinkest cheeks, the reddest hair, the most impish grins, and there you have the six Smiths, three boys and three girls, as near in age as rungs on a ladder.

They look about as little like public-relief cases as their home resembles the usual dingy city row house. It stands on a new street of nearly identical bright stucco bungalows, each with a clipped green lawn and gaily painted trim of pale lemon or rose or turquoise, with red geraniums on the stoops. Right around the corner is the Pacific, with a wide mountain-framed beach where the children run barefoot in the blue surf all year round. Sailors returning from the wars say

37.5% of American families have incomes under $2000 a year.

★ **HOW AMERICA LIVES** ★

Nora and her "darlin's" line up for Sunday Mass at St. Gabriel's. Raised in County Cork, Nora was a housemaid at fourteen. She came to San Francisco to be a white-collar girl, lost her heart to an Irish night watchman instead. "Great for progress," the Smiths both became naturalized, had six kids in eight years.



JIMMY *four, was toddler of two when his dad died. "Me furst and only beau he was," sighs Nora. Mr. Smith never earned more than $152 a month, often worked seven days a week. He kept them free from all debt; died of heart strain at 48.*

ROSE ANN *five, bathes and dresses herself, carefully saves each scrap of soap in a jar. She gets into bathroom before the boys. It's strictly "ladies furst!" at the Smiths'.*

NORINE *seven, renders the Gaelic lullaby, Tura-Lura. Every night, Smiths put on a show. They get ideas from Children's Encyclopedia which Nora bought them for $87.90. Each child recites a poem, sings or tells a story. Nora tells Irish folklore.*

Three million Americans get some Government aid today.
The Smiths get $135 a month. In ten Southern states,
families with needy children average $30 or less monthly.

at this first glimpse of San Francisco reminds them of a ›wl of sugar lumps spilled against the green hills, so square ıd glistening are the houses.

It's the kind of spruce, progressive neighborhood where ›u'd least expect to find a penniless young widow with ‹ children on relief. No more could Nora Smith have reseen such tragedy when she sailed alone to this country twenty-two with all the hopes the American dream would spire in an ambitious Irish farm lass who had been a ›usemaid since she was fourteen.

Up until three years ago, life in the New World was as veet as she had dreamed. Married to a handsome Irishan from County Cavan, the highly respected foreman of ırdeners at the famous Golden Gate Park, Nora had a ›me of her own, money in the bank, freedom from all debt, ıd six beautiful and healthy children. Then her husband ›veloped a heart condition following a goiter operation. He was in the hospital on Thanksgiving Day, 1942, when ora was home preparing a big dinner in hopes of making ıis American holiday as gay as possible for the children. ıe was just setting the turkey on the table, and the six infants were sitting watching her, all brushed and shined and eager for the treat, when the phone rang. With a "My wurd!" in her rich brogue, Nora wiped her hands on her apron and flew to answer it.

Only John, the eldest child, and the image of his absent father, noticed how strange and gray his mother looked coming back to the table. "Children," she told them, as the chatter of six voices died down to a whisper at her tone, "you must all be brave." Six stricken childish faces turned toward hers. "That was the hospital callin'. Your dad has died. . . ."

"I hadn't seen him for two days," she told me, sitting up very straight in her living room, which was furnished in worn brown plush with startling red satin drapes at the windows. In saddle shoes and socks, and no make-up on her scrubbed and glowing face, she didn't look anything like thirty-eight or the mother of six children. "With the babies to look after, it was hard gettin' over to the hospital," she continued. "And when I did, he looked so turrible it tore your heart out. 'I won't be here for Christmas, Nora,' he tells me one day. 'And why do you talk such nonsense?' I tells him, to cheer him up, y'know, but I feel it that it's true." She sat pulling the belt of her cotton house dress in agitation. "'And what will you do, Nora, if anythin' happens to me?' he asks, and I tell him, seein' I can't turn his mind away, 'Corny,' I says—his name was Cornelius, but I called him Corny—'you know those boys on Bataan and all they've had to take?'" She gazed at me with solemn hazel eyes. "'Well, I'll be like them. Anythin' that comes along, I'll take it.'"

Although her husband never earned more than $152 a month, he left her with over $3000 in cash assets, as well as their $3000 house, completely furnished and paid for. Otherwise, the Smiths might well be living in some dark "railroad" flat.

Nora managed to make the money last two years, stubbornly meeting the premiums on the small endowment policies which would assure the start of a college education for each of her four oldest children. But when she was finally forced to go on relief, she found her efforts were futile. No family in California is entitled to relief if its cash assets equal more than $500. So Nora had to cash three



NEIL *nine, gets spanked for riding trolley fenders and fighting at school. "It's the Irish in 'im," feels Nora. He is also an honor student, hopes to go to college. A streak at baseball, Neil makes his own bed and sweeps the stairs for his mother.*



SHEILA *ten, can dance the Irish jig. She markets for family food, washes the dishes. She yearns for piano lessons. When her father died, she had nervous breakdown, went to D's and E's in school. Two older boys started snitching from store.*



JOHN *eleven, mops the kitchen floor. He scoffs at kids who get paid for helping their mothers. This summer he has a job at Golden Gate Park zoo. Any earnings over $1.50 a week are deducted from family's relief check.*



"I could get a fine-paying war job and go off relief," says Nora, "but who would look after my children? Sure, they'd be a bunch of juvenile delinquents!" Present relief check allows 28 cents a day for meat for the seven Smiths, and only a quart and a half of milk



"Keeps ye slim!" Nora says about laundry for seven. Now 38, she weighs trim 130 pounds.



Nora irons while Norine recites her catechism. Catholic church gives them shoes and milk.



Smiths get clothing order for $10.25 a month (not in cash). Nora is now learning to sew.



Attractive five-room stucco house was completely paid for when Mr. Smith died. Cost: $3000.

How the Smiths spend their money

Groceries ($65.00 a month for seven)	$780.00	Water	$24.00
Milk (quart and a half a day)	90.24	Garbage collection	6.00
Eggs	60.00	Haircuts	17.85
Meat or equivalent (28 cents a day)	102.00	Schoolbooks	19.91
Taxes on house	78.00	Shoes	60.00
Tuition for two boys	24.00	Church and club dues	36.00
Streetcar (for five school children)	72.00	War-damage insurance	5.00
Insurance	54.12	Milk for Norine and Rose at school	14.40
Gas and electricity	43.00	Shoe repair	25.00
		Cleaners	15.00
		House insurance	44.36
			$1570.88

Plus a clothing order of $10.25 monthly (not in cash)

of the policies and spend the money so hardily earmarked for college tuition for milk and shoes and bread. She still has a few policies left, with a cash value of about $400. The welfare board gives her the money to meet the monthly premiums, but as the policies become worth more than $500, she will have to cash them in—losing money, of course, in the process. What's more, the cash will be deducted from her relief check. Nora sees very little sense in a law that will not provide for any needy child past the age of eighteen, yet prevents the mother from accumulating any nest egg that will start him on the road to self-sufficiency.

Even more bewildering to this capable and energetic young widow, who could easily earn enough to raise her family income above the pauper level, is the fact that any money she might make would be deducted from her relief check of $138 a month. Eleven-year-old Johnny, the oldest child, wants to run a paper route. If he earned anything above a few dollars, that would be deducted too. So all chance to become even partially self-supporting is killed at the outset.

A commotion outside, where the children were playing, interrupted Nora's story and sent her hurrying to the window. "Here, none o' that! Johnny, come in and change your clothes!" She explained that she gets a clothing order for $10.25 a month for the seven of them, which she spends at a Public Welfare store stocked with clothes made by the WPA. A house dress there costs about 92 cents; double sheets, 85 cents; boys' cotton shorts, 18 cents. "But shoes!" exclaims Mrs. Smith. "The Catholic sisters, they give us one pair apiece a year. I have to buy all the rest. And the repairin' for six kids, my wurd!"

John came quietly in the front door, a tall, stringy boy with a shy grin, and trooped out through the kitchen to change his clothes. "I had a turrible time with *that* one," confided Mrs. Smith, lowering her voice, "after he lost his dad."

It seems that John and Neil, the two oldest boys, took to snitching candy from the store shortly after their father's death. After this had been going on for some weeks, the storekeeper drew Mrs. Smith aside and reluctantly told her about it. "Fifty cents' worth they stole!" she exclaimed in horror.

But in spite of her initial shock, she handled the situation with characteristic dispatch. The next time they stole anything, she told the storekeeper, he was to reprimand them in front of the whole store, even threatening to call the police if necessary.

"Spankin' wouldn't have stopped 'em, or me scolding. It was losin' their dad made 'em act that way. But they couldn't take being bawled out in front of their friends. They've never stole since. Good boys, they are."

John came out from the back of the house, his play clothes no more tattered than his school ones. "Where's Neil?" his mother worried. "He must be dillydallying from school again." At that moment the front door opened and a sturdy redhead of nine came in with a sheepish grin on his face, but his blue eyes alive with mischief. He was followed by his two younger sisters and chubby Jimmy, all giggling and ogling at the visitor.

Their mother shooed them off to the kitchen for graham crackers and milk, then started a tour of the house. In the small dining room was an old sewing machine, and in place of a dining table, a double bed where Sheila, ten, and Rose Ann, five, slept. They all ate and studied their lessons in the kitchen, Nora explained, proudly showing off the gleaming refrigerator and range in that large pleasant room. Bought and paid for in ninety days, she added.

"Corny, he never let a bill run longer than that in his life. Even an operation I had. Two hundred dollars it cost. The children cost a hundred dollars apiece, and he always paid in advance. . . . Now, here," she said, leading the way out of the kitchen to the back hall, "are the two bedrooms. John and Neil, they sleep in there, and Norine and myself in here." She pointed out the two rooms, each with twin beds, and flooded with sunshine that failed to show a speck of dust anywhere. "We put linoleum on the floors; it's easier to keep clean. Jimmy sleeps here," she added, indicating a baby's crib in her room. Jimmy is four now, and mighty hefty for a crib.

Sheila came in as we were talking and put down her schoolbooks. She is in the fifth grade, thin and stringy like John, with a shy, fey look about her. Her mother discussed her as we went down the steps to the basement, which was really meant for a garage, with large doors at one end that open on the street.

"She's a sensitive one, that one," said Mrs. Smith, speaking of Sheila. "She was seven when her dad died, and how she did carry on! Nightmares all the night, and screamin in her sleep, and nothin' but fights with the others. And all her school marks went down to *D*'s and *E*'s."

Mrs. Smith ducked under a line of drying clothes and led the way to the washing machine—also, she explained proudly, bought and paid for in ninety days when her husband was making $152 a month to provide for the eight of them.

She handled Sheila's breakdown, she said, by making her take long naps in the afternoon and keeping her away from the others. Then Mrs. Smith had a long talk with her teachers, suggesting that they move Sheila up to the front of the classroom where they could more easily keep her attention. "In three months," she concluded triumphantly, "her marks were up to B's again." *(Continued on Page 164)*

PHOTOS BY STUART

"I'm a success — want my secret?"



EVERY GIRL in the office craved the promotion *I* got!

"Till lately, I was worried about *my* chances. Oh, my work was as good as anybody's—but somehow I didn't get *noticed*. Maybe because my salary didn't stretch to career-girl clothes . . .

"I was window-shopping, in a wishful-thinking sort of way, when I came to our local Sewing Center.* Dawned an Idea! Why, if I knew how to sew, I could *afford* the right clothes—clothes that *looked* like a gal on her way up!

"In no time, I was inside that door—signing up for Singer's wonderful Home Dressmaking Lessons. My, the tricks I've been learning! How to pick colors, patterns, fabrics! How to cut, fit, finish up . . .

"Well, that smart, crisp new wardrobe of mine was the last push I needed. Made me *look* like an up-and-comer—made me *feel* more poised, too. Result: this morning the boss gave me the good news!"



"Now I can afford more War Bonds! Not just from my getting up in the world, but from the money Singer helps me save on clothes!" Lessons, $10 for an 8-lesson course. Single "Refresher" lessons—$1.50 for 2 hours.



"White touches—employers love 'em! That's how we got called 'white-collar girls.' Every Singer Sewing Center has wonderful jabots . . . collars . . . dickeys . . . all made up, ready to give a girl that fresh nine o'clock look straight through till five!"



"Belt and buttons; thanks to Singer! I made this dress—hit of our Canteen dance! And *Singer* covered the buttons—made the belt." Singer also does buttonholes, picoting, hemstitching.



"I've signed up for a new Singer! Singer Sewing Centers are accepting registrations right now—for early delivery when Singers are again being made. I'm making sure I'll be among the first to get mine. Meantime—I've *rented* a Singer. Makes sewing such fun my roommate's all interested, too!"

SINGER

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

Singer Sewing Machine Company



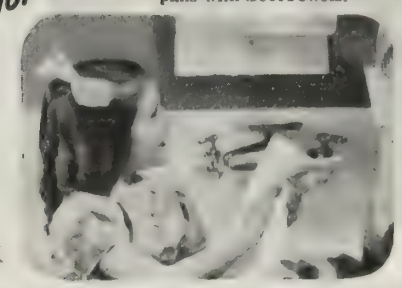
*FOR YOUR PROTECTION: Singer Sewing Machine Co. continues its long-time policy of selling its machines only through Sewing Centers identified by the famous Red "S" trademark on the window—never through department stores or other sewing machine dealers.

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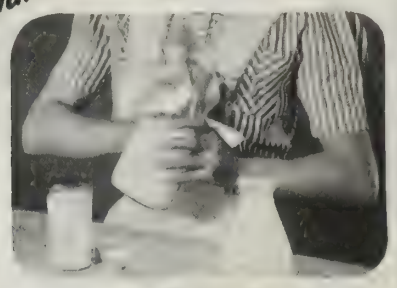
See what ScotTowels DO for 7¢ a week!



Save Hot Water! No greasy dishwater to change when you wipe the grease from plates and pans with ScotTowels.



Save Laundering! ScotTowels—used once, then thrown away—save work . . . and wear and tear on linen towels.



Save Health! Wiping milk bottles with ScotTowels helps keep refrigerator sweet—helps protect health.



Save Time! Flour fish and peel vegetables on ScotTowels . . . throw away towel and scraps in one motion.



Trade mark "ScotTowels" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

● ScotTowels do a dozen daily chores for 1¢!

If your dealer runs out of ScotTowels, it's because large quantities of Scott paper products go to meet war needs. So won't you try again later?

MADE STRONG TO WORK HARD!



PHOTO BY STUART

Can a child be brought up to maturity on $18 a month? This is average amount paid to dependent children under 18 in the U. S.

You Can't Pauperize Children

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

YOU have been reading of Mrs. Smith and the marvels she has accomplished on her allowance in California. California is a fairly liberal state, but even in California there are strange rules that are difficult to understand. Mrs. Smith cannot take on any extra work at home and add to the opportunities of her children or to the comforts of her home, because if she does she forfeits from her allowance the amount that she makes. Unless the job pays her more than her total allowance and is completely secure, she is not going to risk being without any income at a given point, because the procedure to get back on to the state welfare will probably leave her without resources for a period of time.

It might be possible in some cases for a child to earn a little money here and there, but if he is enterprising enough to do so that also, according to the story of Mrs. Smith which you have been reading, is deducted from the allowance, so we discourage initiative and a desire to become better off.

It seems to be fairly evident that no child under sixteen or eighteen, attending school, could possibly earn such large sums of money that they would be defrauding the state. A mother might be allowed only certain kinds of homework, since we do not want to return to the old sweatshop-labor conditions in any home. Certain services could be rendered by a woman at home, however, and she could add something perhaps to her meager allowance.

What can a child do when it is deprived of its mother's care by death or illness, and the father has to go to work? What can a child do if the father is removed from the family circle for any one of a number of good reasons? The mother may go to work, you say, but in many cases that is impossible, because it means no care at home for the child.

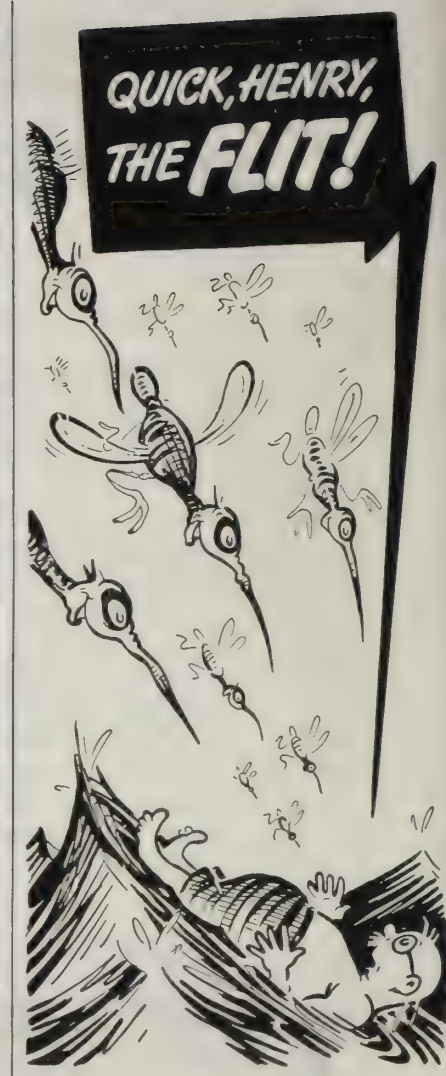
Every now and then I hear murmurs against certain programs developed in the interests of giving people, young and old, a greater sense of security in their daily lives. I have had people tell me that this stepping in of government with unemployment insurance, old-age compensation, and so on, "was really a very dangerous and pauperizing program, since people should be thrifty and lay up money themselves for bad times, emergencies, old age, and not count on government to look after them."

During the depression I think that it was pretty well proved that there are many cases in which it is practically impossible for people to lay up anything in the way of savings to make a family secure for any length of time.

Many of us may differ as to the value of much assistance which is given to older people in the community. But no matter how much we argue, where young children are concerned there can be very little difference of opinion, since obviously they have had no opportunity for saving money themselves and are helpless to do anything for themselves during their early years.

Children, rich and poor, are the wealth of a nation. Their hands and their heads are going to determine what happens in every country in the world, as they grow to maturity. So I think we look with great interest on what is being done to make it possible for children to grow up under healthy conditions even when adversity of various kinds comes their way.

Assistance to dependent children, which is a program carried on under the Federal Security Agency, has been, of course, a very great help, but it seems to me that we should constantly be scrutinizing our program for aid to children to see how we can make an improvement in it.



Heat's bad enough . . . but humming flies and buzzing mosquitoes can make hot weather a horror!

These summertime pests don't stand a chance . . . when you spray 'em with Flit! For this effective insecticide *kills* the dread, germ-laden malaria mosquitoes, as well as common moths and flies. One whiff —and they're stiff!

Buy an ample supply of Flit, *today!* It's stainless when used as directed, and pleasant-smelling!

FLIT

KILLS FLIES, MOTHS AND MOSQUITOES



Copr. 1945, Standard Incorporated

BE SURE IT'S FLIT! ASK FOR THE CONTAINER WITH THE YELLOW LABEL AND THE BLACK BAND

First let us review the past. Before the Social Security Act was passed, most of the States had what was called Mothers' Aid laws or Widows' Pensions. The effect of the Social Security Act was that the legislatures revised and broadened their laws because they had to comply with the more liberal provisions of the Social Security Act.

The difference between the old laws for assistance to dependent children and the Social Security law is that in order to get the money, the assistance must be state-wide. In the past, the assistance was not state-wide, and one city or county would give assistance here and there.

Many of the laws were permissible rather than mandatory. Some left the entire administration of the program to local units with no state supervision provided. Even now, in general, the payments made under Aid to Dependent Children are lower than those made under Old Age Assistance and Aid to the Blind.

In April, 1945, the average aid to a family was $46.83 per month, the family consisting of a mother or a relative and two and a half children as a unit of survey. The lowest average was $20.79 in one state and the highest was $87.24, and five states averaged payments less than $25.00 a month.

Also, under the old laws, a child had to live with a mother. Under the Social Security Act the child can live with any relative. Even after the Social Security Act went into effect, some states did not provide the money to carry out the program.

All states now, except Nevada, have broadened their laws to comply with the Aid to Dependent Children provision of the Social Security Act. Nevada still has a mothers' aid program, but it is not state-wide and not so broad as the Social Security Aid to Dependent Children.

In a survey which was carried on by sixteen states on a voluntary basis, it was found that while the Federal definition of a dependent child is fairly liberal, states are often very rigid. The Federal Government defines a dependent child as one under sixteen or under the age of eighteen if still attending school, who, because of death, continued absence from home or mental or physical incapacity, is deprived of parental care. The child, to obtain assistance, must be living with a parent or other specified relative. Many of the states, however, have rules and regulations which prevent the giving of aid for a variety of technicalities. In some cases, the child or its parents must have lived for a year within the state; in others, if they become dependent children, it has to be proved that the parent has been absent for a year and that legal steps have been taken against the parent to make him contribute support. Otherwise the state will not allow them to receive aid.

These are just examples of the kind of differences that make the dependent child's life precarious.

Most of us know there are two things all children need above all others—one is love, and the other is a sense of security. No matter how much the mother and father may love a child, if there is no assurance that there will be shelter and food and clothing for that child, and at least a minimum standard of living in the home, the child's sense of security is endangered.

The laws in the various states are so very different that it is not possible to say what the general program for the care of dependent children really is throughout the country. We can only say that we have succeeded in creating an awareness of the need and in meeting it better since the Social Security Agency came into being than when society depended entirely on private charity to meet its obligations.

We cannot say that every child in this country is getting an opportunity to grow up under favorable conditions. That would not be true. We can be grateful, however, that families like the Smith family—though the conditions under which they live may not be ideal, and all women may not be as capable and intelligent as Mrs. Smith—still have the advantages of medical care, for instance. This means a great deal to the mother with a growing family, even if the allowance for food in some states seems absurdly small even with the most careful budgeting.

A widow whose case was brought to my attention a few days ago could not give her children adequate meals, and yet the welfare department insisted that they were extremely careful to have a dietitian go over the allowance. In this particular case, there were two young children in the family, and the allowance for milk alone would have left for the other food requirements six cents per meal per day.

On the other hand, I remember a case in West Virginia where the man was killed in a mine accident, leaving a large family of children. In that case, in the past, there would have been a purse made up, to which the owners and the managers of the mine would have made substantial contributions, but much of the money would have been paid out for funeral expenses and before long the family would have been destitute. When that time arrived, everyone would have forgotten about the man's death. The result would have been grudging charity or inadequate state-welfare assistance. The children might have been sent to homes away from their mother and the woman might have gone to work when undoubtedly she was far better fitted to look after her family at home than to do an outside job. In the case to which I refer, what the woman and her children received under Social Security kept the home together and made for a greater sense of security than would have been possible otherwise.

Even when we know of these good results, however, we must not complacently sit back and think, "Now the job for widows and children is done, the children are cared for in their homes, widows and widowers do not need to be separated from their children, our obligation as citizens is finished." In our own interest we must strive as citizens to improve the conditions of children throughout the country, because every child who grows up a good citizen, self-respecting and self-supporting, adds to the wealth of the country. Every child who grows up physically and mentally unstable, morally insecure, may cost us, as citizens, far more when they grow older than it could cost us for good care at home throughout their childhood.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Niobe

BY MARJORIE LEDERER

I shall forget (I have before, you know)
Such things as passing as a barbed word,
Aimed like an arrow from a thoughtless bow,
Too quickly loosed, and therefore scarcely heard.
No thing, however small, however great,
Outlives the dust which spins its final net;
A little while before its proper fate,
And then, no need to fear, I shall forget.
An end will come (I border, you will find,
Closer to form than you would have me be),
And these insistent callings of the mind
Will leave for lack of hospitality;
And you, too late with love, will stand alone
To touch my tears and feel them turn to stone.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Not yet, but –

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence.

Soap is still near the top of the list of materials needed to win the war. So until the orders are changed the great Fels plant must spend most of its time making soap for fighting men.

This doesn't mean that *you* can't get *any* Fels-Naptha Soap. The limited supply for civilians is distributed as evenly as we know how to do it. There will be times, certainly, when your grocer has Fels-Naptha Soap on sale.

We know that most times the Fels-Naptha bin will be empty. And although that is disappointing, we think it's better than depriving the men who need good soap as much as they need good weapons.

The day is coming, when you will go to the Fels-Naptha bin and—if you feel like it—fill your market basket with this famous soap that now seems like a luxury. We *hope* it will be . . . soon!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



For the sake of *your* children, selected groups of 100 or more lively boys and girls have been *Pre-Testing* Poll-Parrots constantly, *in actual wear,* for the past 17 years!

When your children wear Poll-Parrots, they're wearing shoes that have *extra reinforcements in vital parts,* because of *Pre-Testing.* Every new construction, material, last, and style is *Pre-Tested* before it's approved for *your* child!

No wonder Poll-Parrots protect so well, fit so snug, wear so long and look so smart. Insist on them for *your* children, because Poll-Parrots are always *Pre-Tested!*

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND, ST. LOUIS, MO.
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EVERY IMPROVEMENT PRE-TESTED!

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& STAR BRAND SHOES

with BUILT-IN FIT for Boys and Girls



For nearest Poll-Parrot dealer, see Classified Phone Directory, or write us.

BUY AND KEEP WAR BONDS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



Cotton dresses and saddle shoes are right for Rose Ann.



HELEN: Sis, what *are* you cleaning that tub with... *magic?*

BETTY: *Bon Ami* magic! It never leaves dirt-catching scratches!

HELEN: But I thought a cleanser *had* to be gritty to do a fast job.

BETTY: You couldn't be *wronger*, darling! Every scratch is a *dirt trap* that makes your cleaning twice as hard.

HELEN: Sa-ay, I guess scratches *do* take scrubbing.

BETTY: Bet your life they do! That's why I always use Bon Ami. It *slides* all the dirt off in double-quick time—and *polishes* besides.

HELEN: Well, I'll admit your bathroom looks like new. Your porcelain and tile really *sparkle.*

BETTY: Thanks to Bon Ami! That satin-smooth finish proves it hasn't . . .

BOBBY: I know, Mommy! "It hasn't scratched yet!"

HELEN: Bobby! You *too?* I give up—I'm getting me some Bon Ami magic *tomorrow!*

Bon Ami



THE SPEEDY CLEANSER *that "hasn't scratched yet!"*



Bon Ami Powder is a quick, easy-to-use cleanser for bathtubs, sinks, enamel stoves, refrigerators and general cleaning. **Bon Ami Cake** is a favorite for cleaning windows, mirrors, metal fixtures and painted woodwork. Costs little, lasts long.

BASIC TRAINING



Polished shoes show pride, and John and Neil Smith prove it. Below— Norine demonstrates her toothbrush drill.



Boy hair will always be a problem, but big brother John teaches young Jimmy that at least you can get a neat start.





Five-year-old Rose Ann perfects her daily bath routine under mother's watchful eye.

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

THE diligent application of soap and water produces far more than a shining face and clean neck. It scrubs the personality. It also makes for a neat mind. In the process of burnishing the outside, such inner assets as pride, ambition and self-discipline get polished too.

Nora Smith knows this by deep-rooted instinct. Her lively half-dozen youngsters are drilled as firmly in habits of personal cleanliness as if she boasted a top sergeant's stripes instead of a beaming Irish smile and twinkly "mother eyes." Whatever her healthy, lovable children may lack in the matter of worldly luxuries, they are indeed blessed in having a mother who is giving them the great, irreplaceable gift of self-pride.

Nora Smith knows that clean clothes and bodies are not an end in themselves. She knows that gleaming shoes fit no more comfortably than scuffed and dirty ones, but she also knows that little folks hold their heads higher and step out more confidently when they feel spruced-up.

Her six active children require a lot of scrubbing. The only solution is self-help. Nora couldn't possibly spare the time from her crowded days to swab down her offspring over and over again. It wouldn't be good for them if she could, for one of the best early lessons for a child to learn is to wash and dress himself. At five, tackling buttons and shoelaces is one way of developing initiative. At ten, the daughter who is accustomed to taking a proper bath by herself and who can, moreover, keep her hair looking prettily tidy is on her way to becoming a self-reliant woman. Rose Ann Smith, "sixish," can already bathe herself under her mother's supervision, and don her clothes, including laced shoes, with only a bit of last-minute help in the matter of buttons and hair brushing. And all the Smiths are veterans at wielding the toothbrush at least twice a day!

Too much polishing and pruning of children is unhealthy. While they can't exactly be permitted to run wild like weeds, it would be abnormal for a child to be finicky about his appearance, and no mother should encourage anything resembling this attitude, or she may have a serious personality problem on her hands one of these days.

How Much Grooming Do Children Need?

Certain routines can, however, be drilled in, in childhood, so that they are automatic (or comparatively so!) by adolescence. Daily baths and tooth brushing are not going to become a sudden enthusiasm at sixteen if they have been enjoyed only in a highly haphazard fashion up to that time. The little girl who has been used to a weekly shampoo at her mother's hands, and regular Saturday attention to fingers and feet, will follow this blueprint for beauty in her adult life. An insistence on clean hands and fingernails before meals is not too much to ask at any age, and the younger the start, the better. The mother who excuses herself from the nuisance of enforcing grooming rules by saying, "Oh, I simply can't keep after them all the time now; it will be easier when they are older," is just piling up trouble for the future. It will not be easier. Moreover, she runs the risk of exposing her children to the contempt and ridicule of their friends. Grubby nails, a grimy neck and hair that is something less than fresh can be cause for scalding young comment that is likely to leave bitter traces in the personality of the child on the receiving end.

Parents owe it to their children to give them a good grounding in habits that make for health, decent cleanliness and manners. Children who are cheated of this basic training in their homes easily grow into apologetic or resentful adults, and neither kind makes a good citizen.

PHOTOS BY STUART

Just see how this delicious drink gives a

Helping Hand

to the YOUNGSTERS, THE MAN OF THE HOUSE...and YOU!



1 A Helping Hand for APPETITES!

Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice is delicious, refreshing. And such a quencher of thirst! Not only perfect for breakfast, but any time . . . day or night.

2 A Helping Hand in saving TROUBLE!

The squeezing and straining has all been done. You'll find it a mighty welcome hand in preparing the family's meals. Just open the can, and pour!

3 A Helping Hand in saving TIME!

Just keep a few cans of juice on ice—chilled—all ready to serve. And try it in fizzes and punches, or mixed with grape juice or ginger ale!

4 A Helping Hand for HEALTH!

No wonder Florida grapefruit is called the COMMANDO FRUIT. Because it's so rich in protective vitamin C, it helps you fight fatigue, infections, colds!

5 A Helping Hand in saving CASH!

Canned Florida grapefruit juice is so inexpensive, it will save you cash every day. So remember on every marketing day to reach for this HELPING HAND!

And don't miss this!

CANNED FLORIDA ORANGE JUICE

Now Available!

Your dealer has received a plentiful supply of this delicious juice, which has been so scarce due to military demands. The one way to be CERTAIN your family's daily needs for orange juice will be economically filled during the coming lean months is to buy plenty NOW!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
Lakeland, Florida

Canned Florida

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

Shoes are precious, so it's off with the new, on with the old, the minute each small Smith gets home from school.

Keeping the best foot forward

BY JUDY BARRY

NORA SMITH'S the girl we could take a lesson from! There's scarcely a trick in the thrifty trade of making a little go a long way that she doesn't know and practice. She's an expert at keeping the best foot forward!

"I mend and make over and mend again," laughs Nora, "and then I make over some more!" Her needle, her ingenuity and plenty of good old-fashioned elbow grease are the magic that make the small Smiths' shoes and clothing live nine lives. "Let's see how long we can make it last" can become a game to children, too, if a mother with spirit and humor like Nora's shows the way!

The question of shoes looms large in the Smiths' life, with all of them growing like geraniums in California. Money for them comes from their church—and they take about $5 worth of repairs before each new batch. So the five little Smiths who go to school come home like trains arriving at a depot on schedule, to carry out Nora's change-at-once rule even before rushing kitchenward to shout, "C'n I have somethin' to eat, mom?" Nora believes in the old-country system: brand-new shoes go first to church, then to school, and when well along in life go out to play.

Nora deserves a shoe-saving medal! Repair and rotation are fine shoe stretchers; so are rubbers and overshoes. One dunking in puddles can cut a shoe's life in half. But since sudden showers will happen, use your electric fan if you must dry shoes quickly. Never, never toast 'em near a radiator—it's sure to bring on wrinkles, cracking, an early old age! Shoe horns, shoe trees, plenty of good wax polish all help to keep them peppy. And remember that letting heels run down will soon shoot your shoe bills up—run-over heels twist the uppers out of shape (besides making ankles look very unpretty!). Try to have plenty of shoe bags or racks for your closets' sake as well as your shoes', since cluttered, crowded closets won't help in your praiseworthy efforts to keep clothes and shoes good to the last drop!

If only every closet were twins—or even triplets—how much it would help! Nora, in common with most of us, bemoans the size and scarcity of closets and storage space in her house. Big roomy ones with plenty of space for your clothes to breathe, plenty of places for them to rest comfortably help them to live a long, happy life.

Keep clothes young and healthy. Provide shapely shoulder hangers, separate pants and skirt hangers to receive clothes while they're still warm, so to speak. Have a collection of good brushes, a couple of purposeful spot-removal preparations, and *use* them!

Try not to wear the same suit or dress day in, day out. It will tend to lose its shape and take on yours, which may or may not be a good thing!

About stockings—runs are born by pulling the whole thing on with one fell swoop. Settle the foot first—ease the leg of the stocking upward, fasten your garters not too tightly. Your stockings must fit exactly, of course, but better buy your husband's wool socks a size larger to allow for shrinking—even if you have prudently invested in sock stretchers.

Spick-'n'-spanness has charm—but more than that, it's any fabric's best life preserver. Your fastidious habit of whisking everything washable into suds before it shows soil pays off in longer wear. Lingerie and stockings appreciate washing after every *(Continued on Page 161)*

Nora saves old pants for patches—turns the inside out, so the patch matches.

Pajamas for Jim, a dress for Norine! Nora receives clothing allotment.

PHOTOS BY STUART



Preservation of all clothing you now have seems to be the only way to make present supplies go around.

Armies returning from Europe have to be re-equipped before being transferred to the Pacific, the greater demands of the Navy have to be met, and clothes have to be sent to the destitute peoples of Europe. Clothing available for the civilian population will therefore be limited in supply.

The present OPA and WPB clothing program will *not* increase the total volume of production of textiles, but it is expected to direct a substantial proportion of the textiles available for civilians into essential garments in low and medium priced lines.



Say Shefford for fine cheese



Potatoes Au Gratin—Shefford Style

You can bake potatoes . . . you can fry potatoes . . . you can boil potatoes.

You can casserole potatoes with Shefford au gratin style and make an eating specialty of spuds.

Shefford American, for example, gives your old Irish friend a new tang and flavor. And on the top you get that golden brown cheese crust that everyone likes to have on his helping. Remember, Shefford and potatoes is a front-rank protein-and-energy combination.

And while you're ordering that Shefford American, get acquainted with those other Shefford quality products. (See our Cheese Parade below.)

SHEFFORD CHEESE CO., INC.
Green Bay, Wisconsin

POTATOES AU GRATIN—Place 3 cups sliced boiled potatoes in saucepan; add 2 tablespoons minced parsley (optional) and 1 cup milk. Cook until mixture is thoroughly heated, then place in a casserole. Sprinkle top with 1½ cups (6 oz.) grated Shefford American Cheese. Bake at 400° F. about 20 minutes. Serves 4-6.



Whether you
melt it.....
spread it....
slice it.....
be sure to say
Shefford



Though frills may be missing, the Smiths are thankful for what they have.

SEVEN SUPPERS FOR SEVEN

By Louella G. Shouer

"THE widow's mite." Out of her $138 monthly check from the county, Nora Smith is allowed $109.00 for food for herself and the six children. She may or may not spend it all each month on food.

"It's not so much what you have to spend, it's how you spend what you have." This is Nora's philosophy.

There is a togetherness in this family that is wonderful to see. The children even help with the cooking. Little Jimmy collects the ingredients when Nora bakes. Sheila makes the salads; Johnny's chef when they have bacon and eggs.

Seven ration books make meat more possible for them when it can be had. Grandmother helps out with chickens and eggs. A small garden keeps them in fresh vegetables. Here are some simple everyday meals that will make a mite of money do for more.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS
Washington, D. C.

Play fair with the meat supply that we are allotted. Never buy meat without red stamps. Never pay more than the ceiling price. Rationing and price control are for your protection against the black marketeer and the chiseler.

★ ★ Monday ★ ★ ★

Vegetable Soup
With Poached Eggs*
Raw-Spinach Salad
Bread and Jam
Grated Raw Apple With Raisins
Milk
*Poach eggs right in the soup

★ ★ Tuesday ★ ★ ★

Macaroni Casserole
Raw-Carrot-and-Cabbage Salad
Bread and Spread
Prune Whip
Milk

★ ★ Wednesday ★ ★ ★

Bread-and-Cheese Pudding
Scalloped Tomatoes
Baked Potatoes
Raw-Vegetable Relish
Bread and Spread
Jellied Fruit
Milk

★ ★ Thursday ★ ★ ★

Irish Boiled Dinner
Bread and Spread
Raw Celery
Baked Apples Cookies
Milk

★ ★ Friday ★ ★ ★

Baked Fish Smothered With Onions
Baked Potatoes
Spinach or Stewed Tomatoes
Bread and Spread
Prune-and-Orange Salad
Milk

★ ★ Saturday ★ ★ ★

Cauliflower Soup
Vegetable-Salad Bowl
Corn Bread
Stewed Fruit
Milk

★ ★ Sunday ★ ★ ★

Oatmeal Meat Loaf
Scalloped Potatoes
Mashed Yellow Turnips
Celery-and-Tomato Salad
Bread and Spread
Blue-Grape Batter Pudding
Milk

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Soda Bread. Soda bread is as Irish as apple pie is American. In the old days, in Ireland, yeast was never used for making bread except in the commercial bakeries. This was the stand-by. Mrs. Smith still carries on the tradition. Her family likes it.

IRISH SODA BREAD

Sift together 3¼ cups flour, ¼ cup graham or soy flour (this is Mrs. Smith's addition to the traditional recipe—adds more nutritional value!) ¼ cup sugar and 4½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon baking soda and ¾ teaspoon salt. To this add ½ cup raisins, ½ cup chopped nuts and ½ teaspoon caraway seeds. Beat 1 egg, add 1¼ cups sour milk or buttermilk and ¼ cup melted shortening or salad oil. Add to dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly, but do not beat—turn out on a lightly floured board. Knead lightly about one minute. Shape in round loaf, place in greased round pan. Mark the sign of the cross on it. Put dots of butter or margarine on each section of the cross. Let stand ten to fifteen minutes. Bake one hour in moderate oven, 350° F. If you use sweet milk, omit the baking soda.

CAULIFLOWER SOUP

Cook ¼ cup rice until very soft in 2 cups meat stock made from a meat paste or powder and boiling water. Cook 1 head cauliflower, broken into flowerets, in boiling salted water. Drain and measure ½ cup cauliflower. Press it through sieve. Add 1 tablespoon minced onion, the rice and meat stock, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons prepared mustard and a little pepper. Now add 3 cups milk and simmer until flavor is blended and soup is slightly thickened. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon paprika and the rest of the cauliflower broken into small pieces. Serves 6.

BAKED FISH SMOTHERED WITH ONIONS

Select a fish weighing about 3 pounds. Haddock is good. Have butcher bone it and remove head and tail. Wash the split fish and lay skin side down in a well-greased baking pan. Peel 6 medium onions and slice or chop them. Sauté in 4 tablespoons drippings or butter or margarine with ¾ cup bread crumbs or cubes until just golden brown. Sprinkle fish with salt and pepper and paprika. Spread the onions and crumbs over the fish. Season them lightly. Add a pinch of mixed herbs if desired. Pour ½ cup milk around the fish—not over the top—to soak the crumbs. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about twenty-five minutes or until the flesh of the fish is just set. Serves 7–8.

GLAZED CEREAL MEAT LOAF

Mix 1 cup uncooked quick or regular rolled oats with 1½ pounds ground raw meat. By just "meat" I mean whatever you can get. A mixture of pork, veal and beef trimmings is good, but it can even be part sausage. Add ¼ cup chopped onion, 2½ teaspoons salt, a good dash of pepper, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 2 beaten eggs and 1 cup milk. Mix very thoroughly and shape into rounded loaf in a greased shallow baking pan. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., thirty-five minutes. Mix 2 tablespoons tart jelly (grape, currant or apple preferably) with 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Brush over the loaf and continue baking twenty-five minutes more. Make gravy from drippings. Cuts into 14–16 slices—part for dinner, part for lunch boxes.

PHOTOS BY STUART



"Pat it and shape it and mark it with †." Mrs. Smith makes soda bread while Jimmy looks on. He's always there when she's baking. Not one but three loaves go into the oven.





Her brightest wish is for Sterling Inlaid

Ask any up-to-the-minute engaged girl. There *is* a silverplate she can trust to be lovely now . . . to *stay* lovely for years and years.

It's the kind with the two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks . . . where they rest on the table. Good-sense protection to keep in mind when silverplate comes back on sale.

GOOD NEWS!

Soon you can begin looking for Holmes & Edwards. Watch for it . . . wait for it. Three exquisite designs, Lovely Lady (illustrated), also Danish Princess and Youth.

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STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE

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AS IT WAS BEFORE

(Continued from Page 29)

minutes late. Why, I'd be glad to play for you, Mr. Blake. What shall it be?"

"Something lively," papa said.

I went over and sat in the gilt three-cornered chair beside mamma. Miss Mercer gave the piano stool a twirl. She took off a bracelet and her rings and laid them at the end of the keyboard. She shook back the lace frills at the cuffs of her blue dress, and her white hands danced over the keys like butterflies and the whole room was filled with runs and trills and gaiety. Then she played a kind of coaxing little polka tune, and finished with The Blue Danube.

Papa clapped his hands and cried, "Bravo!"

Mamma said, "That was very nice, Miss Mercer. . . . Now, Fanny, you see why you should practice!"

Miss Mercer asked mamma if she could trouble her for a glass of water.

Mamma said, "Why, certainly." Then she turned to me. "Fanny, run out and get Miss Mercer a glass of water."

But papa said, "Hold on, now! I could do with a cool drink myself. Why can't we have some grape juice, Helen?"

"Why, certainly," mamma said. And she folded up her mending and put it in the basket very quickly and left the room.

Papa kept looking at Miss Mercer, kind of grinning as if they might have a joke between them. Then papa said, "Aren't you ever bored listening to five-fingered exercises and the Fairy Waltz?"

Miss Mercer made a kind of funny face at papa; but at the same time she put her arm around me and gave me a quick little hug. "Anyhow, I'm never bored with Fanny, Mr. Blake. Fanny is a love."

I wriggled away from Miss Mercer, because it wasn't a comfortable hug.

Papa laughed. "Oh, Fanny's all right."

Then Miss Mercer kind of sighed and said, "Of course, Mr. Blake, you know I really wanted to be a concert pianist. But sometimes we have to cut the pattern to the cloth."

"Well," papa said, "most of us have to make compromises."

"Yes," Miss Mercer said. "There was nothing else to do after dear papa passed away—there was certainly no money for an expensive musical education. And then I couldn't have left mamma. She had always been a clinging vine."

Papa said, "Well, you've been a brave girl and a smart little businesswoman. And with it all, you don't look like a suffragette!"

Just then mamma came in with the grape juice and poundcake on the lacquer tray. When she had drunk her grape juice and finished the cake, Miss Mercer patted her lips daintily with the serviette, thanked mamma and rose to leave. We all went to the door with her.

But when she had just gone a few steps up the street she turned and laughed and started back.

"Can you imagine—I forgot my music roll!" she cried.

Papa found it and ran down the steps and gave it to her and they laughed at each other as if it were not careless but very funny.

And then it was when papa came back into the house that he said, after he had finished the last piece of cake, "Look here, Helen, how about you and the children going up to your mother's early this year? The day school closes? It will do you all good."

"I'm not sure I want to leave so early," mamma said.

Papa walked over to the window and played with the tassel of the shade. "Well," he said, "I've been wanting to tell you for several days, Helen, and I hated to do it. But I am going to have to do the whole Eastern territory myself this summer. It may mean six weeks or longer. But business is business."

"Oh," mamma said. "Six weeks or longer. Well, I shouldn't want to stay that long at mother's."

YOU DON'T NEED PEPPER
TO SEASON YOUR FOOD!

Just reach for Frank's Red Hot Sauce

After your peas, beans, carrots, cauliflower, potatoes, cabbage or other vegetables are cooked add ¼ to ½ tsp. of Frank's Red Hot Sauce for a new zestful flavor. Add 5 drops to each serving of fish, eggs, cottage cheese, meat and soup—one 10c bottle flavors 108 meals.



NOT RATIONED!



NEW
PEPPER-FREE WAY TO SERVE SCALLOPED POTATOES

Pare 4 potatoes in ¼-inch slices, put layer of potatoes in bottom of greased baking dish, sprinkle with salt and ¼ tsp. of Frank's Red Hot Sauce, dot over with 1 tsp. butter and dredge with flour. Repeat with remaining potatoes. Add milk until it can be seen through top layer. Bake 1¼ hours in moderate oven (350 F.) or until potato is soft. Garnish with parsley. Serves 4 to 6.



FREE! 18 more easy-to-prepare economical recipes in new booklet "FOODS As Men Like Them". Write for YOUR FREE copy today. The Frank Tea & Spice Co., Dept. J, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

10c On Most Food Store Shelves and Meat Counters

Frank's RED HOT SAUCE

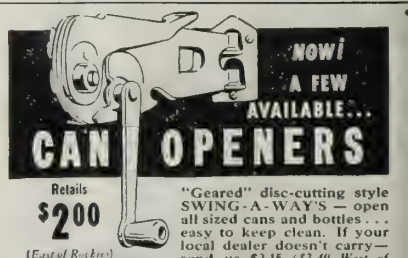
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AN eye-appealing salad brings the sunlight of the garden to your table. And a salad is so taste-appealing when served with a genuine French Dressing.

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This blend enhances the flavor of the maple—makes it richer, more delicious. Also more uniform, so every bottle of our Vermont Maid Syrup has the same *real maple sugar flavor*. At your grocer's.

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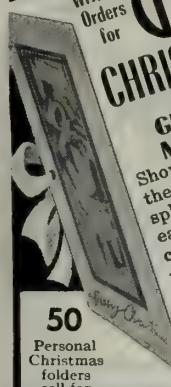


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PULVEX FLEA POWDER

Kills fleas

25¢ AND 50¢

100% SATISFACTION .. OR MONEY BACK

"It will do you a world of good—fresh country air, lots of milk to drink ——"

"You know I never liked milk," mamma said. "But I'll think it over."

But usually when mamma told me that she would think something over, I knew it meant that she wouldn't do whatever it was I had asked. Papa didn't seem to know that.

That evening while Robert and I were playing parcheesi in the back parlor mamma and papa were talking as usual in the front parlor, with the folding doors open so that they could watch us and settle any arguments and send us to bed on time.

Usually I didn't pay much attention to dull grown-up conversations, but that evening I did, because it had to do with our visit to grandma's. Then all at once mamma said something that had nothing to do with grandma's. She said:

"I thought you never liked independent women."

"What do you mean?" papa asked.

Mamma laughed. "I always admired them—oh, not the kind wearing mannish clothes, shirtwaists and rainy-day skirts, but the other kind, the smart kind. Money of their own to buy pretty frocks and froufrous—emancipating themselves from kitchens, staying young and fascinating."

"What are you talking about?" papa shouted.

Mamma looked at him over her embroidery frame. "Belle Mercer doesn't ruin her hands in dishwater. I'll bet she makes more than five dollars a day!"

We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture—which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

—R. W. EMERSON.

Ten thousand faults of the greatest in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.

—BISHOP WHATELY.

An ass is an ass though laden with gold.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

Then papa laughed one of those laughs which mamma, when she was in a good humor, always said shook the rafters in the attic. But this time she said nothing but, "How nice that you were able to come home early today. You got home early last Thursday too!" Then she got up and closed the folding doors and I could only hear their voices.

But the next week mamma and Mrs. Kelly, the laundress, were busy all week getting our clothes washed and ironed and ready to go to the country. But Robert wasn't going with us. Mamma made up her mind he was old enough to go with Mr. Patton, one of the teachers, who took a dozen boys to camp every summer in the mountains. Robert was tickled to death. But when he left a few days before we were to leave, mamma cried and hugged him and called him her baby.

Then papa left. And when we came back from the station after seeing papa off, mamma said, "Now, Fanny, I've got a surprise for you! You are going to grandma's alone. Mamma is going to stay in town this summer."

At first I was so excited about going on a train alone that I didn't think of anything else. Then I began to think about leaving mamma and I burst out crying. So mamma put her arm around me and sat down on the sofa with me and explained everything.

"Someday, Fanny, when you are grown up, you will understand. I know you are too young to understand now; but I shall try to tell you. It isn't much fun for mamma in the country, especially when papa isn't there. I don't like to go wading or play with dolls under the grape arbor, or make a playhouse in the apple tree. Those lovely country things are for little girls. But there is something else." And all at once mamma looked so very quiet and sad and far away that I



P.S. YOU'LL LIKE HORMEL CHILI CON CARNE! Everybody likes chili the way Hormel makes it, because Hormel Chili is different. You'll like it, too. DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T!

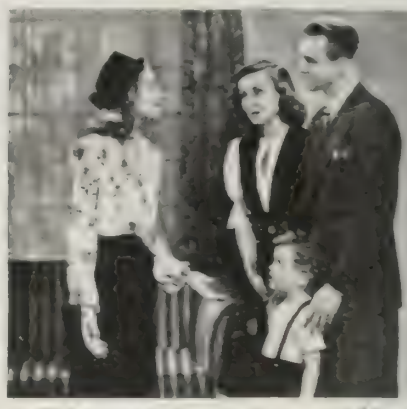
"What he needs is an old-fashioned spanking!"



1. My husband, Jim, brought his sister home for dinner the other night—and walked in on such a scene! Little Tommy was putting up a terrible fuss about taking his laxative, and I'd just about lost *all* my patience.



2. When Jim saw what was going on, he was ready to spank Tommy then and there. We might have had an awful argument if Jim's sister hadn't spoken up. "Don't mind my interfering," Janet said, "but maybe I can help.



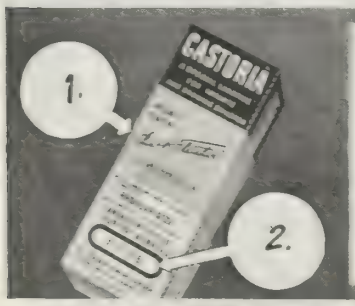
3. "It's wrong to force medicine on children," she said. "Doctors say it can upset their nervous systems. Haven't you heard about Fletcher's Castoria—the pleasant-tasting laxative made *especially* for children?



4. "With Fletcher's Castoria, there's no need for forcing," Janet went on. "Children love it. It's effective, too, yet gentle—never harsh or upsetting. Just to prove it, I'll go to the drugstore and get some."



5. She was back in no time and we gave Tommy the Fletcher's Castoria. He took it without a bit of trouble—and loved it! "Thanks for coming to dinner, Janet," I smiled, "and for keeping peace in the family."



Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria packages . . . both Regular Size and money-saving Family Size:

1. *The green band* on the package identifies new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. *The Special Carton Number* is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies the *three* rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, biological—made on each batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

Always take your laxative according to directions on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for children

was frightened. "Once upon a time I had a talent," mamma said. "You have seen all the water-color paintings I did."

Of course I knew the water colors mamma had done when she was a girl. We were all very proud of them.

"Well," mamma said, "I've done no painting for years. When you have a big house and not much help and two children and all their sewing and mending, you haven't much time for art. You forget the things you liked to do, you even forget how prettily you once dressed." Then she stopped and said, "Anyhow, Fanny, I talked to my old art teacher at Miss Sayward's school, and they are having a summer course for children."

"But, mamma, you couldn't go back to school!" I cried. "You aren't a child."

Then mamma laughed and her eyes were shining. "That is the surprise, Fanny. Miss Sayward wants me to teach a class of little girls for six weeks."

"But what will papa say?" I cried; for I knew that papa thought mamma was going to grandma's with me.

"That is my affair, Fanny," mamma said. "But I shall not deceive your father. I shall write him tonight, so that he will know almost as soon as he reaches Boston."

"What will grandma say?" I asked.

"I shall give you a letter for grandma, explaining everything. After all, I am not a little girl any longer."

Even when I burst out crying, mamma didn't give in. She just kept on telling me what fun I would have and how she would earn money teaching and buy me a yellow organdy dress. So finally I stopped crying and then we had supper together, just the two of us, and it was almost fun, a kind of gay secret between us.

In the morning, when mamma took me to the train I was almost happy and certainly excited about the adventure. When mamma put me on the train, she gave me into the care of the conductor, and warned me again about not sticking my head or my elbow out the window. Mamma was very graphic in her warning: "Your head or your arm will be snapped right off by a telegraph pole or something!" At once I could see my head rolling along beside the train, so I promised to be careful.

It was a five-hour ride to grandma's, but I loved it. Mamma had packed me a lunch and I had a book of fairy tales. But I liked best watching out the window at the little streams and houses and fields skimming past. When we stopped at stations I loved watching the excited people and the rumbling baggage trucks. But finally I ate my lunch and a lady gave me a banana, and then I read one story. And then all at once the train rushed through the long tunnel. When we got out of the tunnel, I knew we were almost to grandma's. And sure enough the conductor stuck his head in the door and shouted, "Westonville—next station stop Westonville!"

I put on my hat and wiped my face with a clean handkerchief which came away black with soot, smoothed my hair, and gathered up my valise and pocketbook. The conductor came in to see that I got off all right. He carried my valise.

"Here you are, little lady," he shouted. "And I'll bet that is your grandma, right there!"

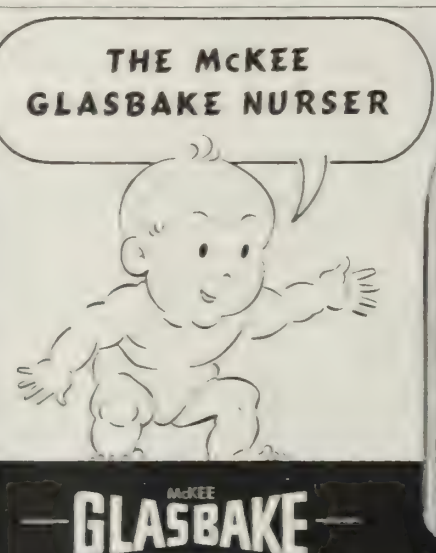
He was right. There were grandma and Aunt Kitty and my two cousins.

I was so excited that my knees shook. Grandma wore a black-and-white lawn dress and carried a black parasol. Aunt Kitty wore a peekaboo shirtwaist and a white piqué skirt and a black patent-leather belt. My little cousins, Etta and Sara, wore gingham dresses alike and red hair ribbons. When I saw them all waiting I felt warm and happy inside.

But my grandmother rushed up to me looking terribly worried. She didn't even kiss me. She just cried, "But where is Helen? Where is your mother, Fanny?"

As fast as I could I told her. "Mamma isn't coming. She sent me alone. She is

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g to teach art this summer. I've got a
r for you." And I gave her the letter.
letter!" my grandmother cried. "Oh,
gracious goodness, what does that girl
?" But then my grandmother seemed
emember me and she bent down and
d me.
unt Kitty crowded impolitely against
dma's shoulder, trying to read the letter
But my grandmother turned quickly so
Aunt Kitty couldn't read the letter,
she said, "Well, don't stand there like a
Kitty; welcome the child!" And she
ed me toward them. Aunt Kitty's face
red, too, and she caught my hand and
n to walk with me toward the carryall.
Cousin Etta carried my grip. Grandma
stood still, reading.
unt Kitty said, "Did you have a nice
honey?"
tta said, "Oh, Fanny, we've got a baby
and there is a lizard in the pond back of
barn. Maybe it will grow up to be an
ator."
Don't be silly," Sara said. "A lizard is a
d always. We've got a new hammock,
the church picnic is next week. At Cedar
ve. Is that a new dress?"
Of course it's a new dress, and Fanny
s very pretty," Aunt Kitty said. But
wasn't looking at
at all. She was
ching grandma.
ting to hear what
in the letter.
randma fooled
She just folded
letter and put it
y, and came up to
carryall. She un-
Dobbie and got

Well," Aunt Kitty
, "anyhow, it is
like Helen. Well,
is your fault,
her. You always
ulged her. If you
never let her go
ay to school in
tsburgh, she'd
e married some-
here at home."
'Edwin is a good
band. Helen did
y well," grandma
d.
Aunt Kitty kind of
orted. "Oh, he
kes a living. And
is handsome. He
almost too hand-
ne, if you ask me!"
"You and Helen
re always very dif-
ent," grandma said. "You married the
ht man for you, and I think Helen mar-
d the right man too."
Then grandma looked back at us girls and
gan to talk to us. Pretty soon we crossed
e creek and passed the log house and we
re on the straight road to grandma's.
Etta and Sara and Aunt Kitty and Uncle
rbert lived in a big red house almost
ross the road from grandma's little white
use. But I stayed at grandma's and I had
e same bedroom I always had. Everything
is exactly as it had always been.

TTA and Sara began showing me things.
e kittens. The lizard. The new hammock.
en it got time for the girls to go for sup-
r, but grandma and I went with them,
Uncle Herbert had killed some fryers,
d Aunt Kitty had baked a chocolate cake.
It wasn't really until it got dark and
andma and I came home and she lit the
mp and we went up to bed, that I began
think about mamma and papa and Rob-
t and to feel sad. It grew to be a queer
nd of sadness that was almost like being
k at my stomach. I could scarcely lift my
ice to say good night to grandma. And
hen she tucked me in and kissed me and
t out the light my sickness grew. I had
omised mamma not to be homesick; but
knew then that you couldn't promise a
ing like that. I lay in the dark, crying softly and listening to the lonesome noises of the country. All at once I felt sure that I would never see anyone of my family again—that none of us would ever be together again in the safe red-brick house on Wentworth Street. Nothing would ever be as it was before. We were all too far apart.

Grandma must have heard me crying, even though I had smothered my sobs in the pillow, for she came into the room. When she put her hand on my shoulder and tried to make me look up at her, I cried out:

"Go away—I don't want anyone, not anyone but my mother!"

"Yes, I know," grandma said, stroking my hair. "I know, Fanny, because once a long time ago I was homesick for my mamma."

I LOOKED up and tried to think of grandma having a mamma, but it was impossible. "You never felt like this," I sobbed. "No one ever hurt like this inside."

"Yes, I felt just the same," grandma said. "It is a very old sickness. It was when my little sister was born and I went to stay with my Aunt Debby. My Aunt Debby always kept little bunches of dried lavender in the drawers with her sheets. To this day I cannot smell lavender without a feeling of sadness." She turned her head and looked toward the window and she seemed very old and far away. "Tonight I smell the phlox. Perhaps you will always feel sad when you smell phlox. Nothing changes." My grandmother was a very wise old lady. She told the truth then as always.

But I was thinking only of mamma. "It was cruel of her," I wept. "Tomorrow I'll go home again."

"No," my grandmother said, "you will stay here with me. And you will write your mamma nice letters, and you will get letters from her. And in a few days you will feel all right again. I know. And your mamma must have these weeks to herself. There is a time in every young woman's life when she needs to be away from her family. But I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll begin now planning a surprise for her. It will be like a surprise party. Your mamma is coming up here to take you back home. Now I shall invite your papa to come here at the same time and surprise her."

"How can you be sure that he will come?" I asked, forgetting my sadness a little.

"Well, I can be sure," grandma chuckled. "You see, I am a very smart old lady. Your father and your mother love each other very much."

I looked at her and she looked almost young again, and strong and sure. I began to believe her.

"I think," she said, "that we shall ask your papa to arrive a day before your mamma gets here, so that he can surprise her at the station. We shall bake a big cake like a wedding cake, and we'll make ice cream."

"But it is so far off—weeks and weeks," I cried, not to be put off my sadness.

"Weeks pass very fast," grandma told me. "Last week the little chicks were still in the eggs. First there is Sunday and Sunday school. Tuesday we'll go up in the mountain for berries. Wednesday night is the band concert in town and we'll go to the ice-cream parlor."

"Go on," I begged. "Tell me more."

(Continued on Page 143)

Adventure in Maple Street

By Joseph Joel Keith

He met a dog and ran a race.
And still as breath, and face to face,
He met green hoppers in a pool.
And not an ocean's swimming
school
Was more to him than these that
went
In the garden lake, by his waves
sent.
With one brave leap, he jumped the
white
High picket fence, and all was
flight:
The robin, swimmers, dog and he
Went their warm ways speedily.
Oh, he knew chase and height and
song,
One small boy—one block long.

What's different about me?



Call it a flair for fashion, if you will. *I* say—it's Vanta Baby Garments. Designed for comfort, wear, and growing-in as well as appearance, Vantas keep me happy *and* make the most of my (blush) good looks.

Miss Jane Smith, member of the youngest set, is clothes-conscious and fashion-minded. And, even at the age of fourteen months, she has a keen interest in quality.



Vanta Knit Creepers. Miss Smith is the athletic type, and holds the creeping record for her end of town. Her favorite costume is shown here—creepers made of durable close-knit cotton yarn. The wide neck opening slips over her head easily. Shown here in pink, the Vanta Creepers come in blue and maize too, and in white with pink or blue trim.



Vanta Knit Gertrude. Miss Smith is strong on slips, likes this Vanta Gertrude made of fine white knitted cotton. It's so cut that it won't slip from her shoulders, but can be removed easily because of its tape fastenings. Every wardrobe should include at least three gertrudes.



Vanta Knit Kimonos. Carefully knit and beautifully finished, this kimono is made of fine combed cotton yarn and designed for a loose fit. For extra warmth on brisk mornings and drafty moments when dressing's going on.

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FOR INFANTS & CHILDREN

What's different about Vanta? All Vanta fine baby garments are expertly designed and made. The finest materials are always used, and we dye them ourselves, for perfect matching. The twistless tape fastenings are a boon to busy mothers and the adjustable garments give baby roomy comfort. Those are just two of the adVANTAges *mothers and doctors have known and endorsed for more than a quarter of a century!*

♥ ♥ ♥

Valuable Book. "Baby's Outfit", 80 pages covers 55 subjects of vital interest to expectant mothers. 500 name suggestions. Send 10 cents to The Vanta Company, Dept. L-9, Newton 58, Massachusetts. (In Canada, J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont., are Licensees.)



Little ones are mighty sweet now!

Our young friend very nicely demonstrates two points we want to make about oranges right now.

First—Mother Nature skipped the big oranges this season, but she gave us lots of little ones. And you'll find them at their very best right now. Thin-skinned! Sweet! Bursting with golden juice!

Second—it is a wise and thrifty idea to buy a big bag full of small oranges at a time. Then you are sure to have enough to help keep the family happy and healthy. Enough for their sunny orange juice at breakfast or for welcome refreshment later in the day. Enough to add a couple to the lunch box and have them on hand to treat the youngsters between meals.

Ask your dealer for small oranges today. They are your best buy for juice, vitamins and economy right now. Those stamped Sunkist are, as always, the finest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.

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Oranges are the richest practical source of vitamin C—a vitamin we all need daily. They also supply vitamins A, B_1, B_2, and needed minerals.

No wonder doctors say "fresh orange juice daily" even for the smallest folks—a little bit (diluted) for babies, 3 to 4 ounces of straight juice by the first birthday, and 6 to 8 ounces by six years. (The last is recommended for grown-ups, too – *for the best of health!*)

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

(Continued from Page 141)

"And each week will go faster than the others, because the time is shorter."

"How does time grow shorter?" I asked.

"It always does," grandma said. "And then when they see each other ——"

"Who?" I asked.

"Silly," grandma said, "your mamma and papa, of course. You see, you had forgotten them already."

"Are you sure they will both come—truly sure?" I asked. "Will everything be as it was before?"

"Truly, truly," grandma said, kind of singing. "Truly, truly; and we'll have a big cake and we'll have ice cream, and everything will be as it was before."

Pretty soon then I must have gone to sleep. When I woke up the sun was shining and birds were singing and I could smell the ham and eggs grandma was frying for her breakfast. And so the six weeks I spent alone at grandma's started.

After that first night it was never so bad. Letters came from mamma and papa and Robert, and letters to them had to be written and taken to the post office. My cousins planned all sorts of things to do. We went berrying and fishing and to watch cider being pressed at uncle's farm. The days were hot and busy, the nights cool and quiet, and sleep usually came quickly. Only sometimes when I heard the train whistle I thought about mamma and for a little while felt the misery of homesickness.

Finally the day came for my father's arrival. He was to come on the five-o'clock train from the East, and my mother on the five-o'clock train from the West the next day.

On the way to the station I asked grandmother why they hadn't both come the same day.

"Oh," she said, "I never have a chance to talk to your papa when your mamma is around. It's time that we really got acquainted."

When papa got off the train I rushed at him and threw myself in his arms and cried with joy. He looked very handsome and his mustache tickled the way it always did, but his laugh wasn't so big. It wasn't much more than a smile. And as soon as he had kissed grandma and we got into the buggy, he looked very quiet and almost cross.

"I don't know why I let you persuade me to do this, mother," he said, as he took up the reins and slapped them down on Dobbie's rump, so that we started off with a jerk.

"Because you know I've got good sense, and so have you," grandma said.

"Well," he said, "Helen knows just how I feel about the whole thing, and that it isn't ended. I have always been a good husband, a good provider, and to have her do a thing like this—I don't know how to face my friends."

"Yes, there is always a man's pride to be considered," grandma said. "But too many lives have been wrecked over pride and what the neighbors thought."

"What made her do it?" papa shouted. "That's what I want to know!"

"Her pride," grandma said. "Very foolish thing, pride."

"I don't know what you mean," papa said. "But I do know that I haven't decided how I shall act."

"I am sure that you will forgive her, for she will have had her lesson," grandma said. "You are a kind and sensible man."

"I am not so sure. But of course I have to think of the children."

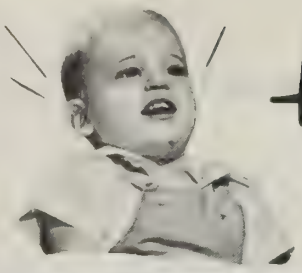
"Of course," grandma said. "And I'm not sure that it isn't all for the best."

"What do you mean?" papa asked.

"Well, now she has had her chance to be independent, she won't hanker after it so much. Now she will come up here tomorrow all tired and worn out after a hot summer in town teaching dull little girls to daub paint, and she will find her husband happy and handsome and prosperous-looking, and her little girl happy and fat and freckled. Poor little Helen—she will have had her lesson."

"Perhaps she deserves a sharper lesson," papa said. "I don't think I shall forgive her too easily."

"No, not too easily," grandma said; and then she must have seen that I was listening



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Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Instead it has a beneficial *oil* base which makes it so excellent for shampooing children's hair—which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle.

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Leaves hair with silken sheen that lasts for days

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too hard, for she said, "And little pitchers ——"

So papa began to talk to me and he seemed almost happy.

We had baked ham for dinner and fresh peach pie. Papa ate two pieces and told grandma all about what a successful Eastern trip he had had. He smoked his cigar and seemed almost as excited about mamma's coming as we did. I felt very good too.

The next day we all went to the station to meet mamma. I wore my blue dotted Swiss. Grandma wore her black-and-white lawn. Papa wore a white vest and looked very handsome even if he did look rather stern. Aunt Kitty and Sara and Etta and Uncle Herbert came in their own rig.

And then all at once we heard the train whistle in the cut and we knew that it was coming. And a minute later there she came huffing and puffing into the station in a cloud of steam. We all kept running back and forth so as not to miss mamma, from whichever coach she came. But we missed her after all, for mamma got out of the parlor car at the end of the train, and the first thing we knew she was coming along toward us—but for a moment none of us knew her. She had on a long tan traveling coat and a pale-colored felt hat with a long graceful brown feather curling over her shoulder. She had patent-leather shoes with light kid tops, and her hair was done a new way. She looked like a fashion plate, and she wasn't mamma at all.

I ran ahead of the others, but I didn't throw myself in her arms. I just kind of stood there while she hugged and kissed me. She laughed and said, "Why, Fanny, you're a fat little pig with a freckled nose! My little fat freckled baby!" It sounded the way people talk on the stage. I was too surprised to cry.

Then they were all crowding around her and she saw papa. But nothing happened as we had expected. No one yelled "Surprise!"

Papa must have felt just like I did, for he didn't rush up and kiss her at all. He just smiled and said, "Aren't you surprised, Helen? You are supposed to be." Then he kissed her cheek.

For a second mamma looked as if she were going to cry. Then she just laughed like a polite lady at a party and said, "But I am surprised. I'm taken off my feet. This is wonderful." Then she was busy kissing grandma and Aunt Kitty and the others.

BUT Uncle Herbert looked too much like a farmer, in a blue shirt and a big straw hat, to be kissed by mamma. You could see it in the way he just shook hands and said, "Well, you surely do look like the city, Helen."

And all at once nobody was happy or excited. And inside I felt sick. Nothing was as it was before. Mamma had forgotten to love us. Mamma was a stranger. It was terrible.

On the way home grandma said, "You look very elegant, Helen. Have you spent all the money you earned this summer on clothes?"

Mamma laughed as if it were a good joke. "Well, almost, mother. But you know Edwin supplies all the necessities of life—food and shelter and such things—so I could afford to use my money for extras. Women like extras. Besides, I had to make a good appearance before my pupils' parents."

"You seem to have enjoyed your summer," papa said.

"Oh, marvelously. I didn't realize what a housewifely rut I had got into. And, as a matter of fact, Miss Sayward has offered me a permanent position if I wish it." She laughed and kind of shrugged and the long brown feather touched her cheek.

"Of course," grandma told her coldly, "you explained that you had a home and a husband and children."

"I made no definite statement," mamma said. Then she began to talk to papa about his business trip as if nothing were wrong, and as if she were just a polite stranger.

PAPA'S face got very red, but he acted just the same, as if nothing were wrong and they were just friends. "It was a very successful trip, Helen, thank you."

"I'm so glad," mamma said, and then she started to talk to me, to ask me about all the things I had done at grandma's.

It was funny, but I couldn't tell her at all, because it was like telling a stranger. I just said, "Oh, we had fun, we did everything."

Grandma said, "We're having Kitty and Herbert and the children for dinner."

"How nice," mamma said.

Grandma and papa looked at each other for a minute and they both looked very cross. I knew what it was. They had both wanted to forgive mamma for everything and mamma didn't need to be forgiven for anything.

When we got to grandma's, she kept trying to take me with her to the springhouse, to the kitchen to help her, but I knew it was just so that papa and mamma could be alone. But mamma went upstairs and left papa on the porch while she changed her dress. Now she put on a pink sprigged lawn and put a flower in her hair. She looked lovely, but she wasn't mamma.

Finally we had dinner. It was a wonderful dinner with two kinds of pie and ice cream. But it wasn't a happy dinner. It was as if something terrible was happening and everybody was trying not to notice it. Everybody laughed too much, but only Etta and Sara and Uncle Herbert ate very much.

After dinner the men sat on the porch and smoked and talked. Grandma told mamma to go out and sit with the men; but she insisted on helping to put the silver and some of the good dishes away while grandma and Aunt Kitty washed and dried them. Where Etta and Sara and I sat on the back step watching for the first star to wish on, we could hear all the talk in the kitchen. Mamma laughed a lot and told them about a Mr. Jackson who insisted on driving her home each day with his little girl.

The first star came out. All summer my wish had been to be back on Wentworth Street with everything as it was before. Now I didn't care whether I wished or not. For I felt inside that nothing could ever be as it was before.

After a while Uncle Herbert and Aunt Kitty and the girls went home. Then

(Continued on Page 146)

Summer is for My Child

By Eunice Mildred LonCoske

The summer day is edged with scent and song:
The meadow larks, the strawberries; my child
With bell-like laughter bubbling sweet along
Her little throat, to startle all the wild,
Shy creatures of this field. The hoyden wind
And buttercups dance with her as she runs.
Her flesh is luminous; her nose is pinned
With golden freckles, and the summer suns
Have made a halo of her flowing hair.
I kiss her berry mouth. Oh, swift and sure
The summer days fly on, and swift and fair
I watch a child and buttercup mature.
I open wide my arms that I may hold
The summer—in this child of living gold!

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to take VITAMINS...for better results!

Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in *fortified food!*

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with certain other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified food, it contains—besides vitamins—nearly every precious food element needed for good health. Especially, those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and protein are both necessary in cell-building—and they're both in Ovaltine. Vitamin B_1 and fuel-food also act together for vitality—and they're both in Ovaltine. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus can't work without each other—and you get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not change to Ovaltine, as so many people are doing? If you're eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you need for robust health.

3 out of every 4 people need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.



READ WHAT YOU GET IN
2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE

MORE **FOOD-ENERGY** THAN 2 DISHES OF **ICE CREAM**

MORE **VITAMIN A** THAN 2 SERVINGS OF **PEAS**

MORE **IRON** THAN 3 SERVINGS OF **SPINACH**

MORE **VITAMIN G** THAN 3/4 POUND OF **SIRLOIN STEAK**

MORE **VITAMIN D** THAN 10 OUNCES OF **BUTTER**

MORE **NIACIN** THAN 5 SLICES OF **ENRICHED BREAD**

MORE **PROTEIN** THAN **3 EGGS**

MORE **VITAMIN B_1** THAN 3 SERVINGS OF **OATMEAL**

MORE **CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS** THAN 2½ SERVINGS OF **AMERICAN CHEESE**

CARTER'S ARE THIS SOFT



(Toddler in center)
JIFFON NEVABIND SLEEPERS
Cozy pink, blue, white. 1 to 4 yrs. . . Set, $1.65 to $2.50

(Baby at left)
JIFFON NEVABIND GOWNS
with open or closed backs.
Birth to 1 yr. $1.15

. . . and so time-saving for Mother!

Did you ever snuggle up to a pink bunny? Carter's are even softer . . . just what little folks like. And, only Carter's have patented→ Nevabind* underarms with Jiffon* shoulders. No binding. No chafing. Quick-on, quick-off. Mother saves dressing time. Even, the fabrics are Carter-knit for uniform softness and tub-often ways. Yes . . . a good brand name like Carter's is a grand guide to quality! Ask for Carter's crib through school-age styles at all good stores. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREE—DRESS FACTS *baby book. Write The William Carter Company, Needham Heights 94, Massachusetts*



P-s-s-t! . . . Carter's Make Fine Underwear for all the Family!

(Continued from Page 144)

grandma said, "Come on, Fanny, walk up in the yard with me. I want to see if I fastened the hen coop."

I got up and took grandma's hand and we walked up in the yard. The hen coop was fastened all right.

We didn't talk. Grandma just looked up at the sky and said, "We'll have rain tomorrow. Those are sheep clouds."

I suddenly burst out, "I hate mamma's new clothes. I hate them!"

Grandma said, "Everything is changing. I'm behind the times, I guess. I guess I'm not as smart as I thought I was—but your mother's new clothes are very pretty."

I threw my arms around her and cried, "I love you—I never want to go home!"

Grandma took my face between her hands. "I'm too old to raise another child. And I'm afraid I haven't done a very good job with one I had."

I looked up at my grandmother there in the dusk and she was old and far away. I was alone. I couldn't hold back my tears. I turned and rushed away from grandma and back to the house. I tried to run past papa and mamma, who were standing at the front-porch railing, but mamma reached out and caught my arm.

"What's wrong?" she cried. "Are you hurt, Fanny?"

I tried to pull away from her, but her hand was strong. "Let me alone!" I cried. "I hate you. You aren't my mother any more. You are all changed. You are all dressed up and perfumed like Miss Mercer!"

"But what is wrong with Miss Mercer?" mamma asked. "She is beautiful and stylish."

"Mothers shouldn't be beautiful or stylish," I shouted. "They should look like mothers."

"But, Fanny darling ——"

"I suppose that if you held me close now, you would even feel like Miss Mercer!"

"Feel like Miss Mercer?" mamma repeated.

"Yes," I told her. "Just a lot of starched ruffles inside pretending to be a bosom." I know. She had no bosom; she was always hugging me against her starched ruffles.

All at once my father was laughing. It was the kind of laugh that shook the cobwebs in the attic.

"Shut up!" mamma cried. But all at once she was holding me close, and she was soft and warm. Then she started to laugh, too, a kind of little giggle at first, and then it got bigger and papa and mamma were laughing at each other the way they had at home sometimes, as if they had a great joke that we children couldn't share. Then mamma stopped and said in a kind of choking voice, "Well, she did offer me a permanent position."

"And what did you tell her?" papa asked.

"I thanked her and said that if ever I ——"

"Well, you won't," papa said.

"No, I guess not," mamma said, "unless ——"

"Oh, Helen," papa said, "are you always going to get the best of me?"

"I never want to again," mamma said in a kind of whisper. And exactly as if they had forgotten me, they were in each other's arms.

But I wasn't alone now. Everything was different. Everything felt different.

Grandma came up the steps. "Well," she said, "I might have fallen and broke my leg for all you would care, Fanny!" But you could see her face in the lamplight and she wasn't cross. She looked almost young again.

It was a wonderful moment. We were all still with a kind of mysterious happiness and yet it was at that moment that I knew nothing would ever be as it was before, for I would always remember train whistles in the night, and the scent of phlox, and the way I had felt when mamma laughed at me on the station platform, and how too beautiful she had looked in the pale felt hat with the curling brown feather.



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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

A youngster's feet are complicated mechanisms. They can't do their work—or play—unless they're kept, literally, in good shape.

Good Sense for Strong Feet

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

STRONG, resilient, well-shaped feet are indispensable for the child who is going places. That is why ingrown nails, calluses, flat feet and corns not only interfere with walking and running, but may also harm posture and alter the child's whole physical development. In addition, mild foot trouble in the child may become a crippling deformity or disability in the adult if it is neglected. Happily, most childhood foot disorders can be prevented by mothers who know enough and will take the time to make sure that their children wear appropriate, well-fitted shoes, and that they exercise to build strong foot muscles.

Designed by Nature for three important jobs—bearing weight, absorbing shocks and walking—the feet are complicated mechanisms which can't do their work properly unless they are kept, literally, in good shape. For it is the bony arches of the foot—one running lengthwise, the other crosswise at the base of the toes—that give it the power to do all three jobs. The arches are held in place by an intricate structure of supporting muscles and ligaments. When these weaken or stretch because of lack of exercise or improper foot care, they cannot spring the arch back into position after it flattens under the changing pressures of standing and walking. Then aching feet or ankles result; sometimes pain reaches way up the calf of the leg and is not felt at all in the feet themselves. Thus, when children complain of leg pains, the feet should always be examined.

If muscular weakness persists, permanently flat feet may develop, perhaps foredooming the child to a lifetime of aches and awkwardness. Often such children are barred from many of the games and sports enjoyed by their playmates. Occasionally, in an effort to relieve aching feet, children acquire postural faults which can quickly become habitual and affect normal growth.

Strength-developing exercise of the foot muscles starts in early infancy, when the baby wiggles his feet and curls up his toes. Even at that early time, socks or bootees that are too short or too tight and prevent free play of the toes may cramp these important muscles and point the way toward foot weakness. A good rule is to cover the baby's feet only when that is necessary for warmth, and then to be sure that socks or bootees are always generously large.

Later, foot weakness is especially likely to occur if the child is overweight; this adds an extra burden for the feet to carry—a constant strain on the muscles supporting the arches. Again, weakness may come after the child has been sick in bed for a long time and these muscles have grown slack through disuse. Too-long periods of walking or play without rest should be guarded against for children who have been in bed more than a few days.

Exercises to keep the muscles strong are the best kind of insurance against these foot troubles. Check with your doctor for special treatment if your child has any obvious foot problems. Otherwise, here are some helpful

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



Both cereals rich in added iron—needed by most young babies

Babies are born with a supply of iron built up during the prenatal period. This supply often runs down three, or more, months after birth. So baby must get his iron from what he eats.

That's why Gerber nutritionists have added generous amounts of precious iron to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. Both contain added Vitamin B_1—a further help to baby's well-being.

Serve both cereals turnabout, for variety helps baby eat better. Both are pre-cooked—simply add milk or formula, hot or cold. Be sure to get Gerber's Cereals—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.



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Baby Foods

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Free sample

My baby is now ..... months old. Please send me free samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

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The nap *that lasted 99 years*



REMEMBER the fairy tale about Sleeping Beauty...the very beautiful princess who slept for 99 years and grew more beautiful every year? Sleeping Beauty was bewitched, it's true. But we like to think that her century-long sleep (and her increasing beauty) was due in part to the luxurious comfort of her bed...and that her bed must have had restful, resilient inner-spring construction of Premier Spring Wire.

For it's no fairy tale that "the softest thing you can sleep on is steel." It's a true story. Well-constructed springs of Premier Wire in mattresses, bed-springs and upholstered furniture will provide *lasting* comfort. They stay buoyant and resilient. They don't bog down or sag.

The machinery that made U·S·S Premier Spring Wire is still needed for war production. But Premier will be back again ... better than ever. Then, when you buy sleeping equipment and furniture, remember to look for the Premier Tag. It's your guide to hidden values—solid comfort, long life, and better service.

It will pay you to look for the U·S·S Premier Tag when Premier is once again on the market. It will tell you that the springs are made with the finest steel spring wire obtainable. It's the key to "hidden values"—solid comfort, long life, and better service.



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foot-building exercises which will keep young, growing feet firm and springy:

1. Picking up a marble or pencil from the floor with the toes. The object must be picked up and dropped several times in succession if the exercise is to be beneficial.

2. Walking on tiptoe for fifty steps, then for fifty steps on the heels alone. Repeat for several minutes.

3. Skipping, dancing or running on soft sand or grass, where the foot must grip hard on every step.

4. Standing with the toes overlapping the edge of a towel (or handkerchief) laid out flat on the floor, then pulling the towel in toward the feet by alternately gripping and relaxing the toes.

Strong foot muscles, however, will not prevent the kind of sore feet that come from wearing ill-fitting shoes. Blisters, corns and calluses, begotten by shoes which are too small or too large, may themselves be painful and disabling, but, what is worse, they may lead to dangerous infections or disfiguring bunions. Beginning signs to look for include areas of hard, yellowed skin on the inside of the foot at the base of the great toe, and along the back of the heel. A change of shoes is needed when these appear.

It is important to remember that the child's feet are growing all the time. So check your child's shoes once a month to make sure he hasn't outgrown them; it is poor economy to let them go past the point of comfort or safety simply because "they have a little wear left." Neither should these half-worn shoes be put aside for later wear by a little brother or sister. Worn hand-me-down shoes never fit, because they have been shaped to the contours of the first child's feet.

BUYING your child his own new shoes will not do his feet any good unless the shoes are a perfect fit. Especially with small children, who are excited at the prospect of having new shoes and usually want to keep the first pair they try on, it is unwise to accept the child's assurances that the shoes "feel fine." Nor is it entirely safe to trust your own ability to judge fit by the feel of the foot inside the shoe, though sometimes this is the only method that can be used. Most stores today are equipped with a fluoroscopic or X-ray machine which reveals the outline of the foot against the sole of the shoe; both you and the salesman should take advantage of this opportunity to make certain that the shoe fits. This means enough room at the toe and enough width to allow for the natural spread of the foot and for normal growth. If the shoe is more than a half inch longer than the foot, it will make the child clumsy and cause him to trip and fall; too wide a shoe will bring blisters due to rubbing.

There are many variations in the shape of normal, healthy feet. Some arches, for example, are high and some are low. Many mothers do not realize this and think the child with low arches has flat feet and needs to wear shoes with built-in arch supports. But these supports may actually weaken the foot muscles instead of strengthening them, and should never be used except when prescribed.

Wearing the right kind of shoe at the wrong time is another hazard to be avoided. Sneakers and heelless moccasins are fine for camp or the seashore, but on city pavements young feet need the support of a stronger sole. Going barefoot, too, should be limited to short periods, and to safe, soft places.

Day-to-day care of the child's feet should include keeping them clean—always with fresh, clean socks—and keeping the nails cut. To prevent painful ingrown nails, with possible complicating infection, cut the toenails straight across instead of in a curve, and cut them often. It is not always possible to prevent common infections like athlete's foot, but this can usually be controlled by simple medication and by keeping the feet scrupulously clean and dry. If the infection persists or hurts, ask the doctor what to do, and then do what he says. In this, as in most other aspects of foot care, your child's health depends on your own good sense!

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WHAT THE UNITED NATIONS CHARTER MEANS

(Continued from Page 27)

is the problem of how to deal with men and circumstances so as to keep the child from becoming antisocial. Hence, the best adjunct any police department can have for the long pull is decent housing, good schools, a well-supported park and recreational program, a decent wage, and all that sort of thing.

This being so, it is not difficult to see why those in charge of constructing the United Nations Charter—war being the counterpart internationally of crime locally—included a Social and Economic Council whose duty it will be to study world conditions and try to get the jump on the wars of tomorrow by spotting their causes today and recommending measures that will eliminate them.

Now for the Trusteeship Commission. There is in domestic law a well-settled doctrine to the effect that the state is the *parens patriae*. In the law dictionary it says that this Latin phrase means: The state is the parent of the country; has the power of guardianship over persons under disabilities. It is a useful and much-used doctrine. For example, when a person under twenty-one comes into the ownership of property and its management is not otherwise taken care of, organized society, acting through its probate court, appoints a guardian whose duty it is to manage the minor's property until he becomes twenty-one. In other words, domestically we recognize the need that immaturity and inexperience in the affairs of the world have for help. That's what they did at San Francisco in regard to territories inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world. Strong nations will be appointed to handle the affairs of these people, subject to the supervision of the Trusteeship Council. The announced objective of the work of the Trusteeship Council and its trustee nations is to bring the peoples of the trusteed territories to a point where they will be self-governing and ultimately independent—that is to say, as independent as any people can be in a world where the essential interdependence of all people everywhere has been demonstrated.

When a surveyor engineers a complicated piece of land he establishes bench marks which he uses as reference points. Whenever he gets into difficulties he takes a sight back at one of these points and his situation becomes clarified. That is the way it is about understanding the United Nations Charter. Its six great organs are: General Assembly, Security Council, International Court, Secretariat, Social and Economic Council, Trusteeship Council. Know what they are set up to do, and pretty nearly every matter of importance can be understood about the charter. For example, take the snarl that they got into at San Francisco about trusteeships and strategic areas in trusteed territories. That was settled by placing all trusteeships under the Trusteeship Council, which itself was under the General Assembly, except the trusteeships of strategic areas which are to come under the Security Council. This is logical and understandable, because strategic areas have to do with the use of force and the Security Council is the repository of the use of force.

Take the matter of the international bill of rights that will ultimately be worked out. Wisely they did not try to work it out while the Conference was going on. They want it, when written, to represent the ideas of basic liberty and decency that are common to the right-thinking people of all countries. That is not going to be so easy when you consider the different social systems, environments and traditions of the nations that make up our world. When written, there will be no teeth in the International Bill of Rights. But it will be reported to the General Assembly, the forum of public opinion, as a recommendation, will there be discussed, and in time will likely be accepted by member nations that do not have bills of rights as parts of their systems of law, as our own American Bill of Rights is a part of our Constitution.

These are only a few of the illustrations that could be given to show that the functions of the charter's six great organs as they are above described constitute about 90 per cent of the substance of the document.

One final word. We must not be gadget-minded about world peace or this charter. It is not something that, when wound up, can be left to itself to do the job while we go off and attend to our personal affairs. The American Constitution was not such a gadget for the colonies. It was the Constitution, plus the earnest endeavors of George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, the members of the Congress and the voters that made of the new United States the nation that was strong enough to fight and win the War of Secession that was fought to test the strength of the Union, that made this country the great successful nation that it is today.

Selfishness and greed have not been abolished at San Francisco. But there has been written a document which, if ratified and supported with earnestness and zeal, can keep the peace when the inevitable *threats* of war arise again in the future.

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THE best way to stop a quarrel: "I am not a referee. Run, put away your playthings, wash your faces and see what a nice surprise I have for you."

Her mind is always in her mouth.

A family of cats purring like a bomber squadron.

Child's explanation for shorn locks: "I didn't cut my hair, mother—it ripped."

I am thankful that in the world of tomorrow the experts do not promise to fold up and store away the children.

There are times when one woman's poise is another woman's poison.

Giving the past too much consideration is like going through traffic backward.

In-laws should be as transient as bouquets, here today and fragrant memories tomorrow.

In a husband's hand a ration book is like confetti in a strong wind.

A boy must be seen and heard constantly if he grows up right.

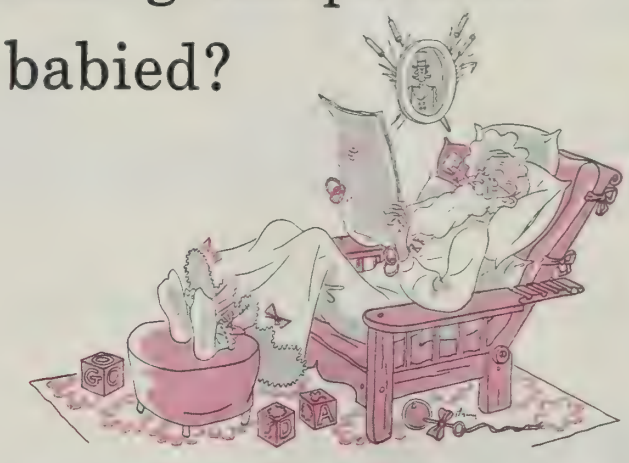
Eternity: The period of time between calling the family to dinner and when it gets there.

If a child is to succeed among men, he must begin by leading the life of a companion, not a lone wolf.

One feature which distinguished the old-fashioned child from the modern is that he understood the word "directly."

★ ★

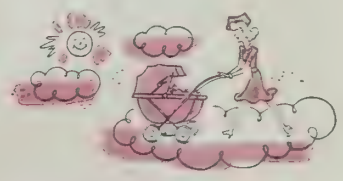
Should grandparents be babied?



Remember how you used to baby Grandpa? His cushioned Morris chair—with its adjustable back rest—was the most comfortable thing this side of heaven. He got all this service because he *spoke up* for it, in no uncertain terms!



Why shouldn't babies be given the same bed-of-roses treatment? If they could talk they'd tell you that bouncing and swaying in an ordinary baby carriage is distressing to tiny bones and tiny tummies full of milk. They'd clamor for the new de luxe THAYER FOLDING COACH, with a marvelous shock-absorbing chassis which banishes bumps . . . a Body Stabilizer which ends side-sway, too . . . and a Feather-Touch 3-Position Back Rest which reclines or raises for perfect "Morris chair" comfort.



THAYERS are made in *gleaming aluminum* or steel. They have bicycle-type wheels with rubber tires and squeak-proof, self-oiling bearings . . . adjustable aluminum push handles . . . safety brakes . . . luxurious upholstery, two-tone colors . . . well, just see them at your favorite store!

P. S. Write to Thayer Company, Department LH-52, Gardner, Mass. for "PRIMER FOR PARENTS". It's amusing, helpful and free.

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"MOMMY, MAY I HAVE SOME BREAD ··· AND JAM ?"

Don't scold . . . to her the big, easy-opening, quiet-closing refrigerator is quite as fascinating as a pre-Christmas closet! It's a Norge refrigerator, and in it, of course, is the *Rollator,* the world-famous "cold-maker" that took needless cost and confusion out of electric refrigeration. Also, there's the *Night Watch,* a sort of second conscience which "remembers" to defrost for you *every night;* the safety-sealed *Fast Freezer* for the preparation of frozen delicacies and the storage of frozen foods; the vegetable-keeping *Hydrovoir;* the meat-preserving *Coldpack;* the *Lazilatch,* which requires only a caress to spring open the door for you. In all, there are forty-odd features of design and construction—all of them time-tested and time-proved, *not one* a "whimsy" or fad of the moment. And it's that way, too, with the other Norge products: automatic cycle washers, home and farm freezers, electric ranges, Ro-ta-tor washers, gas ranges and home heaters. Each is precision-built and practical—each is capable of performing, superlatively well, its home-helping function—each is a *better product for a better world.* You'll understand what we mean when it's time for you to inspect . . . and select . . . your Norge.

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Going back to school, football games, corn roasts, moonlight rides—so many such things that make the heart feel young belong to September.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

THERE is a different sound to the wind in the sugar maples. It is the sound of summer's end. Anyone who has ever heard it would recognize it. I think if I ever, like the poet, "met a traveler in an antique land," and we talked of homelands, the wind in September in New England might be one mutual pleasure.

September wind blows away the fatigue of summer heat, and the listlessness of hot August weather. It blows away, indeed, the piled-up years. It makes the heart young. Going back to school, football games, dancing, falling in love, corn roasts, moonlight rides—so many such things belong to September.

I always feel something fine is about to happen. And the fact that winter is on the way is not troubling this early in autumn. Time enough to think of that in October and November, but now it is too soon. First comes the harvest, the last ripening, the splash of zinnia color in the garden, the perfect late golden rose. Yes, a good time to be young or to relive young days.

CHILDREN are going back to school all over the country. The first day of school I always had a new dress and new shoes. The one I am forever wearing in my memory was French navy serge, a pleated skirt—and oh, how pleated—and a long middy blouse that came down almost to my knees, with very long sleeves and a deep collar. It had as much shape as an inner tube, but oh, how elegant it was to me! The sides of the middy were slit up three inches and, last touch of chic, laced with scarlet silk lacings! I could turn my head sidewise and see the fringed ends of the laces! I wore long heavy stockings and shoes with firm solid heels. What my mother would have said if she could have previewed a high-school costume of this day, I hesitate to think. The short skirts, sloppy sweaters, run-over moccasins or dirty saddle shoes—or the men's shirts with tails out! Nobody wore socks. We even wore stockings for gym.

September is a wonderful month to work outdoors. The fresh cool air is invigorating, but the sun is still pleasant. The last canning and preserving must be done. It is time to check over what is in the freezing locker too. We have used up all the home-baked beans, the cooky dough, the frozen soups to save cooking in the heat of August. It is a good thing to have several complete meals assembled in the freezer, ready for unexpected company. If we put down a pot roast, cooked, and a container of gravy, and rolls and cake, we can add frozen asparagus or spinach and have a meal. My sister Jill makes extra brownies when she bakes, and they are perfect when they come out of the freezer later on.

IT is not too late yet for my favorite soup, vichyssoise. Most cold soups leave me cold, so to speak. They just don't seem natural to me. I was brought up on soup so hot it burned your mouth. But the vichyssoise is delicious. We use Col. Murray Edward's recipe, which he served me first in Lexington, Virginia. Perhaps the memory of the violet mountains against a pale sky adds a special flavor to my enjoyment of the soup.

It calls for 2 cups of raw diced potatoes and 2 cups of diced onions cooked together in a very little water and put through a fine strainer. Feeling the way I do about putting things through strainers, it has to be worth it, and it is. Then you add 1 cup of chicken broth, and when cool add 1 cup of smooth sour cream and beat well. Season with Worcestershire sauce, salt, chill, cover with chives and serve in cold bowls.

If I have no chicken broth, I use chicken-bouillon paste or cubes. I find it takes about two cups of water for the potatoes and onion to cook soft and not burn. This is a good soup for meatless-day meals, because it is rich and satisfying.

I wonder if other women sometimes avoid recipes that seem to take up a lot of space on a page in the cookbook. I always think, *Oh,*

(Continued on Page 153)

If you own a Hoover

you are entitled to this:



Yes, lady, you are *entitled* to Hoover Service on your Hoover Cleaner! It's part and parcel of the advantage of owning a Hoover. Use it regularly.

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Genuine Hoover factory parts are available for every Hoover made in the last 25 years.

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MOTOR cleaned, lubricated, new carbon brushes installed
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EASY TO GET—Genuine Hoover Service is available only at Hoover Factory Branch Service Stations, Authorized Hoover Dealers and Authorized Hoover Dealer Service Agencies (consult classified phone directory under "Vacuum Cleaners"). Call and register your Hoover.

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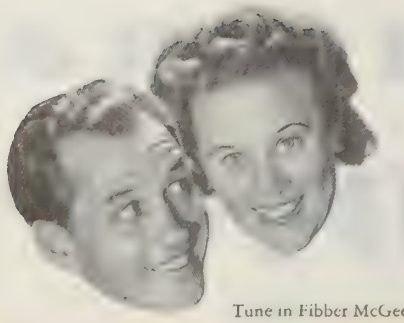
The Army-Navy "E" award received four times for high achievement in the production of essential war equipment.

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It beats... as it sweeps... as it cleans

Says Molly McGee, "Wax makes housework click like clock-work!"



Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly—Tuesday night—NBC



Why, baby can actually see himself in the shining surface of a floor polished with Johnson's Wax! And that wax means protection, too! Protection from marks and scratches . . . protection from dirt . . . so your floor's just about as clean as a table top! Baby can play there safely!



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You can see by the side table the lovely shield of Johnson's Wax is mirror-bright! Every piece of precious furniture—and 100 other things in your home—deserve the protective care of wax! It makes them last so much longer . . . look lovely all the time!



Get on the paper-saving wagon! The magazines and newspapers you read, the cardboard boxes and paper bags you receive, have an important job to do in this war. Paper is still a Number One Critical War Material Shortage! Save all you have and turn it in as regularly as you buy War Bonds. Remember, Waste Paper is War Paper now!

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"Johnson's Wax comes in 3 forms... paste, liquid and cream!"



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(Continued from Page 151)

'ear, I'll never have all those things. But after ou make one of these long dishes, they turn ut to be easy. It took me years to get inti- nate with some of the creole sauces, for in- tance.

My favorite newly acquired dish is really ot complicated, though it takes two sides of he file card. It is Gay Kellogg's *Lasagne.* he says it is a Sicilian recipe, but the North talians will say it is wrong because it has reen peppers in it.

It begins with ½ pound of spaghetti, ooked soft. It calls for 1 pound or 1 box of ottage cheese, 1½ cups of mild cheese—'armesan type. Cover the bottom of a aking dish with a layer of spaghetti, sprinkle ith Parmesan cheese, next a layer of cot- age cheese, then a layer of meat sauce—sually it takes three sets of layers. Beat 2 ggs in ½ cup of milk and pour over. Bake ne half hour at 350° F., moderate oven.

For the meat sauce, 2½ cups or 1 No. 2 an of tomatoes, 1 can of Italian tomato aste, 1 tablespoon of parsley, 1 clove garlic, bay leaf, pinch thyme, 2 chopped green eppers, 2 tablespoons of olive oil, 1 pound f ground meat, beef or pork or both, salt nd pepper to taste. Cook slowly for at least n hour. This is a meat stretcher and a per- ect one-dish meal with green salad. And offee. If you must have dessert, fruit is best.

It is time to think of fall cleaning. I know ll about the new scientific way of doing one oom at a time the year round and never do- ng the whole house at once, spring and fall, ut I ask myself, *Then when is the house all one?* Think of never having that blissful noment of sitting down, aching and worn ut to be sure, but finished! The other way s too much like never dressing up entirely, ut putting on one fresh thing a day. I'd ather give myself up to the business all in ne swoop. But I do admit it is a help to get he closets out of the way ahead of the main ttack. And the desk drawers. And do on a ainy day all the odd jobs, like fixing the roken curtain rod and cleaning the elbows f the dog's favorite chair.

But the real fall cleaning must go until the lark weather. The September roads are alling, glorious with goldenrod, blue with hicory, red with swamp maples. The real vay to use time now is to pack a basket and limb the hill to the old orchard with a few ockers hunting madly up and down and round and about. A small fire will fry new- aid eggs until the edges crinkle, and split uns will toast. If there is a bit of bacon, he meal becomes Olympian. A picnic is al- vays much better, too, with what we call 'dibs and dabs"—a bowl of cottage cheese with olive oil stirred in until it is soft), dill ickles with a faint tinge of garlic, red- urrant preserves, celery fresh from the gar- den. Coffee is best made on the spot, and cookies or little cakes make the easiest des- sert to manage.

After the picnic is over, the family can range the woodland beyond the orchard, gathering dry fallen wood to carry home. Or sit in the warm sun and read poetry—poetry that is dreamy and still and bright as music.

O for a heart like almond boughs!
O for sweet thoughts like rain!
O for first love like fields of gray
Shut April buds at break of day!

I like to read aloud almost anything of De La Mare, for his words are strung with enchantment. And I think he is the cockers' favorite poet, because the sound of the music is pleasant and lovely to sensitive ears.

The scent of bramble fills the air,
Amid her folded sheets she lies,
The gold of evening in her hair,
The blue of morn shut in her eyes.

Honey ought to like that especially, with the gold of evening in her own hair. And Snow has golden ears too. When sunset comes, the cool air flows over the orchard and it is time to rake out the ashes, pour water on them and go home. Everyone can face the next hard day's work better for the interval of serenity.

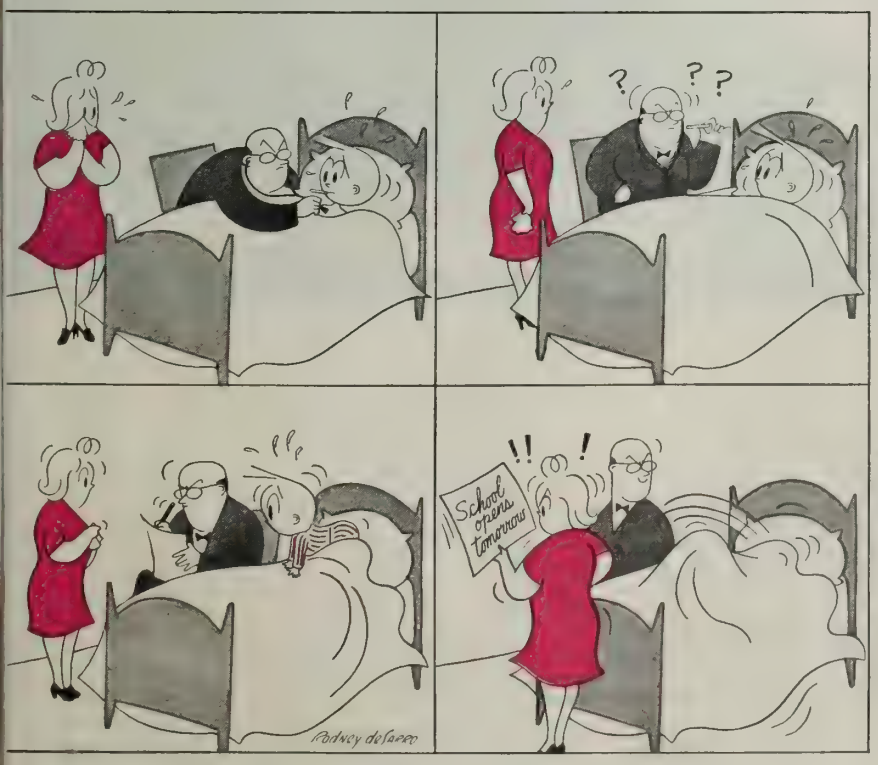
I read so many articles on nervous tension and anxiety and fatigue these days. People have been strained too long beyond the natural stresses and strains of living. My recipe for trouble and knotted nerves is simple, but it works. Go on a picnic on a cloudless blue day. Sit on the warm rich earth that mothers us all, let the soft wood-cool breeze blow in your hair. Eat everything you can hold. Read a little poetry. If possible, take a couple of dogs along.

City people can picnic too. One of the best I've known was on a Brooklyn roof with the great river dark silver below and the lights of New York coming slowly out against the blue of evening. There were chicken and green salad and rye bread in a basket, and it was a beautiful picnic.

When I am away from Stillmeadow and come in sight of the little white house again, I must have a certain expression on my face. For my daughter Cicely always says, "Yes, mamma, it's still there."

I expect this sums it up pretty well. The feeling a woman has for her home place. The drudgery that goes with housework, the never-ending labor that is involved, the tiredness, the routine—clean, wash, cook, clean, wash, cook—how easily all these slip from our hearts in a single moment of realization. Possibly no words could really be more sweet to the heart than these:

"Yes, mamma, it's still there!"





"My 'Going-Away' Hat is going to be our 'Welcome-Home' Bedroom!"



"That's not as silly as it sounds, darling, because I'm taking the new color scheme for our room from that hat I bought to wear the day you left . . . the one you said made me look like an angel . . . remember?

Love, Christine"





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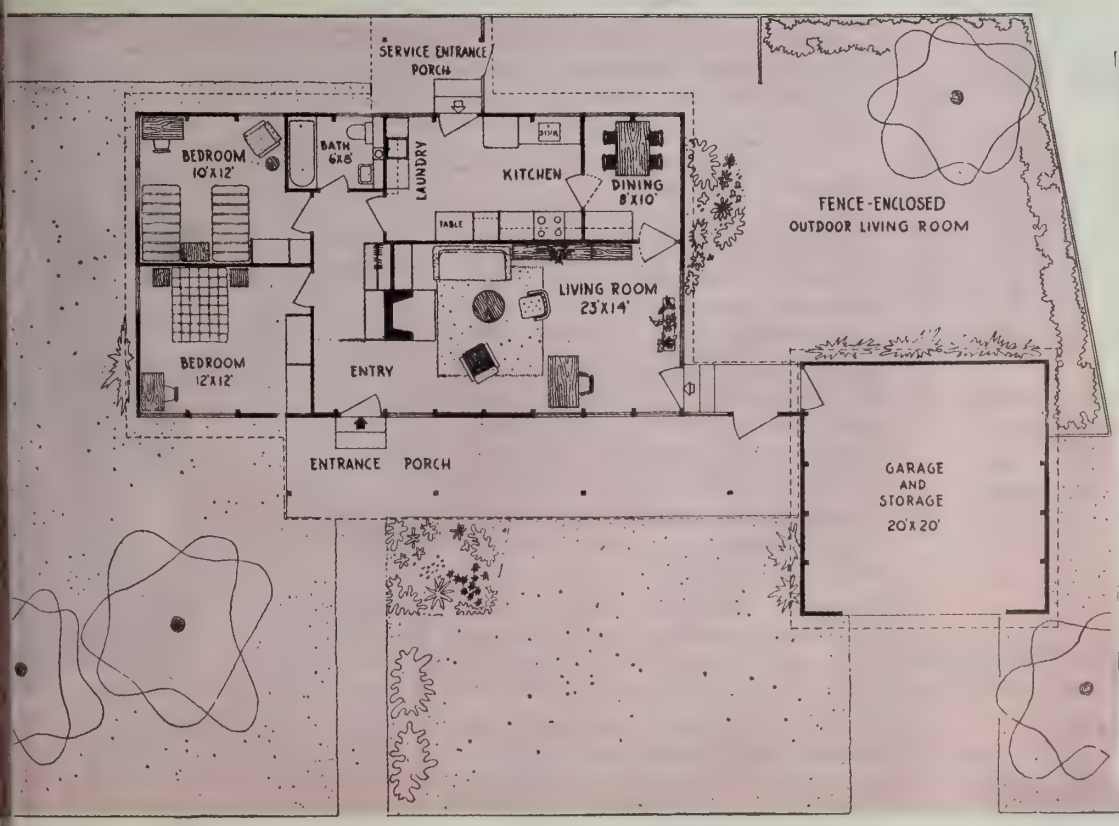
PROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND

Right Off the Line



Charm of appearance, livability of plan, speed of erection and novel simplicity of construction all combine with mass production to make this small house a desirable, immediate and practical postwar actuality.

STER & BERNARDI IN ASSOCIATION WITH ERNEST J. KUMP, ARCHITECTS; HOUSE MODEL BY RAYMOND BARGER STUDIOS; SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPH BY PRATT



Things to notice: Footstep-saving privacy of bedroom end; two-purpose dining room-study; roominess of living and work spaces; the lightness and airiness throughout; large garage for extra storage; broad veranda and secluded outdoor area for leisure, play, alfresco meals.

BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

THERE is a double beauty in a really good manufactured house like this, part of which appeals to the eye and part of which appeals to the pocketbook. At home anywhere, it is easy to look at, easy to live in and easy to own—all facts that are being established already by a G. I. family in the first full-size counterpart of this particular design. All that remains is for the war to be won and materials released; then houses like this, in knock-down form, readily assembled, can begin coming off the line in ever-increasing quantities.

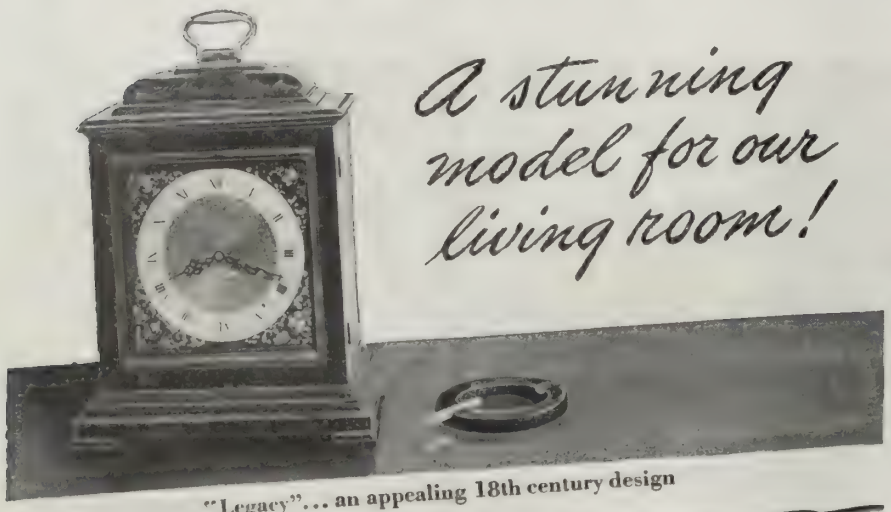
Look at it closely and you will see that it contains more livability than could possibly be created in any laboriously built prewar house of equal size and price, with all the latter's complicated methods and materials. In the form shown here it is definitely small-family and low-cost, yet within that framework it provides amazing roominess, convenience and stability. It makes the daily life flow of a slightly less-than-average-size family smooth and pleasant, with isolated dining or study, unusually large and attractive living space, cross-ventilated bedrooms, roomy and work-saving kitchen, and everything nicely connected, as you can see.

As to the hidden beauties of its price and construction: cost at this time is still an uncertain quantity, due to abnormal conditions of demand and supply; but it can safely be estimated that because of the methods by which it will be manufactured, it will be decidedly less expensive than yesterday's house of conventional construction. For here is a house that will be put together out of two major items: ingenious archribs to form the frame, and fully prebuilt panels to form the walls and roof. And out of these two principal parts, houses of any size or room arrangement can be made; plans of wide appeal, like this, for large-development sale, and custom-assembled designs for special orders. So if this design is too small for you (or even too large), the system makes possible almost any plan you may care to command.



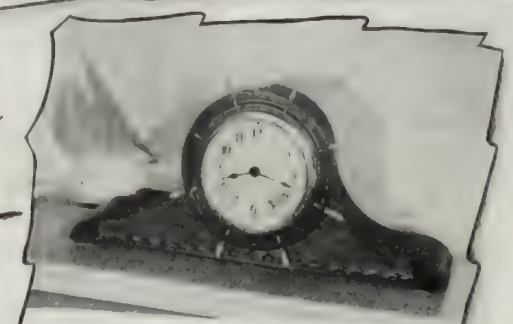
"Smart ideas for our home when my Jim comes back"

A stunning model for our living room!

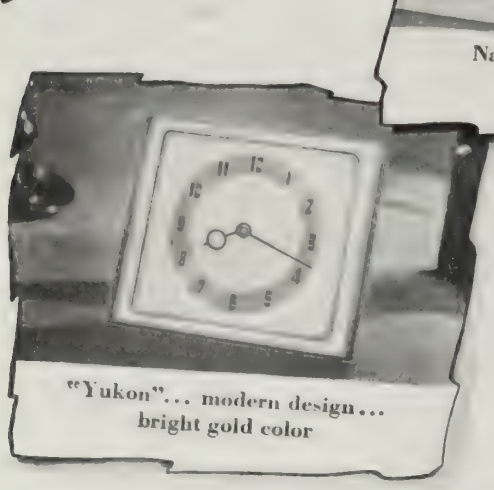


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A must for Jim's den—



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"Yukon"... modern design... bright gold color

—A beauty—out of this world!

Lieutenant Jim's wife has the right idea... a scrapbook of nice things for their home. And she's saving for it too... buying all the War Bonds she can.

Here at Seth Thomas* we're busy producing intricate timing devices needed for war. And although Seth Thomas self-starting electric and spring-wound clocks are not now available... soon you'll again see these traditionally accurate and dependable clocks in better stores everywhere. Remember, the best is always worth waiting for.

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SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC OR SPRING-WOUND

"The finest name in clocks"

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL TIME INSTRUMENTS CORPORATION

*SETH THOMAS IS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THOSE ENGLISH GIRLS

(Continued from Page 5)

to his commanding officer. He then is required to bring the girl in for an interview with the commanding officer. If she passes inspection, the papers go on up through channels—up and up and up. If they finally are approved—and the tendency among superior officers is against rather than for marriage overseas—the papers are returned to the soldier with the necessary signatures. A two-month waiting period then is required by the Army before the marriage may be performed. Two months is a long time to keep alive the ardor of a love that has reached the boiling point—marriage. To date, more than 25,000 hardy Yanks have braved that morass of red tape.

A few months ago the Army on the Continent gave men a choice between spending their three-day passes in France or in England. The boat trains to London were jammed.

There is, by popular demand, a rest camp in England for men who have been in combat on the Continent. And when soldiers were informed that those who had been in action longest could return to the United States on rotation, more than a few asked to be sent to England rather than the United States. The percentage was small, of course, but considering the amount of grousing our men do about being away from home, it was notable.

Obviously England, and English girls, appeal to many of our men. Yet when most of us started for England not too long ago, we shared the common American appraisal of the English. In our language "English" and "British" were synonymous, despite the fact that an Englishman rather resents being lumped with every other member of the British Empire. "Cold" was our uninformed way of describing them, and fellow travelers who had visited England before the war lent credence to our adjective.

My chief informant on the way over in May, 1943, was a second lieutenant who had stopped off in England five years earlier on his postcollege trip around the world. It wasn't hard to corner him. On the Queen Elizabeth single staterooms were accommodating twenty-four second lieutenants. We had adjoining—in fact, overlapping—bunks.

"They're very cold," said my mentor. "Kind of reserved. They won't talk to you unless you've got your family tree hung around your neck, and then only after you've been there a couple of generations. Very unfriendly."

I had been happily married for a year, but I still had an academic interest in the weaker sex. Purely academic. I asked about the English variety.

"They all have buck teeth," the oracle declaimed. "Ugly as sin."

We arrived at a port in Scotland and boarded a special train bound for a replacement depot somewhere in the Midlands. Apparently word that a shipload of Yanks had arrived preceded us.

All along the route the "cold" British (Scottish and English) hung out of windows and lined the tracks to cheer and make the V sign at us. Station platforms were sagging under the weight of visitors who wanted to swap words and cigarettes with the Yanks. As our train stopped we were mobbed by well-wishers. Many were girls. Young girls. Pretty girls. No buck teeth. My family tree, which goes back just a couple of twigs and a knot, was not displayed.

From the replacement depot I went to London on permanent assignment. At first the men with me would cry in their warm "arf-an'-arf" that these English girls couldn't be considered in the same breath as American women.

"Did you ever take a good look at their clothes?" one sergeant wept. "They don't seem to believe in colors. Everything's black or brown. They look as if they'd been wearing the same dresses for ten years."

That much is true. Rationing there restricts a woman to one complete outfit a

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year. So they go in for dark colors, durable materials that will survive fads and hard wear.

A few months later the same sergeant invited me to his wedding!

I believe the easy friendships that develop between American men and English girls may be attributed largely to these factors: language, conversation topics, and the English girl's lack of independence.

Language accounts for much of the attractiveness of English girls. Consciously or unconsciously, most Americans admire people who say "hahlf, cahn't, immejiately" and "ekchwally" without seeming to strive for effect. Even a girl from London's East End has that much of an accent, and to our G. I.'s that means refinement.

On the other hand, the English like to hear us speak. They will single out a Southerner and induce him to conduct long monologues during which he must stop occasionally to explain some words to the beaming audience. The English wince at the harsh nasality of a down-East New Englander, but they like to listen all the same. The sound of American words and idioms never fails to interest them.

Certainly when people like to hear each other speak, if only for the joy of hearing the sounds they make, friendship is natural.

Americans overseas like to talk about America. In fact, it is darned hard to stop them from talking about America. And though the English sometimes criticize us for "shooting a line," they do enjoy hearing about our land. I have seen a soldier with little educational background hold a British pub audience spellbound with a simple description of his village and the farm machinery that his dad uses to harvest wheat.

Many of the English believed all Americans hailed from Texas or California. That is the Air Corps influence. Fliers talk longer and louder than the rest of us, need less coaxing. Especially those from Texas and California.

It isn't so hard to live on a small salary if you don't spend too much money in trying to keep it a secret.

On their part, the English like to talk about their traditions. If you say, "That's a quaint little inn," your English friend will reply: "It's six hundred and twelve years old and Henry the Second slept there once." Americans in England want to know the age of buildings and what happened in them. The English cannot impress us with size and space as we do them, so they impress us with age. It's a fair exchange.

So there is rarely a lull in conversation when an American is escorting an English girl. He listens admiringly to her clipped accent as she reels off the age of the building and the furniture. She glows when she hears his manner of speech. Her eyes widen at his talk of how high our buildings are and how lots and lots of American families have two cars. It is a classic case of mutual admiration.

ENGLISHWOMEN have been "liberated" in the truest sense of the word. They take part in business and politics and sports. Still they have not acquired the sometimes annoying—to men—air of independence many American women have. Perhaps Englishwomen merely have learned to conceal the independence they feel. At any rate, they are successful in making men feel they are the strong rock foundation of the house of matrimony, rather than a spare bedroom added as an afterthought.

Englishmen take the feminine trait of dependence for granted, but they do not cater to women as we do. Few Englishmen bother to walk next to the curb. They remain seated when a lady enters or leaves a room. They allow the girls to seat themselves at dinner.

When the Americans came along they found women who just looked as if they needed a big, strong protecting male to care for them. If it's an approach, it's an old one. Suffice it to say, it works beautifully! Add to this the English girls' reaction when they discovered men who bobbed up when a lady entered a room and even helped seat her at dinner. These Americans were a boon to English womanhood!

Most girls in England were working, when we were there, to win the war. Whether they were in uniform, in offices or in factories, they were doing war work. Not only did they share our goal—to beat Germany—but they shared our danger.

There is an air of open camaraderie about a bomb shelter that you find nowhere else. When the Germans switched from bombs to V weapons we stopped going to shelters because the attacks were incessant. The bomb-shelter spirit moved upstairs to the streets, and during close calls every man or woman lying on the pavement with you was your friend.

The war, and winning it, was a mutual interest. Ducking bombs was a mutual interest. Companionship was bound to evolve. Many young Americans, then, came to regard English girls quite highly. Their respect and affection were returned.

NOT every man who served in the European Theater will agree with all I have said here. Some were stationed in remote parts of England where the beer was warmer than in London and the girls were not attractive. They rarely were issued passes to London. Such men have no praise for England or English girls. Others visited Southern France. They saw the Riviera, where beautiful French girls speak faultless English in the most romantic surroundings possible. These men love France. England pales by comparison.

On the whole, however, most G. I.'s who were stationed for any time in England had an opportunity to visit London. Few of our men stayed on the Riviera for any length of time. I do not believe that the months they spend in France awaiting redeployment will change their attitude toward English and French women to any extent. It takes a long time to learn to speak French.

Since returning to America, I have spoken with other men who served in England and France. After talk about our old outfits has run dry, the conversation usually turns to the places we have been.

With few exceptions, my fellow returnees have said they spent their happiest days abroad in England, air raids and V bombs notwithstanding. We had many pleasant days in England with those "cold" people. And whether we fell in love with them or just enjoyed hours of conversation over tea, British women contributed largely to those pleasant days. The ladies with the glamorous accents and the unglamorous clothes left an impression. Our soldiers remember the easy companionship and the thoughtfulness of English girls.

The men are returning with clear memories of how English and French girls looked up to them and respected them. Nothing is more satisfying to a man than to be considered—within reason—the lord and master. In England and France, especially in England because there he could understand what was happening, the American soldier found women competing for his attention and, having attracted him, depending upon him for support and guidance. This has given the Americans a new idea of the relationship between men and women. It is a relationship men like.

Perhaps this all may be considered unfair to American women, who were not on hand to protect their interests. It is doubtlessly true that some of the attractiveness of English girls was in the fact that they were in England while American girls were several thousand miles away. This one advantage, however, does not explain away the success English girls—who treat their men as men—had with Americans.

There may be a little difficulty when the veterans of the European war return to the independence and matter-of-factness of American girls. In fact, a few of them—and this is a thought, not a threat—may decide to send for their English friends.



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CUPBOARD *Treasures*

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

ACCESSORIES are top decoration news this fall. Not the usual tricky novelties in glass or plastics, but the beautiful and authentic treasures of our grandmothers' time. Every family owns some of these charming objects, often forgotten on high cupboard shelves or tucked away in dusty attics. Now is the time to search them out and make full use of them in your decorations.

Fifty to seventy-five years ago was the golden era of decorative accessories, with Bristol ware, milk glass, majolica and pearl-inlaid lacquer the favorite wares. During this time all manner of delightful accessories came into vogue, most of them designed with originality and often poetic whimsey.

Fortunately, there is still a variety of these interesting accessories about. Look for them at country auctions, small-town rummage sales and secondhand stores—not forgetting your own hideaway spots at home and those hoarding relatives who can be inveigled into an attractive, family-lend-lease proposition. *(Continued on Page 160)*

In the cupboard to the left are typical accessories of nineteenth century America. Not expensive in their day, they now are highly prized. Here are examples of decorated Bristol, milk glass with spaghetti borders, porcelain and old American glass. . . . Below are examples of old copper luster, Canton ware, majolica, English porcelain and Victorian colored glass.



Old familiars, with grandma's spice box, an herb chest and a sugar shaker.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER



A group of Victoriana, with a shell-decorated tray and bracket.



BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



The great day's coming! You'll be in his arms, in his heart, in his home. You'll laugh, you'll love, you'll live . . . when he's back home for keeps.

Back home for keeps, too, very soon we hope, you'll find America's favorite silverware . . . the Community that brides have been telling themselves they'll have when the war is won. You'll see it at your jeweler's . . . each pattern in the finest silverware tradition (if it's Community, it's *correct!*). Each fork, each spoon, is overlaid with an extra layer of solid silver at hard-wear points. Picture them on your table, your table-for-two! Wait for *lifetime* Community . . . it's the silverware you'll want *for keeps.*

*Coronation

If its Community . . . its correct

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City _____ *State* _____

Copr. 1945—Imperial Paper and Color Corp.

(Continued from Page 158)

Here is a check list to help you identify the treasures you are most likely to find:

Bristol Ware: Delicate opaque glass made in England during Victoria's time. Look for mantel vases, lusters with crystal prisms, small covered jars, ornamental bowls and plates. Usually pastel-colored, sometimes decorated with sprays of hand-painted flowers, birds, butterflies. Expensive to buy in stores; reasonable at auctions.

Figurines: Look for shepherds and shepherdesses, little boy and girl figures, milkmaids with cows and children with pets. These may be bisque or glazed ware in white and light colors. Some are Chelsea or Staffordshire pottery from England, a few, hard porcelain from France and Germany. From 50 cents to $50.00, depending on rarity or beauty.

Milk Glass: Probably an imitation of Bristol ware, but very popular and plentiful during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Milk white or turquoise, it was made into interesting novelties for both the dining table and bureau. You will find lattice-bordered plates, bowls and fruit dishes, hand and cornucopia vases, cake baskets and trinket boxes. These are rather plentiful, and what you pay for them is pure chance: a few cents, a few dollars.

Sandwich Glass: Made in Sandwich, Massachusetts, and especially popular in New England. Once the everyday glassware of practical American housewives, the pieces are all functional: tumblers, goblets, cup plates—to keep coffee rings off the tablecloth—pickle trays and sauce dishes. In a shop, Sandwich glass is fairly expensive; as a find, you can often have it for the price of kitchen glassware.

Hobnail Glass: Just as it sounds, hobnail glass was a glamorous novelty, with small clear knobs of glass raised up from the plain surface. There are water pitchers, drinking glasses, rose bowls and trinket boxes, in pink, turquoise, yellow, white or green coloring. A milk pitcher costs from $1.25 to $4.00.

Majolica: The aristocrat of the old pottery, imported from Italy. Handsomely designed milk and cream pitchers, dessert plates and relish dishes may still be found. The designs were ferns, fruits or flower sprays, grape, begonia or strawberry leaves in mossy-green glaze against cream, raspberry-pink and brown backgrounds. For a quart pitcher you will pay up to $7.50. A plate may be from $3.50 to $5.00.

Ironstone China: Look for the big white tureens with flower or fruit shapes modeled on top of the lid. Also surviving are big milk pitchers, sugar bowls—now used for flowers—and deep platters. Sometimes called "white graniteware."

Painted Tin: Old trays and spice boxes are now collectors' items. Long usage has obliterated most of the painted decoration, but a careful hand, using soft dull colors that match the original, can restore the designs without lessening the value. The trays are being used for the tops of coffee tables; the spice boxes for table ornaments. Trays bring from $2.00 to $25.00, depending on their condition.

Old Porcelain: Most old porcelain is either Chinese or English. Teapots, plates, bowls, cups and saucers are most usual. These are easy to recognize because of their quaint shapes and patterns, and the decorations are usually of a single solid color. Chinese ginger jars, Canton bowls and willow platters are most plentiful. Buy an old-china book if you want to become a zealous searcher. All English pieces have identifying pottery marks which you can look up for date and name of maker. A platter costs $8.00 to $15.00; a bowl, from $3.50 to $8.00.

How famous decorators would use mirrors in your home



"*Living Pictures*" in the Living room

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Please send me FREE mirror book.

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City _____ State _____

KEEPING THE BEST FOOT FORWARD

(Continued from Page 135)

ring—girdles after every three or four. a has a session with her washing machine east three times a week, for she's found catching the children's clothes before ie has a chance to burrow in is the best to prevent premature wearing out.

nd this above all—a pair of fresh shields ay to keep cleaning bills away! For by same token, nonwashables ought to go to od dry cleaner before it becomes pain- obvious that they need his services.

onest mended!" Do you know about ing with your sewing machine? It's a ectly good and speedy method for mend- ears, holes or thin places in sheets, bath els, girdles, aprons, underwear, and so Thread the machine with fine cotton ad and adjust the length of the stitch to material—longer for coarse materials as bath towels, shorter for fine percales. ove the presser foot, lower the presser hold the material firmly, then stitch and forth across the tear. If you have od-sized embroidery hoop, this will hold material firmly. Center the tear in the and place the hoop under the presser so that the cloth lies flat on the bed of machine.

ve old stockings to wear around the e and garden. You can do a very credit- job of mending their runs on the ma- e. Turn wrong side out, pin to a piece of r, stretching as you go. Stitch care- , close to the edge. Pull the paper gen- part when you're finished; to free the hes, tie the thread ends and clip them. ickest and easiest of all is the "mend" press on with a warm iron. This magic comes in many colors, does a fine job, through many washings. Especially for those nasty little three-cornered in sheets. When you patch children's es this way, try cutting the tape out in the shape of a bunny or Mickey Mouse—then you can press it on the outside.

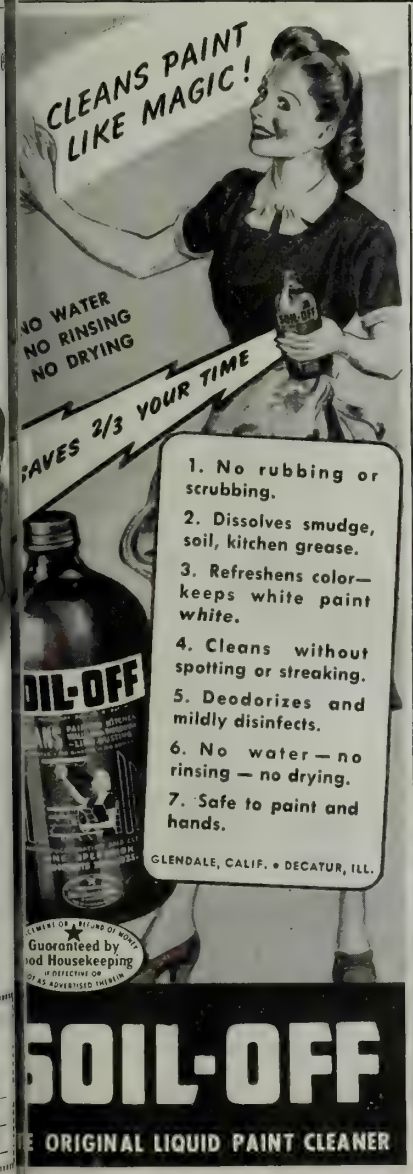
Felt or leather patches, cut from hats or handbags grown too shabby to continue as accessories, make wonderful reinforcements for worn-thin knees and elbows of small fry's play clothes. They don't need hemming.

Over 'n' over again! Nothing can conscientiously give up the ghost these days just because of dated styling. First consideration is whether the material is in good enough condition to warrant the time and patience it takes to make it over.

It's pleasanter to have things washed or dry cleaned before you start to work on them, of course. Whenever size permits, it's better to cut apart at the seams. But if you must rip, do it with a stiff-edged safety-razor blade or one of those gadgets into which a double-edged blade tucks away safely.

After seams are ripped and threads pulled, the fabric should be pressed—the "straight" of it marked, as well as the right and wrong side of each piece. (Sometimes, even if the outer side of tweed or wool is careworn, it's fresh as a daisy on the wrong side.) Then you lay on the pattern and start off, just as if it were new!

Remember the lady in the play—the one who wanted to be turned loose naked in a dress shop with a checkbook? It might have been a wish we all echoed heartily, at some other time in our lives! But right now, even if such a fantastic dream could come true, it would seem a little flat and stupid, wouldn't it? In these times, it's a lot more soul-satisfying to feel that you're smart enough to keep yourself and your family well groomed without disturbing the checkbook, which is likely to be keeping a date with a couple of War Bonds!



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Family "busy" room:

Here's charming proof that a living room can be homey without being dowdy . . . practical as well as pretty! It's done with books, fresh bright colors, close attention to family hobbies. But its *big* secret is that — from the floor up — it's completely free from work-worry. Look at that Gold Seal Congoleum rug! One wipe of a damp cloth and it's clean as a whistle. Yet its hooked-rug pattern has all the charm and color of a rug straight from Grandmother's house! And you should see how it stands up under household traffic. For that long-lasting wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel is equal in thickness to 8 coats of best floor paint applied by hand. But remember — without this familiar Gold Seal it isn't Congoleum . . . the only enamel surface floor covering sold with the famous money-back guarantee. In fact, to make sure you get **Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs** . . . always look for the Gold Seal before you buy!

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. HENLE



Black faille with pleated neckline, basque waist, full skirt. Right—black magic: full-skirted taffeta gown; detachable velvet basque.

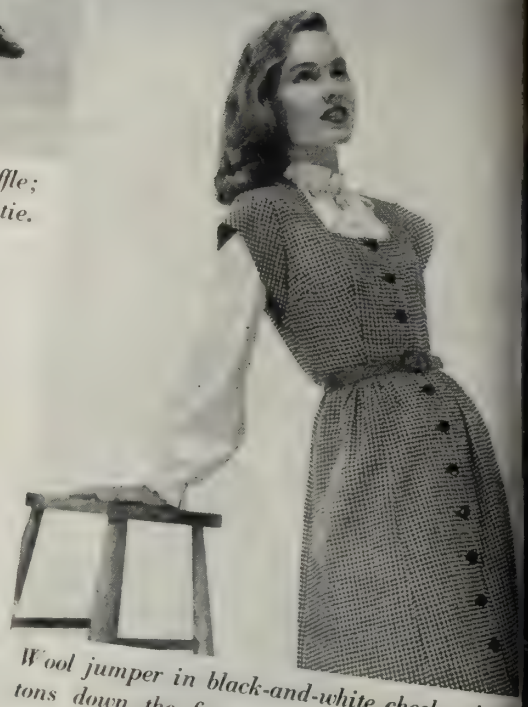
Youngest black. Taffeta skirt with ruffle; sheer white dotted Swiss blouse, black tie.



Headband of gaily colored felt fl

Black IS YOUR COLOR IF . . .

The dress is young! The accessories are young! Your first black dress is as important as your first real beau—and should be chosen with just as much care! A sub-deb's black is demure instead of sophisticated—as gay as your favorite tune. An afternoon faille with a pleated low round collar looks like a dream with ballet slippers and fresh flowers. A ruffled cotton blouse is pretty under a checked jumper; a black velveteen with white eyelet is perfect for parties. Select this special dress with extra-special care. If it meets the approval of you, your mother and your best beau—it's sure to be a success! **BY DAWN CROWELL**



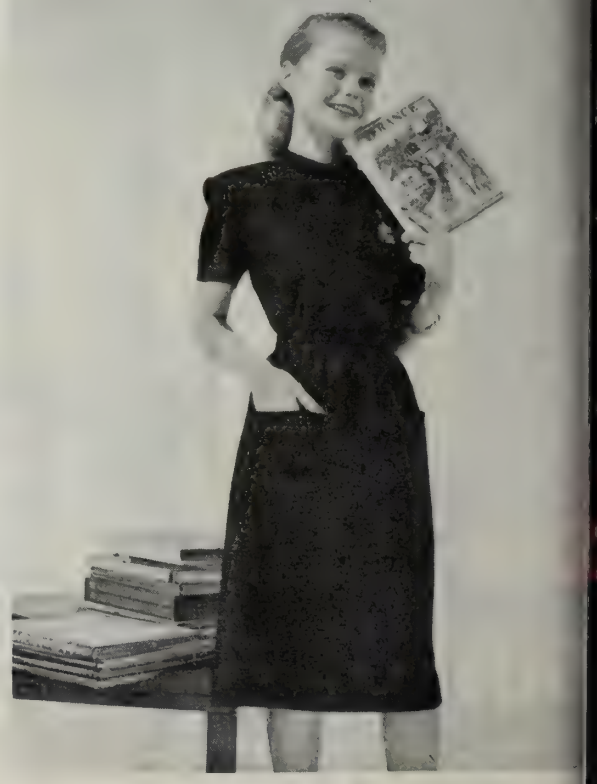
Wool jumper in black-and-white checks; buttons down the front. Ruffled cotton blouse.



Afternoon; black velveteen. White eyelet-embroidered ruching trims bodice and forms a petticoat hemline.



Crepe for afternoon or informal evenings. Tiny rhinestone buttons trim bodice; self belt with hem ruffle.



Very tailored for school, or for town. Black woo sweater and skirt. The skirt is full, has large pockets



HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS—RAWLINGS—VOGUE STUDIOS

Who would guess she's been on her feet all day

Thirty evenings hath September . . . for her to enjoy with that fit-as-a-fiddle feeling! Office by day, fun by night, is a calendar rule with Selby ARCH PRESERVER shoes. Just try their three famous ways of bidding farewell forever to *foot fatigue.*

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ARCH PRESERVER Shoes

A girl can be too trusting at times!

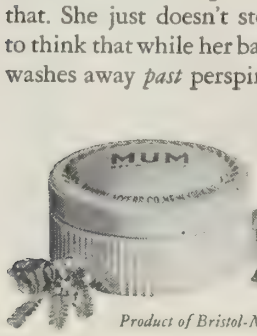


Why take any chances with your charm—when you can trust a smoothie like Mum!

SHE WIELDS an outsize powder puff. Covers herself with a cloud of fragrance. And never suspects that before the evening is over, she may be guilty of underarm odor!

No fault of the powder or her bath, that. She just doesn't stop to think that while her bath washes away *past* perspiration, underarms need special care to prevent risk of *future* odor. *That's* when a girl needs Mum!

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds—keeps underarms odor-free all day or evening long. You're sure of the daintiness men admire. Mum is harmless to skin and fabrics—so quick and easy to use before or *after* dressing. Play safe with charm—get Mum today.



Product of Bristol-Myers



• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MEET THE WIDOW SMITH

(Continued from Page 126)

We went out the back door of the basement and into the hanky-sized garden, surrounded by a high fence. She pointed out the artichoke plants, spinach and rhubarb growing around the heart-shaped cement fish pool in the center.

"Last night I had no lettuce for the salad, so I cuts up spinach leaves with red beets and hard-boiled eggs and I says to the children, 'How's that for a color treat?' I was a cook, you see, in Worthing, England, before I came here. My mother was livin' in California and sent me money to come over. I'll never forget New York when we landed on Christmas Eve, 1928. The whole city was lit up with lights and trees. Like a fairyland it was."

With her new ambition to become a business girl, Nora took a housekeeping job with an Irish bishop in Fresno, California, and went to night school to learn typing and shorthand. In a year and a half, she had saved enough to quit working and go to business college, but after a year her money gave out and she took a job as cook in order to save more.

It was then she met another housemaid named Kitty O'Donovan, who introduced the fun-starved Nora to the gay Irish socials in San Francisco. On their nights off they would go together to a hall on Mission Street to dance the Irish jig and stack o' barley and meet the young Irish blades about town. She met Cornelius there.

"I knew right away he was the one," said Nora. "The one and only, y'might say, since I never had a beau before, but I wouldn't let him know. 'Can I take you home tonight?' he'd say, like the perfect gentleman he was. 'No thank ye, Mr. Smith,' said I, independent as you like. 'Kitty and me, we came on the streetcar and we'll be goin' home the same way.'"

PIN-UP GIRL

to two small fry in diapers, Connie Joannes is also top-notch Powers model and cover girl—just Mrs. Dickman, Navy wife, to the neighbors. After a day of scrubbing woodwork, she can tell you how to look as flawlessly groomed as the fashion portraits you've sighed over. Don't miss

Meet a Model Mother

IN HOW AMERICA LIVES

in the October Journal

One time Nora got the evening off unexpectedly and arrived at the social to find Corny with another girl. "Auburn hair and blue eyes she had," recalls Nora instantly over the space of fourteen years. "'May I present an old friend o' mine, Miss McFadden,' Corny says to us. My wurd, he looked that upset! He keeps leavin' the girl between dances and comin' over to Kitty and me, and finally I says to him, 'I'll not be seein' ye any more this evenin', Mr. Smith. I wouldn't want to be breakin' up any friendship of yours.'" Nora looked at me with her hazel eyes dancing and the dimples showing deep in her cheeks. "And y'know, he never saw Miss McFadden again. We got engaged right afterwards."

THE marriage took place in June, 1931, at St. Patrick's, Nora in long white satin and pearls, carrying white carnations, and Kitty O'Donovan in blue lace. Cornelius was then earning $100 a month as night watchman at the City of Paris, a large San Francisco department store. With his amazing thrift, he had saved enough for a two-week honeymoon to Santa Monica, Catalina and Yosemite. "Nothin' was too good, he used to tell me," Nora recollects fondly. They settled down in a three-room furnished flat on Mission Street—"It sure seemed funny, keepin' house for myself"—and ten and a half months later the first baby arrived.

"I remember when the fifth one was born," said Nora, leading the way back upstairs with four-year-old Jimmy rushing to open doors for her. "The doctor says 'And what do you want this time Smith, a boy or girl?' And I says t 'This time I'd like a girl with eyes and auburn hair.'" She reach and patted five-year-old Rose Ann fat bottom. "Just what I ordered!"

ROSE ANN fled in fiery confusion to s table for supper. Jimmy puts the away, his mother explained, and N seven, clears the table. "John mo kitchen and bathroom floors. The oth one of his rich pals comes in and boasting-like, 'I've got a whole doll helping my mother.' And John, h looks disgusted and says, 'Did you eve such a thing? He charges his own m money for helpin' her!'"

When the Smiths do come by a nic dime, it is popped into the kitty to b cream and cake for the Children's This much-anticipated treat takes every night with each person taking a at entertaining the others. John, sta like a ramrod, manfully sings the C Song in a voice that hasn't changed With shining eyes, Sheila whirls aroun kitchen with her mother in an Irish

Brash Neil wit front tooth m can hardly com his grin long en to sing The Dutch Boy, numerous flats nally it is mo turn, and in a st true alto she them ballads Rock Candy M tain or tells wonderfully c lished tales of chobor and the kings of Leinst

After supper children get first piece of c for the day wi brisk, "Ladies f now!" from mother. Nora taken the candy uation into her firm hands. "A n a day for the s 'em and you ca what *that* would amount to." Before the are washed, the juices from the cooked etables are carefully poured into glasses served about the table. That's one wa manage vitamins and minerals on a budget of less than $3 a day for the s

For a while Nora hoped she could some extra money for food and cloth looking after war workers' children or block. "When you have this many ar a few more don't matter. And soon they be in school but Jimmy." One w offered her $140 a month to look afte two boys. But one must have a licen care for outsiders' children in Califo and Nora was turned down by the aut ties. Her house is too crowded, they Anyway, whatever she earned above e ses would be deducted from her relief c

Nora could go off relief, and get a time job. But who would look after h children? Then, too, she would lose al many benefits which charity cases re in California—free dentistry and me care, a free housekeeper if Nora shoul come ill, major house repairs when need

"Glad I am," says Nora, "the babie too young yet to know how it feels." never says the words "on relief." But and Sheila, like two saddened and dispi little adults at eleven and ten, understan right. And Nora dreads the day when hurt first appears in tiny Norine's te blue eyes, or rowdy Neil with the irre sible grin comes promptly and silently h from school.

Magazine Women Believe In ★ Ladies' Home

Journal

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PUBLIC LIBRARY

Seventeenth Summer ★ A Complete Novel by Maureen Daly



PAUL ERNST, author of *Jason and the Crimson Fleece,* writes, "Transplanted from Akron to Chicago at the bottle stage, I grew up there. In 1934, Mrs. Ernst and I came East and bought a Pennsylvania farm near the Delaware. We like writing when it goes well and dislike it intensely when it doesn't. Usually it does, preserving peace around the home, but let a time come when plots just evaporate in the typewriter, and then the farm comes into its own by providing lots of space to stomp around in. Favorite stomping place is a patch of woods. When the underbrush there grows up untrampled you'll know I've become rich and famous."



DAMSEY WILSON, who wrote *Victoria and the Wolf,* says, "My life was a useless, dreamy affair until, at twelve, I fell off a bridge into Long Island Bay. When I came to, my future was clear: I would marry and have twelve children because I was so fond of people. Shortly after this, Uncle Joe bought me a portable typewriter. I mastered the touch system, was a newspaper reporter, married, wrote fiction, was lost in South America, went to Hollywood, moved thirteen times, was operated on four times for four different reasons, all fascinating, was in two automobile accidents in one week, went to Europe on one boat while my luggage went over on another, woke up one night and found our home in roaring flames. At this writing, I am fonder than ever of people, but I am ten children short."



DRAWING BY NORMA PAGE

PETER BOWMAN, author of *The Wakeful Stars,* was born in Michigan twenty-eight May thirds ago, and attended schools in Detroit and New York. After surviving an engineering education and a tour of duty with Anaconda Copper, he escaped to the magazine field and worked his way up from reporter on The Merchant Plumber to associate editor of Popular Science Monthly. He entered the Corps of Engineers in the summer of 1943 and became a sergeant practically overnight by bellowing a loud "No" when his company commander asked him if he liked the Army. Later he decided to try his luck in the Air Corps and transferred as a private.

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OCTOBER, 1945

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The names of all characters in all Journal fiction are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is a coincidence.

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Sometimes we get to thinking about titles—titles like "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes". Why do authors choose 'em? Why are they always so impressive?

★ ★ ★ ★

Now you take some recent MGM pictures—"The Clock", for example. That was about a soldier on a 48-hour pass. So the clock idea was quite logical.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or, "Without Love"—logical, too, because Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn got married without it—or that's what they thought.

★ ★ ★ ★



EDWARD G. ROBINSON

Now try to figure out "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" and what does that tell you? Well, *plenty* if you've seen the picture, and love it as much as we do.

★ ★ ★ ★

G. V. Martin, author of the best-selling novel, took his title from "The Song of Solomon": "*Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes*".

★ ★ ★ ★

We guess the author meant it to say: when you've helped a wonderful thing to grow you've got to watch over it carefully and lovingly.

★ ★ ★ ★

And that's why it's a great title—and a great picture! It reaches right straight down to your heart—without pretense, without sham.

★ ★ ★ ★



MARGARET O'BRIEN

And it's brought touchingly to life by the finest performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch; delightful, wistful little Margaret O'Brien, granite-faced, golden-hearted Edward G. Robinson, hardboiled and hilarious little "Butch" Jenkins. What wonderful contrasts of character.

★ ★ ★ ★

Like a promising young vine herself, Margaret O'Brien started climbing upward in "Journey for Margaret" and "Lost Angel"... We watched her sprout beautifully in "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Music For Millions". Now with "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" we find her matching her brilliant talent with the rough, earthy greatness of Edward G. Robinson.



"BUTCH" JENKINS

★ ★ ★ ★

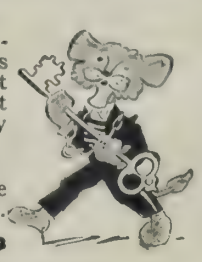
Yes, a truly fine wine has come from these grapes: a taste of romance with James Craig and Frances Gifford—flavor from Morris Carnovsky and Agnes Moorehead—and a bit of tang from "Butch" Jenkins—the belligerent brat you loved in "National Velvet".

★ ★ ★ ★

A great vintage, all in all, with the screen play by Dalton Trumbo, direction by Roy Rowland and production by Robert Sisk.

★ ★ ★ ★

This very fine motion picture had its World Premiere at the world's largest theatre, Radio City Music Hall.



★ ★ ★ ★

We urge you to see it as soon as you can.

—*Leo*

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Better Texture!
Moister!
Lighter!



NEW SUCCESS CAKE! QUICK—EASY TO MAKE!

CRISCO BIRTHDAY GOLD CAKE

Even a beginner can save half the mixing time!

Don't worry if you've never made a cake this way before! Measure ingredients exactly . . . follow the simple directions carefully . . . be sure to use Crisco. Only with new Crisco can we promise you a better cake on every count!

Measure into mixing bowl:

2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)
1⅓ cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt • ⅔ cup milk

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself): **3 tsps. baking powder***

Add: **4 egg yolks (unbeaten)**
⅓ cup milk • ½ tsp. lemon extract

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. Pour into two 9" (1½" deep) layer pans which have been Criscoed and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Frost with your favorite boiled icing and decorate. All Measurements Level.

**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 4 tsps.*

NEW CRISCO COOK BOOK! Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for 64-page cook book including recipes for many more Success Cakes. Offer good in the United States, including Hawaii.

Pure and Sweet—

It's Digestible!

WHAT MAKES YOU TIRED?

BY FRANCES TURNER



All of us experience that tired feeling at times, but modern investigation points the way toward a less tired future. Recent studies reveal some of the causes of tiredness, and show us how to avoid that all-in sensation.

TIRED? Of course you get tired. You wouldn't be normal if you didn't. Tiredness is a protective device that makes us slow down when our bodies need servicing. You will tire more quickly than you should if you aren't eating the proper kind or amount of food, if you are skimping on your hours of sleep, if you don't like the work you are doing, if you can't make an important decision, if you are really left-handed and have been trained into using your right hand, and for many other seemingly trivial causes which we will take up in a minute.

If you don't get to bed until one, get up at seven, grab a slice of toast and a cup of coffee and race for the bus, don't be surprised if you are tired by eleven-thirty. That's normal. You should be tired. You should be alarmed if you aren't tired. The remedy is to eat a good lunch and dinner and get to bed by nine that night to make up for the sleep you missed.

"But," someone cries, "I can't sleep if I go to bed that early. I just couldn't."

To which the modern investigators of tiredness say, "So what?" All that is necessary is to go to bed. You don't need to sleep. Have a bedside table if you like, and load it down with reading material. Catch up on the latest love affairs. Become an authority on crime. Read Gibbon if you feel inhibited because you never did. Win at solitaire. Enjoy yourself. But make sure you're in bed.

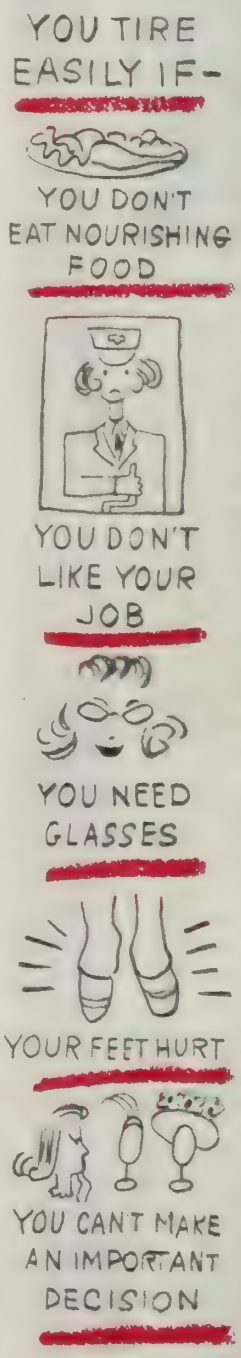
Check into bed with the regularity of a rooster. You never heard your rooster complain of being all in, did you? No. When the sun goes down, he mutters a little in his throat and high-tails it for bed. He may crow about four in the morning, but he doesn't think of stirring around until much later. He is vigorous and alert. Modern living hasn't got him down.

I once knew a doctor to whom a man came complaining of insomnia. "How I envy you," the doctor said, after the patient had explained that he could not sleep.

"Why is that?" the patient said.

"Because I am condemned to live out my days in ignorance," the doctor said. "I do not have time to read the books which would make me a civilized man."

The patient went away. After three weeks he called the doctor on the phone. "I rang to tell you," the patient said, "that I, too, am condemned to live out my days in ignorance. I can no longer keep awake to read the books which would civilize me."



Very well, then. Promise not to cheat on the time spent in bed.

The next step in ridding yourself of tiredness is to eat the amount of food which is necessary for the amount of work you expect to do. Start with a good breakfast: cereal, bacon, eggs, fruit, milk—that's important—and coffee. Toss it in. Forget this I-am-a-dainty-eater, I-really-don't-care-for-anything attitude. If you want to do the work without its tiring you excessively, you have to eat at least the amount of food which will be burned up in doing the job.

Which brings us to an important landmark in the study of tiredness. Do you *want* to do the job you are going to do? Make up your mind about it before you begin. Because if you do not want to do the job, you are going to tire quickly.

Authorities differ as to what should be done about work that you do not like. Some say that you should acknowledge to yourself the reason for your not liking the work, and stick to it. The theory is that once you recognize the reason for your dislike of the work, the unusual tiredness it causes will disappear. Some people need professional help in learning why it is that they do not like the type of work they are doing. Other authorities feel that you should get into the type of work that you do like.

Indecision is another contributor to a feeling of exhaustion. If you cannot make up your mind about some issue that is of importance to you, you will find yourself tiring quickly. I once had a job that I loathed. It was a good job and paid well. I had liked it at first, but after several years it became old stuff. I felt that what I really wanted to do was write. The more I wanted to write the more I loathed the job, and the tireder I got doing it. I would have chucked it in a minute, except that I was afraid of starving. I finally worked myself into a state where I felt so tired all the time that I could hardly wiggle. I couldn't eat, either, which was no help. Finally I went to a doctor who was noted for his learning and wisdom.

"There is nothing the matter with you," he said after examining me.

"I know," I said, feeling more wretched by the minute, "but I don't like the work I am doing. I feel I should be writing."

"Have you ever published?" he asked.

"No," I said.

He looked appalled. "I think you had better take some vitamins," he said, "and keep on with your job."

I was in despair. He had been my last hope. What I had wanted him to say was, "My dear girl, by all means give up your job and write if that is the way you feel."

After I left his office, I had to face it. I would have to *(Continued on Page 125)*

TELL 'EM MOMMY—

How you became a famous Pin-up Girl!



LISTEN TO CONNIE JOANNES, FAMOUS MODEL



She's appeared on covers of McCall's, Redbook and many other magazines. That's her 6-months-old son Bobbie in the picture coaxing her to tell. "Tell everybody where you got that lovely complexion, Mommy!" he says. "Just watch Bobbie splashing in his tub," Connie says, "and you'll discover my beauty secret. It's regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap, of course. I was an Ivory baby myself!"

LET CONNIE TELL YOU HOW TO

HAVE THAT IVORY LOOK . . .



"Every girl wants a lovely complexion," Connie says, "but a model like me *has* to have one. If you suspect *your* complexion could stand improving, my advice is—don't give it a hit-or-miss wash-up. To get that Ivory Look, change to regular care with gentle Ivory Soap."

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More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

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A PEACEFUL HAVEN IN A GREEN MEADOW

JOHN MARTIN, a poor tailor who died in Philadelphia in 1703, left two lots of ground to the Quakers for an almshouse for older people. Among the aged who came here were a Swiss watchmaker, an old woman who made molasses candy, another who sold herbs. "The air was filled with the perfume of roses, bees were humming, quaint placid old men were sitting smoking their pipes."

But by 1841 there were too few Friends needing care, and this "peaceful haven in a green meadow" was abandoned. In those days, the life expectancy of the average person was forty years. Today the average person lives to be sixty-three, and more than one fourth of the people are over forty-five.

It is a fact which we ignore as we sometimes ignore older people, but the care of the aged is one of our most important problems. Because of better health and a lower birth rate, there are more people over sixty-five than ever before; and because family life is concentrated in smaller quarters and in interests outside the home, the aged have lost their position of security and respect. In many homes there is no room for them and no job for them to do. They have lost what they need most: *somewhere to live, something to do, someone to care.*

What can we do for them?

First, we can know. What are the public systems which care for the aged in our own community? Are they adequate?

Second, we can feel. We can put ourselves in the place of an older person and understand how much it would mean to have a visitor and an invitation to someone's home now and then. Even more than money, the aged need our interest, and the feeling that they are of some matter in the world.

In the minutes of the Friends Meeting at Banbury, England, in 1715, there is this quaint request from an old man and his wife: "They desire one to be assistant to 'em to make their bed and sweep their house and wash their dishes, the old woman being uncapable of performing the same."

And who doubts that what they wanted partly was someone to talk to? In your world, is it not someone's loving care for you which makes your "peaceful haven in a green meadow"?

Atomic Science and World Organization

By Dorothy Thompson

IN April, May and June of this year, the nations of the world sat together, through their representatives in San Francisco, and worked out the charter of a world organization for peace, which has since then been ratified by the United States Senate.

In August of this year, the first atomic bomb was launched against Japan. Man—or rather a handful of international scientists—had discovered the elemental secrets of the universe, and the source of inexhaustible energy, of such power as to have the destructive force of the earthquake and the typhoon, or to supplant or make subsidiary all fuel resources of mankind.

Through decades and, in fact, ever since the epochal emergence of Einstein's physics, whose discoveries were made during the last war, scientists working in branches of radioactivity have known that it was possible to disintegrate the ultimate stability, the atom, and therewith release potentials of the energy which moves the universe. The war led to an enormous co-operative effort, at prodigious cost, practically to apply the pure theories of exact science. Not only the United States, but Germany was working on the same thing and, all unknown to the wide public, the race for the solution of atomic disintegration was the greatest contest of the war. I remember making a reference to its possibilities, in a speech which I gave in Minneapolis last fall, and within thirty-six hours I had a visit from the counter-intelligence department of the U. S. Army, to tell me not to babble about things I had read—long before—in scientific reviews and heard from scientist friends.

Most of us will never understand the scientific processes which have changed the history of mankind. But the uses to which they will be put are not in the hands of the scientists who invented them. That is not a scientific question, but a political, moral, and even religious question. And it has to be answered by you, and by me. This invention belongs to the British, Canadian and American people. Its patents are shared by all three governments. The costs of its discovery were borne, not by shareholders in some private corporation, but by the American people, as taxpayers. Its possibilities for destruction are so enormous that the invention cannot pass into any private hands. It is a collective property, and—a collective responsibility.

This invention did more than blow up landscapes, buildings and populations. It blew up the San Francisco charter as an instrument for preventing aggression and keeping peace. That is what American mothers and future mothers have got to realize. The San Francisco Charter, with atomic science, becomes as obsolete as the Holy Alliance created after the Napoleonic wars.

The champions of a real world organization were never wholly satisfied with San Francisco. They saw in it three serious gaps: It has no power to prevent the aggression of any of the really strong nations—the Big Four or Five, as they are called; it has no power to control all armaments; and it has no effective instrumentality for creating a world law. Nevertheless, nearly everyone supported it, on the ground that it was a "real beginning." Even knowledgeable people argued that in the course of decades it would gradually be modified, in an atmosphere of mutual trust, until out of it would finally emerge the true world organization—the putting of all nations, great and small, under the rule of law.

That premise rests on the idea that the world has time—time to borrow on, for the creation of a secure peace system. It is just this element of time that has been prodigiously telescoped by the revelations of atomic science.

At this moment, the Anglo-American countries are masters of the globe. We alone possess the secret of unleashing the elemental forces of Nature. No country can attack us, no matter how vast its armies. No country can safely defy us, no matter what its strategical positions.

But this position is ours for only a matter of minutes, reckoned in terms of history. Our War Department, our President and, above all, the scientists who invented the atomic bomb, know that its secrets cannot be kept for long. The facts about it, in pure theory, are known everywhere in the world; the elements employed in its composition are also known. No invention of great importance, representing years of research in many countries, has ever remained for more than a very few years the monopoly of a single laboratory or state. We have not got decades, we have not even certainly years, in which to evolve a world organization adequate to the protection of mankind. The time is now. The San Francisco charter is already far too little; it is up to us to decide that it shall not be too late, as well.

Other inventions and other machines have long since made the small sovereign state incapable of self-defense. Hence the evolution of the world, during this war, into several huge power systems. As a matter of cold fact, despite all the talk of the Big "Three" or "Four," these power systems are really two: the power system of the West, around the United States; and of the East, around the Soviet Union. France is not a great power and must move within the orbit

(Continued on Page 128)



When dad's eyes are bigger than your marketing list!

What if he does buy twice as much food as you need! There's nothing to worry about *provided you have the right refrigeration to keep the food fresh.* And, one of these days, you *can* have exactly the refrigeration best suited to your needs.

For instance, you can have a big, well-planned Westinghouse Refrigerator with 5 kinds of cold. There are special places for everything . . . meat, fruits and vegetables, staples and leftovers, beverages...and a generous section for frozen foods.

Or, if you want to store larger quantities of frozen meats, fruits and vegetables, you can have one of the wonderful new Westinghouse two-temperature Refrigerators. These beauties have plenty of room for standard refrigeration *plus* a special large-size compartment where you can both freeze and store a big supply of frozen foods.

Then there's a third type of Westinghouse refrigeration coming. It's a handsome, new, *upright* Home Freezer . . . designed as a companion to the Westinghouse Refrigerator. It will freeze and store enough food for six months or a year. You'll like its "Reach-in Convenience", that makes it easy to put food in or take it out.

No, these grand Westinghouse Refrigerators and Home Freezers are not available now. But some glad day you can count on Westinghouse for exactly the type of protection you need to keep your food fresh and delicious.

30 MILLION

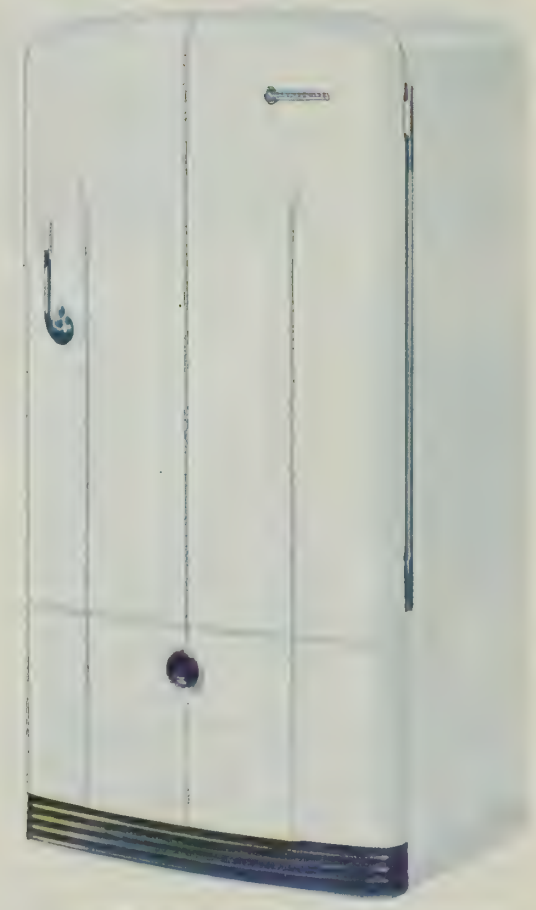
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The New Westinghouse Home Freezers will be *upright* with "Reach-in Convenience" just like this household Refrigerator

It had to be You



THE SUB-DEB

Edited by

Maureen Daly

IT can be fun, but it's never funny—this business of growing up! It takes a lot of fun, a lot of new experiences, basketball games, football bonfires and juke-box music with a few spring moons on the side. It takes a few new friends, a lot of old friends, class rings, club meetings, coke dates and smooth net formals. It takes the excitement of big dates on Friday night and the inevitable disappointment of that first big Friday night without a date. It takes a boy and a girl—sometimes three or four or a whole crowd—anywhere from thirteen to nineteen. And it takes anywhere from four years to more years—then suddenly you're grown up.

I remember one afternoon, when I was a sophomore in high school, I came across a Sub-Deb page in the JOURNAL. It was a big and beautiful page with ideas for a real party—a supersmooth high-school prom that would leave any girl with more to remember than a dance program or a faded corsage. There were suggestions on that page for a "Valencia vineyard party" to be held in the school gym, with green-and-silver paper leaves clustered on the walls and huge bunches of purple balloons hung like grapes for decorations. Believe me, it wasn't that I'd never seen purple balloons before—but that decorating committee! Pert-faced girls with short curly hair and four rugged high-school boys who could make any party a success, all blowing up balloons, cutting out silver leaves and having fun together.

And the page was as good as the picture—that page and all the pages I read every month after that. There were new ideas for having fun and ideas for helping others to have fun. There were all the answers for parties, for proms and for problems. And most important, there were answers for how to be yourself—and how to have people like you that way.

It's fun to think over now all the things that have happened since that first page and this, my first page. I still remember well the first boy with whom I ever had a date. He was a tall blond fellow who worked for the Western Union—and I've liked tall blond boys ever since. I've always liked to read a lot and can almost recite G. K. Chesterton and Thomas Wolfe backward, and when I was in college I tried memorizing twenty lines of Shakespeare every night before I went to sleep, but usually forgot most of them by morning. The song which means most in my life is, of course, Stardust, and I've learned to whistle part of the Sextette from Lucia because I like it and because it reminds me of someone. Most of the time I wear tailored clothes, suits and sweaters, and I never owned a hat with a veil or flowers till I was twenty-one. I like to wear high heels most of the time, but every summer I buy a new pair of yellow play shoes and have a favorite pair of worn brown moccasins that have played tennis, gone on hikes and worked in the garden for the past four years. I guess I dated as much as most girls, ran the gamut of three class rings and two fraternity pins, but always seemed to be worrying about where next week's date was coming from.

And most important, I grew up to realize how essential it is to be a real person. There is nothing amusing about these teen-aged years, and there's nothing ridiculous about "puppy loves," because it's all part of the important experimental period of learning to use your own mind and understanding your own feelings. You have to figure out everything for yourself for the first time—whether or not you want to be an individual, a thinker and a worker, or just drift with the crowd. You even have to figure out what you want to eat, what you want to wear and what you want to think—and you have to figure out what you want to do about the men in your life. The finished product is up to you. And looking back a bit, I can realize the vast importance of those years.

WONDER WHO'S MISSING HIM NOW——

But high-school life is no longer simply a date-to-date existence. Sure, it's still fun to get your best gal friends together for a Friday-night harpy huddle with chatter, cokes and your best records. And it's still fun to think about a life full of smooth boys, flowers for your hair, week-end wiener roasts and a long line of Van Johnson movies. It's still fun to make plans for the first big football game and it's fun to think about a dreamy striped formal with a full skirt and a sleek hair-do for the first big dance of the year. It's fun because that's what little girls are made of—sugar and spice and big plans with everything "nice." And that's the way it should be.

Those happy characters who used to go through the breathless ritual of trimming a man-sized class ring down to their size with adhesive tape are getting the same heart throbs—and heartaches—from a Navy identification bracelet or Army insignia from some young G. I. The gals with stars in their eyes who used to think they couldn't live through a week without dating and dancing with someone special have learned to wait the weeks and months between furloughs. They have learned to think and write as "the girl back home" and now they will have to learn to think and act again as special friends to the boys who grew up too fast, the fellows who come back to the casual high-school life of football dances and sports coats from months in Army camp, service overseas or a hard-fought trip to Berlin and back. Suddenly the breathless, heart-shaking "this is it" feeling is more important than ever before. It will take time for the teen-aged fellows who saw action, for the boys who broke into high school to serve their stretch in camp or boot training and for those boys who were marking time just this side of draft age to learn how to be young again. It won't be easy to get back into swing, it won't be easy to level off. Now is the time when fellows and girls really need each other.

AND IT HAD TO BE YOU

And it's just your luck to be stuck with these extra problems—right now when you have enough *regular* problems to keep you busy! You've enough to worry about wondering why the boy who used to call you every second evening hasn't given you a single jingle since a week ago last Tuesday. And you couldn't concentrate on your homework on Wednesday and Thursday wondering why those gals from the "other crowd" didn't invite you to their party on Friday. You've recently come face to face with a complexion problem that just won't be solved with the usual soap-and-water solution; your clothes don't seem quite right and you don't know what's wrong. And you have trouble with dates—and no dates!—dancing and late-hour dead lines. Though you've worn lipstick for two years and tried to talk politics at the dinner table, you are still faced with a family who can't remember that you're not six but sixteen. Maybe you *aren't* grown up, but at least you're trying to act that way and it helps, somehow, to know that there are dozens of other young characters who feel exactly the same way.

It's a different year and a different 'era, but we are young and you are young and the boy-girl problems are still the same. And it's good to know that there's someone who can answer the questions even before you ask them. So get out the big smiles, gals, and prepare for a big year—the Sub-Deb page is here just for you.



Was This the Night She Dreamed About?

Ever since she'd met him the week before she dreamed of this . . . their first real date together.

Soft summer air, the magic of the moonlight, the shimmering stars, and the whispering of the ocean, sweetly conspired to make it a night for romance, and yet . . . here she was, hurt and troubled, on her way home by ten.

He pleaded an early train to catch. Even so, that couldn't explain the contrast between last week's ardor and tonight's studied indifference! She simply couldn't understand his attitude.

No matter what your charms may be, they can count for little if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You, yourself, may not be aware of its presence, so why not be always on guard? Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderfully simple and wholly delightful ally in helping you to be at your best. Use it morning and night and before every date.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit this wise and delightful precaution.

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Before any date

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Two years of exhaustive research resulted in the discovery of this formula — modern, scientific laboratory resources perfected it . . . NOW, and only now, Elizabeth Arden announces PAT-A-KAKE, the ultimate in a Makeup Foundation. You will find it at your favorite dealer . . . a sensational new development in beauty. PAT-A-KAKE gives a younger, smoother, softer-looking skin AT ONCE . . . helps to conceal blemishes, freckles, tiny lines . . . has a lasting, beneficial effect . . . no artificial, ready-to-crack, heavily coated look. PAT-A-KAKE is easily applied, easily removed, leaving the skin actually fresher, prettier than before.

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Elizabeth Arden

Our Readers Write Us

A Must for Every G. I.

Before his untimely death, Prof. Willard Waller (author of The Veteran Comes Back) wrote two articles for the JOURNAL. *Among the comments received was the following letter from President Conant, of Harvard.*

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. Waller: I have just been reading your article, Which Veterans Should Go to College, in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I have rarely read anything over which I am more enthusiastic. I only wish the article could be read by every G. I. Joe.

Very sincerely,
JAMES B. CONANT,
President, Harvard University.

Reconversion Program

Westfield, Massachusetts.

Quite simple is
My postwar plan:
It's simply to
Get back my man.
ELIZABETH GREY STEWART.

Peacetime Conscription?

Gentlemen: Peacetime conscription represents such an extreme departure from American tradition and is so broad in its effects that it concerns every American family. We, therefore, urge that you print articles concerning peacetime military training in the United States.

Very truly yours,
STEPHEN SITEMAN.
Secretary, The Elizabeth Committee Against the Enactment of Peacetime Military Conscription.

Resolutions on peacetime conscription were introduced in the House and Senate early this year. Pro and con expressions have been loud and long, but no final action was taken before Congress adjourned in midsummer. ED.

Newsstand Journals

Los Angeles, California.

Dear Bruce: I walk to work, a distance of about three miles. Frequently, I stop to visit the newsstand of the Sunfax Supermarket, presided over by a hunchbacked little old woman. She not only peddles magazines—she reads them!

Generally, she's very unhappy. She ordered thirty-five copies of Life and got only nine. Endless variations of this.

This morning she was jubilant! "The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is in!"

She had twenty copies of her order. I don't know how big it was. Then she offered the further information, "Funny about the JOURNAL. I bet 200 people call and ask when it's in. You'd think they were giving something away."

This is just a way of saying hello to you and Beatrice.

All good wishes to you. Sincerely,
LYNN FARNOL.

During wartime, because of paper shortages, the JOURNAL cut its rapidly mounting circulation back to 4,100,000 which, though still leaving it with larger audited circulation than such magazines as Life, The Saturday Evening Post, Woman's Home Companion, McCalls and Colliers, was greatly less than consumer demand.

Just for fun an experiment was tried to find out what the theoretical circulation of the JOURNAL might currently be if everyone who came up to the newsstand looking for a copy was supplied. One large town was given as many copies as it could absorb (care being taken that no copies were diverted to other towns less fortunate).

The result somewhat bowled over even the always optimistic Circulation Department. Seems we could have sold 7,000,000 JOURNALS if we'd had them—so much for "if's." ED.

Our Globe-Circling Editor

Editors' Note: Editor-in-chief Bruce Gould, traveling in India and China just before V-J day, sent us many letters concerning war progress, war's effects and civilian life—from which we print excerpts.

Chabua, India.

Dear Beatrice: In the evening we were briefed on the use of our parachutes over the Hump, if necessity demanded it. Everyone must wear them—which means the women must wear slacks to accommodate the straps which encircle the thighs. Our jungle kit was explained to us. It was gratifying to know that we could survive eighteen days on K rations—which actually are plenty good. Each of us was fitted with parachutes amid much spontaneous humor—a bit ribald and some of it not bad. There wasn't much apprehension, I should say, in anyone's mind about the Hump flight, although we had but recently been acquainted with the number—hundreds—of pilots strewn over the trackless Himalayas.

We were shown the operations procedure which resulted in lifting Hump tonnage to more than 50,000 tons a month [By war's end. *Ed.*]. At the present time all industrial China, even though stimulated by Donald Nelson's Chinese WPB, produces only about 100,000 a month, so what we bring in really means something.

In order to handle traffic over the Hump, about 500 planes fly each way around the clock. It is necessary to dispatch planes from different fields at precise times, because of the swarm in the sky.

The planes are then instructed to climb so many feet a minute toward a fixed point in space. Then, at an altitude previously assigned, they fly to China. There are also different routes, to keep planes



Generalissimo greets Editor.

from running into one another. The hardest, because highest and most mountainous, route is appropriately called Able; next, Charlie; then, Easy; then, Fox; then, Oboe. Last, the easiest, Love. On Love one doesn't even need oxygen.

We shall probably fly the Hump at about 13,000 feet—that's Easy.

After lunch we were taken to the Search and Rescue Unit, recently organized. Its purpose is to bring out of the jungle pilots who have had to bail out. To do this, half-a-dozen planes daily scour the terrain, locating new and old wrecks, trying to contact survivors by sight or by radio—a little like hunting for the needle in the haystack. About 1600 planes have been wrecked flying the Hump. More pilots are killed in these crashes than ever survive. Some parachute into the jungle—and come out weeks, sometimes even months, later. And keep on flying. Real American boys—so brave it is a little breathtaking.

Love,
BRUCE.

Kunming, China.

Dear Beatrice: Our flight over the Hump, like our jump across the Atlantic, was smooth. Most of the way, at 16,500 feet. We had to fly higher than we had planned. It was through clouds, therefore "on instruments," but we felt hardly a bump. A great blow to dinner conversation when we get back.

As we landed we were met by fellow war correspondents flashing $1000 bills, huge rolls of them. But it was all in Chinese money. The current rate—not the official rate, which is 40 to 1—is 1400 Chinese dollars for each $1.00 in American money.

(Continued on Page 13)



You've lived for this moment. And he must find you excitingly lovely to your fingertips.

Thrillingly-soft hands are so endearing... let Trushay guard their precious beauty.

This delicately fragrant, creamy lotion is such a joy to use!

Smooth on Trushay before everyday tasks, before you do dishes. This "beforehand" idea is Trushay's own! And now you can guard soft hands even in hot, soapy water!

Rely on Trushay's velvet touch whenever, wherever you need it.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



CHEVROLET DEALER SERVICE IS THE LEADER'S SERVICE

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CHEVROLET-ENGINEERED PARTS

It means so much to get the *best* car service

The woman who takes her car to a Chevrolet dealer for service drives away with the knowledge that it has been serviced well. . . .

For she knows that all signs indicate—"*More people go to Chevrolet dealers for service than to any other dealer organization*"—and that's the best possible endorsement of Chevrolet dealer standards. . . .

See your Chevrolet dealer for skilled service on *your* car—today and at regular intervals!

Buy More War Bonds... Help Speed the Victory

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*
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CHEVROLET

YOU'LL SAY "*First in Service*"

ORIGINATOR CHEVROLET CAR CONSERVATION



War correspondents group before the Taj Mahal. Bruce Gould stands second from left; Gretta Palmer, JOURNAL contributor, in dark uniform on bench (second from the right, seated).

(Continued from Page 10)

We were counseled not to change much money from American into Chinese because the inflation is gaining headway—the rate varies from day to day.

It seems to be an accepted opinion among our soldiers that the Chinese, when properly trained, make good fighting soldiers. They are stoical and enduring under hardships.

Also, the Chinese—all Chinese—are industrious. Unlike the Indian, they really work to keep alive. They have a self-respect the Indian seems to lack. They smile, joke and laugh. And, though almost universally illiterate, they are intelligent.

We went to a dinner given by a high-ranking Chinese general, currently in charge of all Chinese combat troops. He gave a press conference in which some fantastic answers were given as to what would happen in postwar China. As a matter of courtesy, the Chinese seem to be anxious to find out what we would like them to say and then they agreeably say it.

Later. Kunming was once, I believe, the seat of the Ming dynasty. It's fantastically lovely and its ruined ancient walls remind one that not even the most grandiose conceptions of man last forever. In fact, I sometimes wonder if even the JOURNAL is good for another six hundred years. So I sign myself,

Temporarily yours,
BRUCE.

Kunming to Nanning, Southeast China.

Dear Beatrice: We were transferred to a bucket-seated C-47, fitted with parachutes for our flight to Nanning, 500 miles away, just recaptured from the Japs.

This country is all mountains. Roads are nearly, or completely, impassable, even to a jeep. The mountains are the kind one sees in Chinese pictures but hesitates to believe in because they are like nothing known to us. They resemble rows on rows of the "dragon teeth" the Germans used as tank traps. Except that these teeth stand one to six thousand feet high and are clustered tightly together, as though someone had stacked them rigidly side by side. No one lives amongst them. Their sides are too precipitous. They don't even have enough valley between to squeeze in a rice paddy.

Later. Arrived at Nanning shortly before noon, lunched deliciously on veal, fried chicken and a cooked native plum with Brigadier General Bowman.

We visited the Marshal Chang Fah-kwei in his headquarters. One is always impressed by the formal politeness of the Chinese. During the questioning, melons—very good—and litchi nuts, which when skinned are like skinned grapes, were passed around, followed by the inevitable hot towel to clean one's hands. A good custom, although slightly unsanitary perhaps.

We motored through the town, thoroughly gutted of all furniture, and so on, by the retreating Japs, and were enthusiastically "Ding Hoa'd" by grinning Chinese kids and even their elders—who had little enough to be enthusiastic about, it seemed to me. They were having to start all over from scratch.

Later. Arrived at Chikiang in time for dinner after an uneventful flight. Here are the lads who are flying 95 per cent of the missions flown in China against the Japs. It is the Chinese-American Air Wing, about half American, half Chinese. I was bunked with half a dozen fliers, the finest boys I have seen anywhere.

Best,
BRUCE.

Chikiang to Chungking.

Dear Beatrice: While I was still at Chikiang a four-man mission returned from a bombing trip, but only three planes came back. This missing flier was one of the finest Chinese pilots. He had more missions to his credit than anyone. But as one lad said to me, "On this kind of mission, you're just stretching your luck." Everyone had given Chang up when a "hot pilot" buzzed the field. We all ran out like mad to see. It was Chang. I can hardly describe how everyone felt.

The runway at Chikiang is being lengthened by about 5000 Chinese who are literally moving a hill to fill a valley. They are doing this with their little baskets, two feet square, balanced on a pole across their shoulders. It is like seeing human ants at work. One can imagine the scene at the building of the Pyramids and the Tower of Babel.

We waited at the Chungking airport to shake hands with the Generalissimo. He is better-looking than his pictures. More alive, more sparkling, more human-looking. He was whisked off in a C-47 plane piloted, I was told, for the first time by an all-Chinese crew. It had been all-American before this somewhat historic trip.

Love,
BRUCE.

Chungking, China's wartime capital.

Dear Bibi: After Hallett Abend and I returned from breakfast we got in a command car—almost as dreadful a conveyance as a jeep—with George H. Alexanderson, photographer for the Department of

(Continued on Page 116)



Figurines created for Carole Stupell, New York

Everyone will soon be talking about these exquisite figurines, so perfectly detailed that you'll marvel over each tiny, painted fingernail. Pick them up, examine them carefully, you'll almost decide they're porcelain—but then no porcelain gown could have such fluid grace. These lovely "dolls" are dressed in rich brocades and silks, treated according to a secret process that preserves all the luxurious texture. They're one-of-a-kind museum pieces to add a lovely, luxurious touch—and they'll bring delighted comments from your friends.

Another sure source of favorable comment is the opened Whitman's Sampler you make a part of your gracious living. The chocolate is so rich and butter-smooth, the centers so deliciously perfect, and each one a gem of the candymaker's art. Among them you will find all your favorites—mouth-melting creams, velvety caramels, crisp nuts and luscious fruits. Yes—Whitman's is a magic name to all who love nice things.



Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

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Jane Parker DONUTS are so good... over 3,000,000 enjoyed daily

There's nothing so welcome to hearty appetites
as a plateful of light, tender Jane Parker Donuts
... and a pitcher of refreshing cider
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Plump, golden-brown Jane Parker Donuts
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in the Baked Goods Department of your A&P.
See why Jane Parker Donuts are *America's favorites.*

A&P

JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



"THE New Woman must learn to control her tearful tendencies," observed Harper's Bazaar in October, 1895, adding that most women cry to make men feel "like brutal bullies." In this month, little "Ike" Eisenhower was five years old. Princeton was practically coed (it had a sister college called Evelyn), London streets were still made of wood, and every miss wanted a yard-wide Marie Antoinette muff of chinchilla.

"One thing is settled," says Emma Hooper in the October, 1895, issue of the JOURNAL, "and that is we are not going to carry around skirts of immense weight, as we have been doing. They are now interlined only to the knees, and are from five to six yards wide."

"Perplexed: It is very difficult for the mother who has had no instruction herself to know what is wisest to say to her children when their curiosity awakens. You will find invaluable assistance in three little books by Dr. Mary Wood Allen, Teaching Truth, Almost a Man, and Child Confidence Rewarded."

"Jessie: An introduction in a streetcar is very bad form."

"Endymion: I do not think it wise for a young girl to correspond with any men friends, no matter how well she may know them."



"I beg of my girl, wherever she may be," writes Ruth Ashmore, "to wear to church services her simplest gowns, omitting all jewelry and putting on a very modest hat."

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK.

WITH people everywhere contemplating their Pet Causes, we asked people around here what were *theirs*. ***Mrs. Gould's*** is *no hungry children anywhere*—including Hindustan, and really works on it. An end to racial and religious prejudice, most people here put first. A better understanding of the verbs "to lie" and "to lay" on the part of authors, is ***Hugh Kahler's***. ***Scott Mabon*** wants more gentlemanly taxi horns, and two editors would campaign quietly against open-toed shoes and three-decker sandwiches.



All summer long the troop transports have been arriving almost daily, clearly visible from the windows of the Workshop, creeping up the river, and simply oozing with khaki. Most spectacular arrivals, of course, are always the two mammoth Queens, Mary and Elizabeth, one of which docks at the foot of our street every two weeks or so. They are something to see—four blocks in length—as they coast up to their pier. Not content with the view from here, ***Mrs. Gould, Mary Cookman, Judy Barry*** and others have, on big occasions, taken the Army's welcome-home boat down the harbor to meet the boys face to face, with a WAC band playing like mad against the whistles, wolf calls and yells for telephone numbers from 15,000 soldiers, making you feel like ***Lauren Bacall.*** Up on the pier you really get close to the guys, looking as healthy as trouts, and beautifully behaved as they stream down the gangplanks, having got a mighty chorus of boos out of their systems as they sighted long-suffering MP's on the pier.

Sonja Henie's *one fear in life is hitting a bobby pin on ice. . . . For every husband who outlives his wife in the U. S., there are three wives who outlive their husbands. . . .* ***Cole Porter's*** *famous song, Love for Sale, has never been allowed on the air. . . . I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now is considered by some the greatest torch song of all time, because it asks all the questions the smitten care about. . . . When* ***Queen Victoria*** *first read Alice in Wonderland, she was so delighted she sent a message to the author, begging to see his next book. She received shortly An Elementary Treatise on Determinants, by* ***C. L. Dodgson,*** *the eminent mathematician. . . .* ***Frank Lloyd Wright's*** *design for an ultramodern art museum on Fifth Avenue includes a theater where films will be shown on the ceiling. Audiences will lie in reclining chairs. . . .* ***Melvyn Douglas,*** *taking his twelve-year-old daughter to the movies recently, noticed that she was chewing gum. "Where did you get that gum?" he asked. "Under the seat," she said promptly. . . . Women catch more colds than men, and Chicagoans catch more (in the summertime) than people back East. . . . Best day for airplane reservations: any Friday the 13th.*

For crisp, cool October evenings before the fire, we suggest any one of these good books: ***Sinclair Lewis'*** latest novel, CASS TIMBERLANE, about married life, pleasant and unpleasant, in a midwest city; THE SHORT STORIES OF HENRY JAMES, best collection yet, we think, with comments by ***Clifton Fadiman;*** and ***Nevil Shute's*** war novel, MOST SECRET—almost as good as his earlier PASTORAL.

When we learned that ***Helena Rubenstein*** could consume a whole pound of candy before retiring for the night, and remembered that ***Jack Benny*** looks around for macaroons at bedtime, and ***Katharine Hepburn*** for corn muffins, we pursued this nocturnal snack habit among staff members here to find that almost everyone eats something. ***Nell Giles*** goes in for new cereals (is on one now called Ranger Joe); ***Donald Stuart,*** before points, had his nightly cake of cream cheese; ***Ann Batchelder*** wants welsh rarebit; ***Mary Cookman,*** salted peanuts, while ***Alice Blinn*** and ***Henrietta Murdock*** eat anything they can find in the refrigerator, from cold chicken to cucumbers, and sleep like tops.

Wilhela Cushman tells us that ***Madame Reine,*** who designed the sealskin hat that ***Dana Jenney's*** wearing with that ***Rose Barrack*** black woolen suit on the cover this month, designed her first hat when she was eleven, in Paris in 1917—a very romantic yellow and black picture number. An American soldier got it for his girl.

Jo-Jo, the biggest dog in New York City, has just come back from Burma, where he was wounded in action and discharged because of this and battle fatigue. He's a Russian mastiff, and wears the Purple Heart and the Medal of Honor. His uptown owner, *Don Rodriguo,* was mighty glad to have him back; has only one worry. It costs $18 a week to feed him.



Jo-Jo comes home.

Bulging with G. I.'s, the Queen noses into her pier.

PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

Do big washes break your back? You need this NEW KIND of soap!

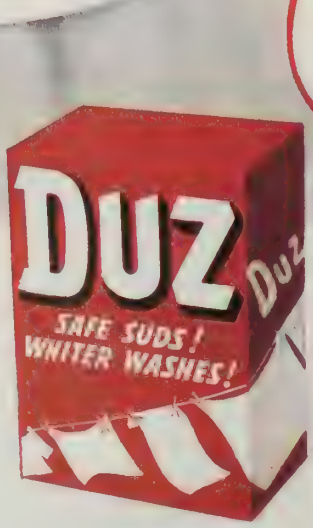
DUZ does Everything

—ALL 3 KINDS OF WASH!

1 Never used a that gets my WHITER than DUZ!

2 DUZ sure cleans up on work clothes! Never used a soap that CLEANS EASIER!

3 Yet DUZ is SAFER, too! Helps keep even rayon undies pretty!



You need DUZ! Tests prove—DUZ does BEST!

Lady, let DUZ take some of that washday load off your back! DUZ does more for you—25 other washday soaps couldn't match DUZ for white washes, suds for cleaning, and safety for colors *combined*. Actual tests proved that. So don't be the "lady who doesn't." Be the lady who DUZ! *DUZ does everything!*

A LITTLE DUZ A LOT . . . Don't waste DUZ—it contains vital war materials.

Seventeenth Summer



The Journal's Complete-in-one-issue Novel ★ BY MAUREEN DALY

I DON'T know just why I'm telling you all this. Maybe you'll think I'm being silly. But I'm not, really, because this is *important*. You see, it was different! It wasn't just because it was Jack and I either—it was something much more than that. I can't really explain it—it's so hard to put in words—but—well, it was just something I'd never felt before. Something I'd never even known. People can't tell you about things like that; you have to find them out for yourself. That's why it is so important.

It happened this way. At the very beginning of the summer I met Jack—right after graduation. He had gone to the public high school and I went to the Academy just outside of town which is for girls only. I had heard of him often because he played guard on the high-school basketball team and he sometimes dated Jane Rady, who sat next to me in history class.

That night (the night when things first began) I drove down to the post office with my father to mail a letter, and because it was rather late dad pulled up in front of McKnight's drugstore and said, "I'll just stop here and keep the motor running while you run in and get a stamp." McKnight's is where all the fellows and girls in Fond du Lac get together, and I really would rather not have gone in alone—especially on a Friday night, when most girls have dates—but I didn't want to

This is a condensation of the novel, copyright, 1942, published by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

Maybe I was wrong. Maybe it wasn't—well, exactly what I thought.

IT MIGHT BE THAT JACK MIGHT NEVER CALL AGAIN, AND I WOULD SPEND THE REST OF THE SUMMER WONDERING WHERE I FAILED.

tell my father that. I remember just how it was. I was standing by the drug counter waiting for the clerk. The sides of the booths in McKnight's are rather high and in one, near the back, I could just see the top of someone's head with a short crew cut sticking up. He must have been having a cola, for he tore the wrapping off the end of his straws and blew into them so that the paper covering shot over the side of the booth. Then he stood up to see where it had landed. It was Jack. He looked over at me, smiled, and then sat down again.

Of course I didn't know him yet—he just smiled to be friendly—but I waited for a few minutes, looking at magazines in the rack, hoping he might walk up to the soda fountain or something, but he didn't. So I just left.

"You certainly took long enough," my father said gruffly. "I might have been arrested for parking double like this."

The next night my sister Lorraine came in from Chicago on the 2:40 A.M. train. She has been going to college for two years and wears her hair long, almost to her shoulders, and puts her lipstick on with a brush. We drove to meet her, dad and I. We waited while the train came out of the darkness, feeling its way with the long yellow headlight beam.

Then we saw Lorraine half stumble down the steps with two suitcases and a black wool ram under her arm. "I fell asleep and almost forgot to get off," she said. "One of the girls had this goat in her room and didn't want to pack it so I brought it home for Kitty." Kitty is my sister who is ten, but still likes toys. "I'm glad I'm home—this should be a good summer, don't you think, Angie?"

Dad kissed her gingerly—because of so much lipstick—and I took one bag to the car and he took the other and we went home. That was Saturday. Monday was the day summer vacation really began.

It was just after nine o'clock and I was in the garden picking small round radishes and pulling the new green onions for dinner at noon. I remember it was a warm day with a blue-and-white sky. The garden was still wet with last night's rain and the black earth was steaming in the sun, while between my toes the ground was soft and squishy—I had taken off my shoes and left them on the garden path so they wouldn't get caked with mud—and I remember thinking how much fun it would be to go barefoot all the time. A breeze, soft with a damp, fishy smell, blew in from Lake Winnebago about three blocks away. I was so busy thinking about the weather, the warm sun and the sleek little onions that I didn't even hear Jack come up the back sidewalk.

"Any baked goods today?" he called.

"I don't know," I answered, turning. "You'd better ring the back doorbell and ask my mother."

"Why don't you ask her for me?" he called. "Come on, hurry. I don't care if you haven't any shoes on."

Now, it wasn't that I was shy or anything, but it's awkward when a boy has on a clean shirt and his hair combed and your hands are all muddy and you're in your bare feet. I tried to wipe off the mud on the quack grass before I went down the garden path.

"What were you doing," he asked, "picking radishes?" I still had the bunch of radishes in my hand. "That's kind of silly, isn't it?" he added, laughing. "It's just my salesman's personality coming out—anything to start a conversation." He laughed again and I laughed too. It was such a warm, bright morning.

We talked for a while and I told him I didn't know he worked for a bakery, and he said he hadn't until school let out and that he was going to drive one of the trucks for his father during the summer, and when I remarked that I didn't even know his father owned a bakery, he said, "You don't know much about me at all, do you?"

"I know your name," I answered. "Jack Duluth. I remember reading it in the paper when you made that long shot from the center of the floor in the basketball game with Oshkosh."

"Good for you—just another one of my fans." He laughed. "What's your name—as if I didn't find out after I saw you in McKnight's the other night. Angie Morrow, short for Angeline, isn't it?"

I was glad he had asked about me, but for some reason it was embarrassing and I tried to change the subject. "I remember when you used to go with Jane Rady," I ventured. "She used to sit next to me in history class. She told me about the time you drove to the city dump ——"

"Forget it," Jack said sharply. "All that is down the drain by now." For a moment I thought he was angry. "Go ask your mother if she needs any bread or doughnuts or anything, will you?" He sat down on the cement doorstep and I opened the door to go inside. All of a sudden he turned and said slowly, "Say, Angie, you don't go steady or anything, do you?"

My heart jumped a little. "No, I don't," I answered and then added quickly, "My mother doesn't like me to go out much." It wouldn't do to say that I wasn't often asked, either. I waited a moment. "Do you, Jack?"

He laughed. "Of course not. None of the fellows I go around with do. Silly to tie yourself down to one girl. But, say, seeing you don't—how about going sailboating with me tonight? Me and Swede Vincent have got a little boat we bought last fall. Do you know Swede? He's a good guy. He'll come with us and sail it and you and I can just—ah—well, just sit. How about it?" *(Continued on Page 64)*

In the movies they always shut their eyes. I didn't—but in the loveliness of the next moment, I think I grew up.

PHOTO BY HODDLE



SUB-DEBS and mothers of sub-debs will notice that, beginning with this issue, Maureen Daly, who is also author of Seventeenth Summer, becomes our sub-deb editor.

Maureen Daly, herself a scant few years ago one of the most enthusiastic sub-deb readers, grew up under the spell of the sub-deb page. In college, brilliant as well as charming, Miss Daly won prizes for short stories, and for Seventeenth Summer, which has been the most popular teen-age fiction since its publication.

In the brief years of her life she has also conducted a highly successful teen-age column, On the Solid Side, in the Chicago Tribune, now taken over by her seventeen-year-old sister, Sheila John Daly—apparently a brilliant family.

Maureen Daly succeeds Elizabeth Woodward, who, able editor of sub-deb pages for fifteen years, is now the mother of two bouncing boys, an absorbing problem in itself. A Woodward fan, Miss Daly has grown up to be, proudly, Elizabeth Woodward's successor.

Seventeenth Summer shows how fully Miss Daly recalls her teen-age past over the brief space of years since she, herself, was but seventeen, and how thoroughly she understands teen-age problems, both grave and gay.

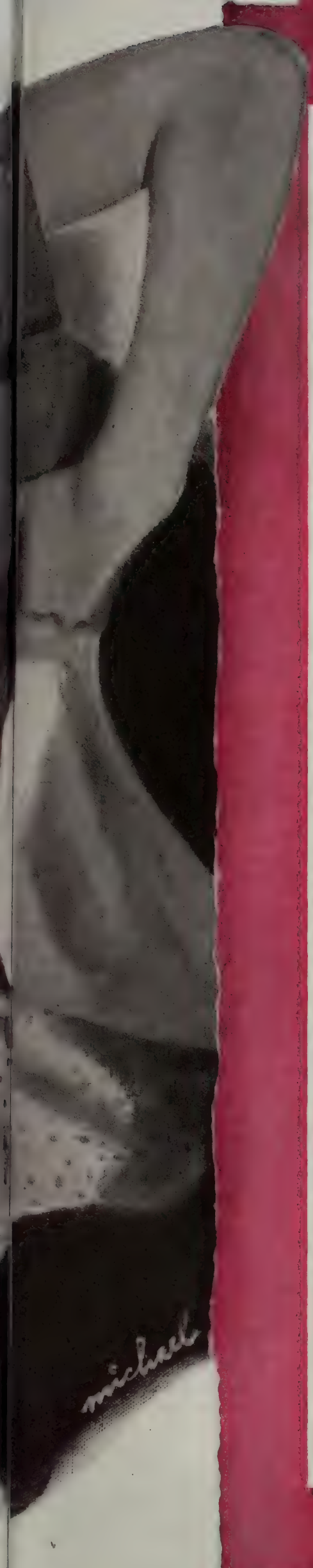
Bruce and Beatrice Gould.



"Oh, please!" Binky's blue eyes wavered as if seeking an escape. "Please, Ruth—don't! Don't tell!"



Smiling Light



She was young and arrogant and perfectly sure of herself until the strange ecstasy of that spring night.

BY CHRISTINE TAPLEY

MOONLIGHT, still as paint, mystical and lovely, lay over the campus, illuminating the pale grass of the terraces and the façades of the Georgian buildings, glinting the lake beyond the shadows of the giant oaks; yet though no breath stirred, the scene was alive and restless with the disturbing air of spring.

The dean felt it, physically, as she stood there at the open window; and if in her, a woman of fifty, the sap was not yet quite dead, should it not then be accountable for the restlessness which persisted in the hall?

Some of the teachers agreed with her; some believed that the undercurrent of unease that had been evident in the school for some time ran deeper and more serious under the inevitable antagonisms and conflicts of personalities of girls, whose average age was fifteen, living so closely together. Fifteen was a difficult age; and spring a difficult time. She had found that, most often, trouble rose to the surface and sometimes dissipated when uninterfered with; otherwise it sought devious and sometimes vicious ways of perpetuating itself.

From overhead came the sound of scampering bare feet; it might mean anything—from a cake newly arrived from home to a "secret" meeting, unsuspected by such a dried old fossil as herself. Those days, charged with electric energy, ecstasy and spontaneity, were very short. She decided to listen, to wait, and to keep her eyes open, as she had listened and waited and observed for so many years in the beautiful old house which had been her special province for so long a time.

In the upstairs hall, a solitary dark-haired, night-clad figure slipped silently from her room, carefully closed the door behind her and stood listening after the sound of the recently scurrying feet. Moonlight came through the window, lighting the upper curve of the stairway where Miss Prince might happen to appear. She tiptoed hurriedly along, stopping at a closed door through which came a murmuring undertone and the sound of suppressed giggles. She listened for a moment, then she went on to another door a little farther along and across the hall, and tapped lightly. There was no answer. She opened the door and went in.

"Binky," she said in a tentative whisper. "Binky—are you awake?"

STILL there was no response. She snapped on the light and walked swiftly over, past an empty twin bed to another, flipped back the covers and uncovered a childish white face with two large blue, frightened eyes staring up at her.

"You weren't asleep," she said in a sharp whisper. "Why didn't you answer me?"

"Jan doesn't want you in here, Ruth," the girl replied, her troubled eyes fastened on the other's face. "She wouldn't like it if you were in here."

"Janet isn't here. She's in Virginia's room. They're talking about the party. Did you ask her?"

"I—I was going to; but—Janet doesn't *want* you at her party, Ruth; she'd ask you if she did."

"But you can make her ask me. You can do it someway. She'll do anything for you; you know she will."

"But she doesn't want you, Ruth." The small voice trembled. "I should think ——"

"It isn't going to do you any good to cry," the older girl said harshly. "You ask Janet to do it for you, and she will."

"But ——"

"If you don't"—Ruth paused effectively—"if you don't," she repeated breathlessly, "I'll tell!"

"Oh, please!" Binky sank deeper into the bed, and her blue eyes wavered as if seeking an escape. "Please, Ruth—don't!" she implored. "Don't tell!"

"Well, I will. You just remember that. And you haven't got much time either. You only have one week."

She went out and hurried back toward her own room again; but a little uneasily this time. For Virginia's room was silent now, the closed door ominous. She moved swiftly, then suddenly her body gave an involuntary jerk as the door was flung open and Janet Bonner stood rigidly facing her from the doorway.

"Well, snooper ——"

Ruth tried to look past her where the other girls stood whispering in the bedroom, but Janet's angry eyes held her, and she was afraid to look away. "I wasn't snooping," she said, "I was ——"

"What were you doing, then? You weren't in my room talking to Binky! If you don't leave Binky alone ——"

"It's none of your business what I was doing. You're not the boss of this whole school."

"OH, you—!" Janet flung out contemptuously, and swept past her, brushing her out of the way, and ran across to her own room. "Binky," she said there, softly, and at the low stifled sobbing coming from the corner bed she flew over and sat on the edge of the bed. "Oh, Binky, don't," she cried, drawing away the hands covering the reddened, distraught face, smoothing back the damp hair. Her hands came away sticky and hot. She went into the bathroom and brought back a damp towel and patted it gently over Binky's face. The girl grew quieter, the sobbing ceased. "Feel better?"

"Yes, thank you, Jan."

"Darling, I wish you'd tell me what's the trouble. Was that ape in here?"

"Y-yes."

"What is it she wants from you, Binky? What is it? Won't you tell me?"

"She—she didn't want anything, Jan. She just—Jan, are you still going to give the party?"

"Of course I'm going to give my party. And you're coming and so is ——"

"You—you wouldn't like to invite *her*, would you, Jan?"

"Ask that ——" Janet said fiercely. "Why, I wouldn't ask her if she was the last —— She makes me sick! And if she doesn't leave you alone —— I'll—I'll *make* her leave you alone. I'll—I'll kill her if she doesn't leave you alone." Angrily, she started for the door.

"Oh, don't say anything, Jan. Don't say anything!" Binky cried after her.

"You just wait. You go to sleep now." Janet strode out and down the hall toward Ruth's room.

"What's the trouble, Janet?" A voice came from behind her. "Can't you sleep?"

"Oh!" Janet swung round. Miss Prince was coming up the stairs. "Oh, good evening, Miss Prince."

"I thought I heard someone moving around up here. It's a little late, dear. I wonder—would you like to come down and have some hot chocolate with me? I find that I can't sleep either. Perhaps it will help us both."

Janet hesitated. "Why—thank you, Miss Prince." And a few minutes later, sitting in the dean's cozily lighted sitting room, she said, "This is very nice chocolate, Miss Prince. And a very nice fire too."

The dean smiled, watching the intelligent lively face, the small figure *(Continued on Page 110)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

THE WAKEFUL STARS

By Peter Bowman

This is the military history of a single hour in a soldier's life on the morning of a Pacific Island invasion. In its book form, to be published shortly by Random House, Inc., the passage of time has been worked out to the tenth of a second, and each of these tiny intervals is represented by a word. The ten words in each line form, therefore, a second; and the lines of prose thus produced are grouped into sixty-line minutes.

Because of space limitations, however, we cannot print the individual minutes in their entirety. What follows, then, is a tightening up of time, a compression of acts and thoughts and feelings into a small but representative portion of the whole. It is an hour reproduced for V-mail.

★ ★ ★

The transport heaves at anchor and you sit on deck
with your combat pack harnessed, your rifle cleaned and ready
and your steel helmet claiming identity with those surrounding you,
assigned to its proper cluster in a field of mushrooms.

The stars that had pinned up the curtain of darkness
are beginning to loosen and fall spinning into the sea,
and there are sucking waves and there are creaking hawsers
and the smell of sweat and gun oil and leather
and clothes in which men have tried to capture sleep.

It is finished now: the briefing, the study of maps,
the review of reconnaissance reports from the various landing beaches,
the division into boat groups, the arrangement of assault schedules.

Now the door opens and Captain MacDonald spills the light
and dams it up quickly and steps to the deck.
He peers at his wrist and says, "All right, men,
twenty-five seconds to hell!" Then he gives a redheaded grin
and plucks the twin silver bars from his junglesuited shoulders,
stuffing them in a pocket. "Listen, fellows—from now on
just call me Mac. And I'll court martial any guy
who throws me a salute when the Japs are looking."
He holds his arm up. "Twenty seconds! . . . Fifteen! . . . Ten! . . . Five!
Get set, men." The captain's arm drops. "0600. Let's go!"

Would there be armies if clocks had never been invented?

Soldiers crowd the rail of the transport, forming predetermined lines
and scraping their shoes in a gruff rumble of expectancy.
There goes Egan, Whitney, Shearer, and the kid called Mouse.

Your turn soon. A man behind you coughs. Another swears.
The man you follow has a face like embalmed youth.
Now. . . . You climb over the ship's rail, clutching at rope,
feeling the swaying ladder with tentative toes, somehow not yours.

The assault boat is full of men pressed close together.
You read an unanswerable question in the eyes of Egan,
and you wonder if he sees the same in yours.
And everyone looks at everyone else as though each man
were trying to gather in the nearness of his fellows
for strength against a loneliness that might come too soon.

Your craft is in the third echelon approaching Beach Red.
You pass the control boat where the commanding brigadier general
supervises the formation, composition, direction and interval between
assault waves.
His staff, in bobbing amphtracks, diligently blueprints the coming battle,
convinced that God is on the side having weightier papers.

The bottom of the Higgins boat crunches into firm coral
and heaves to a standstill. It's footwork from here in.
The steel armor plate falls outward to form a ramp
and the men mass forward in a lump of courage.
Sergeant Lindstrom is the first to leap into the surf,
riding the breakers on the crest of a cocky smile.
"All right, boys. Leave us look good in the newsreels!"

Here goes. Walk out your life from one step to
the next because that's all you can be sure of. . . .
You are only about forty yards from the beach line
and you can see the white nakedness of the sand
exposed here and there under its negligee of lacy smoke.

You wonder why there is no fire from the defenders.
Will this be a relatively undefended island? Have the Japs
abandoned their shore positions in favor of higher ground inland?
Or are they waiting for the right moment . . . just waiting?

Look out! A slug stabs the surf ten feet away.
Snipers! The first bullet ever fired at you in anger.
My God—there's another! A squirming little dagger of lead
kicks up the wet sand rising in front of you.
Terror cracks its bristling whip as you mount the earth
and you run astride of the breeze with no awareness

of your feet touching the ground. Fling out your elbows.
Hit the dirt. Sink your knees in the shuddering sand.
Lie still. A nightmarish hangover is sitting on your eyelids.
You got up on the wrong side of the world.

All around you men are swarming up on the beach.
Mortar units go forward to blast pathways through Jap strongpoints
and the supporting fire of rifle squads can be heard
crackling like the stiff pages of newspapers bearing death notices.

Get on your feet now. Watch your step, and remember
to shoot when anything moves and move when anything shoots.
Where are the orphans of heaven screaming, "American, you die!"?
Nothing but trees wearing their hair parted in the middle
and sandalwood and frangipani and sage plants and sour mud
and camouflage suits mingling with foliage like visiting poor relations.

The platoon passes on into the thicket and Lieutenant Nixon
orders the men to keep a sharp lookout for snipers.
Vigilance enters your mind and it collects in the corners.
The winding lane angles off into a muddy stream bed
and the column takes more interval and eyes become expectant. . . .
There's a spasm of sound and a bullet's smarting splash
and Mouse clutches at his hip and goes down groaning.

The lieutenant cries, "Get off the trail! Hurry! Take cover!"
You leave the path and crash into the bordering undergrowth.

Mouse is bleeding in a crimson spread from his thigh
and is shocked at what he sees but cannot believe.

Lindstrom tries to worm his way toward the wounded man,
but Lieutenant Nixon grabs his shoulder, saying, "For Christ's sake
don't go out there! The bend is covered. It's suicide!
Where's a medic? Send a medic up here right away!"

Four men are detailed to make a wide circling movement
and approach the sniper's suspected position from several different points
and their helmets and splotch uniforms disappear into the foliage.

Here comes one of the company medical corpsmen and he
coolly crawls out into the open trail where Mouse lies.
He doesn't wear a Red Cross brassard—no aidman does—
since the Jap snipers deliberately select them as choice targets.

Your rifle is poised to shoot at any suspicious flurry
in surrounding trees and your vision is halved by the
spectacle of the medic's approach and the danger above him
and you watch the clumsy geometry of a body suffering.

He reaches Mouse and with a deft and practiced motion
pulls him around to face in the direction of safety.
Then he firmly loops his wrists under the boy's armpits
and with a bizarre exhibition of swimming on dry land
drags the casualty back to cover behind a convenient log.

He sprinkles sulpha powder on the wound and he takes
the prepared bandage out of Mouse's first aid pouch and
rips away the shredded trouser and patches him with gauze.
Then he takes out his hypodermic and removes the shield
and punctures the skin of Mouse's arm in a diagonal
thrust and squeezes the tube, withdrawing the needle. Next he
extracts a tag and prepares to note all the information
so that the battalion aid station may be guided accordingly
when the litter bearers take the man to the rear.
The medic says, "We've got some pretty fair pillrollers, kid,
and if you haven't got more than thirty bullet holes,
there ain't a Goddam thing for you to worry about."

Gallantry isn't written of or talked about. It is done.

The platoon re-forms and prepares to move inland once more.
The trail has become full of mischievous twists and turns
and holes bulging with rain and unexpected rises and declines
and mud that tries to pull the soles from shoes.
A man five yards ahead halts and raises his arm.
The soldier in front of you performs a similar gesture
and you carry the signal back in the same way.
You turn to Ivey and ask him what's going on,
and he says that he is a stranger here himself.

Then, quickly, the news flits backward from man to man.
The assembly position has been reached. . . . Command Post just
ahead. . . .
No, don't think of it in terms of mission accomplished.
It's just a break, a respite, a chance to relax . . .
and your spirits lift in a rising barometer of relief.

A good soldier doesn't have to rest. He can simulate.

There are some casualties being taken back to the beach
where pre-op cases receive whole blood or plasma. Broken eggs
can never be mended. They go into crates by themselves.

The American dead are immovably comatose, shrouded by O. D. ponchos,
and they will be buried in accordance with Army regulations.
You think of battle orders, plans, preparations, training,
maneuvers, rehearsals.
But nobody ever issues any instructions on how to die.

Captain MacDonald orders the men to begin digging in immediately,
so you draw out your entrenching tool from the strap
and select a site within bounds of your platoon area.

Lying propped up on your hips you start to work,
jabbing the small shovel into the dirt with short strokes
and placing the soil in the direction of the Japs
to form a solid parapet which you will later camouflage
with oznaburg cloth or kunai grass or tall brush cane.

Some of the men relieve the dull work of digging
by making ironic jokes on the amenities of domestic existence.
"I'm gonna write home for a set of chintz curtains,"
says Ivey. "Won't you join me for tea and bridge
tomorrow afternoon?" asks Private Chapman, his voice glutted with satire.
"So sorry, please," Ivey replied, "but I'm expecting Clare Luce."
Egan pretends to be indignant. "There's water in my basement.
I demand to see the real estate agent right away!"
"Well, you made your bed—now drink it!" laughs Whitney. . . .

A runner approaches Captain MacDonald and hands him a message.
The C. O. finishes reading it and he nears your platoon. . . .
"I want your attention, men." His eyes travel from face
to face and they stop at Sergeant Lindstrom and he
gestures with his head. Then he motions to Egan, and
then in the same way to Whitney. His gaze slides
into yours and it remains and it does not pass.
He pronounces your name. He said it. Your name. You.

(Continued on Page 146)



COMMISSION FOR THE SERGEANT

ON the way up on the train I was higher than a kite. I was floating on air. I felt wonderful. Things were going to happen now—things that I had planned.

There was an old gentleman sitting opposite me. A nice old gentleman. "You're in the paratroops," he said, after some hours. I said that I was. "You've been in Europe," he said. He could read the ribbons. I said that I had been. "You've been wounded," he said. He knew the Purple Heart. I admitted that. "May I shake hands with you?" he asked. He asked it very quietly. Just between the two of us. I liked that old gentleman. Very much.

The porter was becoming active. Tip time. I got out my duffel bag. I put on my cap. "Thank you, sergeant," the porter said. I gave him a dollar. What did I care for a dollar?

I got off the train and my bag felt light as air and I was weighted down. I was weighted down with my idea. It was the answer to everything. If I could sell it. Well, we would see.

I walked down the long, open train shed. The air was full of soot and smoke and pigeons. The air was full of April. It smelled wonderful. There were crowds at the gate. Crowds waiting. Waiting for him. Mothers and fathers and sisters and cousins and sweethearts. Mostly sweethearts. They wait longest. Maybe they wait best. I wouldn't know. They were not all beautiful girls, but they had a look that was sort of beautiful. There was nobody waiting for me. Nobody knew I was coming. I'd planned it that way. Where have I heard those words before?

I think, I said to myself, *that I will walk. It will be good for the leg.* It would be good in a lot of ways. It would show me the town again. I had been away for a long time. Three years. The town had not changed much. There was the big fat cop at the station crossing.

"Hello, Paddy," I said.

He looked surprised. He said "Hello." He looked again. I had on all the brag rags. Why not? I looked like a Christmas tree. He saluted me suddenly. Very stiff. He stopped the traffic both ways. I walked on uptown.

I walked through the financial district. I could remember when that had been the center of town. When all you had to do was score a touchdown against Yale and memorize a prospectus. That was really changed. The place looked deserted. I was glad. That was part of my plan.

I walked past the Periclean Society. That was a library. All you had to do was have your grandfather born on the water side of Beacon Street and you could borrow books at the Periclean Society. It was like being buried prematurely. I walked on past that.

love would bring back the old Nicky. ★ ★ ★ By Newlin B. Wildes



ARED. BECAUSE I WAS IN LOVE WITH MY WIFE.

I walked past the State House. The dome had been degilded. They had been afraid that an enemy aviator would drop a bomb on the dome. They should not have worried. They would have to gild it again and it would cost $17,000, and who cared if it was gilded or not?

I walked past the Somerville Club. The same stuffed figures were sitting in the same stuffed chairs at the same big club windows. Only the figures were not stuffed. They were alive and at six-forty-five they would go home and harrumph if the consommé was not hot enough.

I walked on down the side of the hill and then sharp right and then I was almost home and I was scared. Well, not really scared, but I had something to sell and I was not a very good salesman. You will see. I walked right up to a very lovely house.

It was a very old house, one of a solid block, and it was four stories high and narrow and made of brick that was pink now from wind and years and weather. It had four limestone steps and a curved rail of polished brass that was a very graceful thing, and there was a brass name plate, highly polished too. It had the name "Tudor" on it, and there was a doorbell that you pulled. You did not push it, you pulled it. As a child I had always felt that it might be attached to someone's coattails inside, and that you gave those coattails a yank. I yanked it now. Martin came to the door.

Martin said, "Mr. Tudor. Mr. Tudor, sir. Mr. Tudor." My name is Tudor. Martin was very excited. So excited that he almost swallowed his accent. Martin has a British accent. It did not belong to him originally, but he has cultivated it and improved it over the years. It is quite luxuriant now. Martin is our butler. We have had him forty years. Ten years before I was born. There had been some talk of his going into war work, but there was no war work that required serving tea or hanging up coats or announcing dinner, so Martin did not fit. He was too old anyway.

"Hello, Martin," I said, "I'm back." It was a startling statement. Like reading "Fair and colder today" in your noon paper.

Martin gulped me in. He took my duffel bag. He took my cap. "Mr. Tudor," he burbled—it was the first time he had ever burbled—"you should have let us know, sir. You should have cabled. You should have telegraphed. You should ——"

"—— have telephoned," I finished for him. "I thought I'd surprise, you, Martin."

Martin hung my duffel bag on a hatrack, and put my cap on the closet floor. Martin was coming to pieces. "But Mrs. Tudor, sir, she'll be overcome. She'll be delighted. And the boys ——"

(Continued on Page 138)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS

For a full fledged wolf, Herbert Coombs did very little howling. Could it be (oh, say not so!) that he had walked into the wrong cage?

Victoria and the Wolf

BY DAMSEY WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

FOR some time Victoria had been sitting in the living room, eyes closed, repeating tensely to herself, *Myriad: a large indefinite number. . . . Anomalous: peculiar, odd, unusual. . . . Irascible: ill-tempered, prone to anger.* She had painfully memorized these impressive words out of her dictionary to build up her equipment for receiving tonight's caller. As he was of that fascinating grab-bag variety known as a blind date, Victoria felt that she had better be prepared in more ways than one to make their evening together successful. She wanted him to like her and to remember her with pleasure—even excitement. Toward this end, she was wearing her hair in a striking new way, and inside her head she was striving to retain those three big new words to offset her caller's possible notion that all she thought about was her looks.

All Victoria knew about this boy was that he was a senior visiting New York from an upstate prep school and that, as a fraternity brother of a boy she knew, he had been assigned to "look her up." She also knew his name, of course. It was Herbert Coombs.

The bell rang. Victoria jumped up, rushed to answer it, stumbled—she was wearing high-heeled slippers and was not quite used to them yet—and sternly made herself come to a dead stop.

"*Poise!*" she hissed.

A moment later she opened the door. There stood what Victoria's world firmly styled a man, even though he was an inch or two shorter than she was and had such a pink, chubby face and such big blue eyes that he looked no older than Victoria herself—fifteen. After he had shyly introduced himself, Victoria hung up his hat and coat in the foyer closet and led him into the living room. Victoria placed herself on the sofa. He sat down in a chair. They smiled at each other miserably until Victoria thought of smoking.

"I don't know if you care for these," she said, holding out a box of cigarettes. "There's such a large, indefinite number of myriad brands, isn't there?"

Victoria's visitor gave her a frightened look. "I don't know," he said. "I never use them," and he brought out a glossy, new-looking pipe with his school initials on it in shining silver.

While he filled the bowl from a brightly striped silk tobacco pouch that exactly matched his tie, Victoria lit a cigarette. She was allowed to smoke one or two on week-end nights, provided she did not inhale. Without inhaling, Victoria blew at the weed and waited for Coombs to start revealing himself. When it seemed that he would be forever engaged in trying to keep his pipe lit, Victoria decided to speed up matters by utilizing certain tests that she had lined up for ascertaining which of the three outstanding types of male Coombs might be.

For the intellectual, she had on tap the important-sounding title of a new, widely advertised novel. For the worldling, there was the name of a French restaurant she had heard of that featured snails. For the dreamer (or artistic type) she knew certain colorful facts about a Mexican art show which her drawing teacher at high school had been futilely begging the class to attend. In hopeful succession Victoria loosed these blazing searchlights, only to glean that her new acquaintance never read novels, could not make head or tail of art and cringed at the mere thought of snails. His pipe went out again and her parents entered.

Victoria presented Herbert Coombs.

Her father grasped his hand and asked heartily, "Well, who's it going to be this year—the Yanks or the Browns?"

Coombs had no idea. "I don't follow baseball much," he explained. "I guess I'm not much on athletics."

It was now time for Victoria's mother to say a friendly word. She and Mr. Todd, she said, were on their way to a neighborhood theater to see a certain film. "I hear it's one of the best movies of the year."

Herbert Coombs said that he wouldn't know. "I hardly ever go to the movies," he said.

Nobody spoke for a while after this. Victoria somehow maintained a bright look, her father kept clearing his throat, her mother smoothed her gloves. All three watched Coombs strike a new match to his pipe.

"Well," Mrs. Todd said at length in her pleasant way, and reminding Victoria not to stay up late, she took her husband's arm and Victoria was left alone with her nebulous visitor.

Maybe he's a music lover, Victoria said to herself, and went over and tuned in a radio station that featured classical programs. At one and the same time, a rich swell of violins arose and the phone rang. For privacy, Victoria took the call in her parents' room, instead of in the hall. She was sure it would be her bosom friend, Zola, in an inquiring frame of mind, and so it was.

"Well, what's he like?" Zola demanded.

Victoria said it was hard to find out, "He's so quiet and noncommittal, sort of."

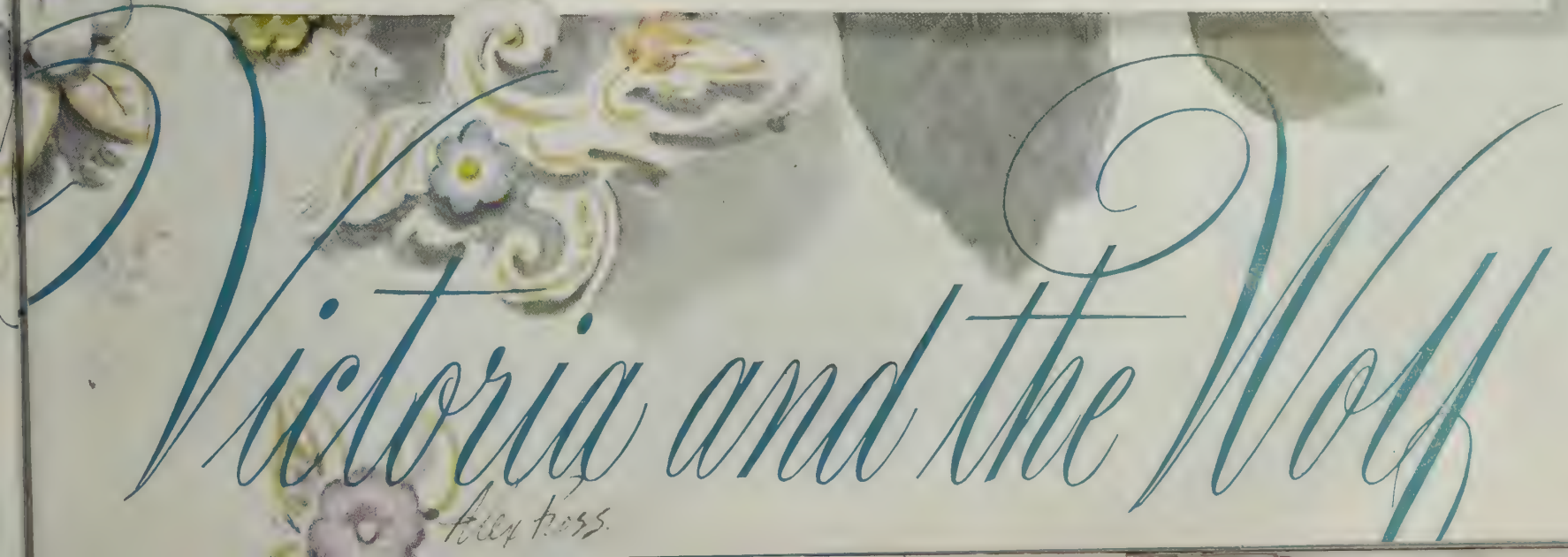
"Oh, *that* kind," Zola returned. "Well, you just watch it, Vicky. I'll bet anything he turns out to be a wolf."

"Oh, you and your mind," Victoria said to Zola, and all the way back to Herbert Coombs she kept hooting at Zola's dark warning.

"I'm sorry I was so long," she was about to say when she walked into the living room. It was strangely still and empty. There was no sign of Coombs. She discovered him, finally, over by a window, half concealed by the draperies. He was looking out at the city in the soft glow of street lamps. The silence had to do with the fact that he had turned off the radio.

"What, no music?" Victoria asked gaily.

Coombs said that, if she didn't mind, he hated classical music. Having no ready answer for that, Victoria joined her guest in staring down at Lexington Avenue. All the while, her mind churned with a twofold problem: what graceful thing could she do to tear him away from the window and, when this had been accomplished, *(Continued on Page 192)*



IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Is it true, as has been stated frequently, that President Roosevelt's final stroke was not the first, but that he had suffered several previous ones? If there is no truth in this report I think it would be a good thing for the country to have it specifically denied.

At the moment Admiral McIntire, who was President Roosevelt's physician during the past twelve years, is in the Pacific, so no one can speak for him. When he has been asked by various newspaper correspondents, he has said there is absolutely no truth in this statement and it is too absurd to deny.

I think it would be impossible to live in the house with someone who had suffered several strokes and not know it. Neither the children nor I ever saw the slightest sign of a stroke. My husband was always susceptible to germs and had had infantile paralysis and later on the flu and colds, but one of the effects of infantile paralysis is less good circulation. In some ways, however, I think the care which was a necessity made my husband stronger, and certainly being able to take less physical exercise seemed to make it possible for him to conserve his energy and use his mental powers with better concentration.

Do you approve of the custom of children calling their parents by their first names?

That seems to me an individual thing to decide. I have always liked mother and father, but many children use mamma and papa, or ma and pa. After all, it seems to me your association with whatever name you use for your parents is the important thing, since it is that sense of unending love and security which gives the child confidence about life; and whether that is attached to the first names of the parents, or to the more usual mother and father, seems to me quite unimportant.

Do you think a woman should have a baby as late in life as 45 years old? Many women who have had children and suddenly find their children grown would welcome a new baby, while many others would think it an almost tragedy to have a baby at that age. Can you say that you know anyone who has had a baby as late in life?

I did not suppose that many women would feel they could cope with a new baby at the age of 45, particularly if they had had other children when they were younger. If they are still able to have a baby and never had one before, I can understand their wanting one. I do not think that I have ever known of a case where a woman was actually 45 when her baby was born, though I have known one woman who was nearing that age. She was a fine person and went through the ordeal successfully and her child had a normal happy childhood and was a great satisfaction and joy to her.

CARTOON DRAWN BY GARRETT PRICE, REPRINTED COURTESY COLLIER'S



"Well, I think when I tell you we're going to have a baby, you might at least put down your paper."

Once you stated publicly that you would never under any circumstances run for an elective office. Would you make the same statement today?

Yes.

Do you believe it is indicative of the morals of our society that we condone, make light of and even seem to approve the loose way of life led by so many stage and screen stars?

I am afraid I do not know a great deal about the lives of stage and screen stars. I, of course, know a few of them personally and I have usually found them very much like other people. They have difficulties, sorrows and joys just like the rest of humanity. I think probably among them there are some rather shallow people, but then there are some of that variety off the stage and screen also.

You evidently think that the morals of our society today are at a rather low ebb. As I read history, our present standards seem to me on the whole rather higher, however, than they have been in many periods of similar stress in past centuries. I feel rather hopeful that we are accepting responsibility more consciously and thinking out our problems more carefully than has often been the case in the past when nations have been through long periods of war.

A New York editor said recently that our Army has been the most homesick army the world has ever seen and that this has been a military problem. His explanation was that American women "mother" their sons and husbands too much. Do you think that this is true?

No, I do not think it is true. It amuses me very much that in some periods our writers bemoan and bewail the fact that the American home is disappearing: it has no hold on the young people; it has no stability and our youngsters have no real attachment to their homes. Then presto, overnight the young people go to war and the reporter finds that they are desperately homesick! It will be acknowledged, I think, that one cannot be homesick for something which does not exist!

The simple answer is that the rank and file of American children rarely leave home before they are eighteen, and when you draft them at eighteen and take them away from home and put them under military discipline at that age, it is the first time that most of them have been away from home. There is every chance that homesickness will persist for quite a long while under these circumstances.

We are members of an adult Bible class and have had many arguments about whether playing baseball on Sunday or attending professional baseball games is breaking the Sabbath. What is your opinion?

I am afraid I am not a very good person to pass judgment on this question. I was brought up by my grandmother very strictly. I was not allowed to play any games on Sundays; my only recreation was an afternoon walk. I was not even allowed to read the same books that I read on weekdays. The effect was not altogether successful. I hated to have the book I was really interested in removed from me on Saturday night, and just as I got interested in my story on Sunday, that book was whisked away and I had to wait a week to finish it!

The result is that I have allowed my children to feel and have myself felt that Sunday should be a day of rest and relaxation as long as what one did was in no way harmful or wrong. If you feel that playing baseball or going to a professional baseball game is not harmful on Saturday afternoon, I can see no reason why it should be harmful on Sunday afternoon, if it does not interfere with your duties, whatever they may be.

This, however, is a question which each individual must answer for himself. What you feel is right or wrong is a matter for your own conscience. No one else can decide for you.

What single piece of reading matter during the past year has given you the greatest pleasure?

That is difficult to say, since one derives pleasure from so many different kinds of books. I have enjoyed greatly reading *UP FRONT WITH MAULDIN*, by Bill Mauldin, and before that I enjoyed very much Ernie Pyle's book, but I am not sure that they have given me the greatest pleasure because so much depends on one's mood.

Do you believe that now the war is over there will be an opportunity for young women in the field of flying?

I certainly do. It seems to me that flying is going to become so much simpler that men and women both will be able to fly small planes and use them for many different purposes.

Do you think it fair to accept a pension from taxpayers of the country when your husband left you a life estate of $2,000,000?

You have made a statement which is incorrect. My husband did not leave me an estate of two million dollars. The estate not being settled, it would be impossible for me to tell you the exact amount, but I know it probably will be under half that amount.

As far as I know, the pension given to widows of Presidents has nothing to do with the need at the time the pension is granted. The decision does not lie with the widow but with Congress, which has to pass a bill granting the pension. I have always supposed that it was given by the Government in recognition of the Presidents' service to the country in order that any widow who might sometime need this pension would be safeguarded. It would be difficult to put it on the basis of need, since many people might feel that instead of being an honor to accept it, it was an admission that their husbands failed to provide adequately for them and no wife likes to admit that.

I understand that social workers are badly needed by the Red Cross for service in this country and overseas. Is this true, and, if so, how can I apply for duty?

At least 750 trained social workers are very much needed by the Red Cross for service overseas and in the United States. These must include trained psychiatric, medical and generic social workers for administrative positions and staff positions to supervise many hospital workers, trained and untrained in the areas of social case work.

Recently the Red Cross announced that they would give six hundred one-year scholarships to accredited schools of social work, and students awarded scholarships must pledge one year of hospital service abroad or at home. The scholarship carries full tuition and $100 a month allowance.

This plan, however, is to meet the long-range need and will not supply the immediate need. If you are a trained social worker, go at once to the Red Cross headquarters and put in your application.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

A REDHEADED WOMAN CAN ALWAYS GET A MAN . . .

BUT CAN A MAN ALWAYS GET A REDHEADED WOMAN?

Jason ...AND THE CRIMSON FLEECE

By Paul Ernst

THIS particular lunchroom in this New York station is buried in the earth off the lower level, opening from it like a side apartment from a giant mole run. It is not very big, but the crowds it draws are big, so that usually each counter stool has a customer on it and often two or three standing impatiently behind it. Noise is compressed within the small, low cubicle like cotton in a bale, and if you are not used to such a thing it daunts you at the door. Jason Warner wasn't exactly used to it, but he had eaten thrice before in others of the somewhat similar dispensaries with which the vast station was endowed, so the noise was not so startling as at first. However, the constriction of these places still bothered him. He was used to the open air. A lot of open air.

This morning, passing the window, he had glimpsed the bright red hair. It hadn't looked the same, but during the morning he'd got to thinking about it and decided that after three years his memory could be dulled and he had better make sure. So now this noon he walked into the busy cavern where he had seen the hair.

There was one empty stool and Jason fitted himself in there. It took some fitting; he was rather big. He looked out of place because of his size and because of the fresh color in his face. He looked like an outdoors boy, which he was. A big, fresh-faced, serious-eyed kid.

A waitress came, but she was short and thick and had black hair. She went on past; this end was not her section. And then Jason's waitress, the one he had marked down that morning, approached him and his heart jumped. She was tall and carried herself like a captured general. She had the unusually white, fine skin he had daydreamed about.

But then his pulse smoothed down. Her hair was really more chestnut than red, and her eyes weren't violet, they were a sort of amber green. Also, he thought her mouth was not so small. It was definitely not the girl. Oh, well, he hadn't really thought it would be.

She nodded impersonally to Jason's chin, a wise child wary of train-shed Lotharios and versed in all their various lines.

"What's yours?" she said.

Jason ordered a hot sandwich with potatoes and gravy, since his disappointment had not affected his appetite. Outside, the muffled consonants of a lady train announcer blurred over the station noise, and Jason wondered if maybe the girl he sought had been one of these. But they hadn't had lady announcers when he'd left, at least not at his traintime.

The waitress came back and Jason saw how round and smooth her arms were. He said, "Do you have a sister working here?"

Her gaze still did not rise above his chin. "No," she said, and went away.

Jason flushed. Probably she thought he was trying to be fresh. Probably lots tried it, which was why the station's eateries had mostly waiters instead of waitresses.

The man on the next stool got up, and the red-haired girl came and stacked dishes. She paused. "Why did you ask if I had a sister here?"

"Because I'm looking for a girl kind of like you," Jason began. "She's tall and has your kind of hair, only redder ——" He found himself talking to her receding back. He shrugged. "Looking for a girl like you." She'd be so sure that was a stall. He went on with his sandwich; but when she came back with silver for the empty place she paused again. She was nice, you could see that. It was just that she'd learned to be on guard.

"What's her name?" she asked grudgingly.

"I don't know," Jason answered.

"Where does she come from? New York?"

"I think so."

"She doesn't sound like much of a friend."

"She isn't, exactly. In fact, I don't know her at all."

"Then why are you trying to find her?"

"She kissed me good-by," said Jason.

Her eyes raised, then, to his. They left his chin. He rather wished they hadn't, for they were accusing and also full of annoyance at herself for being so gullible. "It's a new line, anyhow," she said. And went away.

Jason finished his sandwich and had coffee and finished that and waited for his check. The waitress didn't say any more and he didn't either; he kept looking out the window, hunting among the throngs for silky red carried high from the floor.

At three o'clock he was at the door of a drugstore down the mole run from the lunchroom. He looked over the people in there and turned and saw the waitress pass him. She was in street clothes, a yellow flowered print. Her legs were slim and rounded and young like her arms. She reminded Jason of a jonquil under glass. There was a soda fountain, and along this were stools too. People were getting on and off—so many people *(Continued on Page 184)*

A GIRL HE'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE RUSHED AT HIM. "DARLING! I ALMOST MISSED YOU!"

Ho, the Fair Wind!

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

IV

MINNIE moved about the bedroom with the buoyant heaviness of a ship in full sail, as her feather duster flicked the reluctant dust from one refuge to another and she sang under her breath.

The old woman by the fire held herself straight-backed and defiant. She didn't approve of fires in bedrooms. But that fool, Doctor Pierce, had forbidden her to go upstairs or downstairs, and Aunt Thankee, who gave orders freely, knew how to take them. It pleased the old woman to have Minnie round her. Aunt Thankee liked her spirit. Also, Minnie had friends. Whatever happened came, sooner or later, to Minnie's ears.

"The ol' gen'leman's comin' along fine," she said. "He's up on deck, come evenin'. You could see him wid your own eyes, Miss Thankee."

"My eyes can't go upstairs without my legs," Mrs. Hooker remarked crossly, "and my legs won't. Besides, I'm not in the least interested." She pressed her thin lips. "Do you mean you've seen this—this person yourself, Minnie?"

"Sho' thing, Miss Thankee. Miss Ellen tell me. She says, 'You go up and see if Captain Cavalho is there tonight. It'll sho' please Aunt Thankee to know he's on de watch for her.'"

Aunt Thankee snorted. "Nonsense!" she said. "Well, after all, Captain Cavalho and I were friends—great friends when we were young and before he took up with that Portugee chit from off-Island. It's natural that I should show at least some decent interest."

"I knows just how you feels, Miss Thankee," Minnie told her simply.

"You know nothing of the sort," Aunt Thankee retorted, but without conviction. "You can't. You didn't know him. He was always violent"—she said it almost to herself—"a very violent fellow."

"Maybe you was a violent gal," Minnie suggested.

"I was not. I was in the right."

Then both women were silenced and held motionless by a sound so poignant that it was like a knife thrust through the dividing walls. Someone had screamed. The sound seemed to transcend human expression. Yet it was as though humanity itself had cried out in suffering protest.

Minnie let her suspended breath go in a deep sigh. "It's de wind," she said. "When de wind shifts Maria Pia say de pore lady gets kinder crazier. She say she know her man's comin' and she got to meet him. They tries to stop her. They's skeered one of her bad days she'll drive into the sea."

AUNT THANKEE'S lips compressed themselves. She had nearly said "Poor wretched woman," out of a pity that all her life she had denied herself. She had only just wiped her eyes with an exasperated hand when the door opened and Ellen Frosbie stood on the threshold. She was dressed for walking. A long cloak covered her to her ankles. The small close-fitting bonnet was tied with ribbons under a chin lifted a little too high.

"I'm feeling restless, Aunt Thankee. I thought a walk would do me good."

"Don't go too far. There's a storm coming up. I can feel the ache of it in my bones."

Ellen's eyes went past her to the window. She could almost see the wind, sweeping lightly over the clear spring sky. "Yes—I can feel it too," she said. "But I won't go far."

She saw him from a distance, standing in bleak solitude on the white sand beyond the harbor light. The gulls circled about him. He stood so motionless that they might have taken him for a broken, upended spar, tossed up by the winter storms. But Ellen knew him and went on, not out of defiance but from a driving inner necessity.

He waited for her—perhaps had been waiting. His boat, just beyond the break of the small waves, rode lightly at anchor. At his feet a fishing net had been spread out, as though for mending.

He made a little, almost gay gesture. "My alibi," he said, "in case you might suspect that I was here to meet Miss Frosbie."

"Have you been here long?"

"I don't know. I've forgotten."

Time, indeed, was immeasurable. Only weeks had passed since she had laid his child in his arms. They might well have been years which had ground this man to his hard core. She noted that there was gray scattered in the thick black hair. It was strange that, even so, he should look young.

He turned away from her, toward the open sea. "There's a school of bluefish running," he said, "and a fair wind. If I were just any man, Nell, and you just any woman, I would ask you to sail with me."

"Ask me!" she said.

"How defiant that sounds! Whom are you defying, Nell? Ellen Frosbie? Well then—let's both defy her. I do ask you. To Cape Poge and back. An hour out of a lifetime. That's not much to ask." His eyes came back to her, narrowed and quizzical. "On the other hand, a great deal can happen in an hour. A reputation can be lost."

She smiled proudly. "Have I ever seemed afraid for mine?"

"On the contrary. You have been conspicuously reckless with it. Or sure of it. By now the Island must have accepted you as one of its eccentrics who can stand on their heads on Main Street without comment. You can even sail with Jocelyn Caval for an hour and remain a decent woman."

HE jumped the net that lay between them and swept her up in his arms, like a child, and splashed with her through the knee-high stretch of water. Their closeness lasted less than a minute. But it was too long. She had to muster all her resolute spirit against his warmth, his assured and gentle strength. How rash and ill-advised had been her surrender to impulse, she knew now. But she had been caught unawares, overwhelmed by a sudden and secret knowledge of a debt she owed him.

He scrambled with his net over the gunwale. His eyes shone with their familiar tawny brilliance. She knew that never before had she seen them simply and wholly happy.

"Have you ever sailed a boat, Nell?"

"I used to row a boat on our Concord ——"

"That's good. Because you'll have to do what I tell you—for this once. Till I've hoisted sail you'll take the tiller. When I shout 'Port!' you'll swing her to the left. 'Starboard' means to the right. Can you remember that? '

"I may not have sailed boats," she said stiffly, "but I have read books."

"Books are no substitute for life, Nell." But he spoke without his habitual irony.

He flung her a terse order and hoisted his white sail. With every splendid heave of his body he shouted "Ho, the fair wind!" exultantly, and the sail, as though the wind had answered him, filled softly and the boat turned her nose from the land and danced, outward bound, over the low humps of harbor water. Even then he did not take the tiller, but sat crouched on the steps of the little hatchway, watching Ellen and smiling.

"A few weeks of this and you'd be a lusty sea nymph. Take off that demure bonnet, Nell. You might lose it. Let your hair blow free for once."

"I seem to be doing everything for once," she said, and pulled the ribbons under her chin and tossed her bonnet to him. He thrust it into the breast of his pilot coat.

"For once and nevermore," he said. "But a once like this is all a lifetime. I thought I d never have you to myself again. But condemned men are granted a last wish. This was mine—to sail away from the Island with you. We shall sail back in a little while and say good-by, just as though nothing more had happened than that Miss Frosbie had snapped her fingers again under the Island's nose. But you and I will know better, Nell. So long as we two live we shall have no more of life than this."

She looked away from him to the shores. She asked, in defiance of her heart which drummed out some inexplicable warning, "Tell me about your son, Jocelyn." *(Continued on Page 48)*



THEIR CLOSENESS LASTED LESS THAN A MINUTE. BUT IT WAS TOO LONG. HOW RASH HAD BEEN HER SURRENDER!



THE POWER OF A HAT

WONDER of a woman's world: a hat can start a fashion or a romance; change a silhouette or a point of view. This year it can add dramatically to your height, provide width to balance new shoulders or hiplines; make you more sophisticated, or less so; give your face a new contour; even keep your ears warm! MASTERFUL is the use of fur—in lambskin hoods, mink-brimmed Bretons, Persian-lamb bonnets, sailors made of a circlet of lynx. INFLUENTIAL is the hat as round as a glove, the drum-shape, the towering crown, the shoulder-size brim. YOUNG AND DISARMING, bow-trimmed bonnets, chin-strap Bretons; catchy forehead-showing cloches, and bright knitted hats pulled down over the ears. DOMINANT colors are stone grays and fawn tones—winter white, black and splashes of color. When fashion changes as it is changing this year, hats are on the crest of the news, and more than ever the crowning glory of your costume. ★ ★ **BY WILHELA CUSHMAN**
Fashion Editor of the Journal



UR IS A FORCE, ingeniously cut and draped into every current shape. John Frederics' lovable white lambskin hood, scarf attached.



HEIGHT OF CHIC. Toques and turbans. 6 to 14 inches! John Frederics' red felt: Olga Tritt jewels.



KNITTED NEWS. Hattie Carnegie fashion: knitted hat worn with tweed suit, large fur bag, bright jersey blouse.



SATIN GLOWING in burnished gold. Braagaard's dinner hat. a sailor of roses. Off-the-shoulder scarf. new fur accessory.



BONNETS PREVAIL, large and small. Romantic felt and satin ribbon —— Lilly Dache. Schepps' jewels.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O LEARY



BROW TRIUMPHANT. Forehead exposed. John Frederics' decorative cloche: Arpad's jersey blouse.



COMMANDING BRIM. Enormous sailor. tipped to touch the shoulder, by John Frederics: with Rose Barrack's suit.

MEASUREMENT OF CHIC



HE 1945 REEFER, TRIM AS A GENERAL: TAUT BODICE, EMPHASIZED HIPS;
ATTIE CARNEGIE. JOHN FREDERICS' PONYSKIN SKIRT, ACUTELY SLIM.

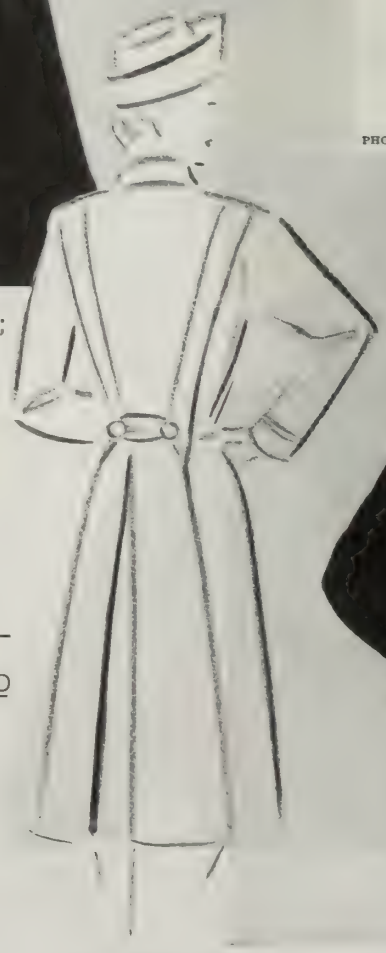
ASHION TIPS THE SCALES WITH NEW WEIGHTS AND MEASUREMENTS.
ADDED HIPS STRANGE TO THE EYE FOR THE FIRST THIRTY SECONDS,
HEN UNMISTAKABLY RIGHT, NOW AND FOR THE FUTURE. CONTRAST IS
VERYWHERE: SLIM SKIRTS AS STRAIGHT AS A ROD, STRIKING CONTRADIC-
ION TO FULLNESS; BULKY BOX JACKETS SIDE BY SIDE WITH TRIM FITTED
NES; AND EVERYWHERE--THE YOUNG FRAGILE WISP OF A WAISTLINE.

SEASON PRONE TO EXAGGERATE--AN EXCITING ONE FOR CHOOSING
LOTHES, BUT NOT WITHOUT ITS HAZARDS. BULKY TOPS AND BULKY
KIRTS JEOPARDIZE CERTAIN FIGURES. EXTREME SLOPING SHOULDERS
ND SLIM FUR SKIRTS ARE FOR ONLY A FEW. NOTE HOW THE SPOTLIGHT
OVES FROM ONE TO ANOTHER--SHINES LAST AND LONGEST ON FASHIONS OF
IMPLICITY WHICH MODERATE THE SILHOUETTE. BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



PADDED HIPS, SLENDER BASQUE.
JOHN FREDERICS' NEW SILHOUETT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



REEFER IN THE TREND, TEMPERED LINES;
WAIST NIPPED IN BACK--HATTIE CARNEGIE.

BULKY SKIRT OF BLANKET WOOLEN, BY JOHN FREDERICS. WAISTLINE ZERO, OVER CLINGING JERSEY DRESS.

SNUG SHORT JACKET, SIMPLE SKIRT; SUIT TO BE LOVED -- HATTIE CARNEGIE. BULKY BOX JACKET, LINED WITH BLACK SEALSKIN; A BEN REIG COSTUME DESIGNED BY OMAR KIAM.



SLOPING SHOULDERS, SOFT SLEEVES, SIDE CLOSING, SHELL CLIPS. HATTIE CARNEGIE'S BEIGE TOWN WOOLEN.



BOWKNOT SLEEVES, SCROLL BELT—HATTIE CARNEGIE'S BEIGE CREPE: CRUSHED VELVET TOQUE.

BLACK IS A WONDERFUL BASIS







Wear a knitted hat and gloves—Hattie Carnegie; pull a bright scarf through a jersey belt.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEA

LACK REEFER *with 1945's trim waistline, sharp lapels, rounder hips, by onte Sano—wardrobe coat of the year. Sally Victor's amber velvet hat and gloves.*



GRAY JERSEY *with a heart-shaped neckline, indispensable daytime basic woo*

LACK IS THE CHARM THAT NEVER FAILS: *the fashion of simplicity or sophistication; e fashion above all others this year. Every color goes with black, and adds a different flavor it. A black coat succeeds where a red or a green one might not. A black suit has endless ossibilities, no limitations. A good black dress is a priceless pearl. With these three you uld travel around the world—or meet a world of emergencies at home. Add to your heart's ntent. Nothing could be smarter than a gray jersey dress, bright jersey blouses, a Persian-mb fez, a jewel-tone velvet hat and matching gloves. Use color as your personal insignia, ccessories as the connecting links of your wardrobe.* ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**

Dinner blouse, rayon jersey; daytime blouse, wool jersey; Arpad designs.

Amber velvet toque, gloves transform the black suit for afternoon.

BLACK SUIT, ESSENTIAL: *roomy shoulders the mark of the season. An Adele Simpson style, worn with Persian-lamb fez and ascot. Heavy gold jewelry, black gloves.*



INFALLIBLE BLACK DRESS—*crepe with satin by Rose Barrack; wreath of black satin roses. Dress also worn with a velvet or fur hat.*



ADD FOR EVENING: *this year's formal short dress; a brocaded satin by Rose Barrack; interest focused in the back. Seaman Schepps' necklace.*

Mr. Corley didn't think Willie would ever make a soldier—until that last fight, "against overwhelming odds." ★ ★ BY ROY WHEELER



THE USO chaperon paused at the chess table where Mr. Harvey Coffin Corley was toying with a problem. "Isn't that the boy you played with all summer?" she asked, pointing to a picture in a newspaper which she dropped on the table with careless regard for the queen's peril in respect to two wolflike knights.

Mr. Corley picked up the newspaper, murmured "*J'adoube,*" and restored the queen to the temporary safety of the square from which she had been jarred. Then he adjusted his glasses and peered down at the newspaper.

"Pfc. William B. Buckstrom," he read. Willie Buckstrom! Quickly he hurried on. "For extraordinary heroism in the face of overwhelming odds ——"

Mr. Corley blinked his forty-four-year-old eyes, and one thin hand crept up to his scrawny neck.

"With but two men of his platoon surviving, he rallied them behind him and went on to storm a seemingly impregnable enemy position and capture it."

Mr. Corley finished the citation with his none-too-robust heart in his mouth. "Why ——" he gasped, looking up at the place where the chaperon had been. But the chaperon had long since disappeared, and Mr. Corley was left to his own reflections.

The latter took him back a long way—to the day, in fact, when he'd stepped out of his teller's cage during a slack hour and gone to the cashier. "What can I do to help?" he'd asked. "I'm buying bonds, contributing to the Red Cross and all that, but I'd like to do more. I'd like to do something for the boys, directly for the boys."

The cashier had opened his mouth, looked at Mr. Corley's bald spot, sallow cheeks and spindly frame, and closed it again. "How about the USO?" he'd asked at length. "Can you entertain in any way, or play any games?"

"I play chess," Mr. Corley had said.

And that was the way it had begun.

At the USO place they'd said yes indeed, they'd be glad to use him, to have him come every night. There were, they said, thousands of boys in the service who played chess and had no one to play with, serious-minded boys who didn't care for dancing or the theater or entertainments of any kind.

BUT of course it hadn't turned out that way, even though they put up a nice notice on the bulletin board, secured the donation of a beautiful inlaid table and a tournament-size set of almost-new Staunton men. In fact, for the first week, Mr. Corley didn't meet a single boy who wanted a game. They'd stop by his table—the boys—look down at it and then with a smile or a shrug pass on.

After the first couple of nights, Mr. Corley tried speaking to them, inviting them to play. "Hello," he'd say with what he thought was out-of-the-cage informality and friendliness. "Like to try a game?"

But he had no takers until the second week, and then only two. And for four months it was that way. A run of nights when the only response his invitation would get would be, "What is it? Some kind o' fancy checkers?" or, with a guffaw, "Uh-uh, I ain't got forty-eight hours' leave right now."

And then there would be a few evenings of desultory games with desultory individuals who called the knights "horses," and couldn't remember quite how they moved. For sure.

"It's just the way the boys are running right now," the USO people told him. "We get all kinds and classes. A couple of weeks from now they'll all be new, and as likely as not they'll be standing in line to play with you."

But in four months of patient and at times almost pleading invitations, Mr. Corley met less than two-dozen boys who knew or cared anything about the game. And out of these, few ever came back for a second evening's play.

Mr. Corley couldn't understand that. True, in such games as he played, he always won, always beat the boys, but he saw to it that he did it in a nice way, never pressing home a mate in the middle game, but holding off until most of the pieces had been exchanged, and then making it seem close as they raced in the surviving pawns.

A FEW times Mr. Corley was tempted to throw a game in the hope that the particular boy might come back the next night, but always his conscience rose up to have a still, small but effective word with him. After all, Mr. Corley was a New Englander, a Congregationalist and a banker.

Had he not read somewhere that the Germans made their officers play chess, Mr. Corley would have given up in disgust at the end of the second month. Instead, he tried something else: He lettered up a new notice and put it on the bulletin board. In it he offered to teach the game.

"I'll take them from—from scratch," he told the USO head. "I'll teach them offense, defense, technique and strategy."

But again there were no takers, no candidates. No one wanted to learn to play chess from Mr. Corley.

Accordingly, at the end of the fourth futile month, he decided to give it up, to consign wartime chess to the *Wehrmacht* and try to find something else to do for the boys. Something an anemic, nearsighted bank teller could do. At the end of a long day in the sixteenth cage. On archless feet. *Surely,* he thought, *there must be something.*

And then it was, on the night Mr. Corley had planned as his last, that Willie appeared.

It was early in the evening, a soft April evening with the daylight clinging to the western sky the way a symphony clings to the senses long after the bows have slipped from the strings. Mr. Corley sat at his table toying with a problem—waiting. Waiting. Waiting.

There won't be many boys coming in now that spring's here, he thought grimly. *And there won't be any that will want to play chess,* he nodded.

Because this was to be his last night, he abandoned the problem, and began computing matches, games and the long hours he'd put in behind the black men. But it was a depressing record, and presently he dropped the black book in which he'd written it all down back into his pocket and looked up.

A slightly built, thin-faced lad with a self-conscious look about him was staring down at the board and nervously scratching the back of his neck.

"Hello," Mr. Corley said in a tone that through sordid repetition had become squeaky and metallic. "Like to try a game?"

The boy jumped. "Why—why, yes. Y-yes, sir," he stammered.

With one flat foot Mr. Corley pushed out the chair that faced the white men—always he offered them the first-moving white men—and motioned to the boy to sit down. "Corley's my name," he said wearily. "Harvey Corley."

"M-mine's Buckstrom, sir," the boy said, wiping his hands on the sides of his trousers. "W-Willie Buckstrom."

Mr. Corley's heart sank. *Willie!* he thought and resigned himself to an hour of fumbling play.

But in this respect he was in for a surprise. Willie's chess wasn't championship chess, but it was all right. True, he breathed hard between moves, his hands shook when he touched a piece, and he stammered when he spoke—which wasn't often—but he knew how to castle on the queen's side, take a pawn *en passant,* and he never retracted a move once he had made it.

THEY played three games and, although Mr. Corley won them all by comfortable margins, they were good enough to give him a thrill.

"You play very well," Mr. Corley said when the boy stood up at the end of the third game.

"N-no. No, sir. But I—I thank you, anyway." And then, before Mr. Corley could think of an appropriate reply, Willie said, "Are you here ev-every night, sir? W-would you be willing to play with me again? G-give me another chance?"

For a moment Mr. Corley hesitated. He glanced up at the thin face and the timid gray eyes that didn't match the uniform or the big city or the things the boy might have to go through before he got back to the place he came from.

"Why—why, yes," Mr. Corley said. "I'll be here every night and I'll be glad to play with you as much as you like."

"Th-thank you," the boy gulped, and turned and walked away.

For three months and a half Willie never missed a night at the USO. Nor did Mr. Corley. The bank scheduled his vacation for mid-July, but he didn't take it. Occasionally he was invited out to dinner or to a movie, but he never accepted the invitation. Each night he and Willie played three games, and each night he won them all. Once it seemed that Willie might force a draw, and that time Mr. Corley was tempted, sorely tempted to let him. But in the end his sense of honor triumphed and he took the game by queening a pawn.

And each night when he rose to go, Willie said the same thing: "I—I thank *(Continued on Page 126)*

Mr. Corley's Contribution

One evening in August Willie said, "They're — they're sending me over, sir." Mr. Corley's heart missed a beat and his mouth went dry.



ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



At Left

Consommé

Fish-and-Avocado Casserole

Baked Tomatoes, Broccoli Stuffing

Green Salad

Hot Rolls

Steamed Date Pudding

Coffee

Plus Tours

Above

Sausage-and-Lima Casserole

Chili Sauce

Pickles

Vegetable-Relish Salad

Cranberry Cobbler

Coffee

Below

Spaghetti, Caruso Sauce

Grated Cheese

Italian Bread

Green Salad

Fresh Fruit

Coffee

Above

Green-Pea Soup

Broiled Tomatoes

Baked Potatoes Soubise

Green Beans

Corn Sticks

Relishes

Fruit Compote

Molasses Crisps

Demitasse

PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER

BY ANN BATCHELDER

ONE of my readers has sent me an old Virginia cookbook. It is more, really, than a cookbook. It is a large and comprehensive exposition of how they kept house in the eighteenth century, in what was, as they loved to call it, "The Old Dominion." This was the apotheosis of luxury. Here was the glitter and elegance and charm of court life, brought to this resplendent colony by the colonial governors and their ladies. And here old Virginny established a reputation that has never dimmed, through revolution and civil strife, for a princely hospitality and grace of living that set a standard for other colonies and is found today wherever the descendants of those early sophisticates made of food and household arts a cult and a religion.

Almost two hundred and fifty ladies of the first families of Virginia contributed to this book. I came to the names of many who are known the length and breadth of this land. Mrs. Robert E. Lee, Mrs. Judge Barton, Mrs. Byrd, Mrs. Cabell, Mrs. Langhorne—these are a few of the distinguished names found in this amazing book.

Such cakes and pastries, such syllabubs and sauces, such breads—Virginia is still famous for those—such soups and chicken dishes and puddings. It's enough to drive you mad, but you can't leave it alone. That is the acid test for *any* book—the inability to put it down.

I think the editor wouldn't mind if she knew that I quoted one passage from her work. In speaking of her purpose in giving it to a presumably waiting public she writes (of herself, in the third person): "If she, above all, shall succeed in making American homes more attractive to American husbands, and spare them a resort to hotels and saloons for those simple luxuries which their wives know not how to provide, she will feel amply repaid for all the labor this work has cost."

So much for this Virginia lady and her monumental work. I thought you'd like to know that serious efforts for the improvement of food and good living began a long time ago and are still being carried on.

(Continued on Page 175)

LINE A DAY

By Ann Batchelder

1 Falling leaves and the falling year—beauty is going the way she came. Saying good-by with no sigh, no tear (it is the empty wind you hear).

2 I promised to drop in a word or two about oysters, and here is one. Make some rich pastry or baking-powder-biscuit dough. Roll very thin. Cut into squares, put two large, seasoned oysters on each square with bits of butter. Season. Roll up. Fry in deep fat or bake until brown.

3 *Second thoughts:* About those oysters, the same treatment goes if you cream them first, or dip them in cocktail sauce. In any case, serve them with a sauce. Or you can always bake them or make an oyster pie, if you like that idea better.

4 Minced chicken on toast or baked in green peppers is a Sunday-morning dish to stop all Sunday A.M. dishes. And for a supper, serve it on sautéed sweetbreads and it's super. (Super is slang for superb. This is both.)

5 *From an old cookbook:* "If persons without brains can make good bread, why cannot you?" Well, some folks can't.

6 Rice cooked with canned tomatoes, green pepper, chopped onion, butter or margarine and chopped peanuts is a delicious supper dish. Cook the rice first. Make the sauce. Mix. Put in a casserole, cover with grated cheese and bake it.

7 Ever eat a French-toast maple sandwich? Spread thin slices of bread with butter or margarine and shaved maple sugar. Put together. Dip in egg and milk and fry to a brown like a thrush's wing. Serve hot with bacon or sausages. Old-style vittles, but nice.

8 Never one for artichokes, I found out I was missing a bet. Cook them in boiling, salted water until tender. Spread the leaves, take out that devilish "choke," fill center with creamed sea food. Be sure to crook your little finger when you eat the leaves. You can't deceive an artichoke.

9 *Answer to query:* I regret, Maybelle, to tell you that you're barking up the wrong artichoke. Jerusalem artichokes are to Jerusalem as Yonkers, New York, is to Betty Grable. They're just another make-believe.

10 Wish for a scallop that will make your eyes pop? But of course. Mix flaked salmon, minced clams and crab meat with a light cream sauce, well seasoned. Fill ramekins or scallop shells. Sprinkle with grated cheese and buttered crumbs and bake. So—a salad, a roll, a café, a meal.

11 *News Items:* Cherry-orange marmalade, lime marmalade, hickory-smoked salt, and a concentrated meat paste that does wonders in a hundred wonderful ways. Haven't I been researching or have I stayed at home!

12 If you get any bananas this fall, by hook or crook, peel, split lengthwise. Put them in a pie plate. Cook the juice of two lemons with half a cup of sugar for two minutes. Pour half over the bananas. Bake and baste with the rest of the lemon. The bananas should come out jellied and—pink!

13 *Dept. of utter desperation—how-now division:* Carrot pie with meringue. Now I ask you!

14 One delicious thing with sausages or pork chops is baked or fried pears. Just do as you would fried apples. Season with lemon juice. Mother knew about this and handed it along.

15 All these years I've talked of apple fritters. "How dear to my heart"—and if you serve them in maple sirup, how dearer. (Let the waistline take care of itself.)

OCTOBER WALK

Shall we walk by the crumbling wall
Where the red leaves lie?
See how they willingly fall—
Falling, but not to die.

They will enrich the earth,
The soil from whence they came.
Spring promises their rebirth,
Baptizes each deathless name.

16 *Two-way receipt—and worth it!* Prepare some sweetbreads as I've told you a thousand times. Sauté large rounds of bread and keep hot. Make a rich cream sauce, not too thick. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. (It has its place all right.)

17 *Chapter Two:* Heat the sweetbreads in the sauce, after you've sliced them and browned them in butter. Also sauté enough artichoke bottoms to account for the toast rounds. Arrange the artichokes on the toast. Then the sweetbreads. Pour the boiling sauce over and garnish with chopped browned almonds and halved canned figs, drained.

18 A well-bred oyster can't abide paprika. Especially in a stew. I knew an oyster one time that flopped right out of a stew and brushed itself off when the paprika hit it. Then walked away.

19 An Italian chicken dish I love is this: Cut up a cleaned young chicken. Be sure to wipe it dry. Brown in oil. Put in a casserole with broth to cover and cook until very tender. Make a sauce of cooked sliced onion, a clove of garlic, half a pound of sliced mushrooms, some diced celery and about four cups of canned tomatoes. Add a small can of tomato paste. Cook, add to the chicken, cover and bake until thick. Don't thin the sauce.

20 The big rains almost but not quite carried off my water cress in the brook. Anchored at a big rock, it held on. But you ought to see my miniature Niagara.

21 Sour cream mixed with mayonnaise, celery seed, a little prepared mustard and just a few minced cardamon seeds makes a dressing for a potato salad that has them getting out the sleigh bells. To cheer you on.

22 Although I haven't mentioned prunes in a dog's age, don't forget that cooked ones stuffed with a mixture of cream cheese, orange juice and pulp and chopped walnuts make a good substantial salad meal.

23 *Salad trick:* Rub a cut clove of garlic on bite-size whole-wheat breakfast biscuits. Toss into a mixed green salad just before serving.

24 Would you bread a chop, a chicken leg or a cutlet? Very well; when you bread, mix some herbs in the crumbs. Oh, what a difference a little herb makes!

25 Desserts haven't had a break this time, I don't quite know why. Guess I wasn't minded that way. But make some thin, rather sweet griddlecakes. Serve with maple sirup beaten up with sour cream and cinnamon. Surprise.

26 Then there's toasted—yes, *toasted* (don't quibble, please)—spongecake slices, covered with marmalade, then with a meringue, and browned in the oven. Children join in the chorus.

27 For eight super-sandwiches, slice hard-cooked eggs on rounds of toast. Fold one cup mayonnaise into one egg white, beaten stiff. Pile this on sliced eggs. Brown under broiler one minute. Serve hot, with pickles and a sliver of bacon.

28 Follow up is my motto. So let's speak of baked apple rings served with Indian pudding. And if you've never served this fine old-time pudding with vanilla ice cream, do it now.

29 Stewed pears with vanilla-flavored sirup are a wondrous dish done with meringues poached on boiling water—or milk, and served with soft custard, à la floating island. Now that's enough for desserts.

30 Fried scrapple, darling of Philadelphians, served on slices of breaded fried eggplant, with sliced tomatoes and grilled mushrooms, is a dish to remember some frosty night—or day. With creamed potatoes—there, I almost forgot.

31 October has thirty-one delightful days. Though the tapestry of leaves is breathlessly beautiful, we close our eyes to what must come. It is time—it is time for the wild geese to go over. And for the lease to expire.

DRAWING BY ROBERT C. ATHERTON

IT TOOK A WAR TO TEACH ME...



IF IT HADN'T BEEN for the war and shortages, lots of families might never have learned how many different kinds of those good Campbell's Soups there are! Most homes have certain favorites and call for them often. So not till the grocer ran short, did they realize that the Campbell's kinds they hadn't tried are just as tempting and every bit as nourishing . . . and also offer new ideas for getting variety into meals.

For the fact is that every kind of soup Campbell's make is somebody's favorite. Whenever you see a certain kind on your grocer's shelf it's there because many of his customers call for it regularly, and because thousands of people all over the country like it and like it a lot. There's every reason why you will, too!

How many of the Campbell's Soups do you know about . . . how many have your family tried? Just for the good eating of it, take home a different kind of Campbell's Soup next time you go to the store.

Campbell's Soups

21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Bean with Bacon · Beef · Beef Noodle (*new!*) · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consommé · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Cream of Spinach (*new!*) · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP
A brand-new soup — a delicious purée of fresh garden spinach. Children love it — and so will you.

CAMPBELL'S SCOTCH BROTH
A nourishing meat-and-vegetable soup with barley and tender pieces of mutton.

CAMPBELL'S BEAN WITH BACON SOUP
A great flavor combination — tender beans and tasty bacon! Here's hearty eating for you.

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS

are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat – due to smoking – either cleared up completely, or definitely improved.

—findings reported in a leading medical journal.

FAR FINER PLEASURE plus FAR MORE PROTECTION



HO, THE FAIR WIND!

(Continued from Page 34)

"Young Peter Caval," he answered lightly, "after a preliminary protest, has decided to survive. He comes of tough stock."

"One day he will sail with you in my place."

"One day, no doubt." He laughed, and though with irony, without harshness.

She saw the white line of his teeth as he still grinned at her. But for some hidden reason she could not bring herself to meet his eyes. "I think he will be like you," she went on hurriedly; "dark and strong and willful and sometimes brutal, but at heart generous and kind."

"I don't know about the generosity and kindness, Nell. But I have not been so very willful. I've been what I had to be. . . . Port, a little, my darling. When the sail shakes like that, she's warning you that you've fallen off from the wind. Are you shaking your head too? Why? You are my darling. We've left Hebron's Ellen and the blackguardly Caval fellow behind us. We're a pair of sea gypsies. . . . That's better. Keep her close-hauled. It's pretty the way she rides, isn't it? She's little, too, but she's good. Sometimes she and I pretend she's a full-rigged ship and I'm her master and we're setting off for the world's end."

"There isn't any end," she objected sadly. "The end is just the beginning all over again—back where one started."

"Or perhaps the depths of the sea. Who cares? It would be a splendid voyage." He clambered over to her side and took the tiller from her.

The Sea Bird's boom swung over their heads with a roar and a vicious crack of straining tackle and they beat to windward, close-hauled from one tack to another. Joss Caval's free arm rested on Ellen's shoulder in the comradely fashion of an old-established love. That acceptance of her moved her perilously. Out here on this plunging, racing little craft he was free and happy. And she was part of this happiness and freedom.

He glanced down at her. "Most women and some men would be hanging over the gunwales by now," he said, "green as grass. But you have the true seafarer's look. No landlubber has it." He lifted his arm for a moment and pointed to the low flat shore. "Look over there, Nell. That's where my father's ship foundered. He was the only survivor. My grandfather swam out in a wicked winter sea and brought him in, more dead than alive, and took him home. My mother nursed him and they fell in love. Shall I tell you about them, Nell? I couldn't tell Miss Frosbie. But I'd like to tell you."

"Even Miss Frosbie would like to know."

"It wasn't just falling in love, Nell. They loved each other. You know the difference. It's a circumstance rarer than we like to believe. Whatever it was, there was no room for it in their respective worlds. So they ran away from both. They made a world of their own. Only a privileged few shared it with them. I was allowed to creep in, and Maria Pia, who loved us all more than her own people, and the Runt——" He checked. His memory seemed to have struck some dangerous obstacle and his arm on her shoulder grew heavy. She guessed that for a moment he had ceased to be aware of her. Then he went on steadily, "Father Francis used to shake his head over the lot of us. He called my father and mother his 'dear sinners' and gave them penances. And at the next confession he'd sigh over them and say, 'So you are still in adultery, my children,' and there would be more Ave Marias and Pater Nosters. Father Francis felt he had taken on a life's work, pitying them and keeping them somehow in heaven's good graces. No doubt he would have been unfrocked for his tolerance if he hadn't been such a poor, insignificant fellow that no one bothered about him. It was he who found my father and mother and brought my father's body home."

The wind tugged at her hair. It was coming loose as he had wished it, flying in tongues of light gold fire about her head. Joss Caval put about and the Sea Bird trembled like a horse checked in full gallop. Then her sails drew again and they ran before the freshening wind and before the waves hunting lustily at their heels.

"Go on!" Ellen Frosbie said.

"We started on our way here—to my mother's Island—what was left of us. I was just thirteen. People came from England—my father's people, of course. They wanted to take even my mother's jewels from her. They called her a harlot and a thief and I challenged every man jack of them. Well, I was a big fellow for my age and, though they laughed at me, they knew how the countryfolk felt about us, and they were afraid of at least a scandal. When we'd sold everything, we had enough to bring my poor raving mother to her old home. We found it shuttered and deserted. Disaster had struck there too. Only later my grandfather, who had been in hiding with sympathizers, crept back. Well, then it was for me to find ways and means for us all to live. I tried fishing. But a fisherman couldn't keep my mother's household. So I became a whaleman. I was four years at sea with Hunks Farquason and got no more from it than a broken jaw and the knowledge that I was a fellow who thought he knew better than any man afloat how to sail a ship. By then I knew there were other ways and means to live."

She said in a low, unguarded voice, "Poor young Jocelyn!"

"You mustn't pity him."

He jumped up suddenly, almost violently, and thrust the tiller into her hands and leaped onto the boat's prow. With his arm crooked about the mast he turned his face to the wind. His profile was thus cut sharply against the ice-blue sky. She knew now why she had seen that exiled faun in him. He, too, was a creature of the earth and sea, of fire and storm, dancing to a secret music. No one place would ever hold him. There would be no peace for him except in the midst of unrest and danger. But what caught her by the throat was not this new vision of him, but the lightning response in her own heart, the surge of a wild, formless desire for life, the snap of bonds that should have held her safe-moored to her traditions.

He must have felt the violent movement of her spirit, for he turned and looked back at her with dark laughter in his eyes. "Shall I sing a little chantey to you, Nell? A nice, innocent little chantey? I made it up when I was a little boy and my father had taken me to sea, fishing with him." He tossed back his

(Continued on Page 51)

New Serial

She was trembling violently. She lifted her muff higher, as a shield. With his free hand he dashed it out of her grasp. He pushed his hand into the masses of her thick black hair.

He kissed her again and again with slow and delirious deliberation.

"Go away, Amalie," he said with savage gentleness.

● **Don't miss this exciting new serial, THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE, by Taylor Caldwell, beginning in the**

November Journal

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



NANCY JANE MACBURNEY . . . Her smooth way of wearing her hair—whether it's fashionably "upswept" or "down"—gives an added charm to her notably lovely, clear soft skin.



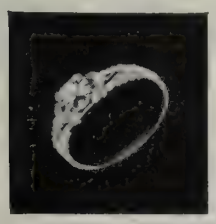
A JUNIOR CANTEEN HOSTESS . . . Gay and charming Nancy Jane MacBurney sings with the boys at a popular USO Canteen she helped organize in Chicago at the start of the war. She first met her fiancé there when he "just happened in." Ever so many girls and women are serving as Canteen hostesses these days. Couldn't *you* help out in *your* locality?



HER COMPLEXION CARE is Pond's Cold Cream. . . . "It's the cleansing-est, smoothing-est cream that I know," she says.

TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

Nancy Jane MacBurney
engaged to
Flying Officer
Robert Francis Reynolds



THE RING Bob gave her just before he took off for England

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto "someday."

Another Pond's bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating "soft-smooth" Pond's complexion.

This is Nancy Jane's fundamental daily skin care with Pond's Cold Cream.

She *smooths* white, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Then she carefully tissues it all off.

She *rinses* with *more* soft-smooth Pond's—working the cream over her face with little spiral whirls of her white coated fingertips. Tissues all off well again. This second creaming-over with Pond's "leaves my face feeling like silk," she says, "and so *clean!*"

Use *your* Pond's Cold Cream Nancy Jane's "twice-over" way—*every* night, *every* morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. You'll soon see why it's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a *big* jar today—you'll *love* the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan
Lady Stanley of Alderley
Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels
Viscountess Tarbat
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
Thelma, Lady Furness
Miss Mimi McAdoo





The Babies in the Dell
Know very very well
Swan's so pure and baby-mild
For everything it's swell!



Oh hear the babies squeal,
"How very fine we feel
We Swan each day 'cause doctors say,
'Swan's pure as fine castile!' "



"A skin that's just like cream
Is every Mama's dream
Swan helps it glow from tip to toe,
No wonder Mamas beam!"



"Oh, everyone adores
Our dainty pinafores
Swan 'babies' duds in gentle suds
So why don't you Swan yours?"



"For hands with soft allure,
Make very very sure
To whisk each dish through sudsy Swan
The floating soap so pure."



So get your Swan today
It has the winning way
Of making dishes, duds, and You
Look baby-bright and gay!



TUNE IN: THE JOAN DAVIS SHOW, CBS, MONDAY NIGHTS!

(Continued from Page 48)

head and threw his resonant, lusty voice against the pursuing wind:

"Oh, a sailor's life for me—
A sea and a shore,
And a girl to adore
And a dog to follow me.

"Childish nonsense. But it's rather a jolly little tune. I was a precocious fellow, wanting my girl. And I never got her, not to adore—no, never, Nell, till now. I never even had a dog."

The Sea Bird plunged her nose into a trough between two contending waves and came up out of the smother, shuddering and exulting. Joss rose with her, so that for a moment he seemed to hang suspended, like a splendid leaping animal at the zenith of its flight.

Ellen laughed. It was a new laughter. It sprang from the riotous gaiety of the sea that tossed a handful of stinging spray into her eyes. She rubbed them clear. But their vision was changed too. They would be set forever on far horizons.

"You love danger, Nell."

"It seems I do."

"I always knew it of you. Don't look so troubled. Danger is a safe thing to love. Courage to love it is our only defense against the malice of the gods. When we wall ourselves in, in safety, we become their laughing-stocks."

But they knew each other's thoughts. From now on the walls would close on her and their gates be locked. Already the horizon was narrowing. They were back in safety between the arms of the harbor. The waves sank decorously. Joss Caval paid off and ran down his sail and they drifted with the tide to the shore's edge. He threw out his anchor and the boat swung her nose yearningly toward the sea.

"Ready, Nell?" He jumped overboard into the waist-deep water and held out his arms to her and she came to them, not like a child but as a woman, full-grown and full-aware of the forces forever to be denied in both of them. Her cheek rested against his. She tasted its salt. On shore he still held her for a moment. Then, carefully, he set her down. "Good-by, Nell. I'm keeping your little bonnet. You can tell them the wind snatched it from you."

"Where are you going, Jocelyn?"

"Back where I belong."

She exclaimed with the impatience of a still-controlled despair, "You belong here. Here is your real home."

"It never was. Make up your mind to it. With you or without you, Nell. I have no abiding place."

"I know. I know."

"But I have duties," he said grimly. "They are the more onerous because my wife does not share them with me. She does not love her son."

"What can I say to you?"

"Anything. Only not that she will have other children."

Her hands were clenched together. She was wringing them. "Don't you see that there is a storm coming? You would never make it."

"Wouldn't that be easier to bear?" He was laughing at her after a bitter fashion. In fact, she had not fooled him, still less herself.

She turned away from him and began to walk back along the shore. Only once, when she reached the fringe of scrub and the rough track that climbed up to the road, she looked back. But where he had been was bleak emptiness. A white sail flickered a signal against the background of dense, somberly advancing cloud. Then that, too, was lost to her.

Maria Pia had been asleep. Sleep, as it had done more and more often of late, carried her back over three thousand miles of sea and many years of her life. She was lying, not on a hard bed in this alien house, but under an olive tree in her father's orchard. The midday sun filtered between the delicate branches and rested on her young body. She dreamed of some young man who loved it and whom she loved. But he had no name. Or she had forgotten it.

THEN the gale that all evening had been harrying across the sky fell on the old house like a wild boar and impaled it on its tusks and shook it. Maria Pia sat up with a scream.

She sat there in the dark and shuddered. Familiar and dread sounds recalled her to an implacable present—the bang of doors, a woman's voice that rose with the wind from a whimper to a crescendo of frustrated rage. Sinister footsteps climbed past Maria Pia's door and up the narrow stairs to the walk. A man's deep voice shouted orders into the storm: "Mastheads there! To the braces! Up helm! Square in!" Then wild, defiant laughter.

Maria Pia buried her face in her shaking hands. She prayed in her own tongue, "Mother of God, in heaven, save us!" But her faith failed her. For Maria Pia knew that the appointed hour of the house's doom had struck.

Her Ladyship knew it too. All day long she and the old crazy fellow had sat opposite each other at the long dining-room table, drinking in dreadful, brooding silence. And then, under the first lash of the storm, they had broken loose and were tearing themselves and the poor unhappy house to tatters. The one human being who might have held them was on the other side of the Island.

The storm struck at first fitfully. It was like a besieging army that feels out with skirmishes for the weak link in the defense. Now with a roar it settled on its course. It smashed its fist through Maria Pia's window, and at the tinkle of falling glass black demonic advance guards poured through and raced about Maria Pia's room.

She crawled stiffly to her feet and felt her way to the door and tugged it open. Light from a storm lantern flooded her face. She blinked incredulously. Her Ladyship stood at the head of the stairs. It was as though she had been waiting for Maria Pia to come to her. She was sober and calm and had a look of youthful radiance. The old coachman's cloak which she always wore when she drove out hung from her shoulders.

"His Lordship has arrived at last," she said. "His ship has put in on South Beach. Maria Pia, we must go at once to meet him."

The whole town was awake and on the move. Men in oilskins fought their way out

Cat on Halloween

By Ethel Jacobson

Black cat, black cat,
Give your tail a switch.
Find yourself a broomstick,
Find yourself a witch.

Toasted by the firelight,
You delicately preen.
(But, black cat, black cat,
This is Halloween!)

Hear the phantom wail
Of your gaunt and ghostly kin
Soaring over rooftops
With an eerie grin.

Swooping down the skyways
In evil glee they ride.
(You merely twitch your whiskers
And toast the other side.)

Eyes bright as lanterns,
Fur black as coal—
A silhouette in firelight—
Stygian as your soul.

Black cat, black cat,
Your purring fills the room.
(But high above the chimneys
Your spirit rides a broom!)



Our Veterans need Your help!

An Important Message from Major General Norman T. Kirk, the Surgeon General, U. S. Army

THE VAST MAJORITY of our Veterans will return from the War physically fit.

Some will not be so fortunate. Some will be disabled . . . physically and mentally scarred.

The Army and Navy provide care for our men in the services; the Veterans Administration for those discharged. In many cases there comes a time when it is best for the Veteran to return to his home environment.

Once at home, it is the family's responsibility to help him with sympathy and patience to get back to normal as fast as possible.

The help which cannot be given in the home becomes the responsibility of *your community,* which should be prepared to offer Veterans such aids as these:

1. *Medical advice, if needed.*
2. *Help in obtaining work which is consistent with impairments.*

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1. *Help in securing employment through competent vocational counsel.*
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If your community does not already offer helpful services to Veterans, you—who belong to business, civic, church, and other community groups—may take the lead in establishing such assistance.

If your town already supports Veterans Aid bureaus under various auspices, I urge you to help *co-ordinate* their valuable services, so that Veterans will have the *best* your community can give them.

N. T. Kirk

U. S. ARMY

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For those in the homes of our returning Veterans—

Booklet 105JA—*"Coming Home"*

For businessmen and community leaders—

Booklet 105JB—*"Employment of the Handicapped Veteran"*

Booklet 105JC—*"Re-employment of the Veteran"*

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of their houses in whose lighted windows women's aghast faces stared out after them into the wild drenching dark. Old Jeb, asleep in the shack back of the Hookers' stable, heard, even through the shout of the storm, the hurrying footfalls and the distant tocsin. Old Jeb dressed in the dark and shouldered his way against the wind toward the stable. What he saw in the Caval back yard he described later to Albert in Maria Pia's kitchen, into which the dawn was creeping in gray desolation.

"Ah couldn't believe ma eyes. Dere was Saladin, hitched up to dat ol' contraption, and a gray-bearded fellow holdin' his head. He looked like de debil himself wid his black eyes pourin' out flames and his long hair flyin' in de wind.

"'Ma ship's founderin' on South Beach,' he yells at me. 'Ma son-in-law's aboard. We got to go.'

"And up dere in de driver's seat was your lady, holdin' de reins. Den de ol' feller gives Saladin his head and swings himself up alongside o' her. Mary Pia's standin' in de light o' a side lantern weepin' and wailin'. And den, just befo' de rig start rollin', she claws hold o' de near wheel and climbs up de spokes into de back seat. Next minute dey's gone like dey been swallowed up in de black belly o' Jonah's whale."

He had tried to follow them. He had ridden Clara, bareback, to South Beach. There must have been a moon behind the wild racing clouds. At least there was some dreadful light that glinted on the white devouring teeth of the waves and, for broken moments, illuminated the black hulk of a ship. But Old Jeb had come too late to see what the aghast and helpless fishermen had seen—Lady Henry Bredlaw driving her equipage and its mad horse at full gallop into the boiling sea, to meet its dead.

Albert got up, stiff and groaning. He said, "It isn't often a man loses all his kith and kin in one swoop. That's what's happened to the guv'nor. His granddad and his ma and the bit-of-nothing he called his son. P'r'aps you haven't heard, but it's God's truth. Snuffed out yesterday when the guv'nor was out to sea, fishing for his supper. For want of breath, Doc Pierce said. But I have my notions about that."

The sea cast up a broken shaft and a tangle of Saladin's harness. Of the wild, beautiful stallion, found on the third day, within a few feet of Capt. Pedro Cavalho's body, it had made a piteous, bloated thing. But Pedro Cavalho himself it had treated kindly. Jocelyn Caval, hunting along the sea's edge, in grim solitariness, found him and brought him home. But of Lady Henry Bredlaw and her companion no trace was ever found.

ALL the seafarers of the town and many from up-Island came to the funeral. Hunks Farquason spent his last dollar on the passage from the mainland in order to put his shoulder to the coffin of an old shipmate. He lurched in step with Jocelyn Caval along North Water Street and up Meeting House Way to the cemetery. A tall gaunt priest stalked ahead of them. For Pedro Cavalho, in his last sickness, had confessed his sins and received Absolution. The priest's lips moved soundlessly, or their murmur was lost in the shuffle and tramp of the double file of men, in their stiff best clothes, who followed at his heels. Their Puritanism abhorred him but accepted his task among them. After his fashion he was bringing an Islander and a great whaleman into port.

Hunks Farquason stood opposite Joss Caval across the open grave. But when the priest raised his hand in benediction, Joss Caval turned on his heel and strode away alone. Hunks Farquason did not follow him.

Old Jeb tugged at his sleeve. "A lady wants to have a word wid you, capting."

Thus Hunks Farquason found himself perched uneasily on the edge of Aunt Thankee's chair opposite a small, fair-haired female he'd never laid eyes on before.

The strange lady stitched at some finicky bit of needlework. "You do not know me, of course, captain," she was saying. "But I know of you. You and Mr. Caval, I understand, are old friends."

"Well, ma'am, we've sailed together and we've blooded each other's noses. There ain't much, I reckon, we don't know about each other."

"Would you sail with him again?"

A deeper red flooded the weathered face. "Ma'am, I reckon my sailing days are over. For a winter long I've rotted on the New Bedford docks and not a ship in sight."

"Would you sail under him?"

HE opened his eyes wide at her. And then came out of his throat a rusty, grating sound that might have passed for laughter, long disused. "I'd rather sail under him than over him, ma'am. He's a good seaman, but a nasty customer to order round."

"But a good man, perhaps, to give orders—a good master?"

"I reckon he might be. Poor devil. He'll never have the chance."

There was a short silence. Her needle flashed in and out unfalteringly. "Could you find a crew for him?"

"For Joss Caval or any master who knew his job."

Her needle stopped. She laid her work on her lap and folded her white hands over it. "I am a rich woman, captain. Will you buy a ship for me? A full-rigged ship?"

He fairly gaped at her. "But, ma'am, such craft cost money, and there's no money to be made with such—them days are over."

"I'm not seeking to make money," she said, "but to pay a debt. Now, captain, please listen to me."

Aunt Thankee, in her huge, black-shadowed bed, heard their voices. The man's voice was not Hebron's. Hebron did not come often these spring days. The farm claimed most of his time. When she spoke faintly of his forthcoming marriage he shook his head. "Ellen and I want to wait till you are well again." She knew, however, that she would never be well again. Doctor Pierce had told her so with forthrightness. She had not been frightened then and she was not frightened now. She had been scared only once in her life—of a violent and headstrong love—and for that fear she had paid all her life. Now the last payment was almost made.

She slept. When she woke night had come and she lay and wondered about the bell. Someone had died. They had not told her who had died and she would not ask them. Old people were treated like idiots. You had to fend for yourself against what they thought was kindness.

By the tiny glow of a shaded night light she dragged herself out of bed and over to the monstrous walnut wardrobe and pulled down a cloak and wrapped it about her shoulders. The door opened without so much as a creak. Step by step she felt her way up the dark and narrow stairs. The cool night air met her and drew her out under the stars. She felt better now—almost her old self. She

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If I were growing up again I should try to save at least half an hour every day to discover things in my own neighborhood that I had not noticed before: the trees in my yard, their names and shapes, the sunsets, sunrises, clouds and stars. And I would do this, not in company but by myself; in fact, I should save this time to be by myself. Too many young people are afraid to be alone and, because of this, never learn to depend upon those thoughts which come only in solitude and which make young people distinct from others. Such thoughts likewise form a resource against the inevitable rough places of life.

I would cultivate good manners. For good manners are more than an expression of good will. To make them a habit means the discovery within one's self of kindness and of concern for others, and of the desire to make one's home and community a more pleasant, happier place. —MARY ELLEN CHASE.



A tasty Halloween treat that's good any time!

Just before your gingerbread's finished baking, sprinkle with a mixture of ⅓ c. brown sugar, 3 tbsps. flour, 3 tbsps. shortening, ⅓ c. chopped pecans; return to oven for 10 minutes. Serve with sparkling apple cider.

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could walk with straight shoulders to the rail and lay firm hold on it. Her face was to the sea. She could taste its salt on her cracked lips.

She had no need to look over her starboard bows for that other shadow. He was there, waiting for her. For the first time in many years she spoke to him. Or at least she thought she spoke. But there was a loud beating in her ears—a roar as of the sea itself. "Pedro—I was a fool."

His warm, infectious laughter came up to her through the dark. "I've waited a long time to hear you say so, my little Thankee. But it's not too late." Somehow he had crossed the crevasse between the houses.

He was coming to her and, for all her iron will, she felt a little faint with the wonder and relief. She tried to turn to meet him and in the nick of time he caught her and held her safe. Ellen Frosbie found her at daybreak. She was lying crumpled against the rail. As though under the hand of an impetuous lover, her long gray hair hung loose about her shoulders.

The Island licked its wounds and, because its people were of sturdy stock and used to buffetings, they healed quickly. Spring ripened to summer. It was not the thick, ponderous summer of the mainland, but fragile and gracious as a dream floating in the mind of a drowsing sea god. The Island indeed seemed to withdraw deeper within itself, remote from the vigorous unrest of its people. Their new hopes were strange to it. Men, when they gathered together, no longer talked of ships, but of the luxurious hotel that was to spring up on the bluffs, the fine wharf at which a regular steamboat service would discharge the health and pleasure seeking crowds.

"Well, boss," said the new circus actress, "since you've given me a job in your circus, you had better tell me what to do to keep from making a mistake."

"Well," replied the manager, "don't ever undress in front of the bearded lady." —JOHN B. THOMAS, M.D.: Selected Stories, Quotations & Aphorisms. (Southern Publishers.)

In the midst of this reviving bustle, the Caval house stood a mute and derelict symbol of things past. Rumor had it that Joss Caval was bankrupt and would have to sell at any price, and then again that, thanks to his illicit trading, he was fabulously rich. One thing was known for certain. One night he had come back. A chance spectator had watched a light move slowly from one room to another. But by morning he had gone. What he had taken with him no one knew.

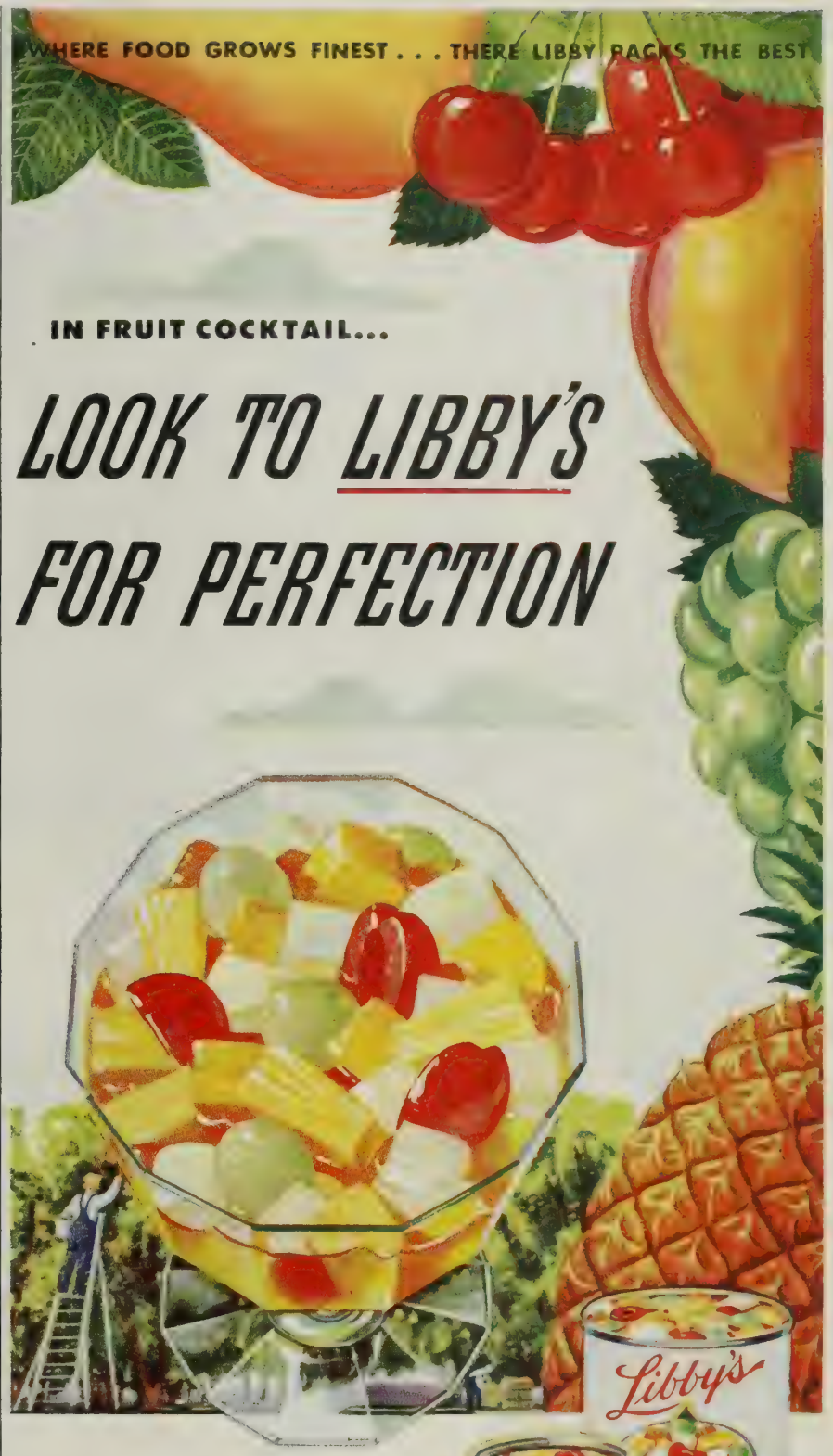
The Hooker house stood alongside, dignified and decent in its tragedy. It was to be sold. Meantime, Martha Allyn had driven over to stay with her future sister-in-law and to take charge of the Hooker heirlooms.

The two women worked together in rarely broken silence. They emptied the orderly bureau drawers of Aunt Thankee's severe white pantalettes and petticoats, which were to be shipped to the mainland for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the war, and the monstrous black walnut wardrobe of its whaleboned basques and stiff many-folded skirts. A pair of ancient sea boots, perhaps forgotten, lurked in a dark corner cupboard. Martha shook her head, but Ellen, obeying some impulse, took them out of the heap of discarded trash and hid them out of sight in her own room. She had a sense of defending all that was left of stout-hearted courage, an adventuring but defeated spirit.

Ellen was to return to Concord and to friends until her marriage, which had been set for after the August meeting.

A little of their ruddy bloom had faded from Martha's cheeks. Her brown eyes were wide open and bright with a resolution at last driven to its head. She said, "Ellen—may I talk to you?"

(Continued on Page 55)



IT'S FINE FRUITS THAT COUNT!

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(Continued from Page 53)

"Of course. Haven't we been talking?"

"This is about Hebron and—and you. Ellen—he loves you so much. You promised me you would not hurt him. But he is hurt. He is terribly unhappy."

"What have I done, Martha?"

"I am sure nothing wrong—nothing that you would think wrong. But people are talking, sister. They know about you and this Jocelyn Caval and how you went to that dreadful place of his—and—and about that woman's child."

"It's dead," Ellen interrupted in a low voice. "Isn't that punishment enough for everyone?"

"I know all that you did was done in charity—in kindness. But those who touch pitch must be defiled."

"Must they?" Ellen looked up at the tense, innocent face and tried to smile. "Surely if I have any virtue of my own it cannot be so easily defiled. Do I seem so?"

Martha said, desperate and stubborn, "You seem different. It isn't only your—your contact with this bad man. It's something out of sight. Hebron knows it. He's changed too. He's troubled in his faith. He isn't sure any more—not even of God's love."

Martha was silent, looking away from her companion out the open window to the sea. But she was remembering how she had sat by the open window of her living room, mending the household linen. She had heard Hebron and Brother Paige talking together, not as they had always done, with warm friendliness, but with anger in their voices. Brother Paige's tread, as he passed her door, sounded heavy and ominous. He had not stopped to greet her. When he had gone, Hebron went back to his little workroom and closed the door.

At last she could bear it no longer. She had gone to him. "Hebron, what has happened? What is wrong?"

"Brother Paige and I have been talking about the fence the elders plan to raise about the camp. He and I do not agree. Our people cannot be defended from evil by such material contraptions. But Brother Paige was very angry."

"Was that all?"

"No, Martha. There were other questions."

"Hebron, have they asked you to be tent-master again—or preach the Welcome?"

"No. Brother Paige called me a backslider. And it's true. I am not worthy."

"It's not true."

He took her hand and laid it against his cheek. "My little sister, my heart is its own judge. I have been a tinkling cymbal—a vain and foolish fellow, puffed up with my own righteousness. I have been found wanting."

She had cried out in bitter resentment, "She's done this to you."

"Don't set a mortal woman above God, Martha. This is God's doing."

If she could have told all this to Ellen as she had felt it! But the expression of deep feeling was difficult and indeed repugnant to her. She could only plead, "Don't hurt him, sister," and accept the pressure of this stranger woman's hand as reassurance.

"I have promised to be Hebron's wife, Martha. If he still wishes it, I shall keep my promise. And make no doubt of this—I shall be faithful."

Martha turned away from her and left the room like a puzzled, unsatisfied child.

He brought the Sea Bird into Holmes Hole and made his way on foot to Eastville. Walking in his clumsy sea boots was a heavy business and once, on a rise of land, he stopped to look backward over the lagoon. Its placid waters mirrored the sunset's flaming seas. So a prisoner, he thought wryly, released after many years, might look back at his prison, feeling as he did for this Island an aching tenderness of farewell. At least many years ago a frightened boy, masquerading as a confident and resolute man, had found here a point of stability in his shattered world. And here Jocelyn Caval, the man, would leave all of the world that mattered to him. By the time he reached his destination, the magic seas of light had faded. From the east a gray veil was hung, drawn slowly over the Island's face. But there were still no guests in Joss Caval's tavern. The whale-oil lamp, hanging from the rafters, was unlighted. He stood, quiet and frowning, until his eyes grew accustomed to the half-darkness.

Albert Potts' face made a white, aghast smear above the bar. "Hullo, guv'nor! I wasn't looking for you this early."

"I made a fast crossing. The wind and tide were with me."

"How's she coming, guv'nor?"

"She's all set."

"Is she a lovely?" The voice that had had a quality of near terror became half wistful and eager.

"A lovely," Joss Caval answered. He crossed the sawdust floor to his office. The door closed on him. The hunchback, behind the bar, stood for a long time, staring at it and listening.

Joss Caval found the room as he had left it, except for the dust that had gathered on his account books and papers. He pulled off the gloves that he still wore from habit and lit the lamp above his table and sat there. He smiled, faintly, at the ghost of Ellen Frosbie, backed up against the wall opposite him, armed with her invincible certainties, her unassailable virtue.

"You knew, didn't you," he said aloud, "that a good woman was a match for any devil?"

He pulled a sheet of paper toward him and began to write:

"This is my first letter to you. In my present capacity, as your lover, it will be my last. Tomorrow, toward dusk, with the tide I shall bring the Morning Star into Edgartown. I have some Island members of my crew to take aboard. At least, that is my excuse. Really, I want you to see her, Nell. Look out of your window. You cannot fail to recognize her, for there will be no other ship in the harbor. And at daybreak, with the tide, we shall set out. Watch her sails fill with a fair wind. It's one of the loveliest sights on God's high seas.

"We carry a mixed cargo to the Antilles, and after that we are to pick up what we can where we can. I've been given, by my owner, a free hand. My dear owner. For a time I was mystified by that ambiguous creature, masked by the quite incredible name of Smith. Would even a Smith outfit a derelict, full-rigged ship these puffing and panting days of steam and outfit her like a lady of quality set on great adventure? Would he call Joss Caval and Hunks Farquason to be her master and first mate?

"I thought at first that the Almighty, having a heart for His old seafarers, had taken a hand in the shipping business. But then the obvious explanation came to me. It was Miss Ellen Frosbie, of Concord, Massachusetts, busy putting His world and His creatures to rights for Him. No, I am not laughing at you, Nell; or if I am, it is to save myself from most unmanly tears.

"At first I was downright angry. I wanted to throw your busybodiness back in your lap. But then you've always been too much for me. Each time I've locked horns with you, I've come out of the encounter with a sore head and a battered heart. Besides, I recognized and respected your motive. Now, thinking of the Morning Star and Joss Caval pacing her quarter-deck, you should

---

Bachelor Smith had been invited to look at the newborn babe of friend Jones, and having forgotten the sex, delivered this opinion: "Well, well, but he's a fine little fellow, isn't she? How old is it now? Do her teeth bother him much? I hope he gets through its second summer all right. She looks like you, doesn't he? Everyone says it does." And then fled precipitately.

—ADOLPH DAVIDSON:
Here's a New One. (H. M. Caldwell Co.)

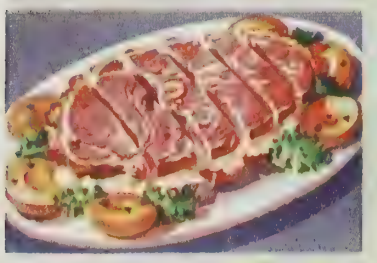




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When you come home triumphant, with some *Swift's Premium* Ham, you want to make its unequalled flavor go a long, long way. And you can do it, deliciously, with these recipes from Martha Logan, Swift's chief Home Economist. On the days when you can't get this most popular of hams, please remember that the demand for fine meat still greatly exceeds the supply.



HAM SANDWICH DE LUXE. Place well seasoned mashed potatoes between two thin slices of ham. Stick with cloves; top with brown sugar. Bake in a mod. oven (350°F.) for about 1 hr. Last 15 min. add peach halves studded with cloves. Cut baked "ham sandwich" into 6 pieces before serving. (Or serve 2 pan-fried slices of ham with a mashed potato filling.)



SAVORY SUPPER. To ½ lb. cooked noodles add 1½ c. well-seasoned white sauce, ¼ c. diced green pepper and 1 c. diced, cooked carrots. Pour into casserole. Top with thin ham slice cut into 6 wedges. Broil, 3 inches from heat, for about 10 min. Turn, brush with milk, and broil until brown, about 10 min. (Serves 6)



SOMETHING "DIFFERENT". Cut an eggplant in half lengthwise. Scoop out pulp and chop. Combine with about 2 c. cubed cooked or raw ham, 1 c. tomatoes, 2 tbsp. chopped onion, 1 egg, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 c. cooked rice, and 1 tsp. salt. Heat. Pour into eggplant shells. Top with ½ c. buttered crumbs; bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour. (Serves 5)



*THE HAM THAT'S BROWN-SUGAR-CURED

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For 50 years its quality has been rigidly maintained! Remember, blue label *for easy cooking;* red label, *ready to eat.*

(Continued from Page 57)

"A bitch. I told her so to her face. Not so much as a blush of proper shame. 'That's as may be,' she says. 'But do me one kindness. Find Mr. Allyn for me. Ask him to come to me at once.' So, like a proper gen'leman's gen'leman, I goes chasing after you. And I'd go along, if I was you, your Reverence. There'll be something in the wind tonight—a four-master, with the best men of the Island to trim her sheets. She'll go out with the tide. But Albert Potts stays here."

He had been drinking, Hebron thought scornfully. Hebron turned Bess about and Albert, the Runt, pulled his own flea-bitten mare alongside of him.

"I'm going your way. Let's make a race of it!"

Hebron Allyn kicked Bess' fat, unaccustomed flanks and the old mare broke into a clumsy, headlong gallop. Behind him Hebron heard the thud of the pursuing hoofs. The sounds grew fainter. By the time Hebron reached the outskirts of the town, he had shaken himself free of them. In fact, his pursuer had long since rolled out of his saddle, twisted by agony into unconsciousness.

Change had come to the old Hooker house. The door hung open. Luggage had been piled up, as though in haste, in the hallway. The parlor was empty of all but its forlorn and dusty trophies. To Hebron, not given to vain imaginings, they made their silent, pitiful appeal.

"Ellen!" he called. "Martha!"

No one answered. Like a frightened boy he ran up the stairs, two steps at a time, to Ellen Frosbie's bedroom, whose door likewise stood carelessly open.

Martha sat by the empty hearth, her hands clenched in her lap, great tears rolling down her cheeks. She saw him and sprang up and flung herself against his breast. "Thank God you have come. You must save her! You must not be too angry. She is not really bad—only wickedly misled."

He put her gently from him. "What is all this, Ellen?"

She stood by the window overlooking the harbor. Her gray traveling cloak and her mittens and a little gray bonnet, bright with red roses, lay on the chair beside her. It was strange that in the midst of all this spiritual turmoil she should be a core of peace. She turned to Hebron and reluctantly, almost fearfully, he came over to her and saw what had brought that look of delight and wonder to her eyes. A four-master, fresh-painted, with new white sails, half furled, lay beneath them, serenely at anchor.

"She is beautiful, isn't she, Hebron?"

"Maybe. I'm no seaman, Ellen. Who is she?"

"She is called the Morning Star."

"Why did you send that man for me?"

"To tell you that I am sailing tonight."

"No, Ellen—tomorrow—surely ——"

"Tonight, with her and her master, Jocelyn Caval."

"You don't know what you are saying."

"You're trying not to believe. But you must!"

He asked, in an undertone, fearing to lose control over his voice, "What has this man done to you?"

"He has not asked me to go with him. He does not even know."

"Are you quite shameless? He has bewitched you. You have forgotten all decency—even that he has a lawful wife."

"I have not forgotten. I shall belong to him unlawfully, but justly."

"Words! Words!" he cried out in despairing scorn. "If you have no thought for yourself and your own salvation, at least have mercy on those whom you will make to suffer."

"I have thought of you, Hebron. Dear Martha thinks I am cruel to you. Indeed, I would have been glad to have been more gentle—less sudden. I have known for a long time that I loved Jocelyn Caval. But until an hour ago I did not know my duty to him."

"Duty! Ellen, you dare to use that word?"

"Jocelyn Caval shall not be sacrificed again if I can help it," she said. "Whatever justice there is, we can only know it by whatever light we have within ourselves."

"And what light," he demanded, "has been vouchsafed to that violent and wicked man and to you ——"

"Were you about to call me a bad woman, Hebron?" She picked up her mittens and began to draw them on. Aghast and incredulous, he watched her precise, fastidious movements. "I have been called that once already," she went on—"only an hour or so ago, by a poor, hunchbacked fellow. He called me names that I will not repeat to you. They would shock you. They did not shock me. They were the truth." She broke off for a moment, remembering.

The Runt had lurched closer to her, spitting his rage and grief and shame into her face. "Between us we've mucked him up—we've broken him. Why, the devil knows. What got into you, my pretty lady? What made me take his trollop and beget that bastard for him? I don't know. P'r'aps the pain got me. P'r'aps I was soused. I ain't making excuses. You make 'em. You hitched him to that scum for life. And I didn't raise a finger. If I had, he'd have kicked me out. And I loved him, see? He was all I had. Well, I'm kicked out. I'm done for. I ain't got no one and he's got no one. That's what me and you have done to him between us."

She had seen tears run down that dreadful, broken face.

She went on steadily: "I had my reasons, Hebron—my excuses. You would accept them. He would have none of them. He made me see them for what they were. I had told myself that I was saving a hapless human being from a lifetime of namelessness and shame, and Jocelyn Caval himself from sin. I used up all the pious platitudes. But the truth was too much for them. It made what I had done foolish and contemptible. The child died, Hebron. But, had it lived, no law in heaven or on earth could have made it Jocelyn Caval's child. He knows that now. But it was not he who told me. Even in this letter—my first love letter—he does not reproach me. That, I think you will admit, was generous and fine in him. But now I do know that I made myself a party to a lie. I condoned a crime against him and myself. I was its accessory. Now it is for me to do us justice."

Hebron halted his distracted pacing. It seemed to him that a light had broken on his bewildered despair of her. She, who was about to sin violently and dreadfully, did not look sinful. He came to her and put his hands on her shoulders.

"Ellen, I think I understand, even if I cannot condone. You are yielding to a false romanticism."

"I am yielding to my good sense." She added implacably, "And to my heart."

"You cannot save this man."

"We shall save each other. Or we shall be lost together."

"But I have your promise. I invoke it, not for my sake, but for yours—to save you."

"Some promises are like some marriages. There is no virtue in them."

"And what you do to me," he pleaded, "does that mean nothing to you?" He cried out in sudden abandonment to grief, "I have lost God. Must I lose you too?" He saw tears come into her eyes. But there was no comfort in them. They sprang, he knew, from a grieving but unfaltering resolution.

"I never loved you, Hebron. But how should I have known? A Christian gentlewoman is not taught the nature of love between men and women. But I did not wish to hurt you. One day soon you will find a new way to God—a better one, Hebron, that may bring you closer to Him than you have ever been. For you truly love Him and He must love you too. And someone else, whom you can love in peace and quiet, will travel with you."

His frantic heart protested, *Never! Never!* and, as though she had heard it, she shook her head.

"For a while you will grieve for me. But sooner or later you will be grateful that you were saved"—she hesitated and a faint, elusive smile crossed her face and was gone—"from a self-willed, unmanageable woman."

She drew herself free from his hands and he felt that the last bond between them had been gently broken.

Ellen said, "I am going away with Jocelyn Caval, because I think it right, and because I love him. Let me go my way in peace, Hebron."

He did something unpremeditated and unaccountable. He laid her cloak about her shoulders. It was a sort of Godspeed, and her eyes, meeting his for the last time, were misty.

"Thank you, Hebron," she said.

Daylight exposed the house's ruin and defeat to her half-contemptuous, half-uneasy wonder. So this was the place that Joss Caval had kept clean of her, these rooms whose faded wallpapers were already stained with mildew, and whose half-drawn curtains hung in tatters. She pulled them roughly apart, letting in a shaft of western sunshine. This, she guessed, had been Joss' room. With a savage thrust of pain and anger she recognized the imprint of his queer, stern orderliness. Here was nothing but the bleak necessities for living.

She scowled and resumed her journey of exploration. Next door was the big master's bedroom. She supposed that it had belonged to the madwoman, Joss' mother.



". . . And just what makes you think I speak to strange men?"

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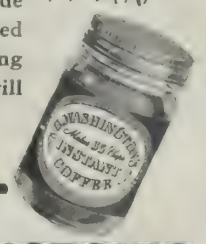
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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

ADORNS YOUR SKIN WITH

The Gentle Ones

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

They walk always with a breaking at the knee,
Their hands are scarred and broken by the sea,
Their faces are as hard as granite stones,
But they have gentleness built in their bones.
Between the teeth of ledges they have been broken,
Yet of all men they are the gentlest-spoken,
They do not lift their voices when they speak
Though gales have made a hollow of each cheek.

They are the men who set the lobster traps
In sudden death's and winter's very laps,
Who fight their way to home through scud in small
Boats where schooners came not home at all.
Under their keels their fathers' bones are whitening,
They handle ice and loneliness and lightning
And come home from where roaring blizzards blow
And speak as soft as first fall of the snow.

These are men who make but little noise,
Their women think of them as little boys
As they gentle them to food and bed,
They go quiet with age white on their head.
They are men good to hold the baby
And teach it gentleness and quiet maybe,
Good men to have in the kitchen rocking chair,
Never in the way, just handsomely there.

These who have broken ice floes with their prows
Are the tender milkers of the cows,
They stand up to the north wind like a ram
But bow their heads and soothe the newborn lamb.
I think it is the weather teaches them
To blossom like the wild rose on a stem
Barbed with thorns. They learn from Maine's brief suns
The strong ones are always the gentle ones.

Carly cautiously opened the bureau drawers and great yawning cupboards, crammed with women's clothes. Gnawed by moths and wilted by the Island's fogs, there was enough good material left to fit her out like a fine lady. One of the dresses was even grand enough to excite an immediate childish impulse. She stripped and slipped herself into the close-fitting white bodice and billowing skirts. Stumbling and laughing, she went over to the long mirror.

By now evening had begun its stealthy invasion of the house. Night would follow fast, and in her intense preoccupation she had not prepared against it. The candles on the mantelshelf had guttered in their sockets. Shadows that had hung waiting in the far corners of the room had begun to close in about her. For one sickening moment she believed that a woman's face—mad and vengeful—was reflected beside hers in the mirror's surface. In sudden, headlong panic she fled down the dark stairs to the kitchen which, because Maria Pia had loved it, had retained, against the encroaching odors of emptiness and decay, a certain austere sweetness.

Carly found an oil lamp, trimmed and full, and lighted it. At once she felt easier. The shadows retreated before the widening circle of warm gold. She crossed the passage to the living room where hung the tall portrait of Joss Caval's father. Even though the fellow was dressed grandly and was fair-skinned and ruddy-haired, she recognized him. Joss had his full good-humored mouth and the same eyes.

Queer, she reflected, how the eyes of a portrait followed you, no matter where you put yourself. Half out of animal high spirits, half from uneasiness, she played a game with this grand gentleman. She tried to elude him. But he would neither let her go nor follow her.

Suddenly she lost her temper. There was a half-filled inkstand on a writing table and she snatched it up, flung it with all her strength. The ink ran down the watchful, faintly amused face.

It was then that the house, hithert deathly silent, made its first murmured pro test. She whirled about, holding her breath All old houses, she told herself, creaked lik that. But she was beginning to regret he own impetuous greed. She should have waited over at the shack till things had quieted down, maybe—till whatever haunte this house grew tired of waiting for her. A least she could close the door. She could lock it. She'd be safe then.

She was too late. One moment the door way had been a gaping hole of black noth ingness. The next it was alive and stirrin with the misshapen body of a man—a white dreadful face.

They did not speak. There was no need o speech between them. With a deepened rage, she realized that in all her clumsy calculations she had overlooked this littl monster. She should have remembered hi hatred of her and the strength of his broke body. Well, she was strong too. She sidled closer to him, grinning as though in lecher ous provocation, and in the moment whe his eyes rose involuntarily to meet those o the portrait, watching them, she sprang a him.

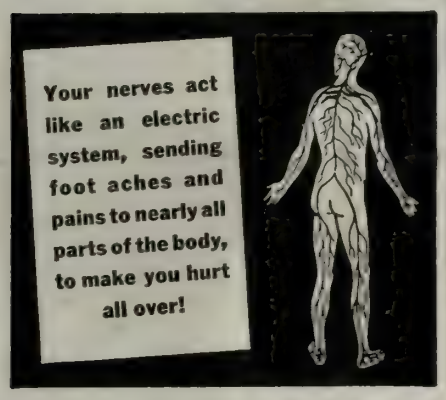
They lurched back and forth across th distracted room, their ears deafened wit agony-torn breath, with the wrench an groan of their straining muscles. They struc the table, and then, raging and triumphant she knew she had him. With all her weigh she forced him back against the table's edge She heard a sharp crack of a bone and th scream that leaped out like a wild beast fron between his gaping teeth and dug its fang into the fabric of her brain. She fell awa from him.

She did not see his huge hand fumble be hind him for the lamp and, with a last effort close on it. She saw nothing till the ligh exploded in her face and the fire ran dow her screaming body. It licked up the lac and silk of her fine lady's dress, spilled ou about her in a great leaping pool of red an yellow, raced up the dark stairs like a roa ing, demented spirit to the open hatchwa

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that led to Captain Cavalho's walk, and there rose—free and exultant—in a tossing, flaming banner against the stars.

Jocelyn Caval leaned against the rail of his quarter-deck and looked over the waters from which the brilliant reflections of evening had faded into a gray and profound melancholy. He heard the splash of oars and afterward remembered that he had listened to them with an unreasoning intentness. Then the sounds ceased. He heard footsteps behind him, and Hunks' rusty voice.

"There's a woman asking to come aboard, sir. Claims she's sailing with us."

Jocelyn Caval turned. He knew that it caused the old whaleman a sour amusement to call him "sir." The fellow was grinning. And suddenly he saw Jocelyn Caval's eyes flash in the light of a mast lamp, and the white gleam of his teeth. He took a great thwack between the shoulders.

"Maybe we're in luck, Hunks," Joss Caval said. "Maybe our owner's come aboard."

He ran sure-footed as a goat from his raised quarter-deck to the waist rail. He was just in time. It was his hands that reached down into the dark and caught Ellen Frosbie and drew her up the ladder from the sluggishly stirring boat.

"What is this, Nell? Have you tossed your bonnet, roses and all, over the windmill?"

She made the last perilous step and stood beside him, close to him, a little breathless, but composed and smiling. "Over the stars," she said.

Mother returned from her bridge party to be greeted gaily by Young Hopeful. "Mother, we've had the grandest time! We played postman and gave a letter to every lady in the street."

"But where did you get the letters, darling?"

"Oh, we found 'em in your trunk in the attic, tied up with pink ribbon!" —D. JENKINS: Toasts and After Dinner Speeches. (Penn Pub. Co.)

For sheer joy, Hunks Farquason climbed to the masthead and, bracing himself in the crow's-nest, faced northward. The ship's great sails filled soft and round as the cheeks of cherubs. The royals, he noted, had a curious ruddy glow as from a dying sun or some monstrous but distant fire. But to make sure he would have to turn landward. And he had done with the land. Lovely and sweet was the surge of the living ship under his feet. Somewhere in the dark beneath him he guessed that the master and his woman stood together, seeing what he saw—the seas of the world unrolling endlessly before them.

Let them have their happiness, he thought. Happiness was a good cargo. Suddenly he filled his old lungs and let out a great bellow of exaltation. "Ho! Ho!" he shouted to the ship. "Ho, the fair wind!"

Jocelyn and Ellen heard him. They were passing close to the bluffs and Hebron Allyn heard the cry, too, like the last hail of a departing but undefeated age of men. Kneeling on the empty shore, Hebron watched the great white ship glide past him, outward bound. Whither it went, whether it would reach its far-off goal or founder, he might never know. Behind him lay the Grove. Its dark circle was quiet now. Tomorrow it would echo with a thousand voices glorifying God. But his voice would not be among them. He felt strangely emptied of sorrow. He was without anger and without judgment. He was like a once-defeated traveler, setting out anew on a great quest, stripped of all but his faith and his love and compassion for those who by their own brave and separate paths would travel with him. He raised his hand to the passing phantom in blessing and farewell.

(THE END)

Are you in the know?



Do this often, if you're addicted to—

- ☐ *Tantrums*
- ☐ *Booking blues*
- ☐ *Hickey trouble*

You can drown *all three* sorrows (above)—in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes; improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hickeys . . . boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. To help you stay sweet and dainty, *Kotex now contains a deodorant.* Yes! Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. It's a new Kotex "extra"!



To use silver correctly, would you—

- ☐ *Start from the outside*
- ☐ *Start from the inside*
- ☐ *Catch as catch can*

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you choose the poise-preserving sanitary napkin . . . Kotex. Truth is, Kotex gives you confidence through *comfort.* Because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no roping, no wadding up, with Kotex.

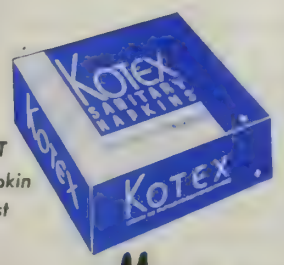


If he stood you up last night—

- ☐ *Should you blow your top*
- ☐ *Be a tearful earful*
- ☐ *Bide your time*

Tears or temper won't teach him. Bide your time 'til he calls again, then give out with the brush-off. Keeping calm wins many a victory . . . over "calendar" jitters, too. With Kotex, see how serenely you can sail through difficult days! For you're sure the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. Unlike thick, blunt napkins, those patented flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines...and you'll feel secure with the *extra* protection of Kotex' special *safety center!*

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Vegetable Medley (canned)
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Marbled Parfait (packaged chocolate pudding and top milk)

***Quick Kabobs.** Flavorful follow-up to your lead-off with old-fashioned Lipton's! Cut contents of 12-oz. can spiced luncheon meat into cubes. Slice 3 tomatoes and 2 onions (or use 15 whole stuffed olives). Place meat, tomato, and onion or olives alternately on each skewer. Broil under medium flame about 10 minutes, turning twice to brown evenly. Be sure to keep the fixin's for this supper handy on your pantry shelf. Plus some *extra* Lipton's Noodle Soup to start *any* meal in style!



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By Dawn Crowell

. . . to match your suit, to brighten up your fall coat, to add glamour to your dinner costume. This year your new fall bag can come from a yard or less of material, and you can make it yourself! Bright colors are pretty in shoulder bags or drawstrings. A basic bag of stitched faille or taffeta can have one slip cover in satin, another in tweed! A plaid shoulder bag has a pair of tailored gloves with matching cuffs to co-ordinate your costume. Here are five designs for fall. Choose the ones that will go with your personal wardrobe—and send to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for patterns to make them.



Wool shoulder bag, open pockets on each side; cuffs for gloves. 2183, 5c.



Oval-shaped bag with overarm strap. 2184, 5c.



Important drawstring in a heavy wool plaid. 2185, 5c.



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Brilliant check with plain wool for a drawstring shoulder bag. 2187, 5c.



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We net our cod in the cold, cold Atlantic; speed them to port. There, within 4 hours, they are cleaned, boned, washed, filleted, and Quick-Frozen! And note well: we do ALL the work! You have only to revel in fish at its tastiest best.



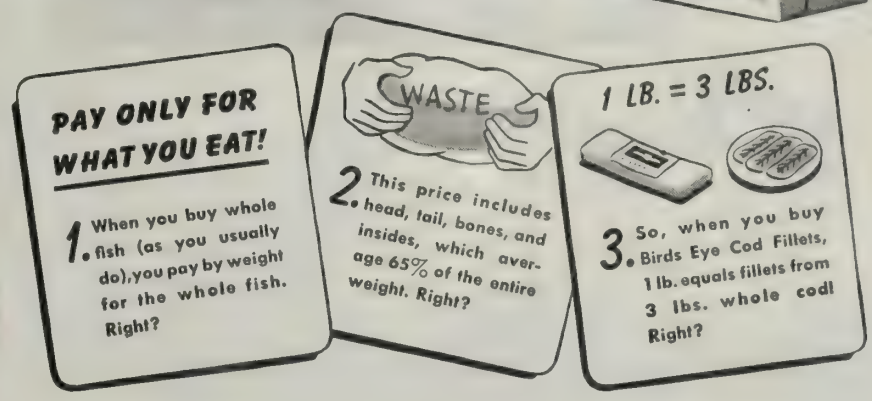
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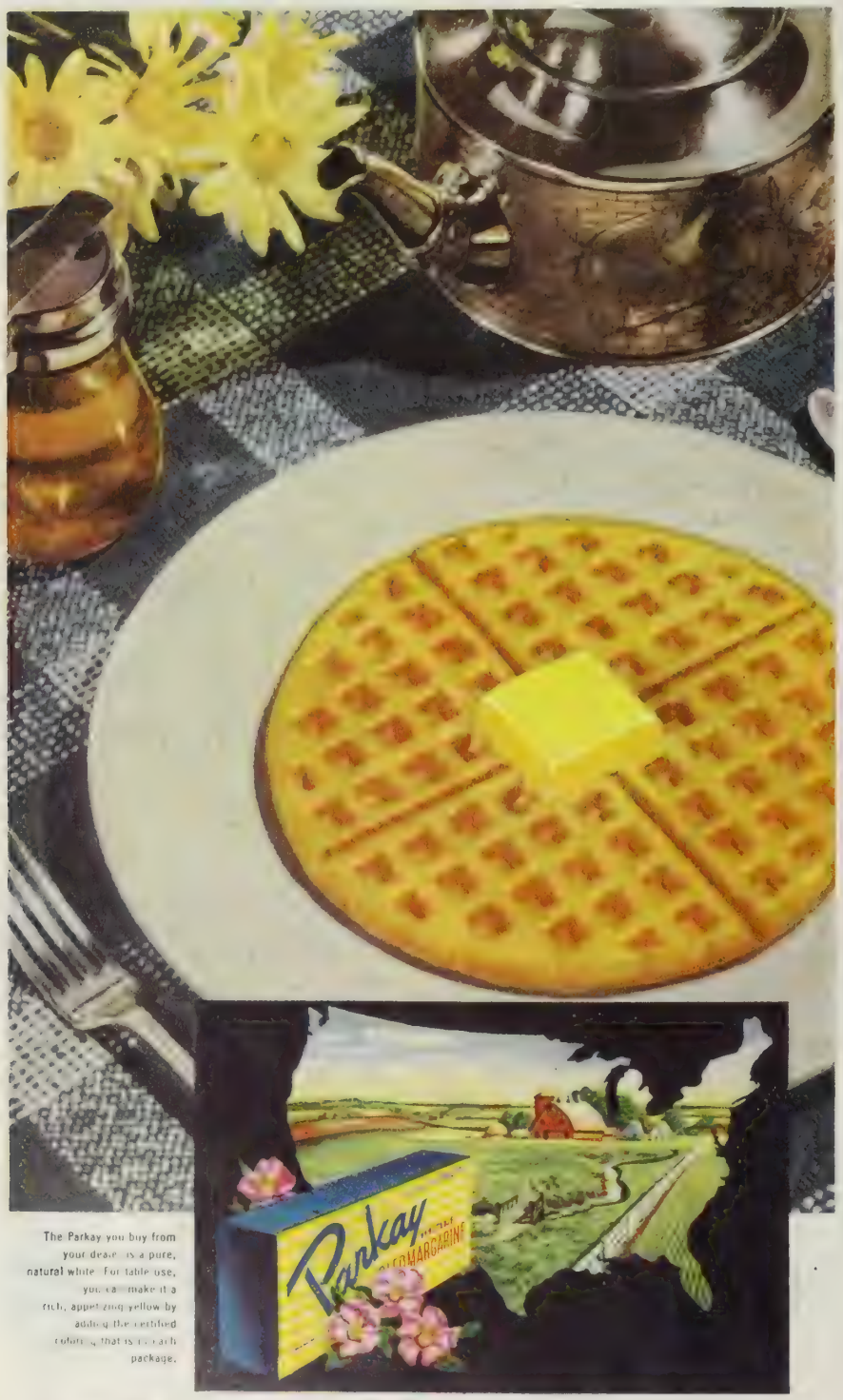
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"Oh! oh! What've I done now?"
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"Price ceilings and rationing hold the lid on the cost of living. Buy only what you need—pay only ceiling prices," says The Great Gildersleeve.

Millions prefer *Parkay* to any other brand!

SEVENTEENTH SUMMER

(Continued from Page 18)

I didn't know, I told him. I would have to ask my mother first.

"Go ask her now," he urged.

"Oh, I can't do that!" I could hear my mother upstairs running the vacuum cleaner. "Now's not such a good time to ask, but I'll tell you by one o'clock," I promised, trying not to be too eager. "I'll try to fix it and if you'll call me then I can let you know."

"I'll call you at one, then, and let's skip the bakery goods for today. Please try to go. No girl has ever been out in our boat before. Something kind of special."

That was the first time I ever really talked to Jack. When I went back into the garden to get my shoes I noticed how the little tomato plants seemed to be straightening in the sun. And there were small paper-thin blossoms on the new pea plants.

My mother always lies down in the afternoon—at least, she has for the past three years, anyway. Right after lunch she went upstairs as always. Out on the side lawn in the shade of the house Kitty was sewing doll clothes and talking to herself in a quiet, little-girl singsong. Already our street had settled into the quiet of afternoon. I'd have to ask my mother soon, for I knew that in a few moments she would be asleep.

Outside her bedroom door I paused. I pushed open the door gently and swallowed hard. "Mom," I ventured, "a boy asked me for a date tonight. He'll come over first and you can meet him. They're nice people—he plays basketball and his father owns the DeLuxe Bakery." I rushed the words without stopping, before she could say no.

Rolling over toward the wall and nuzzling her head into the pillow, she asked sleepily, "What's his name?"

"Jack Duluth."

"Duluth as in Minnesota?" Lorraine called out. She was in her own room down the hall, taking the curlers out of her hair.

"Mom," I said quietly, trying to keep the impatience out of my voice, "can I go or can't I?"

"See what your sister thinks," she answered. "I suppose it's all right if you're home early."

It had been as easy as that and my heart was beating fast as I closed the door softly behind me, while downstairs the telephone rang. It was Jack.

We walked out to the lake, he and I. It was about half past seven in the evening and the summer sky was still brushed red with the sun. "Looks like ostrich feathers on fire," Jack had said. We had cut through our back garden and through two empty lots and then crossed the highway between our house and the lake. Jack had held the barbed wire of the fence apart for me to crawl through and we went into the field behind the boathouses. "This is my own special short cut," I remember his saying. "I like it better this way than walking through the park."

Directly beyond was a broad gravel drive and then the gray-and-white boathouses. It was early in the season and many of the houses were still padlocked shut from the winter. Between them the little waves slop-slopped against the heavy wooden piles.

"Swede said he'd have the boat out by the steps of the Big Hole," Jack told me.

The Big Hole was built by the city a few years ago to harbor small boats against the sudden vicious squalls that come up so quickly on Lake Winnebago. It's bordered on one side by the boathouses, on the other by a shrub-edged drive and on a third by the Point with a tall, white lighthouse on the end. Over on the right the water sloshes into a mass of treacherous water reeds and thick seaweeds.

I saw Swede bending over in the boat arranging canvas. Jack whistled at him shrilly through his teeth and Swede straightened and waved. "You'll like Swede," Jack told me. "Some girls think he's kind of fast, but I told him to be nice to you." Swede was



"leftovers?

I dress them up with FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE"

Frankfurter Vegetable Casserole: Cook ½ cup minced onion until tender in 2 tablespoons shortening. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour—add 1½ cups canned tomatoes; 1 tablespoon French's Worcestershire. Bring to boil, lightly stir in 1½ cups cooked leftover vegetables, add salt to taste. Pour over 4 split franks arranged in 1 qt. casserole. Top with bread crumbs. Bake in 350° F. oven ½ hour. Serves 3-4.



TOP-NOTCH QUALITY AT *half* the price

MAESTROS OF THE SALAD BOWL



Put lump of ice in bowl. Add teaspoonful dry mustard, mixing with melting ice. Slowly pour in olive oil and continue to stir in one direction. After oil and mustard are blended completely, add lemon juice, salt and pepper to suit taste.

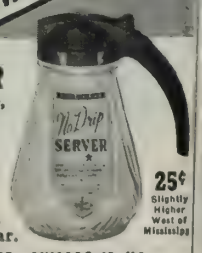
TONY'S of 52ND STREET

• The world's great on stage and screen are loyal to Tony Soma, whose French Dressing has made him world-famous.

Make a truly great French Dressing with genuine, pure Pompeian Olive Oil. Enjoy Pompeian Olive Oil's hauntingly different taste. Pompeian Olive Oil Corp., Baltimore 24, Md.

POMPEIAN
Great Name in Olive Oil

NO DRIP NO SPILL NO WASTE
PROTECT YOUR TABLE AND LINENS



with this handy FEDERAL
DRIPLESS SERVER
Smart, practical for syrup, honey, cream, salad dressing, etc. Ideal refrigerator container . . . avoids contamination and odor. Easy to clean. Plastic top and slide; 14-oz. glass jar.

FEDERAL *Practical* HOUSEWARES

25¢ Slightly Higher West of Mississippi

Mfd. by FEDERAL TOOL CORP., CHICAGO 12, ILL.
AT DEPARTMENT, HARDWARE, 5¢ to $1 STORES



The sugar house stands right among the maple trees so the sugar can be made from freshly gathered sap.

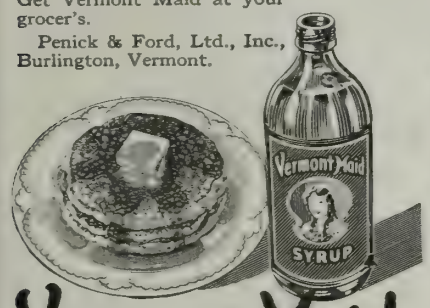
Taste this real maple sugar flavor

The flavor of real maple sugar is a heart-warming and unforgettable treat. And that's the flavor we give you in Vermont Maid Syrup!

First, we choose maple sugar with a full, rich flavor. Then, by skillfully blending it with a combination of cane sugar and other sugars, we enhance the maple flavor—make it richer . . . more delicious.

You get a uniform, real maple sugar flavor every time you pour our Vermont Maid Syrup on your pancakes or waffles.
Get Vermont Maid at your grocer's.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.



Vermont Maid
Syrup



SAVE . . . AND END IT SOONER!

Put every spare dollar into War Bonds! Safeguard your country's future . . . and yours! Keep up the good work in the kitchen, too! Buy wisely, conserve, wrap daily left-overs in WAXTEX!

WAXTEX
HEAVY WAXED PAPER
Marathon Corporation, Menasha, Wisconsin



rather fat with blond kinky hair and had on a very tight, very clean white sweat shirt.

"Hello," he called. And when we got up to the boat, "You're Angie Morrow, aren't you? I thought maybe at the last minute you wouldn't be able to come. Jack said he thought maybe your mother might not want you to go sailing," and he grinned.

"Everything's all right so long as we get her home by eleven," Jack told him. "We won't go out far—just until we find the moon."

In the Big Hole the wind barely wrinkled the water with waves. We moved slowly at first—Swede back in the stern and Jack and I sitting in the bow—until we had passed through the narrow space between the lighthouse and the breakwater.

"Are you comfortable?" Jack asked. "If you get chilly, say so and you can put my sweater on."

I just nodded. It was too lovely to talk. The boat rose and fell gently as it topped the waves. Swede was letting out the sail and the loose canvas flapped in the wind. Occasionally the greenish water slapped hard against the side of the boat and sent spray over the edge.

"Here," said Jack. "We'll put this canvas over your legs—no sense in your getting wet. You're a good scout, do you know that? Lots of girls are scared to go out in boats."

"I love it," I told him. He was sitting almost on the point of the bow with his red-and-white basketball sweater tied around his neck by the sleeves and a light wind was ruffling his hair from behind.

I sighed and he said to me, "You're not cold, are you? Remember, just say the word and the sweater's yours. I really brought it along for you—I never get cold myself." Leaning over, he put it around my shoulders and I remember thinking when he was so close how much he smelled like toilet soap.

We were sailing in silence for a long time and way up in the sky, past the boathouses, was pasted a thin tissue-paper curve of moon. Swede had hung a lantern that swung in the darkness on his end of the boat and it flicked red light over the tops of the waves. Just then he finished a cigarette and flipped it out over the water. We were far out by that time. It was very still. I looked back at Jack and he was sitting with his head thrown back, gazing at the sky. Far beyond him was only the darkness of the lake. The wind blew lightly, brushing through my hair.

Next Month

"I met your mother in London," John said, "and she's well and fine."

Ellen faced him, furious, "Why, you sneak—you dirty sneak! Who asked you to look into my business?"

He took hold of both her wrists. "You little hypocrite!"

●She was not a sweet girl—she knew exactly how to get what she wanted. And what she wanted was a husband to take her away from her cockney background. Complete in the November JOURNAL, a story by an exciting new writing team.

This World Will be Mine

BY MARY LOOS AND WALTER DURANTY



Miracle at Midnight

BREATHLESS . . . you unmask!
He takes you in his arms.
A searchlight pierces your secret heart . . .
and plain as day you see love walk
right in. He whispers that
it's *you* he wants forever and ever.
Lovely as you are tonight.

FOR this enchanted moment you've
cherished the sweet fair smoothness of
your complexion with Woodbury—
made for the skin alone. Daily you've
taken your Woodbury Facial Cocktail . . .
mild, gentle cleansing for fine
textured skin. *Naturally* you were
lovely when love walked in!

WOODBURY
10¢
FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH



How quick are your children to answer?

Mother, have you ever stopped to think how large a part food plays in your child's ability to use his mind?

Do you know it is harder for children to study, and be their brightest and smartest, when they are not well nourished?

Indeed, the mind is so much the servant of the body that the way you feed your children can affect their standing in school.

Your problem would be easy if you could always get them to eat what was best for them. But they are contrary little people. They are persuaded to eat many things that are "good for them" only after a lot of argument.

And you don't have much time to argue at breakfast. Yet you know how necessary it is to get a good breakfast into them. Some people say it's the most important meal of the day. Medical and nutritional authorities urge that children get *one third of their entire daily nourishment at the morning meal.*

So wouldn't it be wonderful if you didn't have to argue? Wouldn't it be a relief to see your children wade into a big bowlful of hot cereal and enjoy every spoonful of it?

Try this! Buy a package of Post's Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal. Serve it to your children tomorrow morning. They'll love its enriched flavor. And they'll go to school fortified with just about the most nourishing breakfast you can give them—*whole-grain nourishment.*

For the nourishment *nature* puts in wheat is left in this delicious, nut-brown, whole-grain hot cereal.



The vitamins, minerals, and rich food value that nature develops in such abundance are in each bowlful of Post's Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal.

And you won't have to urge your children to eat it. For here is something new in cereal goodness. Nature gives it full nourishment. So we enriched its flavor.

Yes, *enriched* it! The natural, nut-like flavor of the grain is made better still by the addition of a golden-sweet syrup.

As the grain and syrup are roasted and toasted together, their flavors mingle, creating a delightful new flavor that children (and their parents, too) say is wonderfully good.

And one more bit of pleasant news—it's so easy to prepare. For Post's Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal cooks in just three minutes.

Won't you put it on your grocery list right now?



For small babies, too . . . Many baby specialists now recommend a heartier, livelier-tasting cereal, such as Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, for very young children. They also suggest a *brown* cereal, such as Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, for the pleasing contrast it makes with the milk.

CHILD OR ADULT—THE MIND WORKS BEST WHEN THE BODY IS WELL NOURISHED

(Continued from Page 66)

toward shore. Swede nodded and pulled at the ropes. The sail billowed out and swooped down toward the waves as the boat swung around to face the lighthouse. Little waves lipped over the sides and sloshed under the crossboards on the bottom. "Don't get scared," Jack said. "It's a little rough, but Swede can hold it."

I pulled the canvas tighter around my legs and the wind blew my hair around my face. Off in the north, thunder rumbled and sharp lightning slit the sky. It took us almost an hour to reach shore.

"If you kids want to start home before the rain it's all right with me," yelled Swede against the wind. "I'll put the boat up."

"Thanks," said Jack. "I'll stop round to see you on the route tomorrow. Put my sweater on again, Angie. It's still chilly," and he pulled it down over my head. "Come on, we'll take the park road home."

"Good night, Swede," I called back. "Thank you, and I'm very glad I met you. I hope I see you again sometime."

Swede was running down the sail and it was flapping wetly in the wind. He didn't hear me.

"Don't worry, Angie," Jack said. "You'll see him again."

My dog Kinkee ran out to meet us as we came up the walk. There was one lamp lit on the corner table in the living room and the light shone out onto the walk. The trees on the lawn were bending in the wind and the air was full of the damp, fishy smell of water that always blows in from Lake Winnebago just before a storm.

"Here's your sweater, Jack," I said and pulled it off over my head. His hand touched mine as he took it and I kept my fingers there for a moment, thrilled by my own daring.

"I'm afraid I have to go, too, now," he said, but I waited. He had flung his sweater around his shoulders and tied the sleeves in a knot and then we both just stood without saying anything. You can't ask a boy, "When will I see you again?" or "Will I *ever* see you again?" I had meant to find out from my sisters what fellows usually say when they leave. I thought maybe I should tell him I had liked the boat or that it had been a pleasant sail or something, but all those words seemed silly. Already the first drops of rain were spotting the cement sidewalk dark. "It's raining," Jack said and held out his hand to see if he could feel the drops. "Good night, Angie. You'd better get in the house quick. I've got to run for it." He turned and cut across the front lawn with his sweater over his head.

And that was the first night.

I woke early the next morning—so early that the first flaming slashes of dawn were just beginning to be reflected pinkly on my bedroom wall. For a long time I lay in a warm, sleepy haze, looking at the alarm clock and knowing it was too early to get up and yet not wanting to go back to sleep again.

In the brightness of the morning, last night didn't seem quite real—as if it had been a movie which I had sat and watched but of which I had not really been a part. It could hardly have been me who felt almost beautiful just because wind was fingering through my hair and the moon was thin like a piece of sheer yellow silk. I knew in a little while I would be getting up and putting on blue denim slacks and eating cereal at the table beside the kitchen window and dusting window sills and talking to my mother about garden flowers and what to have for dinner. There would be no more of the exquisite uncertainty of last night, no queer, tingling awe at the newness of the feeling, and no strange, filling satisfaction out of just being alive. All that was last night because it *was* night and because it was the first boy I had really been out with.

Maybe, I thought to myself, *if I were to see Jack this morning in the bright sunlight his eyebrows might be scraggly or his face might be pale and silly. What if he tells every girl she looks pretty with her hair blowing around her face? And what if I didn't look pretty at all and it was just because there was no one else around and nothing else to say?*

It might be that he would never call me again and I would spend the rest of the summer evenings going for rides with my mother and father and lying in bed trying to repiece that night in the boat and wondering where I could have failed. Maybe if I got up quickly everything would be all right and I would forget. *It could be,* I thought, *that I am still sleeping a little and holding a nice dream by the tail so it won't get away.* But I knew that even getting up quickly wouldn't help, that it was something that had nothing to do with waking or sleeping. Something that would be there all the time.

About seven o'clock I heard my mother's bed creak across the hall and I heard her open my door softly and look in. Quickly I shut my eyes and sighed as if I were asleep. She went into the bathroom then to get washed, and soon the morning noises began. There was the water running in the kitchen sink and the sound of five plates, four coffee cups and one glass of milk being set on the table. The smell of freshly made coffee drifted upstairs and made me start thinking wide-awake, daytime thoughts. I could see in my mind just how it would be. My sister Lorraine would be sitting at one side of the table and my sister Margaret on the other. Margaret would be rushing to get to work and Lorraine would be in her house coat, all ready except to put her make-up on.

I got out of bed then and went downstairs. Just before I went into the kitchen I stopped and pinched my cheeks to make the muscles relax. My face felt stiff and unnatural. I had a queer feeling that when I sat down at the breakfast table I might not be able to eat at all. I might just look at everyone drinking their morning coffee and then suddenly blurt out foolishly, "I like a boy. And I never knew it would be like this!"

But that wasn't quite what happened. Lorraine was standing by the kitchen stove in her house coat, curling her hair with the curling iron—she had just washed it the night before.

(Continued on Page 71)

Better Light for Better Sight and Greater Safety

As winter approaches and the days become shorter, more light is needed in homes. Good lighting protects eyes and prevents accidents. Well-lighted stairways, entrances and halls will help to prevent many of the more than 15,000 fatal falls which occur annually in homes.

A night light is an important safety feature. A low-wattage bulb plugged into a convenience outlet in the bedroom or hall will provide sufficient illumination for safe passageway at night. Light switches near entrances to rooms are an important factor.

Not seeing well may mean an accident in the performing of many household tasks, such as using the sewing machine, washing machine, electrical tools and electrical equipment.

Every slice the same sunny gold

New G-E Toaster does it *automatically!*

Pops toast up, *or* keeps it warm inside till wanted!

Exclusive snap-in crumb tray!

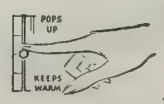


You're going to love General Electric's sparkling new Automatic Toaster! It's as pretty as its picture, and it works like a charm . . . *automatically!*



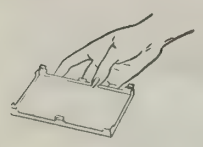
Every slice "as you like it"!

You simply put in the bread and set a knob for light, medium, or dark. Every slice—*first to last*—comes out just the way you ordered it!



New "keep warm" feature!

Wonderful *new* G-E convenience! Toaster can be set to pop slices up when they're done . . . OR to keep them inside, crisp and warm till you're ready!



Easy-to-clean crumb tray!

You wanted this—and *only* G.E. has it! Crumb tray snaps in and out of the base—can be brushed off in a twinkling!

Be sure your toaster has *all three* of these features. Watch for the G-E Toaster. Coming soon.

FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

FOR FINAL VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

Automatic Toaster

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



when you think of Romeo...



...you think of Juliet



when you think of energy...



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...think of dextrose sugar

ROMANCE has much to do with dextrose sugar ... if you think in terms of heart throbs. An eminent scientist once wrote, "... not a beat of our hearts would be possible without dextrose". Literally, dextrose and food energy are one and the same ... dextrose is the *natural* basic "fuel" sugar of the body. All other car-bo-hy-drate foods must be changed into dextrose by digestion before we can use them for energy.

Pure dextrose is a sparkling white sugar, mildly sweet, cooling and refreshing to taste ... it is food energy in its simplest form.

Corn Products Refining Company
One of the producers of

PURE ... SWEET ... SPARKLING WHITE

dextrose

NATURAL QUICK-ENERGY SUGAR

P.S. "dextrose" is *not* a brand name or a trademark ... it is the scientific name for the basic fuel sugar of the human body.

PRACTICALLY all the dextrose produced in America is used by progressive food manufacturers ... to improve the quality, texture and flavor of fine foods ... breads, biscuits, candies, cereals, soft drinks, ice creams, table syrups, prepared desserts, jams, jellies, preserves ... and many others.

At present, the demand for dextrose far exceeds the supply of this valuable sugar. The several producers of dextrose are working at full capacity ... and striving to increase production to fulfill orders for dextrose from thousands of food processors.

(Continued from Page 69)

My mother was sitting in a clean blue print dress at the table next to the window drinking her coffee, and her hair, where it is turning white on the sides, was brushed back high off her face. My mother is the only person I know who looks completely wide-awake and fresh when she wakes up in the morning.

"Your tomato juice is in the icebox," she said to me. "I didn't think you'd be down for a while."

Outside, the garden earth was dark from last night's rain, and cobwebs, dew-sparkled, were stretched on the grass. Everything had a fresh, clean smell.

"I think it's almost cool enough to wear a sweater and skirt," Lorraine said.

She had a job for the summer at the Elite Canvas Company, sitting all day folding and addressing circulars. Every summer the Elite took on about twenty extra girls. My father is a good friend of one of the men in the office—they played golf together and he had arranged it.

My sister Margaret came down all ready for work. You would like my sister. She is tall, thin, moves very quickly, and is engaged to a boy from Milwaukee. Leaning over, she kissed mom, or rather brushed her with her cheek so she wouldn't rub off her lipstick. "No tomato juice this morning," she said and drank her coffee standing up by the stove—Margaret is always in a rush.

She turned to me, remembering. "Oh, Angie, how was last night?"

"Fun," I answered. Then I told them about the rain and how good Swede was at sailing and that Jack used to date Jane Rady. *Maybe,* I thought, *I'm talking too much.* My voice seemed not to be coming from me at all, and I was surprised to hear it calm and casual when my thoughts were all warm and shaky.

"I used to know Jack's cousin," Lorraine said. "He was a drip, though. He used to wear real baggy pants and always got to school late."

I tried to think of something to counteract that slur. It wouldn't do to have the family think that Jack had dull connections before they even knew him—it's important that the family like a boy—but nothing came to my mind quickly enough.

Then Margaret glanced at her wrist watch and gave a little gasp, gulped down the rest of her coffee and rushed out, leaving the front door half open, calling back, "Be sure to have something good for supper because I'm going to be real hungry!" Lorraine went upstairs to get dressed and mom finished her coffee and a last piece of toast before clearing the breakfast things away.

Though I don't know just what I expected, I was vaguely disappointed that this was just like any other morning. The sun was bright on the kitchen floor, the coffee was steaming as always, and my mother looked as calm and shiny clean as she always did. *Maybe,* I thought, *I was wrong about last night and maybe everything is just the same. Maybe it wasn't—well, what I thought it was.*

But all morning, pottering with the housework, I was really waiting for Jack to stop around on his bakery route. By eleven o'clock he had not come. And by eleven o'clock, with the beds all made and the housework done, I knew this was not an ordinary day; I knew definitely that everything was not the same. By the time two o'clock came and I had put away the lunch dishes, the house had grown quiet and the trees were beginning to turn their shadows eastward on the lawn; that excited feeling of waiting seemed to turn hard and make an aching throb in my throat. I had been so sure he would come.

Kitty was in the garage, trying to straighten out a dent in her bicycle fender. She said, "Sure, I'd like to walk to the lake with you," when I asked her.

We took the long way, through the park, and we had to pass the Big Hole. The afternoon sun was sparkling and glinting on the tip of each small, quick wave so that the whole stretch of water in the harbor seemed to be giggling in the sunlight. There was a long row of small green-and-white sailboats tied to the shore. I couldn't even tell which one was Jack's! I felt suddenly so relieved that I could have laughed out loud. I don't know just what I *had* expected to see—one boat standing off by itself, looking different from the rest, or a sign on one of them saying, "This is the boat that Angie Morrow fell in love in!" or something equally as silly. But whatever it was, it wasn't there at all!

Just then a horn honked close behind us and Kitty and I both jumped and turned to look. There was Swede. He pulled up alongside us and said, "Hi-yah, Angie. Want a ride home?"

It was annoying that he should come along just then. In the first place, I hadn't wanted him to see me standing staring at the boat; and besides, I could just hear him saying later, "Hey, Jack, that Angie don't look so good in the daytime!" I had on old slacks and I knew my nose was shiny, but Swede was smiling at me with his funny warm grin so there was nothing to do but say, "Hello, there. You scared me, honking that way. This is my sister Kitty, Swede." They nodded to each other and she bent down in an embarrassed little-girl sort of way, pretending to take a stone out of her shoe and softly whistling a breathy tune with no particular melody.

"Been looking at the boat?" Swede asked. "Nice little job, isn't she? Did you have fun last night, Angie?"

Now is my chance to find out, I thought. "Oh, I had a wonderful time," I told him, then added casually, "Did Jack have fun?"

"Yeh, I guess he did."

"Don't you *know?*"

"No, he didn't say nothing."

"Did you see him today?"

"Sure."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Nothing much. At least nothing—about you."

So he hadn't said anything! I couldn't believe it! Swede was sitting running his finger up and down, playing with the grooves in the steering wheel. I looked at him and I could feel a question forming on my lips, "But didn't he even ——" and I checked myself just in time, saying instead, "Thanks, Swede, but I guess Kitty and I will walk home. It isn't very far. Thanks, anyway."

"Okay," he said. "Glad I met you, Kitty. See you later, Angie," and the car pulled away.

Mom was sitting in a canvas lawn chair in the shade at the side of the house when we got home. "You two had better go in and set the supper," she said. "Margaret and Lorraine will be here soon and perhaps we might all like to walk up and see a movie tonight."

Even when you say prayers for it, a thing almost never happens the way this did. In five minutes more we would have been halfway down the block and I'd never have heard the phone ring at all. Kitty and my other two sisters were already on the front steps ready to go to the movie, and I had just run back upstairs for a clean handkerchief for my mother when the phone rang. It was Jack calling.

He knew it was late, he said, and he would have called earlier, but his father hadn't decided to let him use the car until a few minutes ago and would I like to go out for a while? Probably drive to Pete's or something.

We give our troubles a shaking for fear they may go to sleep; we run them around the square that they may not grow weak from lack of exercise; we air them constantly lest they die for want of oxygen; we massage them and train them to keep fit; we bathe them, shampoo them, marcel them, dress them, brush them and do all in our power to keep them always presentable; whereas a little wholesome neglect is what they really need.

—DR. J. A. HOLMES: Wisdom in Small Doses. (University Pub. Co.)



No rubber bands are needed . . . there's no stretching, no washing . . . they're always on hand in just the size you want.

How to make bowl covers with Cut-Rite

NOW you can make your own flavor-saving bowl covers with extra-heavy Cut-Rite. It's easy! You just twist and tuck under. (*Don't try to use a thin, crisp paper—it won't work.*) Cut-Rite is so extra-heavy and pliable you can depend on it not to tear.

Covers made with Cut-Rite are transparent—you can see what's in the bowl! They may be lifted off and put back on a jelly glass—or can be used once on leftovers and thrown away. Cut-Rite Covers don't stretch, and, best of all they don't have to be washed out and scalded.

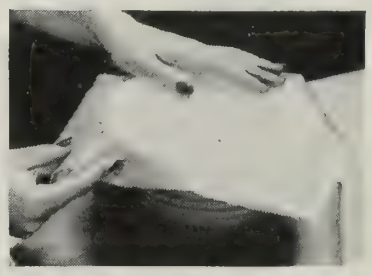
Try it tomorrow! See how easy it is to keep food flavor protected the Cut-Rite way . . . how "dressed up" your icebox looks!

•

Get extra icebox space. By wrapping small things small you can almost double icebox space and save icebox dishes. Half a lemon or ¼ lb. of butter, a few leftover beets for tomorrow's salad . . . wrapped in Cut-Rite fit neatly into corners.

Fewer pans and bowls to wash. Try mixing messy foods on extra-heavy, *waxed-through* Cut-Rite . . . hamburger and onion, shortening and flour. Grate cheese on Cut-Rite, roll pie crust on it. Melt chocolate in Cut-Rite in the top of your double boiler. (*Not a pan, bowl or dish to scrub.*)

Get Cut-Rite with its famous sawtooth cutting edge in the big 125-foot roll



Tear off enough Cut-Rite to extend beyond rim of bowl at least an inch on all sides. Center Cut-Rite on bowl and hold firmly in place with left hand.



Still holding paper firmly in place, pleat a corner, twist and tuck under-and-up to the rim of the bowl.



Continue to twist and tuck under-and-up, working on the bias, and turning bowl away from you as you go...until you have completed a snug-fitting roll.



CUT-RITE

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TEARS-RITE • SAVES-RITE • LOOKS-RITE

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Pressed for time—pushing yourself to the limit? Be twice as smart with Vitality Shoes! Briskly styled with a gentle, heel-gripping, comfortable fit. Besides, Vitality's crafting means extra wear-miles. At fine stores throughout America.



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$6.95

Complete Range of Sizes and Widths. Vitality Open Knit Shoes for Outdoor and Campus Wear, $5.95 and $6

Vitality Shoe Company
Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri



MICHELE

"Of course *not*," my mother said firmly. "Tell him that you were just going to the movies with us."

"Oh, let her go, mom. With school just out it's good to fool around."

"Sure. It's a wonderful night and Pete's is on the lake—let her go, mom. The show isn't very good anyway."

My sisters were talking. I said nothing.

She mused a moment. "Well, all right. You may go this time, but don't let this boy"—she *knew* his name was Jack—"think that you can be running around all the time. I thought this was the summer you were going to get so much reading done. But you may go this time." Halfway down the front sidewalk she turned and called, "Angie, you'd better put on your blue linen. You don't look very dressed up for an evening."

And I hurried upstairs to get ready, trying to calm the crowded, fluttery thoughts in my head. "I'll see you in ten minutes then," Jack had said.

You would like Pete's, I know. There is no other place quite like it. When we were little we used to go for drives on warm summer evenings with my mother and father and stop there for ice-cream cones. Everyone did. And now that the children were grown up they still stopped—to dance now and have colas or beer instead of ice-cream cones. Pete's is always jammed at night with the crowd from high school.

We went in the side door, Jack and I, and sat in one of the booths which are set back in latticework arches with little black-painted tables, the tops rough with carved initials. I felt a little scared. It was almost like making my debut or something. I had never been out to Pete's on a date before.

"What will you have, Angie?" Jack asked. He hadn't said much to me on the way out—not much *about* me, I mean. Halfway to Pete's he had asked if I heard anything funny in the motor of the car—like a faint knocking or something, so we drove almost two miles in silence, he with his head cocked to one side and a scowl on his face and I sitting very still trying to look as if I were listening hard. In the end, just as we got to Pete's, he decided it had been his imagination after all. So you see, when he said, "What will you have, Angie?" that's when my evening, the evening of my "coming out," really began.

AT PETE'S you choose from only four things—beer, root beer, cola, and peanuts salted in the shell. No one ever wants anything else. I wanted a cola and he wanted a glass of beer and we both wanted peanuts, so Jack went up to the bar to get them. The bar is in a smaller room in the front and the juke box is there, too, and that's where all the boys who haven't dates sit and play cards and watch the other fellows and girls as they come in.

While he was gone I took the little mirror out of my purse to look at myself—I didn't often wear my hair with that big curl on top, and because they had all gone to the movies there was no one at home to consult before I left. It looked all right to me, but then Pete's is so hazy-dark that everything looks different anyway.

Swede walked in from the bar just then with a glass of beer in his hand and slid into the booth across from me. "Hi-yah, Angie," he said. "Jack will be back in a minute. Well, what's the good word?"

I didn't know just what he meant by that so I smiled, telling him I hadn't known he was going to be out here, and we began to talk about little things—did I drink beer, and whether or not the kids would like Pete's as well if it was all fixed up, and how come a good girl like me had wasted my talents by not going up to high school? I liked Swede. Maybe it wouldn't be so hard to talk to the other fellows after all.

When Jack came back with my cola and peanuts he brought two of his friends, boys who had played basketball with him, and in the beginning I felt quite at ease with them. After the introductions they didn't pay much attention to me, but just talked about school. I listened and laughed and drank

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CLAUDIA: *Why don't you use Tampax for a change? It's worn internally, you know—so small and dainty you can't even feel it.*

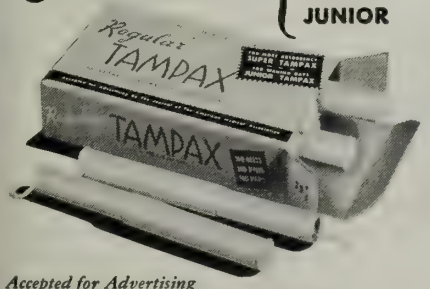
JUDY: I've heard about Tampax, of course—but I'm glad to have someone really explain it to me.

CLAUDIA: *Well, my cousin is a trained nurse—knows all about sanitary protection of course, and she's awfully strong for Tampax . . . says a doctor invented it, following a principle well known to physicians—"internal absorption" she called it.*

JUDY: I suppose that means no belts or pins to bother with. Sounds nice and simple with a sheer evening dress! Perhaps you'll see me at your party after all!

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my cola and didn't seem to be out of pla in the least. I'm sure none of them thoug that this was my first night out at Pete's a date and that I'd never sat in a booth wi four boys at once before.

I didn't know Jane Rady was there un she came over to talk with us, saying, "We Angie Morrow, I didn't know *you* we here!" in a funny surprised sort of voice th really sounded as if she were saying, "We Angie Morrow, I really never thought I'd s you out on a date!"

Jane is much shorter than I am, wit fluffy blond hair that she lets hang loo with no hairpins or bow or anything. An for some reason when you look at Jane yo always see her mouth before you see the re of her face.

All four of the boys said, "Hi, ther Janie!" and one stood up to give her h place but she said, "Oh, don't bother, I just squeeze in." It was so crowded tha Jack had to put his arm around the back the booth to make room and she looked him with a little smile and purred und her breath, "Um-m, nice!" and everyor laughed and said, "What a girl, Janie! and I laughed, too, but my face felt sti and the laugh came out funny, though don't think anyone noticed it for they wer all listening to her.

I sat and listened too. It wasn't because hadn't gone to high school then; Jane hadn gone there either, but she knew the things t say. She knew what they were talkin about when they said, "Remember th night after the Sheboygan game when ther were seven of us coming home in the bac seat?" and "Did you hear what happene to Bartie when he broke the drum at th

There are two sides to every question that we're not especially interested in.
—OHIO STATE JOURNAL.

Repentance was once defined by a small girl: "It's to be sorry enough to quit." —C. H. KILMER: The New Illustrator.

Life has but two ends, and one has already been used. Look well to the other.
—DR. J. A. HOLMES: Wisdom in Small Doses. (University Pub. Co.)

graduation dance last week?" Jane did member and she had heard and she added few more things that made the boys lau and look at each other and then back at h And of course I laughed too, but I felt v uncomfortable and conspicuous; and thou I drank my cola in little sips it did not l long enough, and I had to sit sliding round and round in the empty glass and ra my brains for something to say, someth that would make them remember that I v there or make them at least think tha thought what they were talking about v interesting too.

I thought of saying brightly, "Did Ja and Swede and I ever have fun sailboat last night!" But they might all turn a look at me, saying with a questioning inf tion, "Yeah?" and I wouldn't know how go on from there. Maybe Jack would want them to know we had been sailbo ing—after all, he hadn't mentioned it hi self, had he? He was lighting a cigarette Jane just then and she blew the smoke in face in a playful puff as she said, "Thanks and smiled a little half-smile.

Swede's beer glass was empty and he sto up saying, "Can I get anything for ar body?" and went out to the bar. In t other room someone had put a nickel in t juke box and music began to come throu the round amplifier all hung with cre paper above the door.

Jane gave a little gasp and made her ey and mouth very round. "Oh, that song— love it! Jack, dance with me!" She sto up, holding out her hand.

Jack looked at me and said, "'Scuse m will you?" I didn't blame him. Anyone wi a date as dull as I was would naturally wa

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wrought-iron stair railing. "Angie," he said slowly, "I'm going to be out of town for a couple of days. Going up to Green Bay to see a cousin of mine, and I won't be back till Friday. I wondered if you'd like to go to the dance at the country club with me Friday night. It's the first one of the summer and I thought maybe you'd like to go!"

Lying in bed that night I thought it over. I had wanted an invitation to that dance more than anything else in the world, but now that I had been asked I hardly wanted to go, because I could tell beforehand just what it would be like. I had never been to a dance at the country club, but my sisters had told me about them. It was easy to imagine girls like Jane Rady out there with their soft formals fluttering in the night breezes, laughing up at fellows in white coats. And it was easy to imagine me, too, not ever saying anything smooth, not knowing what to do with my hands and laughing too often in a stiff, self-conscious way.

I turned over, shutting my eyes, trying to sleep. It was odd to remember that just this

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Song for Timothy

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Autumn for Timothy is much more
Than the closing of summer's
bright green door.
It is the time when field mice go
Softly and quickly, dreams of snow
Hurrying them from hill to burrow
Over each bare and frosted furrow.
It is the time when from the trees
Shower the leaves in the northern
breeze;
When color is drawn with a
rainbow brush
Over the hills in the dawn's first
hush.
Autumn for Timothy is, alas,
A time when exploring and dream-
ing pass:
When he must sit at a desk, and
think
Of how the deer at the pool will
drink
With none to watch. And Timothy
sighs,
For summer lives in his dancing
eyes,
And summer colors his thoughts
until
Timothy's knee deep in August still.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

one last night the thoughts in my head had often as pleasant and sweet as warm, thick honey.

Doing the supper dishes next evening, Lorraine and I discussed what kind of formal I should get, though we knew very well that in the end it would be my mother who would decide. All of us had agreed that it should be something young and not too sophisticated." Margaret had suggested a blue-and-white sprigged dimity—which had just come in at the store—but Lorraine thought some-thing "less ordinary" would be better.

"You know," Lorraine said, "a girl should always choose something different so she stands out on the dance floor. If you really wanted to do something unusual you could take a very, very long piece of ribbon and tie it in a small bow on the top of your head and let the streamers hang right down to the hem of your skirt. One of the girls at school did that at our spring dance this year. She had another had a black net formal, so she wore some black veiling and wore it on her head with a red rose like a Spanish mantilla—but that would be a little exotic for Fond du Lac." My sister always knows a lot of original, clever ideas about clothes, and even if she wasn't going to the dance herself she didn't mind talking about it.

No one had mentioned it, of course, but we had all been hoping someone would ask her. Lorraine never dates much in Fond du Lac. When she was at college in Chicago she used to go out a lot—at least as much as the other girls. Somehow the boys around our town didn't seem to appreciate her—there weren't many fellows who knew about books and English literature and the things that Lorraine learned in college.

THE man next door was cutting his lawn, and above the noise of the lawn mower we could hear Margaret and my mother talking in the back garden. We caught the tail end of a sentence: "Well, it's a little late, but Art can probably get hold of *someone;* though, you know, mom, most fellows wouldn't want to drive all the way up from Milwaukee just on the chance of a blind date!"

My mother's voice was very maternal and concerned. "I know. It wouldn't be so bad if Angie weren't going, too, but ——" and then came the whirring sound of the lawn mower.

This was something we hadn't been meant to hear and I hoped perhaps Lorraine hadn't, so I made a clatter with the dishes. But suddenly she turned to me and said in a tight voice, "Why, if that isn't absolutely silly, Angie. Honestly! If I really *wanted* to go I could always ask one of the fellows up from Chicago, couldn't I?"

I checked myself just in time with the logical question on my lips: "Why don't you, Lorraine?"

A moment later she threw her dish towel over the back of a chair and without looking at me said quickly, "Got to go upstairs a minute. Be right back to finish." I dried the rest of the dishes, swept the kitchen floor and hung the dish towel on the rack to dry.

When Lorraine finally came down I pretended to be very busy with the evening paper. Her cheeks were very white with powder, but around her eyes was still red. It was funny that I had never realized before that Lorraine *minded* not dating.

On Friday night before the dance I stood in the garden, wondering what it was all about. Just a short time ago Jack called to say he would pick me up at a quarter past nine. I was all ready except to slip my evening dress on over my head. In the end we had decided on the sprigged dimity and my mother had pressed it so the full skirt hung in soft, billowy folds and the small sleeves stuck up stiff and puffed as it was spread out on my bed. I had come out to the garden to pick bachelor's buttons for my hair in my long white slip, holding it high to keep the hem above the cool dew on the grass. And as I stood in the garden with the soft air against my cheek and a night breeze fingering through my hair, I couldn't help wondering a little.

In the past few days something had changed. I had never felt things inside of me before and now I wasn't even sure if I really felt warm and eager because it was my first country-club dance and my dress was new, or if it was really because in such a short time, such a very short time, Jack would be there—or was it only that the night was so beautiful that I just wanted to feel something? That evening at Pete's had left me with a cautious soreness, half in my mind and half in my heart. And yet, out in the garden, I realized that some of the strange feeling of the first night still lingered. But I couldn't tell, really—it was all still so puzzling and so new.

I can't explain much about it—the dance itself, I mean. So much happened that I don't remember any of it very distinctly; but it doesn't matter much, because it wasn't the dance, it was the evening as a whole that was so important. I do remember seeing Lorraine dance by several times with the pale, blind date who had come up from Milwaukee with Art. Having been to college, she knows how to act at dances. She had on purplish lipstick and was dancing with her head back, laughing very hard and

(Continued on Page 76)

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"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND "HIS" TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 74)

having a very gay time, but he was looking at her in a surprised sort of way, holding his head back at a funny angle as if his neck were stiff.

At times I could hardly believe I was actually with Jack. When he was talking to someone else and I was watching him he seemed so tan and clean, so familiar and yet so far away; he was so much fun and everyone liked him so well that it didn't seem as if he could possibly be my date at all. Once when he introduced me to a friend of his, Dick Fox, who said, "So this is the Angie we've been hearing so much about," I looked at Jack quickly, but he was looking at Dick just as if he hadn't even heard him.

One dance I had with Tony Becker, a boy from Oshkosh whom Jack didn't seem to like very well. They had played basketball together on opposing teams during the winter and that night Tony didn't have a date—he was just out with the fellows, he told me. I liked Tony. I liked the way he held me when we danced and I liked him for telling me he thought my formal was pretty and for commenting on the flowers in my hair. Of course I knew it wasn't all true, but it was fun talking to him—and he said he hoped he would see me again sometime.

But what I really wanted to tell you about is this. After that dance with Tony, I had all the rest with Jack. At first I tried to dance like Jane Rady with my head back so I could look up at him, but that way I had to look right into his eyes and it gave me such a funny, panicky feeling that I would forget what I was saying and get mixed up in my dancing. Once Swede came up, tapping Jack on the shoulder, asking to cut in, but he told him to come back later and Swede just shrugged and went away smiling knowingly, as if he had a secret on his mind.

I don't know just the minute it began to happen but soon, after each dance, when the music had stopped, I would feel less and less like taking my arm away from Jack's shoulder and he kept holding my hand as if the music were still playing. And yet he would never look at me and as I watched his face it was perfectly still, as if nothing were happening, while all the time his hand was in mine sending warm shivers all up my arm. Once Swede danced past and said under his breath, "Break it up, break it up!" and Jack grinned and I couldn't help laughing.

The rest of the evening passed quickly, like a movie film being run off in a rapid blur. When the dance was almost over we went out on the terrace, Jack and I. There were several other people out there. Leaning against the clubhouse wall I could feel the roughness of the stone and the coolness of the Virginia-creeper leaves on my shoulders. It was better to say something casual than just to wait in that breathless silence saying nothing at all.

"Did you have a good time in Green Bay, Jack?" I asked.

"I did, Angie. I really had fun," he answered. "I meant to send you a post card, but, well, I just didn't get around to it." He paused. "Did you do anything special while I was away? Anything interesting?"

It was silly to be standing there with my hands closed tight behind my back, telling him about the new book I had read and that Kitty had started to take swimming lessons at the lake and other unimportant things, when we both knew we were just trying to make conversation, just marking time; and the words lumped in my throat, not even wanting to be said. It was silly just standing there. Both of us knew.

"I used to caddy on this course," he told me suddenly as if the thought were an inspiration. "It's a beautiful course. Beautiful, Angie. There's a little elevation over by the second hole—you can't see it from here, but standing on it you can look out over the whole course. At night it's wonderful. There's just enough moon—would you like to look at it with me?" I nodded and he took my hand to guide me over the grass. "Hold your skirt up," he said softly. "There is dew on everything."



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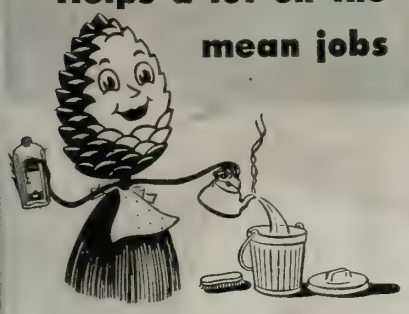


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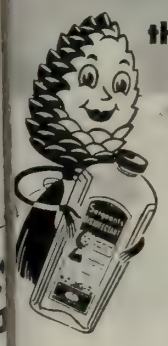
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Standing on that elevation, the whole course seemed to be rolled out broad before us in the moonlight, smoothness and shadow. From this distance a sand trap looked like a big open scar on the smooth face of the green and the moon gave a weird yellow half-light that made the whole night a two-tone picture of high lights and hollows. Behind us tall old elm trees on the edge of the course stretched their black leaf-lace high against the sky. Jack took a handkerchief out of his coat and the dubonnet dress handkerchief from his breast pocket, spreading them together on the grass for me to sit on. I have never known anything so lovely as that night.

At first neither of us spoke but sat feeling the softness of the breeze and watching the fireflies winking in the grass, while from the clubhouse music floated out to us, muted by the almost tangible stillness of the night. Jack lit a cigarette and smoked in silence for a time and then, turning to me, said unexpectedly:

"Everyone I introduced you to tonight liked you, Angie. A couple of the fellows are mad that they didn't find you first."

I didn't say anything but sat looking at the moon—by squinting my eyes I could make it shoot out into long yellow jags of light.

"Swede told me he saw you out looking at the boat the other day," he went on. I still made no comment. All around us the crickets were keeping up a steady cheep-cheep, so constant that after a while it was no sound at all, just a rhythm keeping time to the faster beating of my heart. Then without looking at me, without turning his head, Jack asked, "Why, Angie?"

There is an old Hindu story of how a woman who had lost her only son was bidden to get a handful of flour from a house in which there was no sorrow. When she came to ask her neighbors for such a boon, she found that there was no house without its secret anguish. And in sympathizing she found the pressure of her own grief less.

—F. B. MEYYER.

The night was so quiet that the words seemed to stand still in mid-air. Why? I could hear my thoughts brushing past each other in my head, none of them coherent enough to be spoken. There were no words for an answer. I felt Jack's hand on mine as it lay on the grass, his fingers warm and hesitant. He flipped his cigarette away and together we watched the stub glowing until it burned itself out in the grass.

Really, I don't know how it happened. If I could tell you I would. Maybe I shouldn't even mention it, seeing it was only the third time I had been out with him. But I knew it was going to happen, and I wanted it to.

It was wonderfully strange knowing even before he moved, even before he put his arm around me, that he would. Then suddenly, and yet it wasn't sudden at all, I remember myself with both hands pressed against the gabardine of his coat so hard that I could feel the roughness of the cloth. My head seemed to be throbbing wildly and still I was thinking very clearly and precisely. Behind him I could see the high stars and the golf course stretched out silver-green in the moonlight and the fireflies flickering in the grass like bits of neon lighting. I felt a new, breathless caution as if I were sitting in a bubble. And then I, Angie Morrow, who had never done anything like this before, who until last Monday night had never even had a real date, could feel his cheek on mine, as warm and soft as peach fuzz. And I knew if I moved my face just a little, just a very little ——

In the movies they always shut their eyes, but I didn't. I didn't think of anything like that, though I do remember a quick thought passing through my mind again about how much he smelled like soap when his face was so close to mine. In the loveliness of the next moment I think I grew up. Sitting on the

(Continued on Page 79)

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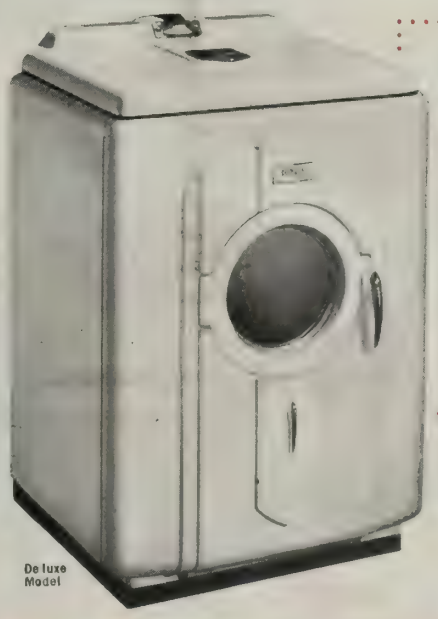
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☐ **Do you plan your meals around one dish?** Put your time and effort into one superb casserole or main dish—then let a corner cutter like Del Monte Brand Fruit Cocktail take care of starter, salad or dessert. This fruit cocktail lives up to your most ambitious main course!

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flavor first

✓ In Growing
✓ In Picking
✓ In Packing
✓ In Testing

Del Monte FRUIT COCKTAIL

SAVES TIME—SAVES WORK—MAKES MEALS BRIGHTER

(Continued from Page 77)

cool grass in my new sprigged dimity with the little blue-and-white bachelor's buttons pinned in my hair, Jack kissed me and his lips were as smooth and baby-soft as a new raspberry.

The night was so still I hardly noticed the small breeze that brushed past us, as soft and silent as a pussy willow.

That's the funny thing about Fond du Lac. It isn't such a small town—we have at least eight churches, three theaters and a Y.M.C.A.—but everyone seems to know everything about everyone else. Early Saturday morning Mrs. Callahan called over from her back garden to my mother, who was cutting flowers, "Did Angie have a nice time at the dance last night?" and then I saw her walking up her garden path and my mother walking down ours to talk it over.

Probably if I'd walked into McKnight's that afternoon, girls I had never even met would look up and say to each other, "That's the girl Jack Duluth has been taking out!" Going with a boy gives you a new identity—especially going with a fellow like Jack Duluth.

Lorraine and I were talking about it the night after the dance. "It's different when you go away to school," she said. "You seem to have a broader outlook. Most of the girls in town here have nothing to think about but fellows. You know, there are girls who graduated with me from high school who have babies two or three years old already and I'm not even through college!" I didn't quite get the connection, but didn't want to say so. "Like my date last night," she continued.

"What about him?"

"Well, lots of girls in this town would be crazy to go out with him." I looked at her to see if she was really serious—Lorraine doesn't usually talk that way. "But," she went on, "I don't even care if I see him again or not. He's a good dancer and everything, but I've just got other things to do. Of course," she added with condescension, "it was nice of Art to bring him up, but it wasn't as if I *had* to have a date—it's such a short time since I was in Chicago and I know boys down there."

A LITTLE later the telephone rang and she answered. At first I couldn't tell what she was talking about, catching only snatches of the conversation: "How tall did you say? . . . Where will we go?" and then she came back into the living room very excited. It was a blind date, she told me—a friend of a friend of one of the girls she knew. He was a little older; he graduated from the university about six years ago; he was a fraternity man, but she couldn't remember which one it was he belonged to; he was in town working with an insurance company.

"He wouldn't have been looking for a date this late on a Saturday night, but he's new in town and doesn't know many girls yet," she explained carefully. "Come on upstairs with me, Angie, and help me decide what to wear—I want to look nice."

I sat on the edge of the bed, watching her. She talked to me with hairpins in her mouth as she fixed her hair.

"You know," she said," I wish I knew what kind of girls he likes. I don't know if I should pretend I'm the real intelligent type or pretend I'm sophisticated and have been around. It's different with a town boy who knows all about you. Like with you and Jack—he knows that you've never gone with another fellow anyway."

I'd never thought of "pretending" with a boy. I'd thought either you had been around or you hadn't, either you were the intelligent type or you weren't. Lorraine talked as if she were dressing up a paper doll.

The date came before she was ready so I opened the front door for him and asked him to come in and sit down. He wasn't very tall and when he smiled only his lips moved, as if his eyes were thinking of something else. He introduced himself very politely, saying he was Martin Keefe and how was I tonight. He said it nicely enough, but the way he looked at me made me feel like one of those pale, eyelashless girls used in magazine advertisements to sell mascara.

"I don't live here, you know," he told me with unnecessary emphasis. "And I don't know anybody except a few fellows I've met around and that girl your sister knows. Maybe I'll like it here and maybe I won't. You can never tell if a town's any good until you've been out in it on a Saturday night."

Just then Lorraine came down, stopping a moment at the foot of the stairs with one foot a little ahead of the other the way models do. She had combed her hair high up on the sides, pinned in two sweeping rolls on top. She put out her hand, saying, "And you must be Martin Keefe. I'm so glad to know you." When they left she turned back and called to me in the same careful, bright voice, "Good night, Angeline."

I could tell by the way she said it that Lorraine had decided to be the sophisticated type.

The next morning was Sunday, and Sunday is always almost the same at our house. After church in the morning we had a very late and very large bacon-and-egg breakfast and waited for Art, the boy Margaret is going to marry, to drive up from Milwaukee. He came just after breakfast.

Kitty spent most of the morning on the living-room rug with the funny papers, while my father cleared all the sales circulars out from the back seat of his car onto the front lawn, swept the floor and the seat with a whisk broom, shined the windshield and polished the headlights, and then put all the circulars back in neat piles. My father is a traveling salesman and his car is as important as his house to him. Every Sunday after church he takes off his coat and tie and goes out to straighten it.

Lorraine and I made the beds together, and the house smelled of roast and cauliflower from the kitchen, and everything was so pleasant and Sundayish that I forgot to ask what she had done last night and whether or not she had had fun with Martin Keefe.

Later, when dinner was over and we were sitting around the table in a contented, Sunday-afternoon apathy, Kitty went out to play on the front lawn. She walked about listlessly, flipping off clover heads with a short stick. Every now and then she stopped to stare down the street.

My mother looked out at her and shook her head. "Really, we're going to have to do something about that child," she said. "When you three girls were younger you had each other—but there is no one on this street for her to play with."

I wanted to think about Jack just then, so I said, "Mom, if you'll excuse me, I'll take Kitty for a walk in the field. We can pick violets or something," and my conscience didn't even prick at the deception.

Our house is the second from the last on our street from the edge of town. Beyond the end house runs a gravel road and then a broad stretch of undeveloped real estate, run wild with weeds and low, scraggly bushes. We have always called it "the field."

THAT afternoon Kitty and I just wandered aimlessly through the long grass that was still lush and fresh with the last rains of spring, not going anywhere. The breeze was like a gentle breathing and the sun hot on our faces till both of us were mellowed with contentment, basking in the almost liquid warmth of the sunshine.

When we got home the family were sitting in the shade of the side lawn.

"Angie, that boy called," my mother said as I came up the walk.

"What boy?" I asked, careful to make my voice sound surprised.

"That boy, Jack. Margaret spoke with him."

"He said he would call later, Angie," Margaret explained. "That he thought maybe you would like to go to some party at somebody's cottage tonight with him and some other fellows and girls. I told him you probably could and he said he would call back sometime before supper."

There was a hot tingling round my face and I waited to be sure my voice wouldn't sound too eager. "Do you mind if I go, mom?"

"I don't know," she shrugged. "Ask your father."

"May I, dad?"

"Whatever your mother says," he answered, dismissing all responsibility.

My mother cleared her throat crossly. "I would certainly like to know with *whom* you are going, *where* you are going, and at what *time* you will be home. I don't like the idea of you girls just going out any time with anybody!"

"But, mom, I'll find out about it first," I assured her hastily. "When he calls I'll ask where the party is and everything and I promise we'll be home early. It will be all right."

Later that evening when I was sitting in my bedroom waiting for Jack to come, I heard the phone ring downstairs and went down to answer. But Margaret had got there before me and was standing with her hand over the mouthpiece, saying, "Honestly, Lorraine, if he wants a date and you go with him I'll be furious at you—anyone calling for a date at this time of night!"

Lorraine was absently shining her fingernails on the sleeve of her blouse. "I don't know," she said slowly, not looking up. "I can't quite see why I *shouldn't* go, after all. I'm the only girl Martin really knows in town—maybe he's been busy all afternoon and didn't have time to call before."

"If he thinks he can get a date with you any time he calls! Last night may have been all right at the last minute because you haven't been home from school so long yourself; but two nights in a row ——" Margaret stood jiggling the phone impatiently. "Here," she said, "tell him you're busy. If you want to go out so badly, you can come along with Art and me."

"I know that," Lorraine said slowly. "But, Margaret, I can go out with you and Art *any* Sunday night—I want to go out with *him!*"

Just as Jack and I pulled out of our driveway, Martin Keefe



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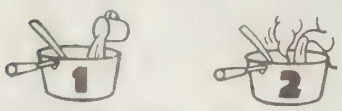
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swung up to the curb in a low green coupé, and as we turned the corner I looked back to see him crossing the lawn with his long, insolent stride to shake hands with my father.

Another couple drove out with us, friends of Jack's from high school, a girl named Margie and a tall, thin boy called Fitz. He had a very bad complexion and a shiftiness about him, as if by not looking directly at me he could avoid my looking at him and seeing his ugly skin. Margie was a tall, slim girl with quick, bright eyes and she talked continually, laughing between the words. Her hair hung long in the back but was swooped up into curls on the sides.

Leaning over the front seat, she commented affably, "You're the girl who knows Jane Rady, aren't you? Jane said she might stop out tonight with that new boy from Oshkosh she has a date with."

"Say, this is going to be some party," Fitz said with significant enthusiasm. "Is Tony Becker going to be out?"

"Don't know," Jack answered, keeping his eyes on the road. "I was talking to him at Pete's this afternoon and he said he'd be over if he could get the car." He looked back at Fitz. "But if he gets the car I don't think he'll waste his time at the party—huh, Fitz?"

"No, sir, that boy don't waste no time," Fitz agreed and whistled shrilly through his teeth. Margie laughed and there was some giggled whispering in the back seat, but I couldn't understand what they were talking about.

The cottage was only a few miles out of town along the lake shore, set far in off the highway. I had a feeling of apprehension as Jack swung into the rutted mud road. It was a shabby cottage. Jack explained to me later that it belonged to Fitz's family but they used it only during the last month of summer. The front of the house was flush with the lake, so we went in the back way into a kitchen smelling damp and musty.

The front room had the same damp, close smell as the kitchen. One of the girls took me off into a side room to powder my nose. She seemed younger than the rest and more talkative, and as she edged around her mouth carefully with bright lipstick she remarked with emphasis, "Honestly, I'm so glad we're not having anything but beer, 'cause after last night I couldn't stand to look another mixed drink in the face." Her name was Dollie, and Jack told me later that she was only fifteen and had been dating the fellows in his crowd for only about three weeks.

Until she had mentioned beer I had never thought just what people did do at parties like this. Some of the other girls had come in and I thought of saying very casually, "What are we going to do—just sit around and talk?" but I didn't want them to know that I'd never been at a party like this before. It was important to act as if you had been around.

When we went back to the living room two of the boys were rolling back the old grass rug—"just in case someone might want to dance"—and Dollie and the other girls got down on their knees to help roll, laughing and talking loudly. I tried to help, too, but gave up because I felt awkward and in the way. Dollie sat down backward suddenly with her legs sprawled in front of her and cried with a petulantly accusing voice, "Johnnie, you pushed me on purpose!" and everyone laughed.

I went out to the kitchen then, where the others were crowded around Swede, who had just come in. He was trying to screw a spigot into a barrel of beer. We never had beer at our house and I had always felt that there was something disgraceful about it. For a moment I wished I hadn't come. Jack was holding the barrel for Swede and when the first beer dribbled out onto the floor he yelled, "There she goes! Wash out some glasses, somebody!"

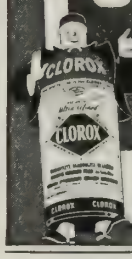
I was glad to have something to do, so I opened the cupboard and took out some glasses and the other girls came to help.

Everyone crowded round the barrel holding out his glass to be filled. Jack came over



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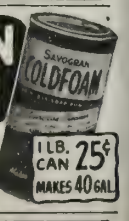
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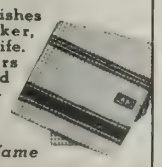
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with one for me and when I shook my head he said suddenly, "That's right! I forgot you didn't drink beer! We should have stopped and picked up some root beer for you, but I never even thought of it."

It was all right, I told him. I didn't mind the least bit and I wasn't thirsty anyway. I hoped he wouldn't say anything to anyone else, for the other girls were all drinking it and having fun. For a minute I was tempted to take a glass myself. But then I thought of having to walk up the stairs when I got home and perhaps my mother would call from her room, "Angeline, come in a minute and tell me if you had a nice time," and I would weave my way over to her dressing table, fumble for the lamp, knocking over the perfume bottles in a glassy-eyed stupor—I had seen people in the movies who had had too much to drink.

Later they moved the beer keg into the living room and we all sat around on the chairs and on the floor, laughing and singing. I couldn't make myself sing with the rest, for my voice sounded queer, but no one seemed to notice. Swede was next to me and Jack sat on the arm of the davenport, singing and winking at me at the same time. A lamp with a parchment shade was lit on a corner table and the room was in a half glow as if by firelight.

Suddenly Dollie jumped up and said in her round, baby voice, "Come on, fill my glass and let's play 'chug-a-lug!'"

Everyone passed around his glass to be filled and then, holding them high, began to sing a loud song with words which I couldn't catch, for everyone was laughing so hard as they sang. Someone called out, "Dollie!" and they all went on laughing and singing like deep-throated bullfrogs—"chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug"—while she stood up, tilted her glass of beer and drank to the bottom without stopping. Then the song was started again and someone else's name was called and he drained his glass while the others kept up the rhythmic chant. They kept it up till they had gone the round of the circle and everyone was laughing so hard they could hardly catch their breath and I found myself laughing too.

Friends are lost by calling often and seldom.

Finally they laughed themselves quiet and Dollie gathered some cushions into a heap and leaned against the phonograph, sleepy-eyed and contented. Someone shuffled through the pile of old records and put on an old scratchy recording of a dramatic baritone singing In the Valley of Sunshine and Roses. Fitz looked over at Margie and they both got up and went out to sit on the front porch. Soon we heard the creak-creak of the glider. Fitz and Margie were "going steady," Jack told me later.

Swede gathered up some cushions and made himself comfortable beside Dollie, and some of the others got car robes from their cars and went out to sit on the front lawn. I didn't quite understand how, as if at a given signal, the whole party broke up into couples and drifted off by themselves. Jack and I still sat where we were, not saying anything.

One of the boys came over to us, saying, "Mind if we sit on the davenport—if you kids aren't going to use it?"

"Sure," Jack said. "Go ahead. We can sit on the porch. Do you want to sit on the porch, Angie?" I nodded.

The front porch was built across the full length of the cottage and was screened in from the floor to the ceiling. Out there, the darkness was warm and thick, for the broad front lawn stretching down to the lake was covered with trees and their branches, heavy with the full, lush foliage of early summer, almost hid the moon. On one side was the glider and on the other a lumpy couch. Jack and I sat there. It was very quiet with just the steady lap-lap of the water, the hush of the wind through the trees, and the occasional creak of the glider on the other side of the porch.

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"Angie," Jack said, "let's get a robe from the car and sit out on the grass. It smells so damp and musty here that I'll bet if we turned this couch over centipedes would crawl out from under it like from under a rock."

He spread out the robe on the lawn and lay flat with his chin in his hands, smoking his pipe, and I sat beside him with a funny, choked feeling in my throat.

Jack turned to me and said in a puzzled voice, "Angie, you didn't have fun tonight, did you?"

"But I did," I told him. "I liked it very much. The girls were all nice and the boys were funny and I really liked it—what made you think I didn't?"

"You didn't talk much," he explained, "and I thought maybe you were mad because of the beer or because we made too much noise or something. You seemed different Friday night. I don't know. Just thought maybe you were mad," and he reached over and I felt his fingers on mine. "If you ever don't like anything, Angie, just say so."

For the first time in my life I felt that warm, possessive power that comes from knowing that you are able to worry a boy. It wasn't fair, I know, but I left my hand flat on the robe, pretending that I didn't even know he was looking at me, pretending I didn't even know his hand was on mine.

"Is it about Friday night, then?" he urged in the same worried tone. After a moment's hesitation he added slowly, "Are you sorry, Angie?"

"Friday night?" My voice sounded high and incredulous as if I had never even heard of such a thing as a Friday night before.

"I just thought you might be mad about it later on. I was almost afraid to call you this afternoon."

"Why? I certainly don't see why you should be," I heard myself saying in the same high, surprised voice, while my thoughts went slowly, carefully through my head as if they were on a tightrope. I had never thought of being angry about Friday night, but it just made me feel shy to think of it now that I was with him again.

"It's just that you're different from other girls I've known," he went on. "Most of them wouldn't give it a second thought, but I didn't know what you would think about it the next day. It wasn't *wrong*, Angie!"

How queer all this is, I thought. *Here am I sitting in the dark with a boy I didn't even know a week ago and he's worrying about what is in my head and I'm so mixed up I can't even tell him. He's worried about whether I'm angry at him because I haven't been talking all evening, and I haven't talked because all the other girls were so much prettier than I was that I couldn't think of anything to say.*

It made me feel older than he to have him talk to me that way. "Of course it isn't wrong," I told him. "Things like stealing or telling lies are wrong, but kissing someone you—well, it isn't—you know what I mean, Jack." I couldn't quite see his face in the darkness, but I could feel his hand on mine, so I added softly, "Kissing someone you *like* isn't wrong!" and the words felt warm on my lips.

We mused over the thought for a while and soon the quiet stretched into long minutes till our thoughts cleared and both of us were conscious of the silence with nothing but the hushed night noises going on in it.

A car pulled in to the gravel drive, the door slammed, and someone called out, "Hey, anybody home here?" and Fitz and Margie left the front porch to go inside and we heard Swede talking.

"That's Tony Becker who just came," Jack said. "I wonder who he's got for a date tonight?" I suggested that we go in to find out and say hello to Tony, but Jack held my hand. "Let's not go in quite yet, Angie—unless you really want to see Tony."

"What's the matter, don't you like him?"

"Sure, I like him," he hastened to explain, "but Tony's just one of those guys. I'd like to talk to you a little more and if we go in we'll have to talk to Tony and everyone and I won't have a chance."

Inside someone was winding up the phonograph again and overhead the moon inched its way from behind a cloud and showed in glimpses as the wind swayed the thick trees. It seemed so natural for me to be lying there listening to the waves and it wasn't surprising at all to feel Jack's hand in mine. I wondered contentedly if my mother was still knitting the sweater she was making me for college, and I wondered with a troubled feeling if Lorraine and Martin were having a good time. My thoughts bobbed in my head as if they were floating, as if they were airy, impersonal ideas resting lightly above my more solid and serious thoughts beneath.

The door of the screened porch slammed and two people stepped out onto the lawn. Their voices came toward us and then a low, deep laugh, and Jack turned to me, his words twisted with annoyance. "Well, we might as well go in the house now, Angie; here comes Becker. I don't know who the girl is with him but I'd rather be where the bright lights are when that boy's around."

The next week passed quickly. Each morning I woke with an eager, expectant feeling as if I had just had a good dream. Jack called every noon at a little after twelve and his calls punctuated the day like periods. It surprised me that my mother never seemed to mind that I talked with him so often, though we might just be sitting down to lunch when the phone rang. Once after he called I happened to look at myself in the mirror and was surprised at the bright, wide-awake look in my eyes.

One evening the two of us went out with his cousin from Oklahoma who was about twenty years old and drank more beer than any boy I have ever seen. He and Jack talked mostly about what they had done together before Jack had moved North—he and his family had lived in Oklahoma until five years ago—and his cousin said something about the girl that lived in the white house with the pines in front whom Jack used to like. So Jack must have been going with girls, at least *liking* them, since he was thirteen! The cousin talked to me, too, and said that any time I happened to pass through his state to be sure to look him up. I told him that since Wisconsin was almost walking distance from Oklahoma I would probably see him often and they both laughed and I felt almost pleased with myself.

Lorraine went out with Martin three nights in a row that week. I never knew when they made their plans for dates, for he never called the house. She explained that she "ran into him" almost every day after work. He was rooming at a house not far from the Elite Canvas Company, and if she didn't bump into him in front of his house she usually saw him having a drink at the drugstore on the next block. Lorraine always said there was nothing she liked so much as a cola after a day's work and always stopped at the drugstore on her way home.

When I asked what they did when they went out, she explained that they didn't go any of the places that the younger crowd went like Pete's and McKnight's, but that Martin knew some nice places a little farther out of town—the kind of place he had been used to going to when he had been at the university. Each night she got in very late and I always woke with a start as the car pulled silently up to the curb with headlights switched off, so as not to rouse anyone. My room is at the front of the house and I would lie awake till I heard the car door close and Lorraine tiptoe upstairs and undress silently for bed. That third night she sat in bed for a very long time with her hands around her knees, thinking. I said nothing, pretending I was asleep, and much later she got up again and I could hear the water trickling as she washed her face in the bathroom. The sky was already beginning to get light before she fell asleep that night.

Jack told me that Martin came into the bakery every morning at about seven-thirty for fresh rolls for his breakfast. He made morning coffee in his room at the rooming house, but ate the other two meals out. "He gives you the impression that he's a city fellow," Jack had said. "He walks like he's got on silk underwear or has a ten-dollar bill in his pocket or something."

Margie called one evening and asked me to walk to McKnight's with her for a cola—Fitz and Jack were going out with the fellows, so she knew I wouldn't be busy.

My mother doesn't usually approve of my sisters and me going downtown alone at night. "There's something so cheap about seeing girls just walking up and down as if they were looking for something," she always said, but in our town all the girls do it. They get as dressed up as if they were going on a date and walk slowly up on one side of Main Street looking in the shop windows, and then down the other side, and everyone ends up at McKnight's.

There was the usual crowd standing in front of the drugstore when we went in. We sipped our drinks slowly, watching others who came and went. Margie knew almost everyone and said, "Hi, there!" to each in the same bright voice.

While we were talking Martin Keefe came in and asked for a package of cigarettes. He stood at the soda fountain near the front of the store and didn't see me. He looked at his wrist watch irritably and was holding it up to his ear when a little blond girl from the perfume counter at one of the department stores came in, said something to him, and they left together, laughing. I remembered Lorraine at supper saying that she had a date with him that evening and wondered.

Later when I got home she was sitting in the bedroom brushing her hair and I asked her about it. "Yes," she explained carefully, "I was supposed to go out with him, but just after you left he called and said that he had a collection to make in Waupun and wouldn't be able to keep the date tonight. Of course," she said pointedly, "I could have driven over *with* him if I had wanted to."

I undressed for bed, opened both windows and turned back the spread. As I reached to put out the light Lorraine added, "But I'll probably see him tomorrow night instead."

It was then that I decided I wouldn't say a word about having seen him and the other girl.

It was the sort of night near the end of June when everything is warm and hushed, steeped in summer. Jack and I walked along the side streets on our way to the movie.

(Continued on Page 84)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sunset

BY LAWRENCE W. SHENFIELD

Why is a cloud above
So fair, though far
Away, but nearer, love,
Than you are

Now, so lovely, beyond
Remembering
The close, full touch of your hand
At parting?

There are dreams from our duet
Of lives apart
I never shall forget
In my heart

When daylight fades at last,
But is not missed,
And your face lifts up in haste
To be kissed

In the brighter evening sky,
A rising star
Enticing me on high
From afar.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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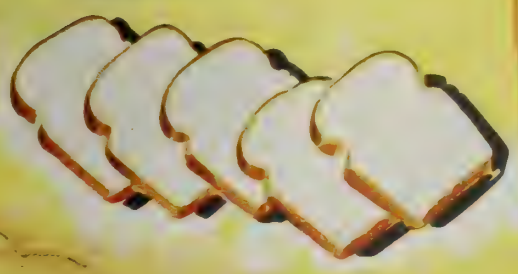
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(Continued from Page 82)

People were sitting on their front porches enjoying the cool of the evening and we could hear the creak of rocking chairs and the pleasant hum-hum of voices as we passed.

My mind was pottering with small thoughts when Jack said, "Angie, we don't have to meet Fitz and Margie at the movie till a quarter past eight. If we walk a little faster we'll be in time to stop in at church for Benediction on the way." The first chapel bells for evening service had rung just as we left home, and I remembered brushing the sound from my mind. It made me ashamed now that I hadn't had the courage to suggest going myself.

But there is something so final, something so husband-and-wifelike about going to church with a boy. Religion is too personal a thing to share promiscuously, and the thought of being there with Jack filled me with a kind of awe; made me feel as though I should tiptoe up the aisle and genuflect in careful silence.

The very air of a church inspires reverence, and that night the lower stained-glass windows were tilted half open and the breeze stirred the warm air that was thick with the scent of flowers, incense, and the damp smell of leather from the prayer books and kneeling benches. Kneeling beside him, I felt so self-conscious and ill at ease I almost giggled, but Jack just knelt with his hands folded properly and his eyes ahead.

The candle glow on the altar and the thoughts in my head blurred together into memories so pleasant I could almost taste them. With a jolt I realized Jack was staring at me. I had been smiling in church! He passed me a little black prayer book he pulled from his back pocket and I turned my face toward the altar with the same small, humiliated feelings as if I had been caught chewing gum in school.

I will show him, I thought, and knelt very straight, my hands folded with my eyes raised the way figures do in the stained-glass windows. I made my lips just barely move in dainty, inaudible prayers. With my eyes straight ahead I could still tell that he never turned to look at me. . . . And I never knew before that ordinary boys prayed.

Later, as we went down the broad stone steps of the church, Jack took my arm with a squeeze and said happily, "Come on, Angie. We'll have to step it up so we don't keep Fitz and Margie waiting."

I realized then with a half-proud, half-ashamed feeling that Jack was a better boy than I was a girl.

Tony Becker called me the next morning just after I had cleared away the breakfast dishes. "Hi, there," he said over the phone. "I just drove over from Oshkosh to deliver some stuff for my dad." It seemed too much luck to have two boys wanting to date me when just a few weeks ago there hadn't been any. He asked if I would like to do something with him on Wednesday night and I told him I certainly would.

When he hung up I went out into the garden and could hardly keep the elation out of my voice as I said to my mother, "Tony Becker just called me."

Later in the morning I phoned Margie and we talked about little things till I ventured casually, "Oh, by the way, Tony Becker asked for a date Wednesday night." I thought she sounded queer when she asked me if I were going, but attributed it to jealousy—even if a girl is going steady I guess she doesn't like other girls to be *too* popular.

We drove back to Oshkosh on Wednesday evening. It is a twenty-mile drive along the lake. My mother hadn't liked Tony very well—I could tell that. He had been polite and friendly, but there was something in the way he had talked to her—as if he had known her a long time, instead of being a little shy the way boys are supposed to be.

From the very beginning I liked Tony. There was something different about him. He drove faster and didn't look straight ahead with his eyes on the road the way Jack did, but kept turning to look at me. In fact,

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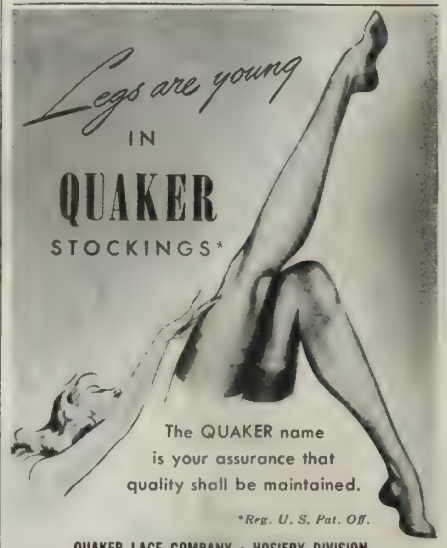
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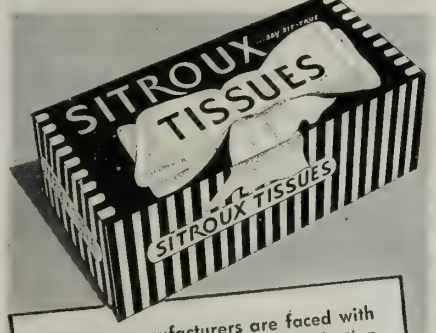
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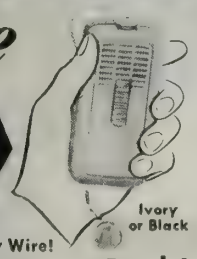
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he looked at me so much that I began to feel that I must be very nice to look at. He asked me what I'd been doing with my summer and what college I was going to in the fall and the sort of things that make easy conversation.

We stopped at a place called Chet's, just on the edge of town. Chet's is divided into two parts—one half for the bar and the other half for the orthophonic, the dance floor and a circle of little black-topped tables and chromium-and-leather chairs. As we walked in several people turned to say hello to Tony and the bartender hailed him from the other room. This wasn't a tavern or a roadhouse or anything like that—in fact, it was the sort of place that every town has for the younger people to go—but I couldn't quite reconcile myself yet to being with people who drank beer and to going to "bar places."

The whole evening went quickly. Tony was fun, though he was the first boy I had ever been with who drank whisky and soda and I kept unconsciously watching him, expecting him to act as men in the movies do when they drink too much. We sat at a table by ourselves, but several of his friends came over. The fellows seemed older and looked at me as if they were surprised about something, and the girls Tony talked to were the kind with very dark lipstick, short skirts and low voices. Of course I was wondering about Jack. Little thoughts nudged at my brain all evening, but I tried to fluff them away. I busied myself talking with Tony to keep other thoughts out of my mind.

If you do not ask their help, all men are good-natured.

A wise man's country is that one where he is happiest.

No one thinks another's wealth small or his own life long.

The spoken word belongs half to him who speaks, and half to him who hears.

Going downhill, no one is old.

He kept watching me so intently that I found myself laughing in the wrong places and making small, uneasy remarks that didn't mean anything. There was something about him that I didn't understand. He kept looking at me with such a slow, lazy look in his eyes that even with the table between us it seemed as if there was no table at all. And you can't talk to a boy when he's not really listening.

It began to rain just as we left for home. We drove with the car radio turned low and Tony reached over and took my hand in his. We went on in silence, he holding my hand lightly and me not knowing just what to do and feeling pretty silly, till he said in his same warm voice, "Are you cold, Angie?"

I was surprised. It wasn't a cold night. "Why, no. No, thank you, Tony. I'm quite comfortable—and besides, I've got my sweater right in the back seat." He looked at me and then laughed hard, slapping his hand on my knee. He laughed so hard that I laughed, too, and settled back on the car cushions, reassured. The music from the radio was soft and sweet and the windshield wipers were trucking merrily in the rain.

When we got home the storm had let up a little and Tony came right up to the door, standing on the top step with me. "Would you like to do something Saturday night?" he asked.

My mind worked fast, feeling for the right, polite words. "I'd like to—I'd like to very much but—I'm busy this Saturday."

He didn't mind at all but just said, "All right, Angie. And thanks a lot for tonight. I liked being with you a lot. You know," he laughed, "you're a kind of *restful* girl to go out with."

I turned over the odd thoughts in my mind to find out what Tony had meant. But I didn't understand. Of course I wasn't really busy on Saturday night, but I thought *surely* Jack would call by then.

(Continued on Page 87)



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(Continued from Page 85)

Somehow when the telephone doesn't ring it seems even more noisily present than if it is constantly jingling. As each day went by it became more evident that he didn't mean to call. Every time I went into the dining room I could feel the phone on the corner table behind my back almost as if it were someone staring at me. And all my thoughts turned into little prayers which I meant so much that it made me ache all over. *Just once,* I kept saying. *Let him call just once.*

Lorraine asked me to go for a walk with her one evening. Martin hadn't called for several days. I knew why she wanted to go for a walk and I didn't blame her. For the past few days I had wanted to do it myself. We walked down our street, quiet and thick with summer shadows.

I wish now I could have said something to Lorraine. Something quick and bright with happiness in it. If I could have said the right things that night, her whole summer, her whole life might have been different. But there was a certain wordless pride that kept us both from talking. I couldn't admit, even though I knew it was true, that Martin had only been taking her out because he was new in town and didn't know any other girls. I had to pretend that I thought she wasn't going out with him just because she didn't care to and that it was *she* who was turning *him* down. I had to pretend all that, and go along in silence as if we were just out for an ordinary walk because we were sisters and because when we were younger we played tag together and never argued over paper dolls or tattletaled about each other and it was the same now.

She didn't mention where we were going, but I knew where Martin roomed. Most of the houses on his street were already sound asleep, but some still had low floor lamps shining through their eyes. "Let's cross over to the other side, Angie," she said quietly. "I wouldn't want him to see me if he should happen to be outside." We went on until we were directly across the street from where Martin lived, but the boardinghouse was quiet, its window shades pulled down like eyelids, and there was no green coupé pulled up at the curb, Lorraine said nothing, but we both knew he wasn't at home.

There are two kinds of fool. One says, "This is old, therefore it is good."

The other says, "This is new, therefore it is better."

—DEAN INGE.

THE night was thick about us and the tree leaves whispered and small gnats made a moving fuzz around the street lights. Out of the quietness of our thoughts, my sister said suddenly, "Angie, tell me—do you and Jack ever *neck?*"

I could feel my face flush warm in the darkness. "Necking" was one of those words that everyone knew about but never said. "Do you mean have I—have I ever *kissed* him?" I asked.

"No, no," she answered, her voice impatient. I couldn't see her face in the darkness. "I mean—you know what I mean. Do you ever *neck?*"

I didn't really know, I told her, stumbling over the words. I wasn't sure just what she meant—and something inside of me, panicky, kept hoping frantically she wouldn't say the word again.

"Well, Angie, I've talked with girls at school, smooth girls, and they all—well, if you go out with a fellow a few times—it isn't as if you have to be —— You know how it is, Angie!"

There was something in her voice that was asking me to answer, but I didn't know what it was that she wanted me to say.

"Things are different now from the way they used to be," she went on urgently. "People don't think anything of it any more. I mean, if it's only one boy you're going with and that sort of thing. It isn't like it used to be when you had to be almost engaged; now *everybody* does it and nobody thinks—you know what I mean." Her voice trailed off and she was looking at me hard in the darkness, waiting, and I had to say something.

Suddenly I remembered how it was when we were still little girls and I wanted to reach out to touch her hand as we walked along.

"It's all right," I told her gently. "It's all right, Lorraine. If you really like a boy—it's all right to kiss him."

She went along in silence for a few moments, brushing close against the bushes, letting the cool, dark leaves touch her arm. "Angie, you don't understand," she said wearily. "You don't understand at all." And there was no reproach in her voice. "You don't even know what I mean!"

I raked over that last evening with Jack carefully, looking for a sentence or even a word that could have made him angry, quickly skipping over the parts that were so lovely that it hurt to remember. And it wasn't because I had gone out with Tony. That was silly too. After all, we weren't going steady. Just because you've kissed a boy doesn't mean you're going steady.

LYING in bed, I thought and thought so long that every thought in my head turned into a prayer, and the longing seemed to suck all other ideas from my head until the whole bed, the whole darkness of the room was keeping time to the words that beat and beat in my head. My thoughts were a steady chant of *Let him call, let him call!* and outside, the moon, almost full, hung heavy and gold just above the trees. I kept seeing it, so round and close, even after I shut my eyes.

Next morning I found out. My mother and Kitty drove to Sheboygan with my father. I waited till I heard the car back out of the driveway before I picked up the phone.

Margie's voice on the other end of the wire was high and a little surprised. "Well, gee, Angie, it certainly is a long time since I heard from you! What you been doing?"

I told her nothing, except the usual things, and what had she been doing?

"Oh—Fitz and I have been going out to Pete's like always, and then a bunch of us had a wiener roast the other night." Her voice trailed off a little.

Go on. Go on. Did you see him? Was Jack there? Tell me. Don't make me ask, my mind said, but the words from my mouth came with slow unconcern, "That must have been fun, Margie. That must have been loads of fun with the weather so nice and everything."

The next words I seemed to see rather than hear, as if they came out, black and stark before my eyes on ticker tape. "I suppose," she said simply, "you know that Jack has been dating Jane Rady again?" She knew I hadn't known; she knew, but how else could it be said? For over a week, she told me. Ever since that time I had gone out with Tony. "Honestly, Angie," she went on, "I can't see why you had to go out with a boy like Tony when you were dating someone as swell as Jack Duluth."

"But why, Margie? He's a friend of Jack's. Jack introduced me to him. Don't the fellows like him or what?"

"Boys *like* him," she explained with elaborate patience, "and girls like him too—but, well, they don't *go out* with him—unless they're *that kind.*"

I was so surprised that what Margie was saying seemed faraway and unreal, like something that wasn't meant for me to hear at all.

"That's why everyone was so surprised, and especially Jack, because no one thought you were the kind to go out with a fast boy like that, Angie!"

For the rest of the day the word resounded in my head. But he hadn't been when he was with me, so how was I to know that Tony was a fast boy!

I can't even tell you quite how it happened. I mean, it was the sort of thing that happens so fast that you can't even piece it



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together again afterward. It was late Saturday afternoon and I had walked down to Paine's drugstore to buy some turpentine to take the paint off Kitty's new sailor slacks. Paine's is the reliable sort of drugstore which does a large prescription business, and even the few sodas they serve have a slightly medicinal tang. I was sitting in a front booth all by myself, not thinking of anything, just being glad that the Saturday housework was done.

And all of a sudden there was Jack. He came in the door, whistling to himself, and was swinging onto a high stool before the soda fountain when he saw me. Something happened to me then—a funny tingling feeling started right at the top of my head and went down over me in a quick wave, leaving me suddenly very cold and wide-awake.

"Hello," he said gruffly, as though he were clearing his throat. "Didn't see you at first."

"Hello, Jack." My face had a tight feeling as if I had washed it with too much soap.

"How've you been, Angie?" he asked, sliding into the booth across from me.

"Fine," I said quickly. "How have you been?"

"I've just been down at the Y," he told me. "Swede too. We had a swim and a shower. I always take an hour off on Saturday afternoon. We're rushed down at the bakery on Saturday night."

And then suddenly we were all out of conversation. There was a long, awkward silence.

"What you been doing, Angie?" He urged his voice to sound interested and I caught the cue immediately and told him: "Nothing. What have *you* been doing?" It wasn't the right thing to say. It didn't mean anything. Here I was with just a few minutes and I wasn't saying anything; nothing that mattered.

He looked at me then, straight at me, and I felt my eyes go soft. "I've got to go, Angie," he said quickly. "I've got to get back right away because Saturday's so busy at the bakery." He said it but he never moved and it was as if he had never spoken at all.

Something had to be said and the words were suddenly on my lips.

"Jack, Margie told me what Fitz said you thought about that night with Tony," I told him.

But he wouldn't look at me then. "Did she?" and his tone was dull and uninterested. "Yeah," he added. "I guess I was kinda surprised." He looked at me in an exasperated way, running his hand through his hair. "Gee, Angie, I take you out. Everything goes like it did. That night at the dance and then at the cottage and everything. And I start feeling—well, how I did—and then one morning Tony walks into the bakery and says he's got a date with you!" And there was nothing I could say. "Just when I start thinking, well, maybe it's all right, Fitz calls up and tells me that Margie just called him to tell him that you'd called her and said that you've got a date with Becker and you're even *proud* of it!" He looked at me in a puzzled, hurt sort of way and his voice was almost pleading. "Gee, Angie!"

"But, Jack," I said, "how was I to know? I didn't know a thing about it until Margie told me."

"Couldn't you *tell?*"

"No, how could I tell?"

"Just by the way he looks at you. And you even danced with him at the country club dance!"

"But you were the one that arranged to exchange dances. I thought he was a friend of yours."

"Sure, he's a friend of mine. And he's a good guy, too, but he's just that way. And any girl that I go with that would go out with Tony and ——"

"And what?"

He looked up at me and his voice was quiet. "Didn't you, Angie?"

"Well, Jack! Honestly!" It was my turn to sound exasperated, but inside my head words were bumping together so fast that I didn't know what to say.

"How was I to know, Angie? I didn't think so at first, but then I talked to Swede and we both know Becker. How was I to know, Angie?" For a moment neither of us moved or spoke; but when I am very, very old I hope I can look back and remember all the wonderful things that went on in that silence. "I've got the truck outside," he said huskily, nodding toward the door, "if I can take you home."

We took the longest way, the way that goes through the park and along the edge of the lake. Jack drove with both hands tight on the wheel and I sat close beside him till we came to the place where the Virginia creeper stretches heavy on the fences and the trees beside the road grow thick and gnarled. Jack slowed the truck while we held our breath and listened to the whole air singing with the sound of insects and wind in the grass and the warm steady hum that is summer. Behind us lay the town, lost beyond the fences and ditches, and ahead the whole country lay stretching, yellow-green in the sunlight.

And the thought in my mind was as warm and mellow as the sunlight. *How odd,* I thought. *How wonderfully, wonderfully odd to be kissed in the middle of the afternoon.*

It was hot. It was hot with the steady beating heat that comes from a bare sky and a high sun, still and glaring, that covers the whole ground without a shadow.

"Tomorrow we'll just pack a lunch, shut the house and go away for the day," my mother said at suppertime. It was so warm that her thin dress stuck to the back of her chair every time she moved. "In all this heat I don't know as I could stand the noise and the firecrackers for a whole day."

Art was there, having driven up from Milwaukee with my father earlier in the afternoon—neither of them wanted to get mixed up with the Fourth of July traffic.

Lorraine put down her fork. "You know, I don't know as I'll be able to go with you tomorrow."

"Why not?" my father demanded sharply.

"I have a date with Martie," she went on, "and Martie suggested that it be sort of an all-day date." (She had been calling him "Martie" for the past week.)

"Well," answered my mother benevolently, "I don't see as that makes much difference. Having no folks of his own in town to spend the holiday with, he might as well come along with us. He'll probably find it a pleasant change, too, after so much restaurant food."

Lorraine was silent for a moment. "It would be nice, of course." She was toying with her fork, her eyes on her plate, and I remember asking quickly for someone to pass me the bread, just to edge over that silence. "But if you don't mind," she said, "I'd rather he and I didn't go on the picnic."

My father looked at my mother and she raised her eyebrows back at him, but it was Art who spoke up. "Lorraine, if we get home early enough we can all go out somewhere in the evening, you and Marg and Martin and I."

"Call him up, Lorraine, and ask him if he wouldn't like to go," Margaret urged.

"Really," my mother put in, "it used to be that we could arrange things here without having to worry about individual plans."

Lorraine put down her fork and burst out suddenly, "Honestly, I just can't see what all the fuss is about." Ever since Lorraine was a little girl she has cried easily and now we all looked the other way and pretended

(Continued on Page 90)

The first thing needed to make a dream come true is to wake up.
—Church Management.

You can't climb the ladder to success with cold feet.
—St. Louis Star-Times.

Ideas are funny things. They won't work unless you do.
—The Villager.



A word to the wives...

Nothing but the Finest

Finest

RECIPE FOR FISHERMAN'S LOAF

1 lb. loaf unsliced bread
1 can Stokely's *Finest* Honey Pod Peas
1½ tablesp. hot shortening
2½ tablesp. flour
¾ teasp. salt
few grains pepper
½ cup milk
1 cup shrimp, cooked or canned

Remove bread crusts. Remove center of loaf, leaving ½" wall on bottom, sides, ends. Bake in 400° F. oven 15 min. Drain peas. Blend flour, salt, pepper into shortening. Stir in ¾ cup liquid off peas, and milk. Stir, boil 2 min. Add peas, shrimp. Heat thoroughly. Put in loaf. Serves 4. And to be sure of the very finest, fresh-tasting flavor, plus that so-good-for-you goodness of peas grown only where soil and climate combine to produce *nothing but the Finest* . . . remember to ask for Stokely's *Finest!*

Finest

RECIPE FOR ANGEL FRUIT RING

1 can Stokely's *Finest* Fruit Cocktail
2 tablesp. lemon juice
1 tablesp. plain gelatin
1½ cups angel cake, diced

Drain juice; chill fruit. To juice, add lemon juice and water to make 2 cups. Soften gelatin in ½ cup of this mixture; dissolve over boiling water; stir in remaining fruit juice mixture. Chill until syrupy. Arrange cake in 6-in. oiled ring mold. Cover with gelatin mixture; chill until firm. Turn out, fill center with cold fruit. Serves 4. You'll love the appetite-rousing color and natural flavor of fresh fruit captured in this dessert, because it calls for fruits packed fresh the day, often the very hour, they're picked. That, too, means *nothing but the Finest* . . . and that means Stokely's *Finest!*

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TAVERN HOME PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 90)

across it, hard and bright, Kitty decided it was time to go through her Fourth-of-July ritual of lighting her box of sparklers. We all sat watching while she stood with each sparkler at arm's length, shooting off a wraith of quick stars.

Out in the dark sky just a few blocks from us the annual fireworks display was being set off over the lake. Explosions preceded a thin whistle as the rockets shot into the air, bursting into a million bright-pointed stars, showering down into the night. Kitty let out little breathless exclamations of awe, and the dog, frightened by the light, whimpered and lay down close to Art. For a long time no one said anything. Fireworks should be watched in silence.

Above us the whole darkness seemed shot through with light and shattered with bursts of color that sent out a melting rain of stars. It seemed as if one could almost hear the brightness. The whole night tingled with it.

"I hope Lorraine and Martin don't miss this—wherever they are," my mother said quietly.

Jack was sitting, propped on his hands, with his head back looking at the sky and he moved his hand just a little so it barely touched mine. A tingling ran up my arm and I felt my face flush in the darkness. I wondered for a moment what my mother would think if she knew that I was sitting there with Jack's hand on mine. And all those strange thoughts. I wondered if it were just me or if they all felt this night so mysterious, so pulsing with something unspoken. My whole body felt uneasy with it. Suddenly I had an almost uncontrollable impulse to reach out and touch Jack's bare throat gently, lightly with one finger, at the V of his shirt.

And it was just then that he rose to his feet and said politely to my mother, "Well, if you don't mind, Mrs. Morrow, I think I'd better be going now. I've got to be out on the route early tomorrow." He stood for a moment not knowing what else to say.

My mother rose from her chair, too, saying, "I'm glad you came, Jack, and come again any time. It's nice having you." I walked to the front sidewalk with him. Kitty walked with us.

It was late and we all went into the house then and the others went straight upstairs while my mother turned back to call to me, "Angeline, be sure to see that the front door is unlocked for Lorraine."

"I will," I called back.

Quietly I turned the key in the lock and tried the knob of the front door. It was open. Lorraine would have no trouble getting in.

Of the days that followed I remember almost nothing definitely. Nothing seemed to stand out by itself but all flowed together into a stream of pleasantness like warm, thick honey. Every moment was full of it. Every night there was the lonely, ecstatic wonder of thinking about Jack while I lay in bed alone; outside, the stars just pinpricked the sky and the wind was gentle in the trees, and in the morning there was the slow luxury of waking with the first sun on the wall and knowing that a whole long day of thinking lay ahead. It was the sort of happiness that almost makes you sad, it is so wonderful. Everything seemed different to me—everything.

The last two weeks of July melted away into nothing but warm, crowded memories. I let the inevitable imminence of college ride on the top of my thoughts, never really admitting to myself that it was there. Fitz and Margie and Jack and I went swimming together twice on the hottest days and one night when there was a moon—full and lush with that overripe look—we went sailing with Swede. And one afternoon Jack brought over a quart of ice cream and we all sat eating it on the back lawn. Jane Rady called Jack and asked him to go to a wiener roast with her, but he told her that he had a date with me. Margie told me about it later and I couldn't help feeling contentedly smug inside.

Jack and I went down to the Rathskeller one night and met Fitz and Margie there. The Rathskeller is a night club: a dark, down-a-flight-of-stairs sort of place where it is necessary to keep the lights on even in the daytime.

It was a hot, muggy night, but in here the floors and walls gave off a dusky coolness. The four of us sat at a small table in the corner and I let Margie take the chair on the outside—I felt uneasy to be seen in a place like this. There had been bars in Pete's and Chet's, but this place was different. A waiter in a short, white coat and a pencil stuck behind his ear came to take our order and they all asked for beer except me. Fitz filled his glass, raised it, and touched Jack's. Then he touched Margie's and they all said something in a chorus that sounded like "Roast it!" and took the first swallow. I just sipped my cola and pretended to know what they were doing. I meant to ask Jack about it later.

Over in one corner was an ornate juke box with lights inside that made its decorated front shine like murky, colored water. Fitz and Margie left the table to dance and we watched them. There were others dancing. Fitz danced with his chin on Margie's head and held her hand down far, near her hip. She closed her eyes and they didn't talk when they danced. Jack and I watched them till the glow of the juke box and the warm dusk of the room mingled together and swam before my eyes in a low-light murkiness as exciting as wine.

We had doubled with Fitz and Margie so often that I had learned not to seem surprised at anything they did. When they came back to the table both had another bottle of beer and we talked together for a short while before Fitz glanced nervously at his wrist watch, saying, "I hate to break this up, but we'd better leave you kids and shove off. Margie's mother don't want her going out so much lately so we got to be cautious."

Margie opened her purse and patted her hair in the mirror, remarking coyly, "I know you two aren't going to mind being left alone."

"That's all right," Jack answered. "Go ahead."

After they left we moved to a table nearer the big grand piano that was set in the middle of the floor.

"They've got a wonderful colored pianist for the floor show," Jack told me. "He doesn't come on till ten o'clock, but I want to sit where we can see him as well as hear him."

Just then Martin and Lorraine came in. I was as surprised to see her as she was to see me, though I had often wondered where she and Martin went at night. Jack stood up as they came over to our table.

"Hello there, Angie," Martin said heartily and, "Hi, there, fellow, long time no see!" to Jack, pumping his hand.

"Won't you two pull up a couple of chairs and have a glass of beer with us?" Jack asked politely.

But Lorraine put in hastily, "Thanks, Jack. I don't think we'll bother. We were on our way somewhere else and just stopped in for ——"

"Sure. 'Course we will," Martin interrupted, and pulled over two chairs from the next table. "We got a little time to spare—especially when I haven't seen this cute young sister of yours for such a long time," and he gave me an exaggerated wink. I had never seen him act the way he did that night. When the waiter came to our table he said, "We'll have the same as before for

Why not say "That hat looks lovely on you," which implies that the wearer does something for the hat—instead of the more usual, "You look lovely in that hat," which also says that "You do not usually look so well"? Even if it is true, what is gained by such a statement?

—MARGERY WILSON.

I'm sick of being a Prisoner in my own home!



1 Meals, dishes, beds, laundry! By the time I got around to a little dusting, I was so tired I could cry. I never had enough energy left to go out any more. I was just a prisoner in my own home...until the other day when Betty Wilson came in. She wouldn't sympathize with me at all. "There's no need to feel like that, as long as you can get a Spirella!" And she made an appointment for me with the Spirella Corsetiere.



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2 Fortunately, she was able to give me an early appointment at my home, where we talked over my problem privately. She showed me the famous Spirella Press and Lift Test. I pressed down on my stomach. Ow! That's the way I felt for years at the end of the day. Then I lifted up, the way she showed me. What a difference!



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these two and a couple of Scotch and seltzers here," pointing to Lorraine and himself.

"No, thank you," Lorraine interrupted again. "I'll have a cola if you don't mind."

Martin looked at her. "A cola ——" he began incredulously and looked at me. "Oh. Oh, all right. Sure. Waiter, make that one Scotch here and one cola." We were sitting near the juke box and had to talk above the music. "You know, I'm beginning to like this little town of yours." He looked at Jack and me as if expecting an answer. "Yes, sir, it's a pretty good little town when you get to know the people. It's not like the big city, of course, but it's like I always say—if you want fun, you've got to make it yourself."

"You're right there," Jack assented. "I know I've always had a good time here."

Lorraine was restless and excused herself, going into the powder room.

Martin turned to me. "That sister of yours is the greatest one for fixing up. Every time you look at her it's prink, prink. I tell her sometimes she's going to wear her face right off with that powder puff. Another beer, Jack?" He was trying hard to be pleasant now. I almost liked him.

When Lorraine came back she was freshly lipsticked, with her hair fluffed out, and her heels clicked sharply on the floor. "Come on, Martin, let's go now."

He turned and looked her squarely in the face, saying very deliberately and a little too loudly, "Let's go! We just got here, didn't we? We've got about twenty minutes to wait until the floor show starts and you want to go already!"

"I know, Martie," she answered coyly, her lips pouted. "I know we just got here, but I want to go. Come on!" and she smiled at him. Sometimes Lorraine talks as if she were sucking sugar lumps.

Martin drank the rest of his drink and looked at us, sighing in mock exasperation. "It's like that all the time. Just when we get where there is people and fun it's 'Let's go! Let's go!'" and he squeaked out an imitation of Lorraine. "To hear her talk you'd think she *had* somewhere to go!"

Jack and I sat in an uncomfortable silence after they had gone. We both knew that he hadn't been trying to be funny, and it made me curl up inside because it had been my own sister he had been talking to. Jack lit a cigarette, trying to think of something to say.

"Say, why don't you try a bottle of beer with me, Angie?" he suggested.

"Oh, no! No, thank you, really. I never drink beer."

"Come on," he urged. "Just for fun. One bottle won't hurt you."

"It would look so awful, though—me sitting here with a beer bottle in front of me. I'd look like a witch or something."

"All right," he assented. "I wouldn't want you to have one if you didn't want to but I just thought you might like it—this once."

"I'll tell you what," I suggested. "You order me a bottle and if I don't like it you can finish it."

"Well, if you want to, Angie—but don't do it just on account of me."

"No, no, I really want it. It will be sort of fun, I think."

"Waiter," he called. "Make that two bottles of beer this time. And bring us some potato chips to go with it."

When the waiter brought the beer Jack poured both our glasses. I took a cautious sip and screwed up my face at the flat bitterness. Jack winked at me and I laughed back at him—so much fuss over one bottle of beer. But when he wasn't looking I pushed the bottle over a little toward his side of the table. A girl can't feel like a lady with a bottle of beer before her. When it was time for the floor show even the dim wall lights were switched off and the spotlight tossed a bright lariat of light around the piano in the middle of the floor. There was a moment's pause and the pianist came out of the darkness while a spatter of applause greeted him as he slid onto the bench. I had never seen a colored pianist before.

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He sat for a moment, very still, with his head back and his eyes closed, poised and waiting, and then began running his hands up and down the keyboard. With his eyes closed the colored man leaned back on the bench, way back, one hand limp at his side and the other like a dark spider on the high notes at the end of the keyboard, quick and supple, tingling the keys in a rippling, tantalizing way until it made my scalp prickle to hear him. Suddenly he swung back into position, both hands playing the whole keyboard, and let out a queer, wild cry that sounded like, "Oh, rock the baby!" A laugh went round the room, from table to table, and everyone relaxed. He played on and on, rocking back and forth on the piano bench, rolling his eyes and shaking his head till his white teeth shone like dice against the black of his face. He played St. Louis Blues and then Honeysuckle Rose, singing as his fingers ran over the keys, drawing out the first words of the song long, sweet and high, with a sensuously slow half-smile on his lips, holding it till I felt myself looking at Jack and laughing uneasily and almost breathing with relief when he swung off the high note into the rest of the piece. He played on and on, sitting in the bright circle of light, his fingers flashing, and after each number he paused, wiping his forehead, while people at the surrounding tables tossed in their requests like pennies.

"Like it, Angie?" Jack asked.

I nodded, sipping my beer slowly, almost enjoying the bitter, unpleasant taste. Jack ordered another bottle for himself. All around us the room was dark and cool with the underground coolness of wet stone, but the piano, its dark wood shining in the spotlight glare, set the air warm and throbbing with its music. The glass of beer made me cozy inside.

Jack leaned over and said quietly, "Gee, this is fun, Angie. Each night seems to be more fun because it's getting near the end. We've only got a few more weeks before you go back to school."

I didn't notice Jack order again and I didn't notice the waiter come to our table, but soon there was another full bottle of beer before me. The pianist had launched out with a fast piece, singing as he played. I don't know how long he played. I don't know how long we sat there sipping beer. Before long the music of the piano and the sound of the clapping of the audience seemed to come to me as from another room, floating in soft, gentle waves, and the effect struck me as so funny that I giggled!

Jack leaned over to touch my cheek with the back of his hand and I think he was laughing at me. "You're a honey, Angie. I like you so much tonight!"

I said something to him then—I must have said something. But talking was a queer feeling. The piano tinkled through my brain in a steady stream and my thoughts seemed to run out with the note sounds. There was a tingle in my head like the sparkle of ginger ale. I could hear myself talking to Jack, the words all mixed up with laughing, and he smiled back at me and I hummed to the music and we laughed and laughed. My cheeks were too hot now and I thought how nice it would be to feel for a moment the coolness of the night wind off the lake.

"You must drive me down to look at the water before you take me home, Jack," I murmured to him. At least I think I did.

He finished his beer and the pianist played one last piece, and then slid his long, dark fingers up the keyboard in a flourishing finish. He slid off the piano bench, gave the audience a quick black-and-white grin, and disappeared into a back room. The bright spotlight was snapped off and the dim wall lights glowed on.

"We'd better go," I said. "We'd really better go home because I'm so sleepy now."

After that I never drank beer again. It had really been a wonderful evening—but no evening can be that wonderful by itself. That's how I know. I didn't realize it then and I hate to admit it now, but I must have been a little tight that night!

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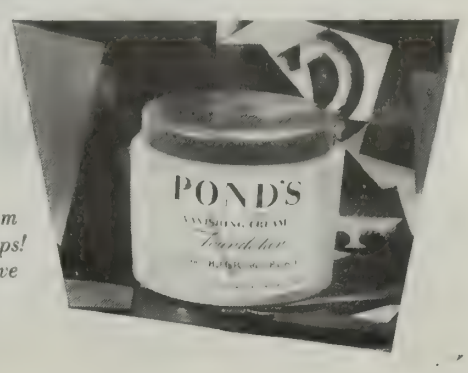
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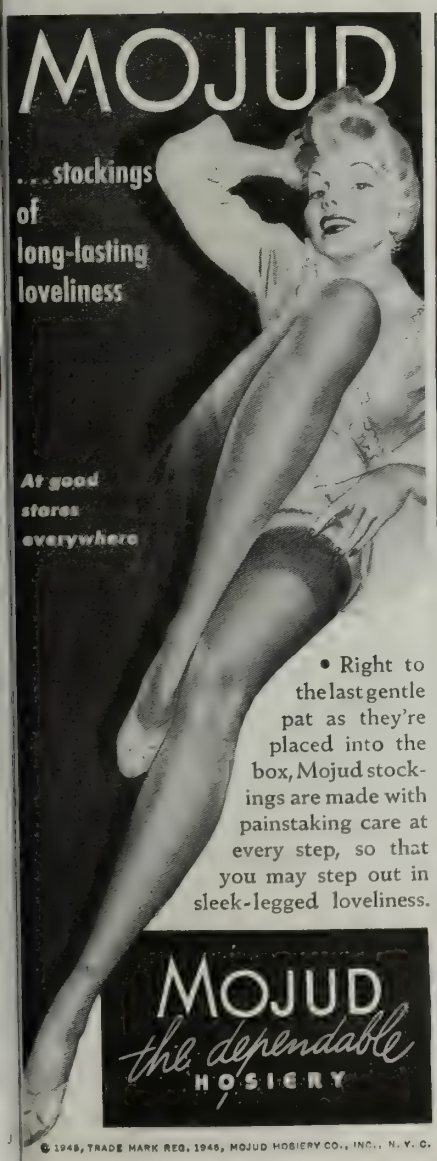


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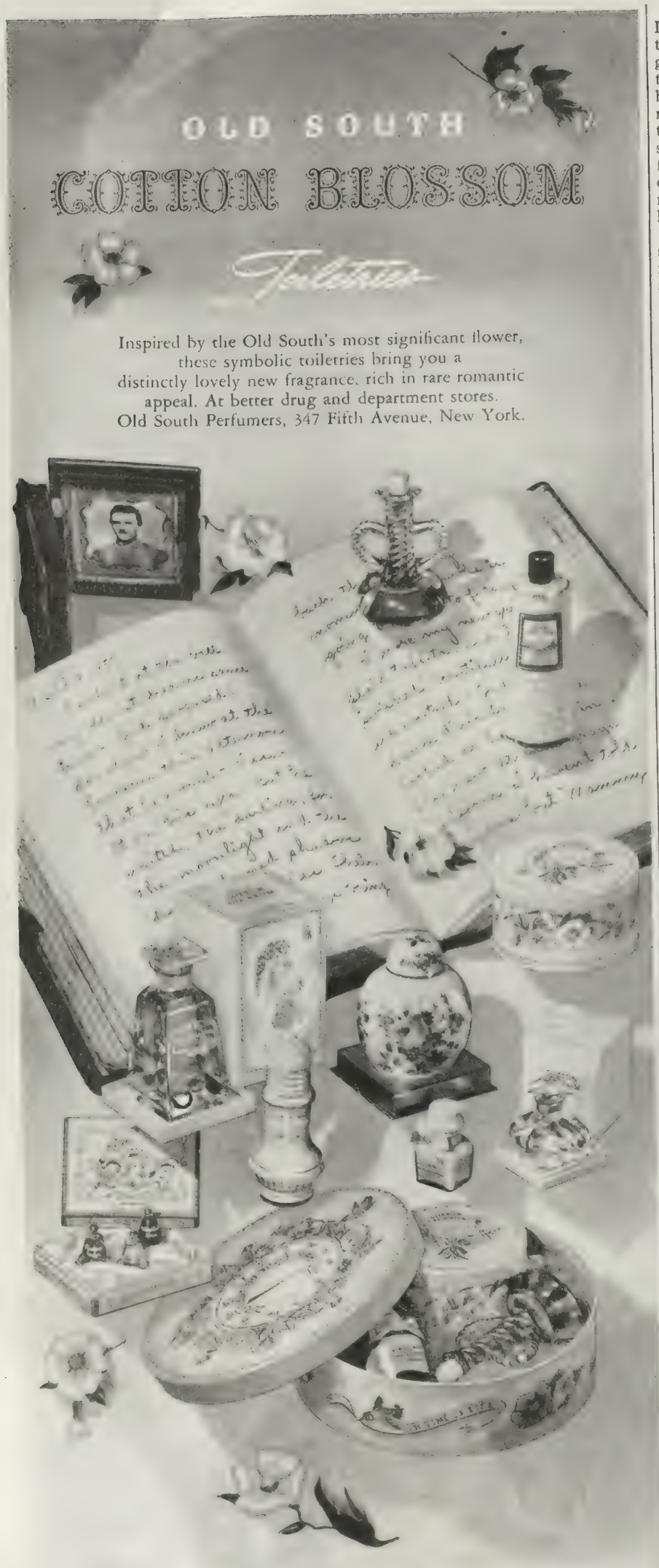
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After that evening at the Rathskeller, Lorraine talked about Martin even more than before. She told me about the smooth girls whom he used to date when he was at the university—long-haired, pretty girls who belonged to the best sororities; she told my mother how particular he was about everything he ate. In fact, she talked about him so much that my mother began to give my father alarmed, raised-eyebrow looks at the dinner table. Lorraine even said that Martin might drive her back to Chicago when college classes began in the fall.

Jack went out with Swede and Fitz and some of the other fellows one night and Lorraine asked me to walk up to McKnight's for a drink with her. "It's all right for me to be seen without a date," she explained lightly, "when everyone knows I'm practically going steady anyway."

Martin had called just after supper to say that he wouldn't see her that week end—he was driving up to Eagle River and wouldn't be back until late on Tuesday. He asked her to go out with him the following Sunday.

"That's his birthday," she told us happily when he had hung up. "I don't know just how old he will be, but it certainly is something to have him ask me out for that night when he knows other cuter girls in town and everything, isn't it? We'll probably do something very special."

Under his breath my father muttered, "Just lucky you're going back to school in a month, young lady!" and went huffily back to his paper.

One afternoon after work, Lorraine walked uptown to pick out a birthday present for Martin. She came home with a wallet. It was brown pigskin with a long zipper in it and special compartments for driver's license and personal papers. On one inside corner she had had his initials "M. K." stamped in gilt. That was Tuesday night and after supper she wrapped it in white tissue paper and I held my finger on the red ribbon while she tied three small bows.

"Maybe I should think of something clever to put on a little card to go with it," she suggested. "I won't give it to him till Sunday though."

Jack came over about nine o'clock and we went for a walk. When we came home Lorraine was curled in a chair by the front window. "I just thought I'd sit here and read a bit," she yawned, "in case Martin calls when he gets back to town. He is supposed to get in tonight."

On Wednesday he didn't call either and Lorraine puzzled over it all evening. "He must have been delayed in Eagle River," she explained to me. "That must be it. There wasn't a post card for me in the noon mail or anything, was there, Angie?" No, I told her. There hadn't been a post card or a letter. Nothing at all.

Thursday and Friday limped by. On Friday night my father came home for the week end and Lorraine took Martin's birthday wallet from the corner of her dressing-table drawer, unwrapping it carefully to show to him.

"Look, dad," she said. "Tell me honestly, if you were a fellow would you like this?"

He turned it over and over in his hand, looking into all the special compartments and trying the zipper. Then he looked at my mother and winked. "I'm still a fellow," he answered, "and I *do* like it, so I guess that makes it all right." My father is always in a good mood when he comes home from work.

Lorraine stayed at home all Saturday afternoon and all Saturday evening in case Martin might call. On Sunday she sat out on the back lawn where she could hear the phone easily if it should ring. No one mentioned him to her. Once she said to me, as if I had been arguing with her, "But, Angie, he wouldn't have asked me if he hadn't wanted me to go!" I knew what an empty, aching feeling she must have inside her. If only she hadn't talked about Martin so much earlier in the week!

We had our supper on the back lawn as usual. There was still no word, and watching Lorraine sitting, waiting, my heart felt as raw as cubed steak.

In the last glow of early evening sphinx moths came out, with their soft, furred bodies like small birds, blundering from flower to flower. Art was lying on his back on the cool grass, his head in Margaret's lap, looking at the first new stars that were just twinking yellow in the pale of the evening sky. Lorraine gave a short sigh and went into the house and up to her bedroom.

After a long time my mother said, "Angeline, you'd better go up and speak to her."

I WAITED for a moment in the living room, trying to decide what would be the best words to say. Lorraine was sitting on the rug in her bedroom. She was carefully picking at the gilt initials inside Martin's wallet.

"See, Angie!" she said triumphantly, holding it up. "Look, I've got it all off now but one little part of the *M*. Probably dad can use it or something."

I looked at her closely. She hadn't even been crying. "That's nice, Lorraine," I said quietly. "You'd hardly ever know." That's what I said, but there were needle pricks in the leather and I could still see where the initials had been.

That night, lying in bed, I could not help wishing that there wasn't so much sadness in growing up. It was all so confused in my mind. There were days when my thoughts were as mild as feathers and even an hour seemed like a long time. Then suddenly it was like turning a sharp corner—you were older and the things that counted when you were young didn't count any more at all.

When Lorraine was a little girl she didn't know about people like Martin—none of us did. Nothing she had ever done had prepared her to feel the way she felt that night. We had never known about anything unpleasant.

Lorraine lay beside me in bed sleeping—I think she was sleeping. We had both gone to bed early and quietly, not mentioning Martin. I had lain awake, waiting for her to say something, but she didn't; she hadn't even moved or turned her head on the pillow once. And I lay there wondering sadly how long—how many days and nights—it would take Lorraine to forget about Martin. How long before she could listen to soft music on the radio, see cars shining in the sun, or blue smoke rings floating, without some thought of him coming into her mind. It would take a very long time. And for her there would be no more summer.

In the morning the sky was a dazzling blue with clean white puffs of clouds scattered high over it.

But the brightness of the morning didn't last long. We had just got the first clothes hung on the line when a light wind came up and a few dark clouds floated into the sky. Still the rain didn't fall. The clouds were lined up, gray and sulky, and the day dragged by in a tiresome, clammy heat.

The clothes took a long time to dry and I spent the afternoon ironing, while my mother sat at the kitchen table sewing on buttons and mending.

At five o'clock Jack came. The storm had finally broken and the first rain fell in slow round drops.

"Hello there, Mrs. Morrow," Jack said to mother. "They've got you pretty busy, see!"

"I like to get these things put away mended right away," she explained, snapping off a bit of thread with her teeth

(Continued on Page 98)

Diane's mother had been recommended to try a brand of oatmeal supplied by a firm in Scotland. Diane, aged six, watched her mother untie the parcel, and spelt out from the canvas bag the words: The Backbone of a Scot.

"What is a Scot?" she asked.

Her mother explained.

After a pause: "And do they kill one specially?" she inquired.

—GLASGOW HERALD.

be like not to see Jack any more, but not now. Not after everything.

His forehead was puckered up with earnestness. "Gee, Angie, honey, I don't know what goes on in your head or what you feel, but I like you so much I think about you all the time! Nothing like this ever happened to me before. All the time—at work, when I'm with the fellows, and when I'm alone at night—all the time I think about you and wonder what you're doing. I like you so much that I don't know what to do about it!"

The car was so quiet that the drumming of the rain on the roof was deafening. Everything else was breathlessly still.

His voice was strangely low and calm now. "I've thought about this for a long time and I know what I'm saying. I'm in love with you, Angie!"

Words tingled at my lips and I felt my hands trembling, but there was nothing I could say. I didn't even know what I was thinking. Love is such a big word. And no one had ever said it to me before.

After a long time Jack started the car, and we turned back toward town. Along the highway, lights showed blurred through the rain and the storm sky was dark with the darkness of night. Turning down my own street, I saw that the light was on in our dining room and that my family was sitting around the table at supper.

It wasn't until I was inside the front door and Jack had pulled away from the curb that I remembered we hadn't stopped to get lemons for the iced tea!

In a movie it might have ended there. In fact, I almost thought it would, for I didn't know myself what could come next. I was so bewildered and mixed up in my head about the whole thing that my first thought was to call Jack on the phone in the morning, just to hear his voice and to make sure that I hadn't been dreaming.

But I didn't, for that morning my mother wasn't feeling well. She was still in bed when I woke, so I went downstairs softly to make fresh coffee, bringing it up hot and steaming, but she couldn't touch it. I knew then that she was really ill. I woke Margaret and Lorraine and they got ready for work in careful quietness. Each tiptoed in cautiously to say good-by before she left. The whole house was filled with soft, whispery stillness.

Kitty slept late while I straightened my mother's bed, drawing the window shades carefully and slipping a clean pillowcase on the pillow, cool and smooth beneath her head.

It was alarming to have my mother ill. It was like having the clock stop. Her cheeks were flushed and she complained that her head was throbbing, like hammers beating at the back of her neck; so I brought a cloth wrung out in vinegar and an ice pack, setting it gently on her forehead. Then I waited a moment helplessly.

"Mom," I whispered, "anything else you would like?" but her lips didn't move though her hand gestured wearily on the sheet. The door closed quietly behind me. I realized then with guilt that I had noticed her being tired often lately, in little quiet ways.

Kitty had just waked and, sensing from the stillness of the house that something was wrong, she came tiptoeing out in her nightgown, her eyes round with questions. I explained that mom didn't feel well and that she should dress quietly and come downstairs. She nodded solemnly and padded back to her room. Kitty can make a game out of anything.

Downstairs, I cleared away the earlier breakfast and set Kitty's toast and milk on a napkin on the end of the table. I dusted the front room, plumping up cushions and straightening the pictures on the wall. After that there was nothing to do.

Kitty had to be kept quiet and away from the house, so I brought out her old straw sun hat and a basket and sent her to pull weeds at the far end of the garden. Once I went upstairs softly, opening the door just a little. My mother was lying quiet, with the ice bag

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and then tea was served while the fashion editor talked about the "right look." She said it's an unstudied look — looking so sure, so natural that there's never an awareness of art or cosmetics —



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slipped down over her eyes. She was breathing as if she were asleep, evenly, with an odd weariness.

By noontime Kitty had grown long-faced and mournful from playing by herself, so I packed a lunch of bread and butter and three small round tomatoes and sent her out to the creek to have a picnic.

I wasn't used to having so much quiet time to myself, and somehow I didn't like it. With no one else's thoughts about, it was necessary to think my own—and yesterday afternoon at Pete's was too disturbing to mull over by myself. It only made me more restless.

The afternoon lagged by in a slow haze of heat and quiet till I began to think lazy, hohum thoughts that made my eyelids heavy. Then I realized suddenly what was wrong with me—I was lonesome. Between twelve o'clock noon when Kitty had gone on her picnic and four o'clock while the house was still quiet and noiseless, I had used up all my own thoughts, all the comfortable ones, and now I was just lonesome.

I didn't hear the truck pull up at the curb; didn't even know Jack was there till I heard his footsteps pounding up the front steps.

Hurrying to the front door with my finger on my lips, I whispered at him, "Sh-h-h-h, Jack. My mother doesn't feel well!"

He whispered back a loud apology and stepped in, closing the door behind him. "Angie, I've got something to tell you!" His voice was different from yesterday, quick and eager, and there was a bright, excited look on his face. "We're going back to Oklahoma!"

His words snapped my mind into alertness. "Jack! Why?"

He went on in a hoarse whisper, "We're all going, my mother and dad and me. I've known for a long time that we might, but I never mentioned it because I always thought the plans would fall through!"

My heart slipped down inside me. "When did you find out for sure?"

"Just at breakfast this morning—my mother and dad decided. Yesterday my father had a letter and this morning my mother and he decided that we would go back—definitely."

The whole idea was so new, so unexpected that I couldn't jar myself into comprehending. "But why, Jack?" I asked in a small voice. "I thought your mother and father *liked* it here."

"But it's just five years since we moved away, Angie. We have friends down there, too, and my dad has two brothers and my mother has a sister there." Jack's voice was very earnest. I could tell he was just repeating what he had heard at home. "You see," he said, frowning, "the bakery business isn't so good here. Down in Oklahoma my dad figures he can go in with his brothers and really make a go of it. They didn't want to while I was in school because that would break up things for me, but now I'm graduated there really is nothing to keep us here." His last words limped out lamely.

The significance of what he had said seeped into my mind slowly, word by word, each bursting like a bubble into an inkling of realization as I stood staring at him.

He fumbled with the doorknob. "Well—I've got to get back. I was supposed to take the truck right back to the bakery, but I just thought I'd stop over. We aren't going till next month though, Angie."

He waited. I knew he expected me to say something; that I was sorry he was going, that I hoped something would happen to change the plans, anything at all. But I couldn't. I couldn't break down the shyness that always kept me from saying what I really thought and felt.

"I'm glad you came, Jack, but it's just that I'm so surprised I can't talk for a minute." Upstairs the bedsprings creaked as if my mother had waked and was tossing.

Jack heard it, too, and whispered, "I'd better go, but is it all right if I see you tonight?" I nodded stiffly and he laughed. "Angie, don't look so scared! There are still trains and busses; and besides, I haven't gone yet. We'll talk about it tonight."

Upstairs my mother asked for a glass of ice water, and I brought it. "I so hate to be a bother to you children, being ill this way," she fretted, half to herself. "But I do think I will feel better by tomorrow. It's just the heat, I think."

My lips trembled with soft words, but we aren't the kind of a family who loves each other out loud. "Are you sure there's nothing I can get," I urged, "nothing you would like to eat?"

"In a little while I'd like a cup of strong tea, but not now. Did I hear someone downstairs a few minutes ago?"

"Yes, that was Jack."

"Did he want you to go out for a drive? Go if you like, Angie; I'll be all right lying here."

"He's gone now," I told her. "But that's all right; he didn't want anything—special." There was no need to talk about it now. Later, when she was feeling better, and when I had had time to realize it myself, there would be opportunity enough.

Jack came over early that night and dried the supper dishes for me. After that we sat out on the front steps. I needed to talk to him alone, even if I didn't know what I wanted to say.

The night air was warm and filmy, hanging loose around us like thin black chiffon. Beside the front steps the pine trees were fragrant with the same cool spicy smell that lingers over pine forests. Yet there was a quiet lonesomeness about that night, a poignant stillness that made my voice sound small and hushed, hardly like my own.

"Jack, I forgot to ask you where you are going to live in Oklahoma."

"We're going back to where we came from," he explained. "It's a pretty big place called Shawnee—about third largest in the state next to Tulsa. I went all through grade school there."

I remembered then that earlier in the summer his cousin had mentioned a little girl in a white house who used to live near Jack: a little girl Jack had liked. I wondered vaguely, not really caring, if she were still there.

"What are you going to do down there?" I asked.

"Well, I'll still be with my dad, of course. My uncle has a bakery there and we'll all work together. I suppose you wish I were going to school some more, don't you, Angie?" All summer long he had talked as if I were ashamed of his not going to college; as if he were ashamed of it himself. He went on now in the same half-apologetic voice, "I'd like to, Angie—you know that. But I've got to stick with my dad. I guess I'll have to get educated my own way."

Without Jack there would be no more Swede or Fitz and no more nights at Pete's. All the summer days would slip by as they had in other years, not meaning anything. It made my throat ache with lonesomeness even when he was sitting so close to me that I could smell the clean soapiness of him and could have touched his hair with my hand.

Jack turned to me unexpectedly and, as if I had spoken first, said, "But, Angie, I couldn't have seen you much when you were away at school anyway! I just want you to know for sure that I don't *really* want to go to Oklahoma."

"I know it, Jack. It's just—well, I don't know—something." "Fate" was the word I had been thinking of.

"I can always come up to see you any time and you can come down to see me," he lied pleasantly, laughing at me.

"And over week ends you come up as far as Kansas City and I'll come down to meet you every Saturday night," I answered.

"Yep," he said and his face was serious again. "Honestly, though, Angie, I've got

(Continued on Page 102)

A successful man was asked what two books had helped him most. He replied, "My father's checkbook and my mother's cookbook."

—H. L. HONY: In a letter to Sunday Times.

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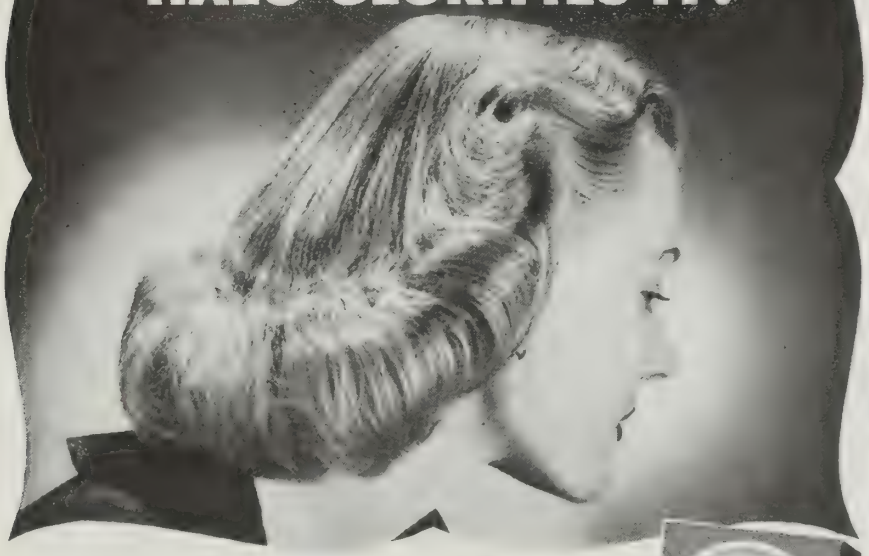
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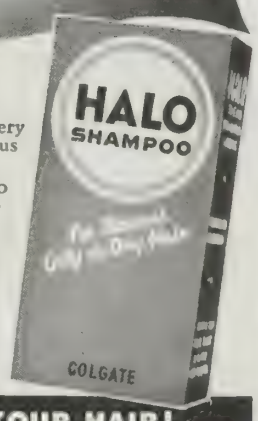
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(Continued from Page 100)

four-fifty already that I started to save toward coming down to Chicago to see you."

I felt my heart beat faster. "Really, have you, Jack? Maybe you *could* come up sometime then!"

"Sure, I could!" and he made his voice bright and confident, so confident that I knew he didn't mean it himself.

"What would your mother and dad say?" I asked, knowing in my heart that he was thinking exactly the same thing.

"What *could* they say, Angie? I'm pretty old now. I do mostly what I want."

"But they would want to know why you wanted to come back. What could you ever tell them, Jack?"

"Maybe I could say I want to come back to see Swede and Fitz." He didn't laugh as he spoke and I didn't feel like laughing either. With the end only two weeks away it was no laughing matter. Jack crushed his cigarette out. "Don't worry, Angie. I may not make it right away, but I'll get up here again sometime."

No month of my life has ever gone so fast. I did the housework each day as usual, sewed name tags on my clothing for school in the afternoon and tried not to think what would happen when those September days finally came.

Kitty and I worked in the garden for a whole day with the sun hot on our backs, pulling up the rows of overgrown vegetables and piling them in a heap in one corner of the garden to dry. In the late afternoon we were finished, hands scratched and legs muddy, and we cleaned ourselves while my mother set out tea for us on the back-door step.

While we sipped at our cups Kitty was lying on the lawn, chewing a bit of grass. "Too bad you have to go away, Angie," she piped up, "'cause we are really going to have a fine fire when those things are dried."

I tried to pretend I hadn't heard her, but everything I did and saw and heard seemed to bring the days nearer to the end. Along the side of the house, the earlier hollyhocks had dropped their last blossoms and the seeds in the seed pods were like round, green overcoat buttons. The first asters were out, smoky-purple and heavy on the stems.

LORRAINE came home from work early, even before I had set the table for supper. "We didn't have much to do this afternoon, so they let us out ahead of time," she explained. I was busy at the open kitchen window and heard their voices on the back lawn. Lorraine spoke again and her tone was cautious. "This afternoon I was thinking, mom, that if all of you don't mind—I'd like to go back to Chicago!" My mother said something I couldn't hear, but Lorraine objected, "But she won't have to come. Freshmen don't have to be there till the tenth of the month, but I just *want* to go back early. There are some girl friends I would like to visit. And besides, I've got a lot of important reading to get finished before I take my English comprehensive exam this year and I would like to get a head start—before the regular homework gets too heavy."

At supper my mother told us that Lorraine had decided to go back.

"I'll get a lot of reading done, and having worked all summer, this will be like a vacation before starting school again," Lorraine explained. "I'll just take a few things and you can send the rest with Angie when she comes."

That night in bed she nudged me. "Asleep, Angie?"

"No. I'm wide awake. What do you want?"

She was lying staring up at the ceiling, her arms behind her head. "Guess what, Angie—I saw Martin today."

I felt myself instinctively grow cautious and eased my voice into casualness. "Did you really? What did he say, Lorraine?" As far as I knew she hadn't seen him since the Sunday night he had failed to call.

"He didn't say anything. I just saw him driving by in the car. I was standing on the

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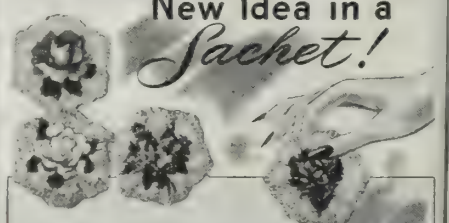


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miseries making your nose feel as big as a balloon?



Quick...use this



For blessed relief to sore, irritated nasal passages . . . to that bloated, heady feeling due to colds . . . use soothing Mistol Drops with Ephedrine*, at once! Buy a bottle, today.

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Anne Jeffreys
RKO RADIO STAR

All These VITAMINS in Every Bar

DELICIOUS chocolate through and through . . . *plus daily needed vitamins!* VITA-SERT is tasty and wholesome, a favorite with young and old as a daily dessert or between-meal snack. So get your vitamins the enjoyable way . . . EAT A VITA-SERT CHOCOLATE BAR EVERY DAY!

A....4000 I. U.
B_1..... 1 Mg.
B_2..... 2 Mg.
D.....400 I. U.
These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U. S. Gov't.



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SELL BIG VALUE CHRISTMAS CARDS

20 BOXES ODD CARDS 2½c UP

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Take orders from friends, fellow workers, others, for new 1945 Christmas and year 'round box assortments. Easy sales. Up to 100% profit. Outstanding Gift Wrappings, Glitter Etchings, Religious, Humorous boxes, etc., 35c up. Special Feature $1.00 Christmas card assortment. Send for Free samples $1.00 name imprinted stationery line. Special Offers.

New England Art Publishers, North Abington, Mass.

corner waiting to cross Park Avenue and he came up a side street and then turned down the avenue. It was during lunch hour and I think he was hurrying uptown to eat. Angeline, he didn't see me." Her voice was very quiet now and very empty, tired with lonesomeness. "He didn't see me," she repeated. "I'm almost sure."

She caught a late afternoon train for Chicago on Sunday. We all went out for a ride right after dinner—so she could say good-by to things for the summer. We took the lake highway out to Pete's and I noticed that already the swamp grass along the road was turning yellow and the glossy leaves of the willow trees were a fading yellow-green. Farther out on the lake, sails tipped the sky line, matching the white of the clouds.

I heard Lorraine sigh a little. "Dad, I think it's almost traintime now. Let's just drive down Main Street once more before you take me to the station," she said.

The shops were all closed and the street was calm with Sunday-afternoon quiet, but there were a few cars lining the curbs and Lorraine kept looking from side to side, very casually.

Then my father turned toward the station, saying cheerfully, "Well, Lorraine, there's your last look at Fond du Lac for a while anyway."

"Oh, well," she said.

I carried one bag and Kitty lugged the other with both hands, and we waited with Lorraine at the station platform until the train came and stood waving after her as it disappeared.

Going home we drove down Main Street again, and though I looked on both sides of the street I didn't see Martin's long green coupé that time either.

It is not wise to be too emotional about life's shifting scenes; it's best to keep a balanced mind, not one that sways and leans whichever way the winds of time blow down the world's strange street; it's not wise to live with your ear to the ground, for the earth's the place for your feet. —J. M.

Fall was coming early that year. Each day the freshness in the garden and the fields faded a little. The morning dews lay chill and frosty and in the evening long, quiet dusks came early, growing dark around the treetops while the birds lingered longer, with a strange melancholy in their songs.

Jack came over every morning, stopping off on his bakery route, and he called me every afternoon just after lunch.

Every night we went out somewhere. Once when I was rushing through the supper dishes my mother came into the kitchen, the evening paper in her hand, saying, "Angeline, I hardly think it's ——" and she paused. "You shouldn't really be seeing ——"

"What did you say, mom?" I asked, my heart pounding.

She looked at me a moment and smiled an odd, soft smile. "Oh, well," she said quietly and went back into the living room.

For the last week she had been mending my clothes, tightening snap fasteners on my skirts and sewing buttons on my pajamas for school. Newspapers were spread in one corner of her bedroom and she laid my clothes in neat, careful piles, ready to be packed. The drapes and spread were ready for my room and she was just knitting the last sleeve on a new pale-pink sweater.

"We'll have no last-minute worries at all," she remarked one afternoon and I realized suddenly that she meant what she said. She knew that Jack would be leaving just a few days after I had gone, but she wasn't worrying about that at all. And I realized suddenly, too, that she didn't know that that was the only thing on my mind through those last days.

When Jack and I were together, neither of us talked about it much—it was a refusing to admit and a refusing to believe that September was only a few days away. But

Look your loveliest always



Guard against "Wayward Skin" . . . keep loveliness fresh as a bright new morning . . . with these two creams that make CARE a CARESS . . .

KEEP your skin on the beam of beauty. Coax it away from "wayward" periods—dryness, shine, other minor blemishes that even slight neglect may cause—by pampering it daily with these two creams. Both contain friendly, familiar Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—an ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream provides emollient oils to smooth your skin and help keep it petal-soft . . . plus cholesterol to guard its vital moisture. Remember them . . . Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream and Cleansing Cream . . . to make skin care a *caress!*

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA Creams

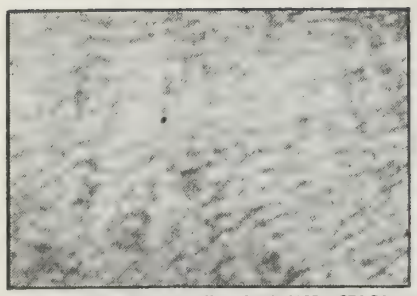
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Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream—*Softens and neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay supple, soft. Use it at night for prolonged effect . . . by day as a base for powder. 60¢, plus tax.*

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"TISSUE STARVATION" — ADVANCED STAGE

"MOSAIC PAVEMENT" SKIN. A doctor's term for "Tissue Starvation" where skin is excessively parched, crackled and crinkled because of an advanced vitamin deficiency.



"TISSUE STARVATION" — EARLY STAGE

ROUGHENED SKIN—possible anywhere on the body but most often found on thighs and arms—can be caused by a mild, chronic "Tissue Starvation" for vitamin A.

Some Skins Show Early and Advanced Signs of

"TISSUE STARVATION"

"TISSUE STARVATION" is producible by a lack of vitamins in the living cells of your body



THE SIGNS OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY OFTEN APPEAR FIRST IN EYES, SKIN, TONGUE AND MOUTH

POPULAR opinion in this country has taken a mistaken view of vitamins and what they do for people.

Contrary to the general belief, vitamins are more than just elements in our diet. Vitamins are part and parcel of all body tissues. And if you haven't all the vitamins you need, signs of tissue deficiency may show up in your body.

Even overweight people may have these signs! Medical opinion now holds, in fact, that most Americans DO reveal evidences of "Tissue Starvation," producible by vitamin deficiencies.

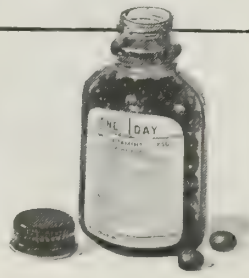
Now, the grotesquely crinkled skin in the left-hand picture above shows a severe condition rare in American life. But even mild, early vitamin deficiencies can cause roughness on your arms and thighs. The picture at the right portrays quite a common condition.

Cloudy eyeballs—lip and tongue lesions—are other signs that often indicate "Tissue Starvation." Look for them! These signs, of course, may result from such conditions as irritation, infection or other malnutrition, but "Tissue Starvation" due to vitamin deficiency is a frequent and *basic* cause. So guard against "Tissue Starvation" by taking ALL the vitamins doctors say *everybody* needs. You get all the known needed vitamins in One-A-Day Brand Multiple Vitamins—A, B_1, B_2, C and D, plus Niacin Amide, Calcium Pantothenate and B_6.

THE MILES PLAN
FOR MORE ABUNDANT HEALTH

1. **PROPER DIET.** Vitamin deficiencies may accrue gradually in the body tissues throughout your entire life. So try to eat a balanced diet *every* day from now on.
2. **PROTECTIVE VITAMIN THERAPY.** Take one capsule of One-A-Day Multiple Vitamins every day.
3. **CONDITIONING FACTORS.** If certain conditions (diarrhea, over-indulgence, etc.) raise vitamin needs, take extra vitamins.
4. **SEE YOUR DOCTOR**—if you have lesions — as above — that indicate vitamin deficiency.

ONE A DAY
BRAND
MULTIPLE VITAMIN CAPSULES



Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

without saying a word, we began to do "last things" together.

It couldn't end as soundlessly and as painlessly as it had begun—that I knew. All the days and nights and warm weeks of sunshine couldn't fade away into nothingness like breathy whispers as soon as they were spoken. They were too full for that. Even as I counted those last hours I knew that something had to happen. I didn't know what it would be but I knew it would come—somehow.

And it did. It was the third night before I left. We went on a wiener roast together, about ten of us, as a sort of farewell party for Jack and me. Jack had his car and we stopped to pick up Swede and Dollie and then Fitz and Margie, crowding all four of them into the back seat with the kindling wood and a picnic basket, while the others went in another car. We drove out to a wooded ledge about five miles from town where the trees grew thick and the woods were as wild and overgrown as a forest preserve.

It was barely dark and the trails were easy to find between the trees as we trailed along in Indian file, each carrying something. Margie led us to a place she knew where the ground was flat and there was a heap of blackened stones already arranged for a fireplace. Swede pulled some paper from his pockets, bunching it together and placing kindling sticks carefully over the stones, while the rest of us scattered to look for more wood. The trees grew close together here, thick-trunked box elders with occasional slim birches slipped in between, and the dead branches on the ground were tangled with vines and matted with damp leaves.

Back around the fire the others were sharpening green sticks for the wieners and Dollie was buttering rolls with the handle of a spoon. We each cooked for ourselves, putting the wieners on sticks and holding them over the flame, turning slowly till the tight skin burst, sending juice sputtering into the fire. The fragrance was tantalizing and Swede jammed his impatiently between a roll and ate it half roasted.

Someone had brought along some bottles of cola but no one had remembered to bring a bottle opener, so the bottles lay untouched on the grass. "Maybe afterwards," Jack said.

AT first the fire was so hot that it crackled and snapped, sending twigs sparking out onto the grass till we had to draw our blankets farther back, out of reach. I almost forgot that we were miles from town, miles from anyone else. While we ate, everyone chattered and laughed so loudly that the circle of brightness around the fire seemed to be a room by itself in the middle of the forest darkness, walled with light. I looked furtively behind me once, awed by the silent bushes, dark and lonely, changing shape in the flicker of the firelight.

"Something the matter, Angie?" Jack asked. But I shook my head.

As the fire burned lower we toasted marshmallows over the flames. One of the boys suggested we sing, but the suggestion died away without an answer. We talked quietly and Jack sat close beside me with his knees hunched up, staring at the flames. He had been silent all evening, and several times I caught him looking at me strangely, as if he were just going to say something and had suddenly changed his mind. Swede came over to sit on our blanket, and Dollie curled up beside him with her head on his knee.

As the fire burned low, the darkness closed in silently around us and a night wind blew over the coals, turning the ashes gray. Jack flipped the last twig into the fire.

"Someone want to go look for more wood with me?" Swede suggested.

Jack jumped to his feet. "Let Angie and me go. I feel like a little walk anyway."

"In the darkness?" Something inside me went suddenly alarmed, cautious, and sent a chill around my heart. I didn't know of what I was afraid, but there was something there. I wanted suddenly to stay very near the others. But yet there was something about Jack's voice that made me go.

"You aren't afraid to go with me, Angie," he said insistently, his voice warm with persuasion as he took my hand to help me to my feet.

At the edge of the circle of firelight he turned to call back, "Better put on what wood you have there. This may take us a long time—in the dark."

WE went out of the clearing and the bushes brushed against me as we passed, stretching out and touching my legs with their cool, damp leaves. I held tight to Jack's hand and stumbled after him.

"Jack," I said, "this is silly. Please, please let's not go!"

He pulled at my hand, almost pleading, "Come on, Angie. I really want you to!"

So I hurried along with one hand in his and one hand before me to feel for the trees in the darkness, and the bark was dry and rough beneath my touch. Once I tripped over a vine and it coiled around my ankle like a wet rope. "Jack," I cried, "Jack!" I was really frightened and I didn't know why, but I couldn't keep the fear out of my voice.

"I'm with you, Angie," was all he said.

We walked on cautiously, feeling between trees, stubbing against stones and breaking through bushes that scratched against our legs and cracked under our feet. The firelight was far behind by now and the darkness had closed in.

Suddenly ahead of us the trees parted, and beyond I could see a flat, rolling field high with wheat. And ahead we could see the moon that had been hidden in the trees and it hung very low, yellow and solemn, as if it were too heavy for the sky. Along the edge of the field ran a low wooden fence and we broke through the woods, leaving the darkness behind us.

Along the fence rails vines grew heavy, covered with thick, flat leaves shining broad in the moonlight. "Look, Angie," Jack whispered. "Those are wild grapes."

I walked toward him, and we felt through the grape leaves, our fingers quick in the darkness, till we found the hidden grape bunches. They were hard to pluck, and cool dew from the leaves shook down around our legs as we pulled them. Some of the grapes were still green and hard, but the earlier ones were ripe and soft to touch, the purple bunches oddly black in the moonlight. They were bitter in our mouths as we ate them, with a strange, wild taste, and the seeds were hard against my teeth. But I plucked them and plucked them until both my hands were full and they fell to the earth and purple stains were dark on my arms. Jack was standing back from the fence now, near the trees, and suddenly I knew he was waiting for me. And all the strength seemed to run out of me and the grapes felt cold and heavy in my hands.

Very quietly I stood. Everything around us was waiting. I could feel the tenseness of the bushes, the hushed expectancy over the grass tops, and behind us the wheat field was still in the moonlight.

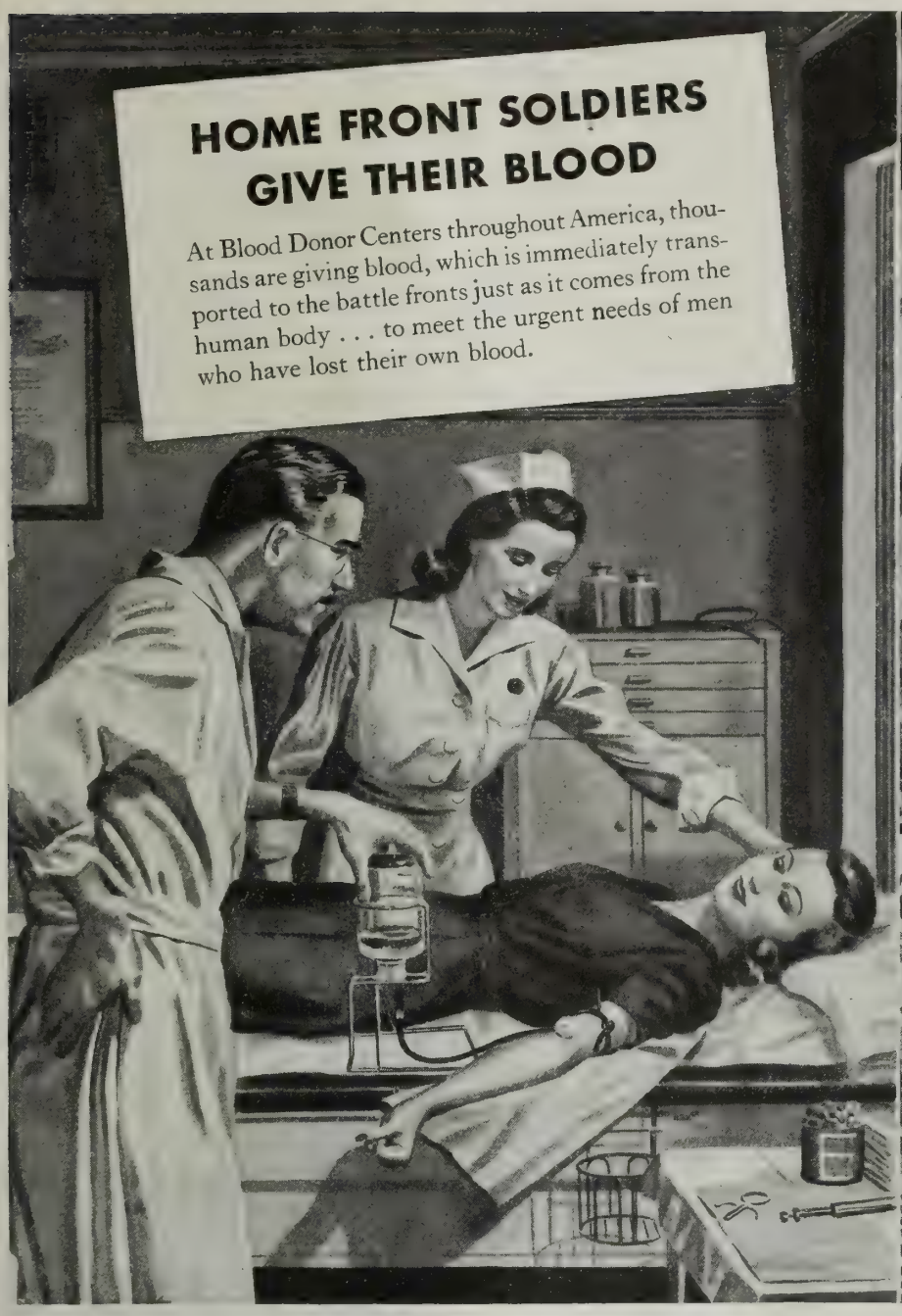
I could feel Jack's thoughts straining toward me and then I heard his voice, so low, so tense that I wasn't sure for a moment if I heard it all. "Angie," he said, "Angie, please! Let's get married. I don't want you to go!"

Once it had been said, the night came suddenly alive, pulsing with it; catching up the words and echoing them over and over, singing like chimes in my head. For a moment, only a brief moment that slipped by so swiftly that it meant nothing at all, desire laid warm, tremulous fingers along my throat. But it was only a moment and then

(Continued on Page 106)

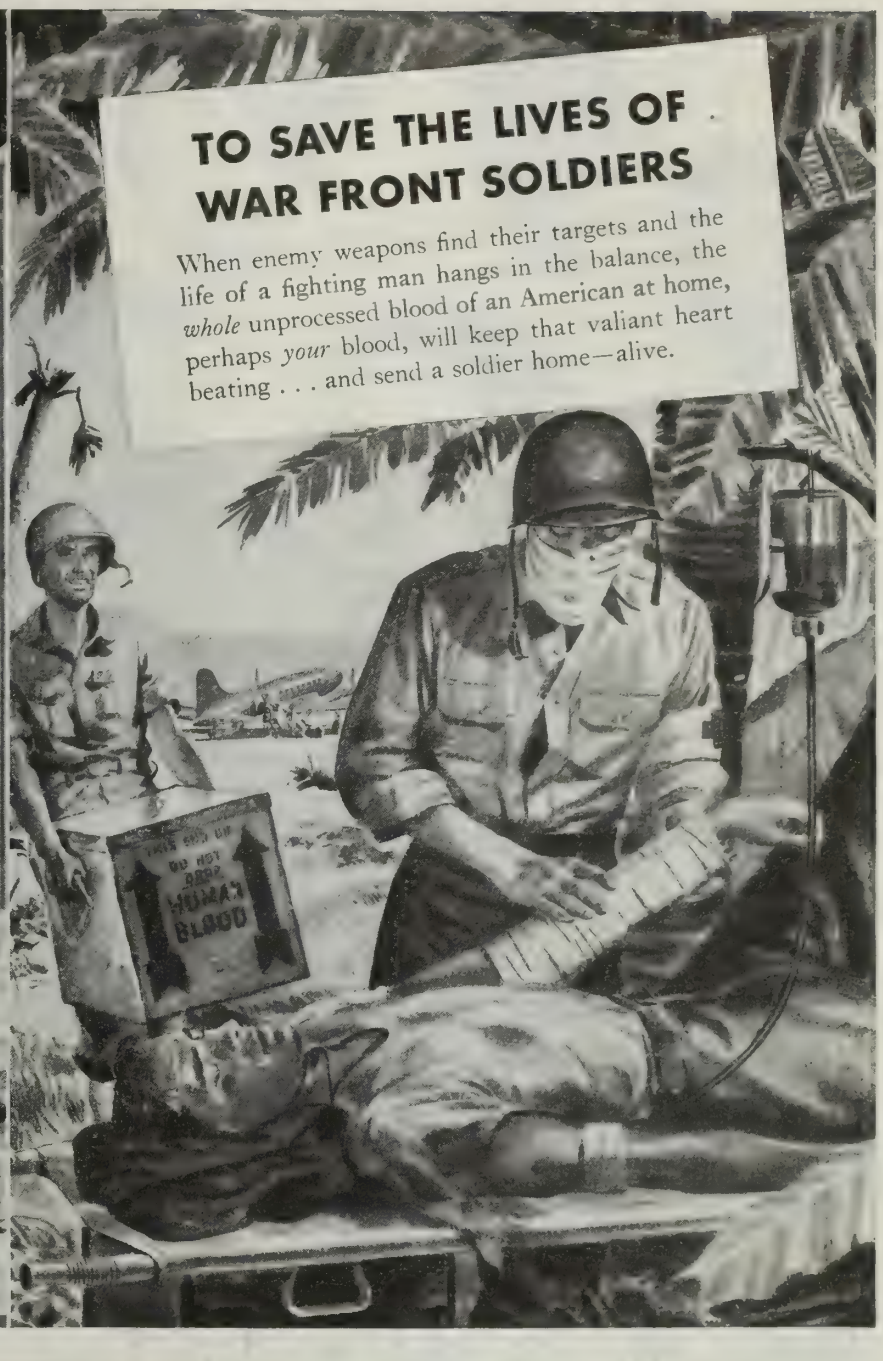
When my mother suffered a stroke of paralysis, Anna Kerns, one of our neighbors, didn't say, "Now, if there's anything at all I can do ——" She said, "Mary, I'll be there at 7:30 in the morning to do the washing for you." And she was too.

—ERNIE PYLE:
Scripps-Howard Newspapers and United Feature Syndicate.



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Refrigeration was the stumbling block. One method after another was tried. It seemed that there was no perfect solution until, as often happens, the elusive answer proved to be the simple one.

Military medical authorities, in cooperation with Ice Industry experts, designed an insulated container in which the bottled blood is placed in racks around a large compartment of *cracked ice*. In this sealed container the whole blood, perfectly chilled by ice, maintains its maximum effectiveness because it is kept for days at its ideal temperature... a real achievement when you remember that temperatures inside planes in the Pacific often go as high as 130° F. Now, day and night, this precious cargo speeds in safety direct to the battle fronts.

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

(Continued from Page 104)

the whole night melted away around me. Everything was so calmly and painfully clear. I could remember my mother standing in her bedroom looking at my clothes in neat piles, ready to be packed for school, and saying in her soft, confident mother-voice, "We'll have no last-minute worries at all, Angie," and again I realized how much she meant it.

And then Jack was standing beside me with his arms tight around me, pleading, "Don't, Angie. Oh, honey, don't do that now. I only asked you because—oh, Angie!"

And I was crying with my face tight against his shoulder, standing in the tall weeds that were cool and damp against my bare legs.

Back in the firelight the others had already gathered up their things and were ready to leave. Swede kicked at the heap of glowing embers till they were scattered in the grass in a shower of sparks like fireflies. The cars were still parked at the roadside and we put the picnic basket in the back seat again and Fitz got in first so Margie could sit on his knee and Swede and Dollie got in next. Jack opened the door for me and I stepped in carefully, trying not to look at him. He swung round to his own side of the car and slammed his door shut. My breath was still short in my throat and my hands were trembling, so I had to fold them together to keep them still.

Jack waited a moment before starting the motor. Just sitting beside him made my heart pound again. He took a cigarette from his pocket and bent over to light it, striking a match. I noticed his hands were trembling. In the small glow of light his face was very young and very sad and his lips were still stained purple from the wild grapes.

And the next morning the swallows were there. I came downstairs early with my eyes small and tired and my heart aching with a weariness that went through me right down to my hands, leaving them limp and heavy on my wrists. I wondered what Jack was thinking then. The whole night through, lying in bed, memories had corkscrewed through my mind till my head throbbed with thinking and now, in the morning light, everything was still as drab and dismally hopeless as I had dreamed.

The kitchen was filled with the usual fresh smell of morning coffee and my mother was sitting by the window, looking over the garden. "It's the first day of real fall we've had," she said. "We could almost stand a bit of fire." I poured a cup of coffee for myself, hoping the warmth of it would really get inside of me. For the first time I could see brown sticks bare in the hedges and there were a few stiff-petaled zinnias, dull, heavy red, standing alone in the corner of the flower bed, the leaves curling. I tried not to look at the swallows, but they were there.

Year after year and every year, we had watched the first flowers drop their petals, the squash turn orange between the corn rows, and leaves thin in the trees, but no one would admit the summer was over until one morning we would wake and the swallows would be there. It never failed. The swallows would come, lining the telephone wires, and from that day on it was fall.

And that morning, sitting by the kitchen window with my cup of coffee, I saw the telephone wires across the foot of the garden dotted with swallows, perched on the black lines like long-tailed notes—a bar of music, stark and sad against the gray fall sky.

It seemed so incredible I couldn't keep the surprise of it out of my voice, "How could it happen, mom?" I asked. "How could it *end* overnight?"

She looked at me oddly and said, "It's always been like that, Angie. You just haven't been old enough to notice before."

We spent a long time over our breakfast, talking about school, planning; just loitering because there were only two days left and we wouldn't have breakfast together again for a long time.



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And then suddenly my mother brightened. "Run up and wake that lazy little sister of yours while I straighten the kitchen. She and I have to go downtown this morning. Kitty needs new shoes."

I was just waving good-by to them from the front window when the phone rang. I let it ring twice before I answered it, because I knew it was Jack, and it takes a moment or two to get your thoughts in order and to make sure your voice is calm.

"Hi there, Angie," he said. "Just called up to see how things were going with you this morning."

"Fine, Jack. How about you?"

"Pretty good, I guess. But we're packing some stuff—that's why I called you. I'm home here with my mother wrapping gunny sacks around some of the furniture and tying it with rope to ship down to Oklahoma. I don't think I'll be able to get over to see you today."

"Why not, Jack?"

"'Cause my mother wants me to help her. I can tell by the way she's working herself that she wouldn't like it if I took time off."

"Does she know I'm going away the day after tomorrow?"

"Yeah, I told her about it, Angie. And she said to say good-by to you for her—even if she has never met you."

The conversation was empty, meaningless—there are times when two people can't really talk together without seeing each other.

"I'd better get back to my packing, too," I suggested. "There are still little things that have to be sorted out."

"Okay, Angie," he answered. "But I'll see you tonight, won't I? I may even get a chance to drop around this afternoon, but I really don't think so. But we'll have a good time tonight." His voice was warm and almost happy again, and after he had hung up I sat holding the phone, as if by doing so I could still hold onto the sound. *In two days,* I thought, *I won't be able to hear his voice any more.*

Margaret didn't come home for supper that night, so my mother and Kitty and I were alone. The gray sky of the day was melted into the darkness of a night sky and outside there was a wind that rustled in the bushes.

"I heard downtown that they expect to have a frost tonight," my mother told me. "The man in the shoe store said that already there have been hunters out after the ducks over the lake."

My mother was just finishing her supper tea and her face was very calm and happy, with her hair brushed up high, just showing white at the temples. I felt there was something that I wanted very much to say: some little words that would come out warm and shaky because they had been shut up inside of me for so long. But they must have been shut up inside too long, for when I tried then to say that I was sorry that summer was over and that I was going away—when I tried to say that I would miss them—no words came out at all!

And then for the last time Jack came. He came in the front door rubbing his hands together and his cheeks were red with cold. "Did you ever see such a change in the weather, Mrs. Morrow? This is regular football weather." He had his basketball sweater on, buttoned up tightly, and everything about him had a crisp, fresh-air look.

My mother laughed, just looking at him. "I was telling Angie that I heard downtown that we may have a touch of frost."

"I heard that too," Jack told her. "My dad told me he heard a warning on the radio to farmers and there was a notice in the weather report in the paper tonight. From the feel of that wind there could be!" and he laid the palms of his hands against his tingling cheeks.

My mother was worrying away under her breath. "I certainly do hate to have them go to waste when I could can them just as easily as not. A good frost will spoil them for sure."

"You're worrying about the tomatoes, aren't you, mom?" I asked. Having to



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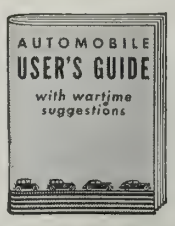
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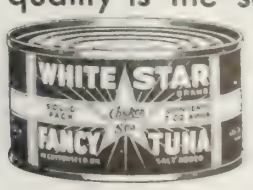
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gather in the tomatoes before a frost was a yearly occurrence with us. It was all part of having winter come. "Let Jack and me take them in—will you, Jack? It will take only about an hour." I knew he would do anything I asked that night.

"Really, Angie," my mother protested, "if Jack has something else he'd rather do we can just let them go."

"No, let's get them picked," he said quickly. "I like to do things like that."

Kitty brought my old heavy sweater from an upstairs closet and I carried up three clean bushel baskets from the basement.

"Just pick the riper ones and don't bother with those that are too small," my mother said as we went out the back door.

The garden lay very square in the moonlight edged with sharp sticks of hedge. I took one basket and Jack the other two, one in each hand. We worked side by side, not talking at first, feeling about in the half-darkness for the tomatoes, and soon our hands were wet to the wrists and the rough wool of my sweater chafed. Even my fingers felt stiff. But somehow it was so natural to be working beside Jack that I didn't want to stop, even for a moment. We didn't speak at all, but just tossed the tomatoes into the baskets, our arms moving in an unconscious rhythm, stopping now and then to blow on our fingers and to wipe the dew off our hands.

One by one we carried the full, heavy baskets into the garage, the cold wire handles cutting into our hands. We set them side by side on the cement floor and when the third basket was in place we covered the tomatoes carefully with newspapers to keep out the cold and shoved the baskets into one corner.

"Jack," I said, "I won't be able to see you tomorrow night. That last night will be sort of family night."

"That's all right, Angie. I sort of figured that. I guess tonight's the last, then."

I nodded my head, but somehow I didn't feel sad any more.

Outside, the wind was nosing around the garage windows and slipping in under the door. Jack kissed me and his hands were cold on my cheeks. *This is how it should be*, I thought. *This is Jack. This is how it should be*; and his lips were warm on mine, soft and warm, and his cheek was cool and firm. It was only moments. A whole summer summed up in a few moments and then we went into the house by the back door.

My mother had made hot cocoa and set two cups on the corner of the kitchen table. Our hands were muddy and we washed them together under the cold water of the kitchen sink. "Angie," my mother laughed, "you should see yourself—you even have mud on your cheeks!" Jack was very busy with the soap and water but his own cheeks were flushed.

We drank the cocoa steaming hot, talking and laughing at each other while our faces still tingled from the wind. My mother sat with us, sewing buttons on a school dress of Kitty's. Jack said to her suddenly, "Mrs. Morrow, would you mind awfully if Angie and I walked out to the lake for a little while?"

"At this time of night, Jack? It's after nine o'clock now." Her tone was disapproving.

"I know it's late," he added hastily, "but I just happened to think that if the frost comes there might be water in the boat and if it froze in there it wouldn't be good!" Then as if to add strength to his statement he said, "In fact, I know there's water in it."

My mother bent over to snap off a white thread with her teeth and for a moment I thought she was smiling. "All right," she said quietly, "but don't be long. Angie, pull that old sweater of mine that's hanging by the back door on over your own. I'd hate to have you going to school with a cold."

I looked at Jack and he looked quickly at me and then I took the cocoa cups to rinse them at the sink while Jack got the old sweater for me. "We won't be long, mom," I told her.

He opened the back door for me and I noticed that in the little hollows where the garage eaves trough dripped the water was covered with a thin scum of ice. The storm circles were dark around the moon and our breath rose in vague, misty clouds above our heads.

"Come on," he said happily. "Let's run part of the way."

We turned off our street and as we hit the park road the wind swept in from the lake, clean and cold, and breathing the fresh air made my mind feel sharp and clear. I was laughing as we ran. *This is how it should be*, I thought. The wind sent tears to my eyes and brushed clean through my hair.

The sailboat was rocking against the pier, its mast sticking up like a slim finger, and the white sail was rolled up tightly like a canvas cocoon. Jack pulled in the rope and brought the boat close up to the dock, stepping in. The water was like ink.

"Angie," he called, "will you see if you can find a can lying around so I can bail this water out? There's about three inches in here."

Along the pier I searched and among the rocks that lined the road. Suddenly I ran across an old coffee can, half full of old rain water, and I pulled it out.

"Here, Jack, will this do?" I asked, holding it up.

"Toss it over, will you?" he called, and I went to the edge of the pier and pitched the can toward the boat. It clattered splashily onto the floor.

"This is just swell," he said, bending the can between the palms of his hands so it would scoop up the water better. I sat on a rock and hunched up my knees to protect myself from the wind while I watched him.

The boat rocked as Jack moved back and forth, setting the mast waving gently. It

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Kindness is a language which the deaf can hear and the blind can read. —WESTERN MAIL (Cardiff).

Shyness is only self-importance turned upside down.

—BEVERLEY NICHOLLS.

---

was a little boat and bobbed with every movement, and the water slapped loudly against its sides, sending spray spitting high.

My hands were cold so I slid them up my sleeves and waited. My thoughts went back over the summer and suddenly it seemed inevitable that we should be here at the lake, Jack and I, where we had started. It was like a song that began and ended with the same refrain.

Just then Jack called, "Pull up that rope, will you, Angie? I'm finished here."

I took the rope in both hands and drew the sailboat tight to the pier and he jumped onto the dock beside me.

"There," he said. "Let her freeze." He squeezed my arm. "I think I'll leave this can right here in case someone else wants to bail out." He let it clatter to the rocks.

The night was so void of human sounds that the wind was suddenly a roar in my ears. Jack was standing very close to me. And then I made my mind say it to myself, pinning down the squirm of thoughts till they admitted precisely and finally, "This is the last night." And it was just as it should be. It was right that Jack should have on his basketball sweater and that his lips should be warm and moist and his cold hand rough against my cheek. Over and over again, mixed with wind and the night darkness and the damp, fishy smell of the lake, it was as it should be. *This must last for a long time*, I thought. *I must remember and remember. Every moment of it. This is forever.*

Jack's voice was low and husky and his hand was shaking a little. "Angie," he whispered, "I know that you don't want your family to know, but I want you to have this." He slipped off his class ring and laid it in the palm of my hand.

I held it a moment and it was still warm from the warmth of his finger, and his hand closed over mine so tightly that my own fingers hurt. And then all so suddenly it was time to go home. For the last time, it was time to go home. And we walked side by side with the wind behind us and a gray cloud over the moon. I was somehow afraid to put it on and I had no pocket in my sweater. There was nowhere to put it. So I walked all the way home with the class ring clutched in my hand.

The next day meant nothing, for I didn't see Jack at all. And the next evening I spent with my family sitting in our living room, talking quietly but not thinking about anything. And then, so quickly, it was morning and we were up in the early gray-pinkness of it getting ready to drive to the station.

In the kitchen my mother and father and I had coffee together and the sunlight had just begun to color the sky.

"It's going to be a beautiful day," my father said thoughtfully. "It seems a shame to get you up so early, Angeline, but this train will get you to Chicago before noon and that's what Lorraine wanted."

That station yard was achingly empty, with vacant baggage wagons pulled to one side and a solitary taxicab waiting, with its motor still running. There was an early-morning lonesomeness about everything and none of us said much. I kept watching for Jack, for I knew he would come. He hadn't said so, but I knew he would.

He drove up in the bakery truck. "Just thought I'd like to say good-by," he told my mother and father, and they smiled.

Looking at him then I thought of dozens and dozens of things I had meant to say to him and hadn't remembered until now. Little words were eager on my lips, but my mother and father stood close beside us, looking down the shining curve of track, waiting for the train to break through the gray mist of morning.

Someday I will tell him, I promised myself. *After everything else is over.*

The sound of the train came riding toward us and its great wheels churned into the station, hissing out steam, and the conductor stepped off onto the platform, waving a lantern, blacked out now in the light of the morning.

"I guess this is for you, Angie," my father said and kissed me.

"You take care of yourself, dear," my mother whispered softly. "You will write and let us know everything, won't you?" and she kissed my hair.

Jack stood, silent. "'By, Jack," I said.

"Good-by, Angie. Be good." For only a moment his hand was on mine.

"Lorraine will meet you at the station in Chicago," my mother called. "She promised she would be there on time, so, Angie dear, you won't have to worry about anything at all."

No, I thought, *I won't have to worry about anything*, and I looked back out of the train window to wave to them and saw Jack in the half-light of morning, standing with his hands jammed in his pockets and his basketball sweater knotted loosely around his neck. *I won't have to worry about anything at all.*

Quiet, sleeping houses and gray clapboard taverns slid by the window, lined along the track. I could feel the chug-chug of the train beneath me as the wheels turned. The drab edges of the town straggled past, shabby, sad-eyed houses and sagging sheds, trailing bits of worn rail fence around them. Fond du Lac gathered her shoddy outskirts in about her. Bushes in the fields were russet-leaved, catching the glow of the first light of morning, and the treetops rocked with the waking birds. And slowly, slowly out of the grayness, morning was coming.

And I saw it all glide past me, lopped off by fence posts, and I felt myself ache inside with a quiet sadness. And now I knew suddenly that it could come and could come forever, slipping by in the breath of a moment, and yet never again would there ever be anything quite as wonderful as that seventeenth summer!

(THE END)

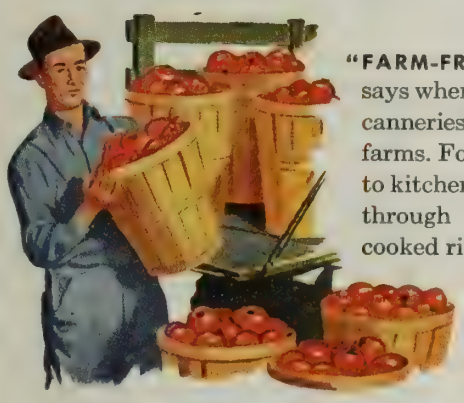
Here's thought for food!



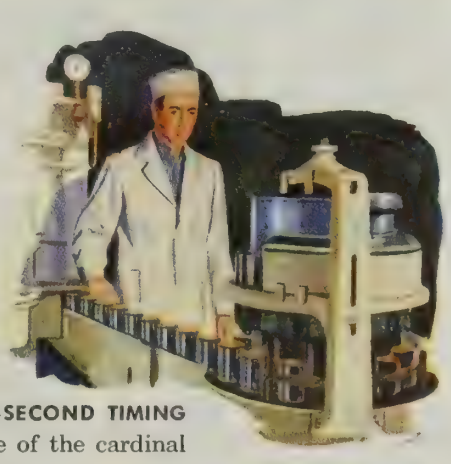
Never were truer words spoken than "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."
For, appetizing *appearance* is only part of the enjoyment—and health values—of foods.
How can you be sure you don't "cook away" flavors, vitamins, and other health values before foods reach your table . . . or that these properties haven't been impaired by storage and transit?
Modern authorities* say: *trust foods in cans*—and the facts below explain why.

*For example, see Aug. 10, 1944 "*Journal of Nutrition*"

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SPRING NIGHT

(Continued from Page 21)

dwarfed in the oversized boy's nightshirt—the ridiculous night clothes that the girls were affecting these days—but concern clouded her eyes.

"Janet," she began slowly, "you're fourteen—almost fifteen, aren't you?"

Janet did not answer; and the dean found her direct gaze, as always, a little disconcerting. But she knew and understood this trick of Janet's, who, even in class, never answered a self-evident remark; it was not impudence or rudeness, but a part of her inherent honesty, and a key to the selective mind which did not waste its energies on nonessentials. Only it did make one feel a little foolish.

"Oh, yes," she murmured, then went on briskly. "Janet," she said, driving straight to the point, "there's some trouble in the house. Do you know what it is?" She waited, watching the play of thought on the girl's face, seeing the mind ticking behind her eyes, selecting, rejecting.

"Miss Prince," Janet said sedately, after a long pause, "Roxbury Hall is a very fine school, I am sure, or my mother and father would not allow me to be here, but Miss Prince, when one lowers one's standards in any respect, one can ——"

"Lowers one's standards, Janet? What do you mean by that?"

She got only that direct gaze again. "But you needn't worry, Miss Prince. There is nothing going on that I am not able to cope with."

The dean smiled. "But, Janet, I've had more experience than you have."

"Is that why you had to ask my advice, Miss Prince?" She spoke again without impudence; she even smiled sweetly, as she might have smiled at a baby from whom one brushes trouble away.

The dean sighed. "All right, Janet, but you'll let me know if —— Good night, dear."

"Good night, Miss Prince." She walked to the door, and then she turned about, her eyes sparkling as if they had just snagged a brilliant, racing thought. "*Good night, sweet prince,*" she said softly from the doorway. "*Good night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!*"

She went primly out. Outside in the hall, she took a few measured steps, then halfway up the stairs she broke into a run, skidded round the newel at the top of the stairway and stalked grimly down the hall. She turned the knob of Ruth's door with a violent jerk, thrusting her shoulder against it at the same time, but it would not give. It was locked, and she had only a hurt shoulder for her effort. She stood there, fuming, then she put her lips to the keyhole. "You fiend, you, you s-satanic monster," she hissed, "you—you reactionary, you!" She considered it the worst word she knew, and she hadn't the vaguest notion what it meant.

THE next day Janet's classes were not altogether satisfactory. In each of them Binky sat white-faced, drained-looking, almost sick; and in the ones in which Ruth also was a pupil, Janet pursued her with a relentless glare. Latin 2A was as unproductive of results as any.

"Janet," Miss Harvey said, a little baffled by the preoccupation of her most brilliant student, "you seem not to be listening. I've spoken to you three times now. Will you please give me your attention?"

"I'm afraid I'm not interested, Miss Harvey, in whether Gaul was divided into three parts or not. Neither is Binky," she cut in quickly, seeing Miss Harvey's eyes, nonplused, switch from her to her friend. "I mean, Miss Harvey, I don't mean to be rude, but I must tell you that we're worried. There is a great sickness in Binky's family—I mean Binky's sick." An expression of alarm broke sharply in her eyes. Binky's face had gone dead-white. "Miss Harvey, will you excuse us, please? . . . Binky, you are sick!" she exclaimed anxiously when they were in the corridor.

For a moment Binky searched her friend's face, then turned away, wavering as if she were going to faint. "I—I think I'd like a drink of water, please," she said.

Janet drew her, half supporting her, over to the water cooler. She was almost as old as Janet, but very much smaller; and she moved easily, like one hypnotized.

"There," Janet said, holding the cup to her lips. "You all right now, Binky? Come on, I'll take you over to the house, and you can lie down."

"I THINK I'd rather go to classes, Jan. I don't want to be—I mean I'd rather be where everybody else is."

"All right, Binky. But don't give me a scare like that again." Janet laughed with an attempt at gaiety, but her mind was fiercely busy and solemn, fastened on an unalterable objective.

And when finally the last class of the day was over she swept up her books, scrambled swiftly through the leisurely moving, chattering girls until she had reached Ruth, who was also hurrying away, and they went through the doorway side by side, as if their shoulders had been glued together.

To me, the conception of two people living together for twenty-five years without having a cross word suggests a lack of spirit only to be admired in a sheep. Where there is spirit there must be sparks. Don't imagine that your first row in married life will be the end of everything. It may be the end, but it is more likely to be the real beginning.

—A. P. HERBERT.

"You're not going to hide behind any locked doors this time, missy," she said. "You're coming with me. I want to talk to you." Ruth slowed down, with a backward glance over her shoulder. "And it isn't going to do you any good to wait for Miss Reynolds, either," Janet went on, "because I'll just stick here."

"I don't have to go with you. I'll tell Miss Reynolds you're pestering me—or Miss Prince."

"Go ahead. I'd like to hear what you have to say. But it won't do you any good. I'll just follow you and follow you until someday I get you alone. You might just as well get it over with now."

Half resisting, half impelled by Janet's threats, Ruth found herself shortly in her own room. Janet shut the door and stood with her back against it, her hands clutched together over the knob.

"Now," she said, "you're going to tell me why you keep hounding Binky."

"I don't have to tell you anything. You think you're so smart. You think you're the smartest girl in the school."

"I am," Janet said equably. "Everybody knows that."

"Well, if you're so smart, why don't you know that, then!"

Janet shifted imperceptibly. "I only know facts; facts that are decent and—and that anybody knows if they've got any brains. I don't know about underhanded stuff."

"You"—Ruth's eyes darted about, as if trying to find there in the corners of the room the answer to the thing she did not even know she sought—"you—you think you're so ——" She broke off abruptly, clamping her lips tight in the grip of helpless frustration. "Oh-h!" she cried; then, "I'm just as good as you are!" she flung out. "I've got lots better clothes than you have. All you have are those old sloppy sweaters and skirts, but I've got something better, and I'd wear them, too, if they'd only let me, but I've got them all right; I've got a whole closetful of pretty clothes."

"What's that got to do with it?" Janet said in some surprise. "Nobody was talking about clothes."

"I have a whole lot of clothes," Ruth sped on, unchecked. "Look!" she cried, flinging open the closet door. "See? See there?"

(Continued on Page 112)



Use the juice of Green Giant Brand Peas

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Pour the juice from the can into a saucepan. Boil down to about one-half, which concentrates the vitamins and minerals.





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Add the peas, and just heat through quickly. Don't overcook. Season, add butter if desired, and serve in a hot dish.

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"GREEN GIANT" BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 110)

"Very cheap. Very bad taste," Janet said, glancing over casually.

"They are not cheap! They cost a whole lot of money. I'll bet just one of them cost more than all your clothes put together. I'll bet my mother and father have lots more money than yours have!"

"Money doesn't make any difference," Janet said imperturbably. "Anyway, my mother doesn't believe—my mother believes that a girl's clothes should be unob—unobstrustive. Anyway, I'm not interested in talking about clothes. I want to know why you keep after Binky."

"But—but everybody likes you!" Ruth cried, still in a kind of confused frenzy. "Everybody likes you; you—you can look down on anybody!"

"Is that what you want—to look down on people? Is that your idea of being somebody?"

"I—you're a snob!" Ruth cried out, wildly.

"I like some people, and some people I don't. And when I don't like them I tell them so. I don't like you. I never have. And it was a mistake for them ever to let you into this school. You lie and you cheat and you sneak. You don't know how to behave," she concluded anticlimactically. "Now, go on. Tell me. If you don't I'll—I'll hurt you."

She moved forward menacingly, shoving up the sleeves of her sweater.

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Oh, yes, I would."

"I'd mess you up for your party, if you did. Maybe I'd give you a black eye." Ruth's frenzy had gone, giving way to a sly look which spread rapidly over her face. "Why don't you ask Binky?" she said insinuatingly.

"Because Binky's upset. She's hurt about something, and I'm not going to hurt her any more."

"She's liable to be more upset and hurt if you don't do something."

"Meaning what?"

"She'll tell you. And if she won't, you can tell her for me that I intend to do what I said."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Janet said uneasily, beginning to be worried. "I wouldn't have Binky hurt for anything in the world," she said, solemn and quiet, "any more than I would if she were my kid sister. I'd do anything ——"

"Oh, would you?" Ruth said with a gleam of triumph. "All right then. You think I'm not coming to your party, but I am."

"Why!" Janet exploded violently. "You are not! Why, I'm only having my very best friends! Why, I wouldn't ask you if—if ——" She broke off, spluttering helplessly.

"Go ahead, then. Go ahead and hurt Binky, if you want to."

"I ——" Baffled, wondering, feeling defeated, Janet stood undecided, then she opened the door and left the room.

The problem weighed heavily, eating into her mind; but only briefly. Her healthy nature quickly reasserted itself, and the trouble fell into proper perspective. Ruth didn't have any real power over Binky, she told herself; it was just one of her cheap tricks. Only she would see that Ruth was kept away from her.

It was not difficult; she stuck close to Binky after classes, and when she went visiting in the other girls' rooms at night she induced Binky to go along too. "It'll do you good, Binky," she said. But, although Binky brightened once in a while at the chattering and giggling of the other girls, as the days passed she seemed to grow paler and thinner and only nibbled at the refreshments. "It's good," Janet coaxed her. "And you've got to eat something. Please, Binky."

"I'm just not hungry, Jan. Really, I'm not. I don't feel like eating anything."

But then, on Friday afternoon, the day before the party, Janet was kept after class by Miss Reynolds, who had at last become concerned at her indifference.



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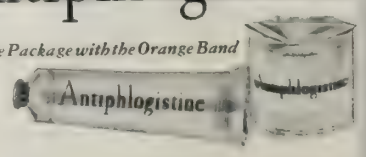
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The White Package with the Orange Band



"I don't understand what's happened to you, Janet," she said.

"It really isn't serious, Miss Reynolds, honestly it isn't—about my work, I mean. I can catch up on that. And I have something awfully important on my mind. Please don't keep me now, Miss Reynolds."

Miss Reynolds was firm, however, and Janet was half an hour getting away. And when at last she did, and went racing across the campus to the house, there was no trace of Binky in her room.

"Virginia," she said, bursting into her friend's room, "have you seen Binky?"

"She isn't up here, Jan."

Nobody had seen Binky since Miss Reynolds' class.

Uneasily, Janet searched the library, the campus, scanning the shadows under the trees; then at last she caught sight of a figure standing in the sunlight down by the edge of the lake. She went toward it, and when she saw that it was Ruth she broke into a run, but Ruth, with an upward glance, had seen her, too, and vanished hurriedly among the trees. But Binky was there, lying face down on the grass, her head cradled on her arms, and she was crying uncontrollably. Janet stood, undecided, glancing in the direction Ruth had taken, then she knelt down and bent over the little figure.

"Oh, Binky—don't," she pleaded gently.

But Binky's head rolled from side to side and her sobbing increased, coming in great rending spasms. Helplessly, Janet watched her roommate cry, then abruptly she sat back on her heels.

"Binky!" she said sharply. "Stop that! Stop it at once! Sit up here. Get up!" she commanded.

Binky rolled over and sat up, but her hands still covered her bowed face.

Inside the home, they say, is dead decorum and routine: outside is adventure and variety. But the truth is that the home is the only place of liberty, the only spot on earth where a man can alter arrangements suddenly, make an experiment or indulge in a whim. The home is not the one tame place in a world of adventure; it is the one wild place in a world of rules and set tasks. —G. K. CHESTERTON.

"Take your hands away," Janet said. "Look at me, Binky. Look at me!"

The younger girl obeyed, but her eyes were so stricken and hurt that Janet almost relented.

"Now," she said more gently, then her voice became stern again. "Now, Binky, you're going to tell me what this is all about. Why should you let that—that tramp make you cry like this? Why do you let her do it, Binky? Now, come on, out with it."

Binky hesitated, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, then she cried out in a desperate, passionate little wail. "Oh, Jan, you've got to ask Ruth to the party! Just got to!"

"What!" Janet almost screamed. "What are you talking about, Binky? Why should I—I will *not* ask Ruth to my party. And why should you want her—you don't like her any more than I do."

"But ——"

"But what? Well—what?" She waited expectantly, then a look of perception slowly came into her eyes. "Binky—has Ruth got something on you?" she asked.

"She—oh, don't ask me, Jan."

"I'm going to ask you," Janet said firmly, "and I'm going to make you tell me. It's the only way I can help you, Binky." Her voice softened. "You know I can help you."

"She—she knows about my mother," Binky said at last, so faintly that Janet could scarcely hear.

Janet was dumfounded, and broke into relieved laughter. "Well, for gosh sakes, what of it? She knows about my mother too."

"But"—Binky had begun to hiccup—"but my mother isn't like yours, Jan," she said painfully. "She ——"

(Continued on Page 115)

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(Continued from Page 113)

Janet felt a chill creep up her spine; her body felt light with insupportable excitement. "Well?" she said breathlessly.

"My mother—my mother—d-doesn't—know things—she ——"

"She ——" Janet gasped. "You—you mean she—she's *crazy?*" Her voice came out in a shocked and horrified whisper.

Binky's haunted eyes searched her friend's, and then, as if finding there the confirmation of an awful fact, her hands flew up to her face once more.

"But"—Janet swallowed hard; her horror and pity were almost more than she could bear—"but, Binky," she said, fighting down her shock, searching wildly for words of comfort, "but—but, Binky—some people get over it. Sometimes the mind gets sick just like the body does for a little while, then sometimes it gets well, too, just like the body does. Anyway," she concluded emphatically, "it isn't any disgrace. . . . What's all this got to do with Ruth, anyway, I'd like to know!"

"She—she said if—if I didn't make you ask her to your party she'd tell about my mother all over school. And I couldn't stand that, Jan! I didn't want anybody to know. She—she knows about my mother because she comes from the same town where the sanit—where my mother lives. And I couldn't stand everybody knowing about her, Jan! I just couldn't!"

Janet ground her teeth down hard. "I'll fix her! Nobody is going to know about your mother, only—only I'm awfully sorry, Binky. You—you wouldn't like to go for a canoe ride, would you, Binky?"

"No, not today, thanks, Jan. And—thanks for everything. I feel better, telling somebody."

"Well, sure," Janet said loudly, "that's what friends are for."

The night was dimly pale, with a waning moon; and a soft fragrant breeze rustled the leaves of the oaks, stirred the water of the lake as if it were being blown on by a prolonged gentle breath. Two girls sauntered slowly along its edge, talking softly but desultorily—unlike girls who have long been on intimate terms.

"It's a nice night for a walk," said one of them. "Nobody ever asked me to go for a walk before, Virginia."

"Maybe if you ——" Virginia began, with an uneasy glance about among the trees and along the lake's edge; then she went on with sudden spurt of briskness, "It is a nice night. The lake's nice too. Come on, Ruth, let's go for a ride in a canoe."

"A canoe? At night?"

"Why, sure. We do it all the time. If we don't get caught." Virginia's voice was pleasantly conspiratorial. "It's wonderful, at night."

"Well"—Ruth hesitated, dubious, but eager to comply—"well, all right."

"Okay. You get in first. I'll hold it steady. Now, all set?"

"Y-yes, only — it wobbles awfully. O-o-o-h!"

"Just sit still. I'll untie the rope. There now." Virginia pushed the canoe slightly out into the water.

"Well, why don't you get in?" Ruth said, uneasily uneasy, then she drew in her breath sharply as another figure darted from behind the of the trees and plowed out into the water to the canoe.

"Okay, Virginia," Janet said.

"Let me out of here! I want to get out!" Ruth started to rise.

"Sit down," Janet commanded. "You'll jump it over."

"But ——" Ruth said, frightened.

"Give me a hand here, Virginia." Janet scrambled into the boat. "Now go on back; get your shoes off before you get cold," she said, already paddling away.

Ruth stared at the white blur of Janet's pert face in front of her. "What are you going to do?"

"What do you think?"

"I—I don't know. But I—I'll scream! I'll tell! I'll—I'll jump out!"

"Go ahead," Janet retorted implacably. "Nobody can hear you. And you can't swim. Go ahead and jump. It'll save me a lot of trouble."

"What are you going to do! Are—are you going to dump me out?" Ruth said between chattering teeth.

"Maybe."

"But—I'm afraid! I can't swim! I'm afraid!"

"Maybe you'll know how it feels, then," Janet said, busily paddling. "Maybe you'll know how Binky feels."

"I wasn't hurting Binky."

"Oh, no! All you were doing was crucifying her, that's what you were doing. You don't have to hit a person to hurt them. Or drown them, either."

They had reached the center of the lake. Janet stopped paddling, and laid the paddle across her knees. "We're in the middle of the lake," she remarked coolly, looking around her. "How do you like the scenery from out here?"

"You just wait until we get back! You just wait till I tell Miss Prince!"

Wife Love

BY DOROTHY BOICOURT

I had not thought to show my love for you
In homey ways like these: in kettles bright
And stainless; sheets that billow out in white
Clean-smelling sails against the sky's rich blue;
Swift suds on dishes that I chose with care
To match the candlesticks. (How could I know
Love stretched beyond a wistful candle glow
And made the daylight sweet and good to share?)

Each stitch I take, each flowerpot I fill,
Each room I dust, each bed I make will start
The incense curling smokily and still
Above the secret altar of my heart—
And so I set the coffee on the flame
When you come in the door and speak my name.

"How do you know you're going to get back?"

"You wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't I? It could be an accident. I could just rock the canoe a little. Canoes turn over very easily." Janet began rocking lightly from side to side. "See?"

"Don't!" Ruth screamed, clutching wildly at the boat's sides. "Don't, Janet!"

"I could just tip it over and then swim ashore. I can swim like a fish. And you'd just be out here—going under and under ——" She leaned over heavily to one side, and the canoe lurched with her.

"Oh, please!" Ruth screamed again. "Please don't! Take me back, Janet! I won't talk to Binky any more." The canoe gave a dangerous lurch to the other side and she moaned sickeningly. "I won't even see her!" she cried wildly. "I won't see her at all! Only take me back!"

"That isn't enough," Janet said flatly. "Not any more."

Ruth shivered, "You mean you're —— *Anyway* you're going to ——"

"You don't belong in this school," Janet said. "You'll have to go home. You can take your choice—you can tell Miss Prince you don't like it here, or you can tell her you're sick—or I'll ——"

"I'll go home!" Ruth wept. "I'll do anything!"

"Is that a promise?"

"Y-e-e-s."

"But I don't trust you. Your promises don't mean anything."

"I hate it here! I hate this school! I'd *rather* go home!"

"But if you don't keep it, if you don't say what you promised you will, I'll follow you, I'll hunt you down ——"

"You won't have to," Ruth said dismally. "I'll do it. I'll tell Miss Prince."

Janet picked up her paddle, and they went back again, climbed slowly ashore and walked together up the terrace to the house.

The next morning Janet stood in the dean's office, facing her across the desk. Her eyes were dark and heavy with sleeplessness.

"Sit down, Janet," said Miss Prince solemnly. "I've asked you to come here for a very special—a very serious reason."

"Yes, I know. I've been thinking about it all night."

"Oh. You know what I have to say to you, then."

Janet did not answer.

"Ruth tells me she wants to go home," the dean went on, closely watching the girl's face.

"Did she—did she tell you what I—did she tell you why?"

"No. She said only that she was not happy here."

Janet's face flickered with a smile, but it was quickly gone, giving place to a new look—of respect, almost, and a little pity. "She's got more guts—excuse me, Miss Prince—she's got more stuff than I expected."

"Most people have, Janet," Miss Prince told her. "If they're given a chance. . . . I'm not letting her go home."

"You're not?" Janet asked.

"No. I'm transferring her to one of the other houses. Then, in the fall, if she doesn't want to come back, that will be up to her, and to her parents."

"I wasn't going to hurt her, Miss Prince. I only wanted to teach her a lesson. But—what I did wasn't very nice, Miss Prince. I ought to be punished."

"I think you will be, Janet," the dean replied. "I think that you—you may work that out for yourself, Janet. You may go now."

Janet went slowly out and upstairs to her own room, where Binky was studying at her desk. She stood for a long while, looking out over the sunny campus, her face downcast, her eyes solemn. Down there a small figure moved solitarily about among the clusters of other girls. Janet turned away.

She had told Binky before, last night, but she felt impelled to say it again. "Ruth won't bother you any more, Binky," she said quietly.

Binky looked up without speaking; her eyes were still troubled, but the pain in them had diminished and a new confidence was reflected in them.

"But," Janet went on slowly, "I—I'm not going to give my party. I don't feel like having a party today. I don't feel like a party at all. I think I'll lie down for a little while. I—I don't feel very good. I feel a little sick."

Miss Prince had not moved from her chair; she was listening to the solemn passage of footsteps across the floor upstairs, but still seeing Janet as she had stood before her a moment ago. Poor child. She did not know that she had come perilously close to disaster, and that in the crisis she had left much of her childhood behind her. For henceforward she would know pity, and pity is never in the very young. She did not know, as *she* knew, that her greatest punishment would come from her own heart—or that the penalty for growing up was to discover that she had a heart at all.

She yearned—knowing that she wouldn't—to go up and tell her that. She smiled ruefully—and a little proudly. Janet was ably equipped, and would prefer to cope with it herself.

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ADV. BY N. W. AYER



OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

State and OWI in Chungking, and went out to translate American money into Chinese. We bought it, with $50 bills at 1700 to 1. In other words we got $85,000 for $50, all in $1000 bills.

Loaded down with our roll, we staggered away with a total of $255,000 between us to the Thieves' Market in The Street of the Rusty Nails. There we proceeded to have a wonderful time bargaining for knickknacks. The merchant enjoyed the bargaining as much as we, and so did about two dozen Chinese onlookers who watched absorbedly whenever bidding got brisk. It was so much fun I decided I'm against the one-price system. But though The Street of the Rusty Nails was fun, it was noisome. I'm afraid not all the perfumes Louise Paine Benjamin keeps in that big cabinet of hers could ever make it sweet.

In the afternoon we went into General Wedemeyer's headquarters. Pat Hurley, looking like a movie actor with his white hair and mustache and boldly chiseled face, was present. P.S.: He once was a movie actor.

Wedemeyer is tall and near to thinness as to shoulders, neck and face. His hair is quite gray, but he seems young and vigorous. He was frank. Told us some interesting facts about the Chinese army. A Chinese soldier needs about one tenth of the tonnage a G. I. needs to keep him going. They like to be trained by Americans. Most of them look like children. Rifles taller than they are. Even the higher Chinese officers are just learning how to wage modern war. "So far," he said, "one trained Jap has been worth ten untrained Chinese soldiers."

It is an uphill job working with the Chinese because they are so disorganized, and "face" means so much to them. The average Chinese is an individualist. Probably a lot of them hardly know we're at war with Japan, though this may seem incredible to an American. Even more important, a lot of them don't care because, under any domination, they could not possibly be worse off than they are at the present time. Poverty is the birthright of 90 per cent of the Chinese people.

Went out with astute and able Brig. Gen. George Olmsted to the wartime-refugee home of a new type of Chinese, a sort of business entrepreneur. Very sharp fellow. His wife—second one—was young, lovely and intelligent. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer, really a kind of landowner from North China. Educated by her mother. Had picked up English, George said, in just the past six months. She spoke surprisingly well. Like so many wealthy Chinese refugees, he had little furniture and what he had was crowded, huggermugger, in three or four tiny rooms. The building was dark gray concrete, not very Chinese looking.

Whenever one enters the house of a Chinese, one must be prepared to drink several cups of tea. If one visits several Chinese in an afternoon, as I did, it takes a bit of doing.

Went to the home of a former bank manager from Shanghai. More tea and a kind of Chinese ravioli. Went over his house. It was one of a series of apartments erected for bombed-out families, strictly utilitarian, tiny square rooms, furnished sparsely with no Chinese scenes, lacquer or any of the aesthetic ornaments one associates with well-to-do Chinese.

I then went to the bare-walled, wartime home—three rooms—of a gold merchant who, before the war, had a chemical business in Mukden, with duPont connections. He had just closed his gold business because of the wild fluctuations of the currency, which threatens to bankrupt all business. In one day, gold has gone up 500 points. I changed a $50 bill into $115,000 at 2300 to 1 today.

Visited the home of a small businessman—graphite mines, and so on. More tea and ravioli. The bank manager, who had gone with me, attacked it with vigor and much facial and verbal enthusiasm. "Much better than at my house." Actually, though he had eaten heartily at his own home, I suppose he was hungry. Most Chinese are, since, generally speaking, there simply isn't enough food for all.



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The small businessman believed in the Living Buddha—living, that is, although he had, technically, been dead 200 years. He had a painting of the dead Buddha, recently done by the Buddha himself, although, as he seriously told me, the Buddha was two centuries dead.

Chinese have, of course, a complex of superstitions. The cholera epidemic in Chungking, for instance, has been caused by a pair of goblins. The Chinese have been busy eradicating the epidemic by burning bits of paper and painting red crosses over their doors. (American soldiers have had no cholera because we inoculate against it.)

The small businessman, a slight Chinese, showed me a picture of his very numerous family. As I handed the picture back to him he remarked, "Heavy burden."

This man's house had not been bombed. It was typically Chinese. That is, to enter it at all, you passed from the teeming noisy street through a narrow archway between shops. In this instance an odorous food shop and one selling tin pails.

After winding through this passage for a hundred feet, passing the servants' kitchen and a few sheds, you came into a large court facing the two-story wooden structure with a tile roof. You entered the room of his ancestors, the center room of the house, and the one containing the heavy, dark, guest table, chin high so one can eat easily and drink tea. Eating with chopsticks, one sometimes has to place the edge of the dish firmly against the chin and shovel food in. If possible, the guest, as a mark of honor, is seated to face south. That's lucky.

Best,
BRUCE.

Sian.

Dear Beatrice: From Chungking we flew on to ancient Sian, one of the oldest cities in China. It is made principally of mud, except for a modern street, called, curiously enough, Main Street, of two-story concrete business fronts with such names as Chicago Emporium, All-American Ice Cream Parlor, Shanghai Trading Company, and so on, very up-and-coming, all of them promising bargain prices.

The Gissimo reached Sian and we motored, in a dilapidated bus, with one man at the wheel and another holding the hand brake, out to a West Pointish place for graduation exercises of new Chinese second lieutenants.

The Gissimo is not a commanding figure and, since his capture, often walks with a cane. His back was injured in a thirty-foot drop while he attempted to escape a rival war lord some years ago. At the time he was not given long to live, but he looks in good health and spirits now.

We had lunch, an American lunch in our honor, and interviewed the Gissimo. He said that he did not regard the Communist Chinese as Chinese at all, since they would not join unified China and, actually, took orders from a foreign power.

Chengtu, China.

Later: Before going out to the university—which, for the duration, has moved here from Nanking—we had bought some ch'ien from the money-changers, men with black bags stuffed with paper currency, at 2700 to 1. Before I left China, the exchange had gone to 3000 to 1, just double what it was when I entered China twelve days before. (Incidentally, we print this currency in the U. S. A., and fly it over the Hump in bales.)

A Chinese city at night is amazingly picturesque, but it is certainly also very dirty and smelly. The sidewalks overflow with people spilling into the cobbled streets alive with schools of rickshas swimming through the bedlam. The Chinese just barely step aside in time. Never a second too early, almost a second too late. One could watch it for hours. The shops never seem to close, and at any hour of the day or night men are eating in the numerous food shops. Lights are everywhere, but dim, and the people flicker through the shadows like swallows at dusk. Everyone talks as rapidly as they move. Literally nothing is still except the moon overhead.

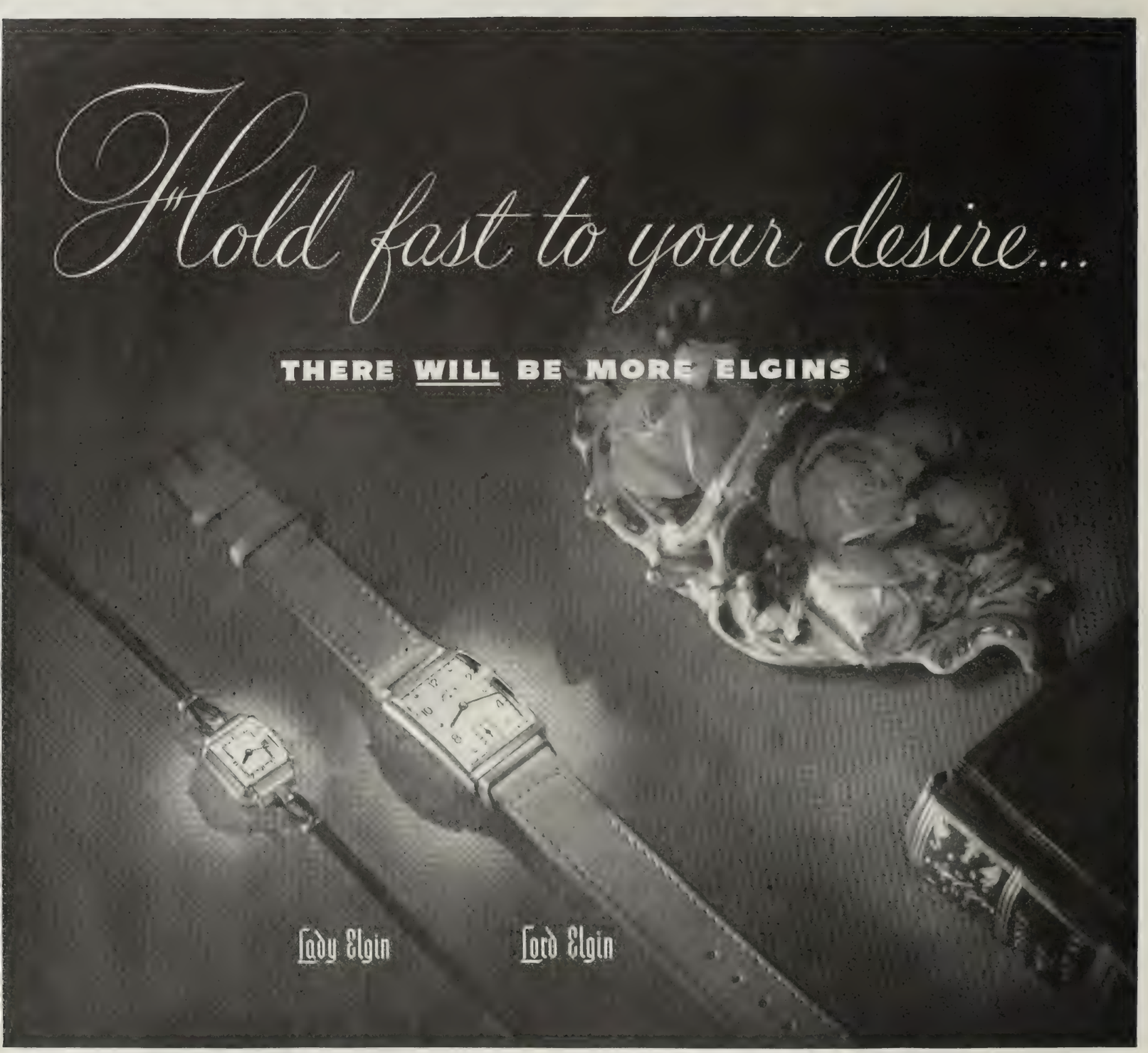
Best,
BRUCE.

Calcutta to Kandy, Ceylon.

Dear Bibi: We flew from Chengtu back to Kunming, thence over the Hump again

(Continued on Page 119)





To you who have waited for the most favored of all fine timepieces, this will come as a part of the good news of America's magnificent victory.

Elgin craftsmen, who stayed so faithfully on their job of making vitally needed precision instruments and timing devices for our armed forces, are now using their war-sharpened skills in the creation of Lord and Lady Elgin Watches for you. It will be a while yet; the making of fine watches is slow, patient work.

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(Continued from Page 117)

across Burma to Calcutta. Thence to Ceylon, at the tip of India. Landed at Sirigea air strip and drove fifty miles to Kandy. Ceylon is a beautiful land of high green mountains, narrow verdant valleys, lovely waterfalls. They have an excessively high murder rate among the natives—possibly because they have more energy than the Indians in India. Passed rubber plantations and coconut groves. Men in white dhotis and women in vari-colored saris. Better-looking and healthier-looking than the Indians of India. They live to thirty-five years, on the average. That's seven years longer than Indians in India.

The stately, solidly supercilious bullocks that draw the two-wheeled, thatch-roofed carts are oyster white, with dowager-humped necks, heavy clubman jowls and, altogether, the dignified, detached countenance of a born aristocrat serenely in harmony with the surrounding world.

Went to dinner with the Supremo, Lord Louis Mountbatten, charming as ever, whose seeming dilettantism masks a great deal of ability and hard, productive work. But he looks as most movie actors would like to look.

Kandy, Ceylon.

Later. The Burma campaign demonstrated how the airplane has revolutionized warfare by permitting an army to cut itself entirely off from orthodox lines of supply. Eighteen hundred tons of supplies a day were flown in, 3½ tons a craft.

The Supremo pointed out that there were certain disease spots in Burma. He chose to fight Japs there because we were prepared for disease, and he knew Japs would not be able to prepare for lack of supplies. During the campaign we cut our rate of 140 sick to one wounded down till it was six sick to one wounded and out of action. Similarly he determined to fight during the monsoon period because Japs were not prepared. Result was that many, many more Japs were killed by disease and malnutrition in Burma than by bullets.

Best,
BRUCE.

Bombay, India.

Dear Beatrice: In their special way, many Indian women are beautiful. Their eyes, like cocker spaniels', are large, deep, liquid. And they are so feminine it's unbelievable. The graceful draped sari helps, of course. A great many of our soldiers have, mistakenly, sent back saris to wives and sweethearts. But the vital, energetic American girl looks as funny in a sari as a pussycat in poke bonnet and petticoats.

Went to the Royal Bombay Yacht Club for dinner. Because our host and hostess were not in evening dress, we "ate dirty"—that is, on the side of the room, divided by a screen, reserved for people who forget that, even in the jungle, the British dress for dinner.

Best,
BRUCE.

Delhi to Karachi, India.

Dear Beatrice: Alice Blinn would be interested in the simplified homemaking of the low-class Indian. If you want to start a fire you merely collect some chips. And if you want to heat some water, it comes from the nearest gutter. Of course the typhoid and cholera rate is high.

When I saw the fluted, lacy-towered, multiple-coned edifice, the Kutab Minar, I couldn't help but think that Wilhela Cushman should bring it to the attention of Lilly Dache: 238 feet tall, it is about towering enough for one of her high-crowned chapeaux, and its fretted balconies are just architecturally silly enough for one of her serious frilly creations.

The magnificent throne room of Diwani Khas is, I suppose, a bit more ornate than the office I inherited from that Mogul of Magazine Editors, famous Edward Bok; but tell the girls at the office that the modern American secretary is prettier, I am sure, than the bedizened ladies of that other great Mogul's court.

An early take-off—7:30, because the runway softens in India's monsoon heat and the 65,000 pound, four-motored C-54's cannot take off after 8 A.M. from the sticky airstrip. Reached Karachi after smooth trip around two o'clock with nothing to do but wait till morning while the engines were having their hundred-hour check. So far they've gone 21,000 miles without even one engine emitting so much as a cough.

Best,
BRUCE.

Cairo to Tunis, Tunisia.

Dear Beatrice: Passed over Alamein and the far-flung battle line of North Africa. The scars of war are already hardly visible.

The Mediterranean has the most beautiful sapphire-blue water in the world.

Later—Naples to Rome by auto. We motored up past historic Cassino. All one can say is that "here an army passed by." Utter, utter ruin. But in most places the marks of war are already being smoothed away by man and nature.

Later—Rome, Anzio, Pisa, Florence. In the nose of a B-25 I flew over ground covered by various bombing missions in the vicinity of the Po, where the Germans made their last, futile stand.

For the first time I clearly saw for myself how skillful and destructive strategic bombing can be. Our airmen, for instance, were able to bomb all around a group of hospital buildings, marked with a Red Cross, without in any way damaging these structures. But what was done to railroad marshaling yards, vital bridges, munition factories, motor parks should be a lesson to anyone who thinks of settling matters by war. Tracks were blasted out for miles. Even now, burned-out trains litter the right of way. Empty skeletons of buildings stare sightlessly at the sky. [The atomic bomb would, of course, intensify this destruction. *ED.*]

Coming back to Florence, we motored about the city a bit. Prices of consumer

Out-of-Season Storage Closets

SET aside at least one closet in your home as an out-of-season storage place, advises the National Safety Council. Summer sports equipment, clothing and shoes should be stored away as soon as the season is over. If one storage closet is to be used as a seasonal project, storing will be simplified as a year-around problem. When the winter clothing and sports equipment are taken out of the closet, the summer things are put away. Tennis rackets can be hung safely at the back of the closet. Summer clothing and shoes can be stored in labeled boxes on built-in shelves.

With winter on its way, be certain that there is a place provided for the family to hang heavy outdoor clothing, put away rubbers and galoshes, and safely store ice skates and other winter equipment.

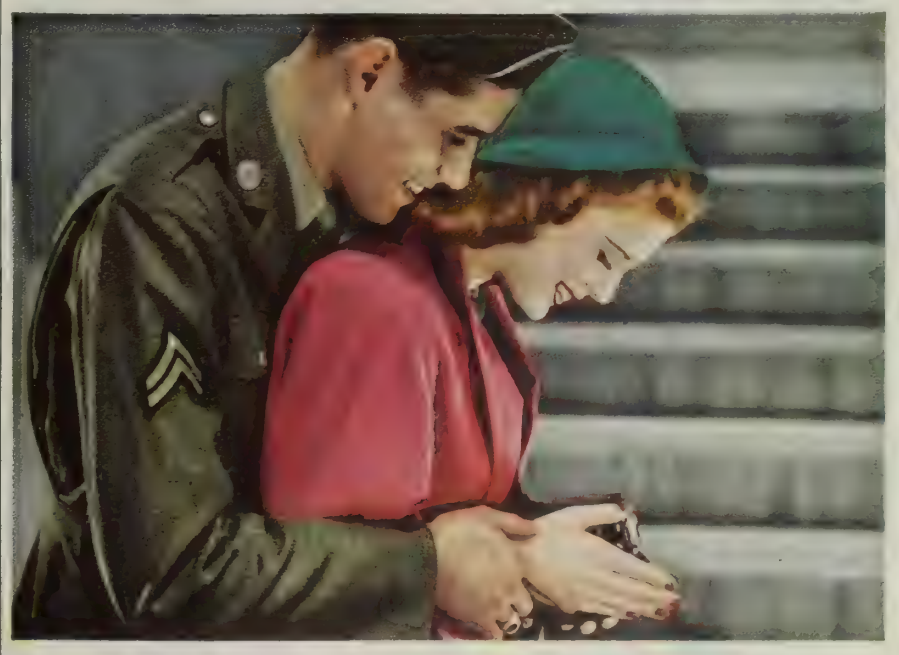
Never allow these things to accumulate on stairways or in entrance halls where they are tripping hazards and may cause a serious fall to some member of the family.

This Little Time was Ours



In Washington, we could be together. *"There's only you,"* you said, *"when your soft hands touch me."* How can a wife let her hands get rough! Jergens Lotion hand care is so simple and lovely.

We'd forget to take pictures when our fingers touched. *"That a girl's hands can be so soft!"* you said. But you must have seen my Jergens Lotion, darling. It's Jergens care that helps a girl's hands stay soft.



Stars in Hollywood use Jergens hand care, 7 to 1.

Gain sure softness-protection for your hands, too, with Jergens. Brings your skin 2 ingredients many doctors use to help drying, coarse skin to unforgettable softness. Hands soon look younger, smoother! Like professional hand care. Yet Jergens Lotion is easy, quick to use. No oiliness; no annoying stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



For the softest, adorable Hands, USE

JERGENS LOTION

goods everywhere in Italy are fantastic: $4 for a pound of sugar, $3 for a pound of meat, $100 for a pair of shoes, $4 for a pair of socks, $700 for a bicycle. Love,
BRUCE.

Florence to Salzburg, Austria.

Dear Beatrice: Took off at 9:30 to fly, via Bologna, Verona, the Brenner Pass, to Innsbruck and thence to Berchtesgaden in a bucket-seated C-47.

The Platzhof, at Berchtesgaden, where Hitler had his house, is a complete mess. Bombed and burned to tangled ruin. The twenty-six miles of tunneled quarters are intact, except that G. I.'s have pretty well sacked and ruined the elaborate furnishings. Everything necessary for comfortable living for months was in the underground shelter, even to a fully equipped dentist's office.

Motoring in a jeep up to the Eagle's Nest, about 2300 feet above the Platzhof, at a height of 4300 feet, is a dizzy affair. The road, 4.3 miles long, winds steeply around the precipitous hill, through five or six tunnels and always overhanging a sheer, giddy drop. Visiting diplomats must have been scared to death by the time they actually arrived in Hitler's vaporous aerie. The last 420 feet are by elevator—a very ornate affair of brass, with a basement for SS men—up through solid rock.

Hitler's Eagle's Nest is not very prepossessing. Stone-walled, furnished in rather bad taste. Looks a bit like a high-class prison. One room contains a table for about thirty persons. The corners of the room's enormous rug looked as though they had been chewed up by Hitler in one of his famous rages. I learned the rug had actually been hacked off by the knives of souvenir-hunting G. I.'s.

The view is stunning. Breathtaking. Makes one faintly giddy. One looking out over the tops of mountains, reaching to the rim of earth and sky, might well begin to imagine one was above all law, somehow capable of ruling the world.

Best,
BRUCE.

Later—Verona to Munich, Germany. We came as near death as, for the moment, I want to, crossing the high Alps. Went into a hailstorm so intense that every engine was full of ice. Since the mountains are 13,000 feet high we couldn't afford to lose even one motor. We bounced up and down, 2500 feet at a crack.

As our copilot said to Capt. Barney Bridges, our able and amiable pilot, "At one moment there I thought maybe we were going to get our wish and get out of the Army."

To cap it all we found that just before we landed at Munich, a land mine had exploded, killing three German workmen and wounding a few more.

Munich is just beat up to rubble. Block after block is utter shambles. It will take years to rebuild, if it ever can be rebuilt. All done by air bombing. There is little left of the business part of the city. Hitler's famous Brown House is a ruin. So is the beer hall down a crooked street where the Nazi Party was born. The Munich Germans don't seem unfriendly, curiously enough.

Although there are some 550,000 Germans in Munich, the rubble-lined streets seem deserted by day almost as well as by night. Few cars. Not many bicycles. Streetcars are crowded. Suburbs are not much damaged, but the city is just one wrecked, fired and gutted building after another. Very obligingly the Air Forces left one of the good hotels standing, where we stayed.

This winter the Germans are going to be cold, hungry and out of work, with many released P.O.W.'s to gather in little knots and discuss their sad and unmerited plight. The Germans, as far as one can judge, are simply regretful that they didn't win. Hitler's only mistake was that he lost.

Munich. Visited a much cleaned up Dachau. Around the camp is a ring of solidly built apartment houses where families of the guards lived, bringing up children, having birthday cakes, planning picnics not three blocks away from that place of horror. It is impossible to believe that the average Munich resident didn't have a fairly clear idea of what went on. But apparently it is not in the German temperament to dispute the policy of

Better than ever! THE NEW

PERFECT SLEEPER Tuftless MATTRESS



JOAN BENNETT, star of the Walter Wanger Universal Pictures Production, "Scarlet Street," says: "My PERFECT SLEEPER Mattress gives me relaxing sleep to keep fit and fresh before the camera."

The Only Innerspring Mattress with "LIVE" RIBBON-STEEL COILS!

1 *Thrilling new comfort!* These patented, exclusive SERTA coils have far greater resilience and durability. Ask for a demonstration at your dealer's. *Feel* the difference. *See* the difference.

2 *No bumps! No hollows!* SERTA'S exclusive non-shift Tuftless construction provides a "smooth as satin" surface that's better looking, more comfortable, more sanitary.

3 *Complete luxury!* The matching PERFECT SLEEPER Box Spring—noiseless, dustproof—is specially built to give the PERFECT SLEEPER Mattress perfect support for supreme sleeping comfort.

If your dealer can't supply you with the PERFECT SLEEPER Mattress at once, please be patient. You'll be glad you waited. Available now—SERTA 4-A Tuftless Mattress, PERFECT SLEEPER Box Spring, $39.50 each. West Coast and Canada, $42.50 each.

MADE BY A Serta ASSOCIATE

SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., 32 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada



"Problem" Hair made Lovely again

Now lovely hair is at your fingertips. Always use Admiracion, the shampoo that floats away lustre-dimming dirt and loose dandruff, yet avoids hair-dulling soap film. Admiracion shines while it cleans by bringing out the natural, sparkling, dancing high-lights that spell glamor to every girl. Foaming Admiracion in the green box. "No-lather" in the red box.

ADMIRACION Shampoo



Writing Orders for Chilton CHRISTMAS CARDS GIVES YOU EXTRA MONEY EVERYDAY

Show your friends and others these Christmas folders of new splendor . . . make extra income easy, fast! ★Chilton Christmas cards present original creations —exquisite papers. Values truly amazing. Unusual sales openings still available, but limited.

50 Personal Christmas folders sell for $1

See latest "Prize" sensation—21 Christmas cards for $1! Also Religious and Humorous Christmas, Gift Wrappings and Everyday assortments. New! Delightful!

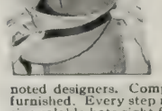
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AT ALL 10¢ STORES

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LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME



Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog.

LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 310, Chicago 1, Ill.

"Lucky me... different me... thanks to Midol!"



Can you imagine yourself setting the pace on "those days" when you used to curl up like a sick kitten, because menstruation's functional cramps, headache, "blues" made you miserable?

It can be done, and *is* being done by girls and women who know about Midol, which is offered *specifically* to relieve periodic pain these three ways: *Ease Cramps——Soothe Headache——Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue".*

Simply take Midol as directed, and discover how comfortable and carefree you can be. Your druggist has Midol.

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

SELL Personal CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR Quick Extra Cash

TAKE easy orders from friends, relatives, business people. Use your lunch time, evenings, or full time to sell these Personal Christmas Cards **with name imprinted.** Show selections of 25 for $1 and 50 for $1. Make a handsome profit on every $1 sale you make! No experience necessary. We supply FREE samples of our latest designs . . . richly colored.

NEWEST BOX ASSORTMENTS for 1945 You can make EXTRA money quick selling these Christmas Card Assortments. Line includes Religious, Christmas, "Oilette", Everyday Cards, etc. They are whirlwind money-makers. Also QUICK CASH PLAN for Clubs, Churches, etc.

50 FOR $1

FREE SAMPLES of Personal Cards. Start on this easy way to earn Extra Money now!

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P.F. GRANT

AT A GLANCE IDENTIFY WITH CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

Why risk the loss or misuse of your property? One quick look tells you it's yours if your name, on a Cash's Woven Name tape, is attached to your clothing and belongings. Cash's is the preferred method of marking in the Services, at schools and in thousands of homes. Cash's Names are easy to attach, permanent, economical. Ask for CASH'S Woven Names at your Dept. Store, or write us.

CASH'S PRICES **75 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or 6227 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 44, Calif., or 55 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.**

THREE DOZEN $1.50 NINE DOZEN $2.50 SIX DOZEN $2.00 TWELVE DOZEN $3.00

EXTRA MONEY Quick! Sell Stunning CHRISTMAS CARDS

Make your spare time bring big Profits! Sell big value Christmas Assortments, Gift Wraps and Everyday Greeting Cards to friends, others. Gorgeous designs, original creations—sell on sight. Send 65c for sample on approval today. **CHAS. C. SCHWER CO. Dept. T-16, 171 Elm Street, Westfield, Mass.**

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FREE Samples and Directions. All wool 2-3-4-ply Knitting Yarns. Unexcelled quality. Low Prices.

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MATERNITY DRESSES! Write FOR Catalog

Fall Styles

Smart, youthful styles for Morning, Street, or Afternoon. Also Maternity Corsets & Lingerie.

CRAWFORD'S *Dept. A* 1233 Balt. Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

whatever government happens to be running things.

In the afternoon we flew over the well-bombed cities of Regensburg, Schweinfurt, Augsburg and Nuremberg. It is very clear what a precise job of bombing one can do. Munition factories were knocked out completely without much damage having been done close by. The great Nazi stadium at Nuremberg, for instance, where the silly Nazis used to Heil Hitler and plot their own destruction under the impression they were plotting that of the rest of the world, is hardly touched by bombs. Likewise the Party Congress. But the factories and marshaling yards were smashed to smithereens.

Home soon,
BRUCE.

Three Winters of Carrots

Bordeaux, France.

Dear Miss Batchelder: Had it not been for you, I'd have starved or died in despair during the last five years. Can you imagine the torture of somebody really fond of cooking, who has nothing to cook and nothing to cook it with? For a whole winter we had only rutabagas; and the three following winters, carrots, with salt and water. But when I was on the point of giving up and seeing life as an immense field of carrots, I took the JOURNAL, read your recipes, and looked at the photos. Dreaming of the days when we would be able to cook again, we swallowed the carrots, and they tasted less of carrots and more of hope.

With many thanks again,
Yours truly,
N. BERGÉ.

Betty is Willin'

Kindersley, Sask., Canada.

Dear Editor: When I turned to your articles, How England Lives, I had to protest. Not about the stories—they were tops! But Norman Howard! He's rather hardhearted!

"Not fair to any girl to be linked to a guy like me." Not fair! The girl would be darned lucky! You can tell by his picture that he has character—and lots of it. He is determined, wise and yet looks like fun. If it's so unfair, I'd like to hear his argument.

I have a strong hunch that he'll find a girl sometime that he'd be very glad to be "unfair" to and marry. Yours,
(MISS) BETTY HOWE.

How about it, Norman? ED.

From the Housewife

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Editors: Alice Hamilton's article against the Equal Rights Amendment heartened me immensely. I fit in the housewife-and-family category and fully understand the insecurity and dark days ahead for me if the Equal Rights Amendment is passed. Sincerely,
MRS. BOLES.

Grateful for America

Bedford, England.

Dear Editors: This is just to let you know that Iver won the swimming championship in the Lower School, and is second in classwork for the term. We are grateful for all that America did for him.

Love,
THE DRUMMONDS.

Eleven-year-old Iver Drummond returned to England a year ago, after three years of evacuation in America, with his sister Lucille. (See Our Readers Write Us, November, 1944.) Ruth Drummond, their mother, was author of Meet the Dives, of Dover, June JOURNAL. ED.

Model Sheets for Germany

Trois-Rivières, P. Q., Canada.

Gentlemen: I intend to send some of your magazines to Germany, in order to help in the rehabilitation of her people—for the refurnishing of houses by your numerous models, combining the new and the old. I have asked permission of our government in Ottawa.

You have very beautiful pages which affect me strongly. I am,
A. GAUTHIER.

Going Places with TUSSY... | San Francisco's Top of the Mark



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WOULD you like to hear him say that your skin is pretty as a pink sunset . . . soft and smooth as the velvet bow in your hair? Famous Tussy *Rich Cream* will help give your skin an exciting, soft freshness! This luxurious night cream helps do away with flaky roughness, little dry lines around your eyes. Almost overnight coaxes a supple, young, young feel to taut, drawn skin. 2 ozs., $1. Plus tax.

Tussy Cosmetiques, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



Tussy

FOR THAT YOUNG, YOUNG LOOK

"Remember your pin-striped suit, dear?"

"THAT was a good one on Bill!

"When I met him at the station, my 'new' suit bowled him over. He never recognized his gray pin-stripe he'd told me to give away because his shoulders had got so broad in the Marine Corps!

"Give it away? That beautiful material? Not me! Instead—I went to my Singer Sewing Center—signed up for lessons in Make-Over and Alteration—and learned how to fix *me* a suit that would cost a fortune to buy, these days!

"And that's not all.

"Those smart Singer experts showed me lots of *other* tricks with my old and out-of-style clothes. Now I've got a whole fashion-magazine wardrobe—for practically the cost of the lessons!"





● **"My old fur jacket makes a comeback!** The sleeves were all worn out—but behold! New suède sleeves—a stand-up collar—and I'm in the 1945 style parade!" (Make-Over and Alteration Lessons; $10 for an 8-lesson course. Single "Refresher" lessons, $1.50 for 2 hours.)



● **"One dream-dress from two has-beens!** Yes—a smart two-tone affair, using material from two hopelessly dated jobs. Extra inspiration: a flower and a beautiful new bag from Singer's wonderful Accessory Department!"



● **"A new blouse from an old nightie!** Plenty of good satin left in the skirt—and Singer helped me turn it into a perfect suit-blouse." (Covered buttons and buttonholes made by Singer's special service department. Also belts; picoting; hemstitching.)



● **"Psst! Been waitin' and wishin'** for a new Singer? I'll tip you off. If you hustle to your Singer Sewing Center and place your order—but fast—you might get one. The Singer folks have been busy on war work, but now they're able to make some new Singer Sewing Machines. You may be one of the lucky gals who gets one."

SINGER SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

Singer Sewing Machine Company

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FOR YOUR PROTECTION: Singer Sewing Machine Co. continues its long-time policy of selling its machines only through Sewing Centers identified by the famous red "S" trade-mark on the window—never through department stores or other sewing-machine dealers.



wo-piece: drawstring skirt, 1530; ouse 1686. New looking in wool jersey.



Shirred waistline for an afternoon dress, 1668. Pretty in crepe, velveteen.

I Found the Prettiest Pattern

BY DAWN CROWELL

th a brand-new look for fall! A drawstring blouse and rt in brightest wool with tiny velvet bows; a tailored tle-neck jersey top to wear with a pleated skirt! A o-piece wool in contrasting colors with pretty plaid lar and cuffs gives you a well-groomed look for school. de shirring on an afternoon crepe gives you a baby ist for your party dress. Choose your favorite fabrics, ors, Hollywood Patterns—and make an extra dress fill the need in your wardrobe.



One-piece like two-piece—plaid, check or plain skirt with plain wool, 1641.

Afternoon crepe, one-piece, 1665; belt extra.



Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.

Turn to page 126 for sizes, prices and back views of these Hollywood Patterns

SKETCHES BY LEE LUNZER

© HOLLYWOOD

lored turtle-neck blouse, 1684, with

Brand-new battle jacket in favorite plaid; over sweaters, skirts, 1678



SUNRAY

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Smart from the Start in Rhythm Step

Right from the start . . . and right through the day, your quickened pace responds to the stimulating challenge of fall, in Rhythm Step Shoes! Their smart simplicity of design gains magical ease with the famous, invisible Rhythm Treads at the three strain points. You step smartly into fall, in Rhythm Step!

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A face forever Eve . . . created for Revlon by Hurrell. Surely, Eve is eternal . . . No man can read her mind. But other Eves know well

prompts her to turn to this new red . . . an ageless challenge on fingertips and lips.

Revlon's "Fatal Apple"

altogether *new* I-dare-you re

a fashion "must" for

American Women of great



Nail Enamel and Lipstick
for matching fingertips and lips

Most tempting new color since Eve winked at Ada

Even "Fatal Apple" Face Powder is simply delicious.

And as ever, Revlon's staying power is terrific.

WHAT MAKES YOU TIRED?

(Continued from Page 4)

make my own decision. It was torture. After wandering around the streets in misery for a few hours, I went back and quit my job. In a few days my appetite was back, and in a few months I was fit as ever.

Lack of the B vitamin is another cause of the tired feeling. Check over the food you are eating, to make sure that all the vitamins and minerals, as well as the calories, are being supplied in adequate amounts. If you are forced to eat here and there, with no definite provision for a balanced diet, it might be well to add a few vitamin tablets just to make sure. If they aren't necessary they won't hurt you, and if there is a deficiency they will be of benefit.

If you are doing heavy physical work in great heat, be sure that your salt intake is adequate. A feeling of exhaustion develops rapidly when the body is depleted of its salt content. You can buy salt tablets for this purpose. (Some old-time ship captains, when going through the tropics, used to supply salty gruel to the men who had to work in the engine room.)

Heat is enervating even if you are not doing heavy physical work. If you live where the climate is excessively hot in summer, air conditioning may be something for you to think about.

Maybe your tiredness is due to the fact that you are overworking your emotions. Eliminate the emotional binge as far as possible. Refuse to quarrel. If you do have a disagreement with someone, forget it as soon as possible. Do not mull it over in your mind, and never, *never* tell anyone but your doctor about the disagreement. Discount your feelings, and consciously try for serenity and poise.

Direct your thoughts into unemotional channels. Discourage others from reminding you of your difficulties.

Give up the attempt to make people over, especially those with whom you have to live day by day. The attempt is generally unsatisfactory anyway. If they say black is white, nod your head and agree that it is white as snow, and go about your business. They'll love you for it, you'll save your energy, and sooner or later they'll find out the truth.

Put aside part of each day, or at least part of each week, as time for doing something that gives you pleasure and satisfaction.

Get out in the air as much as possible. You don't have to hike around if you don't want to. Sit on the porch, or grow a few vegetables in your garden, or take a little walk around the lake. It is amazing what fresh air will do toward relieving a feeling of tiredness.

Take a moderately warm bath before you go to bed. It will relax the muscles and give the blood stream a better break in its job of carrying away all the accumulated toxic material.

Check up on yourself once in a while to see if you are holding yourself rigid. Holding your muscles tight will tire them excessively. Relax one part of your body at a time, consciously. Start with your toes and work right on up.

When you are in bed, try lying on your stomach occasionally. This complete change of position is often relaxing.

When you are riding on the bus, do you sit on the edge of your seat and watch the traffic? Sit back and take it easy. You are not being paid to run the thing.

Are you a worrier? Worry will wear you down to a sliver. Of course, a certain amount of worry is beneficial. You have to concern yourself with earning a living. But after you have made a decision in the light of all the evidence you can accumulate, stop cudding it over. Accept what you can't cure: You might even try expecting the worst and hoping for the best. If this sounds too difficult at first, put aside definite hours for worry. Say between seven and eight in the evening, and stick to it. If anyone asks you to go to a movie with him, decline. Explain that you worry between seven and eight, and feel you shouldn't break your schedule.

Maybe you're one of those people who are really left-handed, and have been forced, against your natural tendency, to use your right hand. Comprehensive tests by the Human Engineering Laboratory led them to the conclusion that one quarter of the population, or about 33,000,000 Americans, were originally left-handed. A rough test to find out if you are naturally left-handed is to find out if you are naturally left-eyed, or naturally right-eyed. Hold either arm straight out, with the forefinger pointing at a distant object. If a naturally right-eyed person closes his left eye, the finger continues to point correctly. If he closes the right eye, the finger seems to jump to one side. If you are naturally left-eyed, you have this experience in reverse.

Most investigators believe that left-eyedness is a certain proof that the person would prefer his left arm, hand and foot for all activities if he had not been trained out of it.

Very little attention has been paid to the convenience of the person who is left-handed. Everything, from the can opener to cafeteria chairs is made for the convenience of the right-handed.

If you tire easily, and feel strained at times, your difficulty may lie in the fact that you are really a left-handed person who has been trained into using your right hand. Try the eye test. If you are really left-handed, try using your left hand more, and see if some of your difficulties don't clear up. (A postscript to this thought is that you should never, *never* encourage your youngster to use any hand but the one which he chooses for himself.)

It may be that noise, of which you are conscious, or maybe not conscious, is contributing to your tiredness. Why not put a drop of oil on the hinges of the screen door? Why not hustle the youngsters to bed at eight sharp? It will do them no end of good and you will have a few hours for quiet relaxation. You can't stop noise entirely, though. If a noise does not concern you, ignore it.

If you tire much too quickly, maybe a physical checkup is in order. Eyestrain is a common cause of that tired feeling.

So are tight shoes. Tight shoes can wear you out in an hour. A shoe should never have to be "broken in." You are breaking your foot in faster than you are breaking in the shoe. Unless you can walk out of a shoe store in a new pair of shoes and continue your ordinary routine without discomfort, your shoe is too small or improperly fitted. One way to be sure that shoes are large enough is to wear two pairs of socks when you go to be fitted. High heels are grand beau catchers, but their wear should be limited to the hunting season.

Is your work monotonous? A talk with the boss might result in a rotation of work which would add to its interest and lessen tiredness.

And, finally, did you ever try ignoring tiredness? Tiredness is a wench that loves attention. She eats it. She grows fat on it. When she has you at the stage where you look for the first symptoms, her triumph is almost complete. Ignore the hussy, and watch your energy come back!

The moment people cease to let their real selves be obscured, they have great power, both for good and evil, however inconsiderable they may seem. For instance, we hear of such and such a little ordinary man, that in some high stress he was wonderful. But he was no more wonderful than he had always been, only some accident tore the wrappings away and the reality in him had a chance to come forth.

—J. E. BUCKROSE: What I Have Gathered. (Chatto & Windus.)



ELEANOR HOLM

Wife of Billy Rose, owner of the famous DIAMOND HORSESHOE, says:

"I like to pick winners, don't you? From the day I first started using Arrid, I knew it would be the most popular deodorant in America . . . I apply Arrid every day, and from that moment on never give perspiration a thought."

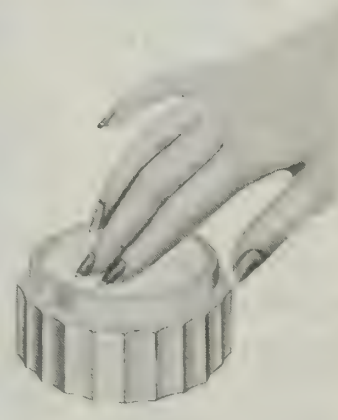
Eleanor Holm

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT

which SAFELY

STOPS *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



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MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

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THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT



"I wouldn't believe it until it happened to me"

says Elizabeth MacNear, Registered Nurse of Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.

AS EVERY NURSE KNOWS, overweight is a handicap to beauty, a hazard to health. Elizabeth MacNear knew that 160 pounds were 25 too many for her five feet seven inches, so she enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course.

"I lost 25 pounds," she writes, "brought my weight to an ideal 135. Instead of a size 20 dress, I now wear a 16. Today my skin is softer, smoother, clearer than ever before. I gained so much energy that I can now spend long hours on my feet without tiring.

"I wouldn't believe it until it happened to me. But I've *proved* the value of this Course through my own experience."



HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that *you* could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course will show you how to bring your weight to normal, care for your skin and hair, use make-up for glamour. You follow the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. Send for full information.



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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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Mrs. _____

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City _____ Zone No., if any _____ State _____

MR. CORLEY'S CONTRIBUTION

(Continued from Page 42)

you, sir. I'm sorry I didn't do better, but I'd—I'd like to play again tomorrow. If—if you would, sir."

During the three and a half months, Mr. Corley tried to find out something about Willie, but he couldn't learn much. Only that he was nineteen years old, and that he came from a little town in Illinois, and that until he was drafted he'd never been away from home overnight in his life.

He'll never make a soldier, Mr. Corley thought. *Or*—with a sigh—*a chess player either. The Army's wasting its time with him, and I suppose I am too.* But despite these thoughts, Mr. Corley kept on coming, kept on playing with Willie. *After all,* he told himself, *one does what one can.*

The summer was incredibly hot, and Mr. Corley's neck grew scrawnier and his blood thinner and more anemic. And then one evening in August Willie told him that this was to be their last evening of play. "They're sending me over, sir," he said.

Mr. Corley's heart missed a beat and his mouth went dry. He knew he ought to say something, but he didn't know what. Accordingly he said, "Well," and advanced his king's rook's pawn to rook's fourth.

For the first two games Willie played good offense and Mr. Corley won by only the narrowest margin. But in the last game, the boy seemed to fall apart. He lost a piece in the opening, two pawns in the middle, and came up to the end game hopelessly outclassed: three men against seven.

But still he didn't resign, and for several moves Mr. Corley wondered why. *It's because it's his last game,* he finally decided. *It's because he can't bear to have it end.*

IT was Mr. Corley's move, and for a moment he hesitated. The tempter had taken him by the hand and led him up to the top of the mountain. And in the valley below, the tempter was pointing out acres of arguments and rivers of reasons why . . . in this final game . . . with this frightened boy . . . a single victory ——

But Mr. Corley shook his head and bit down on his bridgework. He couldn't throw the game without making it obvious now, and as a gentleman—and a banker—he couldn't throw it anyway.

The logical move was knight to knight's seventh. Mr. Corley moved there. But as his fingers left the piece he stopped breathing and his eyes bulged in their sockets. He was in a trap! The Breslau trap! The one Alekhine or Capablanca or somebody had exploited once in the International.

Speechless, he glanced up at Willie. But surely Willie wouldn't know about the Breslau or Alekhine or Capablanca or any other ancient history. No, Willie looked no different now than he always looked: nervous, fidgety, frightened, his anxious gray eyes too big for his pinched face and his trembling hands damp with indecision.

The winning move was for Willie to bring up his bishop, but Mr. Corley was sure he wouldn't. He'd run with his king for what little cover was left and then try to string out the game for a few more moves, hoping against hope for the miracle of a stalemate.

A STALEMATE. The thought gave Mr. Corley pause. If in all their games he'd ever yielded to the temptation to throw one, it might have been by the stalemate route. A stalemate wouldn't have been so bad. Maybe he could have reconciled his conscience to that. But it was too late now. This was Willie's last night, his last game.

Mr. Corley drew a sigh that reached to the depths of his hollow chest. He was going to miss Willie; miss their games; miss the queer strained companionship of a boy he'd never got to know. Suddenly Mr. Corley knew that he was going to be lonely; that with Willie gone, there'd again be nights when he'd play no games at all. Many nights. He shook his head and turned away.

Willie moved. And his move was to bring up his bishop! "Check," he announced.

For an instant amazement almost overpowered Mr. Corley, and then with all the poise of the teller in the sixteenth cage he made the only move he could make—his king. But his fingers had scarcely left the piece than Willie swooped in for the kill.

"Checkmate! Mr. Corley," he cried, "checkmate!"

Mr. Corley looked down at the board and then up at the now almost unrecognizable Willie. The boy had risen, and all at once he seemed to have grown six inches taller. And his face was no longer pinched. And his hands weren't trembling. Open-mouthed, Mr. Corley stared, and as he stared he tried to decide whether Willie had known the Breslau or whether he'd just stumbled on it. By chance. Freak chance. And then suddenly he didn't care. The boy had won! And the win had been fair and square!

"Congratulations!" Mr. Corley burst out, and everything that his none-too-robust heart could give went into the word.

"Thank you." Willie beamed and held out his hand.

That was the last that Mr. Corley ever saw of Willie Buckstrom, but he was to remember that final handclasp for a long time

(Continued on Page 128)

Back Views and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Page 123

1686. Blouse. "Sew-Simple" pattern. 10 to 18, 15c.

1530. Skirt. "Sew-Simple" pattern. 10 to 18; 28 to 36, 15c.

1668. One-piece dress. "Sew-Simple" pattern. 10 to 18; 28 to 36, 15c.

1641. One-piece dress. 10 to 18; 28 to 36, 25c.

1684. Blouse. 10 to 18; 28 to 36, 25c.

1660. Skirt. 12 to 20; 30 to 38, 25c.

1678. Jacket and skirt. 10 to 18; 28 to 36, 25c.

1665. One-piece dress. 10 to 18; 28 to 36, 25c.



I'm glad I waited . . .



When I was a little girl — in the doll-house days — I thought the most beautiful thing in the world was my Grandmother's silver. It was Towle Sterling . . . delicately patterned, graceful, with the soft luster of long use.

Now that I'm married, I think my silver is the most beautiful in the world. It's Towle Sterling and I'm glad I waited to complete my pattern. And I'm sure my grandchildren will be glad I waited, too.

• • •

Made of solid silver, each Towle pattern brings an heritage of lasting beauty. Yet a single place setting costs as little as $22.70, including 20% Federal Tax. Ask your jeweler to show you the Towle patterns now available, and those that will be soon.

The Bride in Wartime—write for a free copy to help you care for your Sterling. Address: The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. J-10, Newburyport, Mass. And to assure the kind of living that Towle Sterling represents . . .

Invest more in War Bonds now!

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Quick and Wonderful—
and doubly welcome now!

Dromedary Gingerbread

Takes No Points!
No Sugar!
No Shortening!
NO WORK (Add Water... Bake!)

DROMEDARY SUNBURST
Serve Warm-m-m!

Pop It In The Oven
When Company Pops In!
(Serves 8)

What could be timelier than this queen of desserts that takes no work—no precious points! Simply add water to famous Dromedary Mix, and bake the world's finest gingerbread . . . so flavory, tender, luscious, no other compares!

Top with orange, and hot vanilla sauce *(easily made from prepared pudding)*. Or serve plain . . . warm and wonderful. Or with ice cream, stewed fruit, or chocolate sauce. *Heavenly*, no matter how. Yet Dromedary actually costs *less* than home-mixed!

DROMEDARY Gingerbread Mix
WASHINGTON'S MOTHER'S OWN RECIPE!

DESSERTS
SALADS
SOUPS
ENTREES

DROMEDARY DATES

WATCH FOR THEM!
Dromedary Dates—very
Once again you'll be en-
those juicy, golden nuggets
with that special

"Have a date!" Eat Dromedary Dates like candy, right out of the package. Specially rich in minerals . . . in natural food-energy!

DROMEDARY THE PASTEURIZED DATES

(Continued from Page 126)

afterward. In the sixteenth cage, when his bruised fingers were trying to count out fifty in fives, and in the subway when he reached for a strap with that same hand.

Perhaps right now it was the memory of that handclasp that made the newspaper in his hand beat a little tattoo against the beautiful inlaid table. Or perhaps it was the words of the citation: "In the face of overwhelming odds." Mr. Corley didn't know. All he knew was that something strange ha risen up in his scrawny throat and that hi eyes were as damp as the dripping nigh outside.

Hastily he thrust the newspaper into hi coat pocket and applied a carefully folde handkerchief to his offending eyes. Then h glanced up. A timid-faced soldier boy wa wistfully looking down at the board.

Mr. Corley cleared his throat. "Hello," h smiled happily. "Like to try a game?"

ATOMIC SCIENCE AND WORLD ORGANIZATION

(Continued from Page 6)

of the one or the other, as must all Europe, including Britain. The San Francisco Charter recognizes this, and in effect confirms this state of affairs. There is not yet to be One World, but actually two worlds, each immensely powerful, but each capable, it has been argued, of keeping out of the other's way. Neither can exercise any control whatsoever within the orbit of the other. Even our armies halted in Europe within the areas assigned to each.

That was always dangerous doctrine, and incompatible with historic experience. When there are only two or three great power spheres in the world, the tendency is always toward domination by elimination. Rome, as the greatest world power, never halted until she had destroyed Carthage, her only rival. All the small states were perturbed at San Francisco. All saw that they were likely eventually to become battlegrounds for the great powers, who alone resisted any attempt at restraints on their own freedom of action.

But two inventions in this war, both of them capable of rapid further development, end the safety of any power, however great. They are jet propulsion, as realized in the various V-rockets, and atomic release of energy. The latter will immensely assist the former. There will be, within an extremely short space of time, no part of the earth that cannot be attacked from any other part with weapons that can spread ruin over areas of hundreds of miles, and create all the social disorder, economic disintegration and moral chaos attendant on such attacks.

As I write this article, I have as yet no knowledge of what may be the reaction to this invention in the Soviet Union. But imagine that the Soviet Union had first launched this weapon. I can certainly imagine what *our* reactions would be—they would be of panic! And one thing is certain: Every country, including the Soviet Union, will spend a fortune and the combined energies of all its scientists and engineers to get there first, to effect immense improvements in accuracy of use and destructive power, and to guard all its findings, as we do ours, with the greatest secrecy. That is a recipe for a world-wide nervous breakdown, and a possible war which will, however it turns out, devastate huge parts of the globe, possibly start an exploding universe, and certainly end civilization for centuries.

But This Does Not Have to Happen

Humanity, which has released the elemental forces of Nature, also knows how to control those forces. What it now *must* control is itself. This atomic disintegration formula, for the moment an Anglo-American monopoly, gives the British, American and Canadian people the brief opportunity to *dictate peace to the world.*

Peace can only mean the submission of all nations and all powers to the rule of law, in the name of God, the Father Almighty.

The rule of law means a definition of aggression. It means that no power whatsoever may move armies, navies or air forces against its neighbors, nor decide by itself what the law may mean. It means that every dispute must be submitted to the tribunals of a world organization and settled before the courts of that tribunal.

It is not necessary to make a superstate governing all the political, economic and social cultures of mankind. It *is* necessary to make a super-authority governing and con trolling all armaments and reducing thei use to the enforcement of the law. I have said it before, and I say it again: you canno enforce peace. You can only enforce the law

It is said that it is practically impossible to make laws that all nations will accept. I may be impossible—and it will certainly take long—to agree on a code of international behavior governing the many things that all peoples ought to do together. Bu the basis of all law is not a series of Thou Shalts, but a series of Thou Shalt Nots Jesus of Nazareth exhorted all men to b brothers, to be meek, humble and pur in heart. The Sermon on the Mount mark an enormous ethical advance over the Ten Commandments. But few except saint live under the law of Christ, while most peo ple, personally, observe most of the Ten Commandments, and the laws of all civilized countries are largely based on them. Mos people honor their parents, as adjured in th Commandments, even if they don't love thei neighbors as themselves; most people don' steal—and the law sees to it that they don't—even though few, if asked for thei coat, offer their cloak also.

There must be a constitution for th world, setting forth a few basic laws that al collective organizations of men—namely, na tions—have to observe, and the policing must be done by an international authority in th name of the law. All other authorities must be disarmed or integrated into that author ity, for which process there are numbers o ways. And when that happens, we shall no need atomic bombs to keep the peace. Wher it is universal law that is being enforced and not the interests of great powers, it can be done with rifles. Our police don't nee atomic bombs to keep the peace in our cities they would need a lot more than pistols however, if they simply had to enforce deci sions made from time to time without refer ence to the law at all.

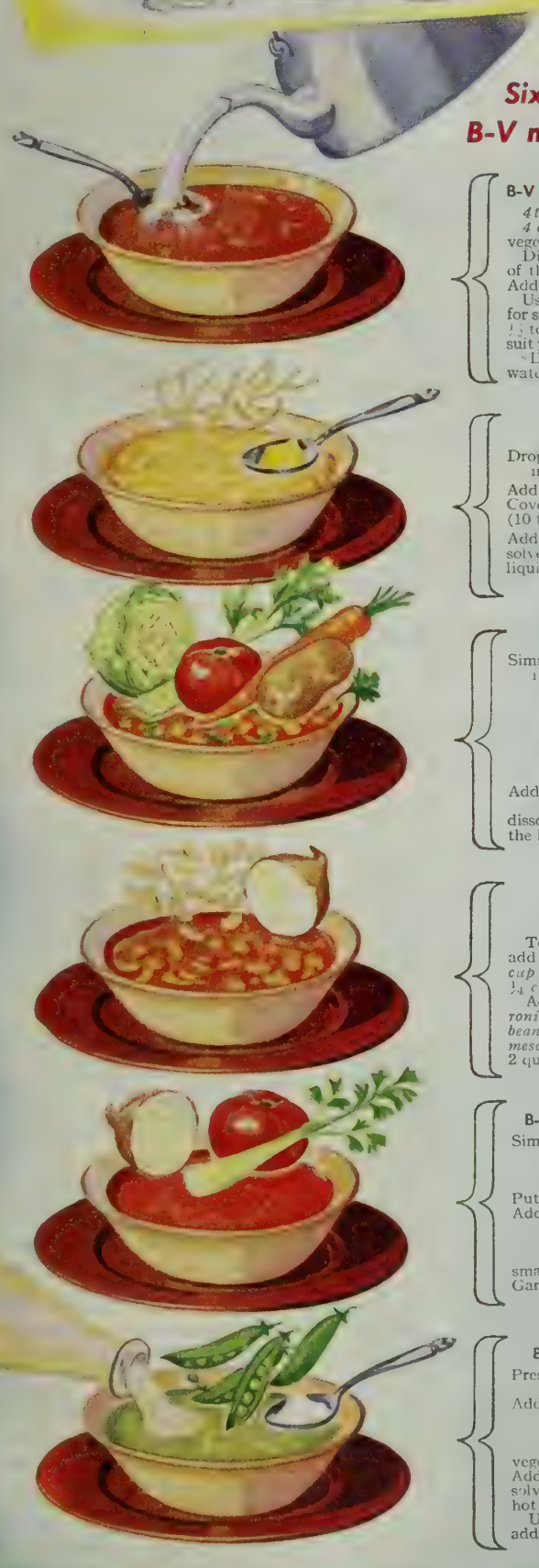
The Anglo-American countries, with th weapons that they now exclusively hold, can call the world to its senses—if first they wil call themselves. It is not enough any longe to control the factories and laboratories o Germany, Japan or other "enemies." *No* country should be allowed to manufactur inventions to blow up the planet. Atomi forces can liberate the world eventually from dependency on fuel resources in th ground; it can free men from want—pro vided it first frees them from fear. Its se crets, discovered by Germans, Italians, Eng lishmen, Americans, should be shared by al the world's peoples, for they are properties in Nature. But first all peoples must be put under the control of One Law. You can't have One World without that One Law—any more than you could have the United States without one Federal law, with Federal in struments for control. You and I cannot go around toting guns; we have to get a license and that license limits what kind of guns we can tote. Nobody can get a license to oper ate a bombing plane or carry a machine gun. We don't need to carry guns, because the police carry them for us, and for the law.

And no nation, either, can tote atomic bombs in the long run, unless we resign our selves to the idea that the planet might as well blow up.

That is what we should tell the world—right now. We should say, with a world mo nopoly of force in our hands, we will exchange it for the rule of law. Take it or leave it.



B-V MAKES DELICIOUS Meat Base Soups EVERY TIME



Six of the many B-V meat base soups:

B-V BOUILLON or SOUP STOCK

4 tsp. Wilson's B-V
4 cups boiling water (including vegetable cooking water)

Dissolve B-V in a small amount of the hot water (about ¼ cup). Add remaining water and serve.

Use full strength as a bouillon; for soup stock, use less B-V (from ½ to ⅔ tsp. per cup of liquid) to suit your taste.

Do not use too much vegetable water unless only lightly salted.

B-V NOODLE SOUP

Drop *1 cup noodles*
in *6 cups boiling water*
Add *3 tbsp. Certified Margarine*
Cover and simmer until tender (10 to 15 min.).
Add *4 tsp. Wilson's B-V* dissolved in a small amount of hot liquid. Serves 6.

B-V VEGETABLE SOUP

Simmer, covered, until tender
in *6 cups water*
1 cup cubed potatoes
1 cup shredded cabbage
¾ cup diced carrot
¾ cup diced celery
2 tbsp. minced onion
1 tbsp. bacon drippings
¾ tsp. salt
Add *¼ cup tomatoes (sieved)*
4½ tsp. Wilson's B-V
dissolved in a small amount of the hot liquid. Serves 6.

B-V MINESTRONE
(A whole meal in itself)

To the vegetable soup above add an extra *½ cup potatoes, ¾ cup minced onion, 2 tbsp. fat* and *¼ cup tomatoes.*

Add also *¼ cup broken macaroni* and *1 cup cooked kidney beans.* Garnish with grated *Parmesan Cheese* (optional). Makes 2 quarts.

B-V CLEAR TOMATO SOUP

Simmer 10 to 15 min.
1½ cups tomatoes
2 tbsp. chopped onion
¼ cup diced celery
Put through a sieve.
Add *5 cups boiling water*
½ cup cooked rice
1½ tsp. sugar, optional
3 tsp. B-V dissolved in a small amount of the hot liquid. Garnish with *chives.* Serves 6.

B-V CREAM of PEA SOUP

Press through a sieve
2 cups cooked peas
Add a thin white sauce made of
6 tbsp. Certified Margarine
6 tbsp. flour
6 cups liquid (milk and vegetable water)
Add *3 tsp. Wilson's B-V* dissolved in a small amount of the hot sauce. Serves 6.

Use B-V in all cream soups to add a delicious meat flavor.

So Easy, So Nutritious

Even *without* soup bones you can make hearty, delicious *meat base* soups chock-full of good meat flavor. Moreover, you make them in no time at all! It's B-V "meat magic."

With Wilson's B-V, you simply make a *meat base* broth (or stock) to be added to your soup at the last moment. This rich, B-V broth turns ordinary soup into *super soup.*

George Rector invites you to try these good B-V *meat base* soups—nutritious and satisfying, they'll be the mainstay of your meals. Write for Mr. Rector's newest recipe booklet, "B-V Meat Magic." Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Wilson & Co., Canned Meat Dept. 23, Union Stock Yards, Chicago 9, Ill.

• • •

Wilson's B-V is a delicious blend of concentrated meat extract and selected vegetable flavors. Use B-V to add rich meat flavor to soups, gravies, hot drinks, stews, casseroles, etc. The meat flavor with a hundred uses.

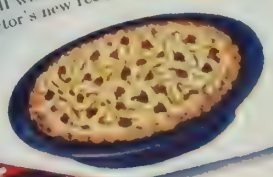


Remember?

Good old Bread and B-V gravy—it has become a favorite dish in millions of homes! With Wilson's B-V, you make gravy "as you like it" every time—rich and brown and smooth and go-o-od. (Recipe in George Rector's new recipe booklet.)

Remember?

B-V Macaroni, Rector style, is a dish to remember. Delicious, hearty and satisfying, this all-in-one specialty serves six and is low in points and cost. You'll want to have it often. (Recipe in George Rector's new recipe booklet.)





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BABY: Here's your chance to get around the way *I* do, Mom! You'll find a baby's life isn't all pink ribbon and lace!

MOM: But, honey! This is fun, *so* far!

BABY: Just wait, Mom. Hours of playing and wiggling around and all that stuff makes a baby's skin mighty uncomfortable. That is—unless his Mom uses Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder on him!

MOM: Hey! Could you be hinting that I've slipped up? *Me?*

BABY: 'Fraid so, Mom. Us babies need Johnson's nice, pure Baby Oil—to keep us petal-soft and help prevent what the doctor calls "urine irritation." Plus Johnson's silky Baby Powder for times when chafes and prickles turn us into crybabies!



MOM: Say no more, sugarplum! I get the idea—and *you* get the Johnson's!

BABY: That's the spirit, Mom! With Johnson's Oil and Powder, I'll be the smoothest thing ever seen outside a rose garden.



Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. CHICAGO, ILL.



STUART



A bit of home sleuthing may uncover the cause of your child's allergy. For tougher cases specialists have devised comprehensive skin tests.

ALLERGIES UNMASKED

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

MANY children who seem to get frequent colds or have recurring digestive upsets or splotchy, itching skin are not necessarily suffering from any infection or disease. Instead, such children are often found to have allergies, or extreme sensitivity of their body tissues to some substance they eat or touch. It is important for mothers to detect these allergic reactions early, so that the responsible substance can be removed, in so far as possible, from the child's environment. There are few childhood disorders in which the mother's knowledge and alertness so directly influence the child's health.

Allergy travels under many disguises. When it appears in such familiar forms as hay fever, asthma or eczema, it is quickly unmasked. However, it is a mistake to think that children who do not have any of these pronounced symptoms are therefore free of allergies. Often the signs are so mild as to be scarcely noticeable. But here is something mothers should remember: *Mild allergies which remain undetected and untreated long enough usually become severe allergies.* Thus a slightly "runny" nose may develop into hay fever and, finally, asthma; annoying hives may ultimately emerge as unsightly eczema; mild upsets can become persistent diarrhea.

Sometimes children suddenly become allergic to things which they have encountered daily for years without harm. Often this is when there has been an unusually close or prolonged contact; for example, a child recovering from illness may be urged to drink lots of milk to build strength, and may become allergic to milk as a result of the excessive exposure. Occasionally allergy develops without any such cause. Thus, every mother should be informed so that she will act promptly and wisely if signs of allergy appear. Doctors estimate that 10 per cent of all children may be allergic, though there may be many more whose condition is not recognized as allergy.

What happens when an allergic person comes in contact with the substance (called an "allergen") to which he is sensitive?

For reasons which are not yet fully understood, such contacts produce irritation causing the sensitive tissue to swell. Depending on what part of the body is affected, various symptoms may then follow. When swelling and irritation occur in the mucous membranes of the nose and throat (as in the case of an *inhaled* allergen like ragweed pollen), the typical symptoms of hay fever—runny nose, discharging eyes, sneezing—come quickly.

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

New beauty for your Hair too

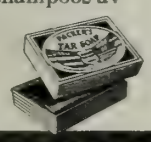


...with special Baby-Care!

CHANCES are no hair on your head is older than *4 years!* Your young hair, like your child's, needs Packer's gentle, effective Baby-Care to keep its youthful beauty.

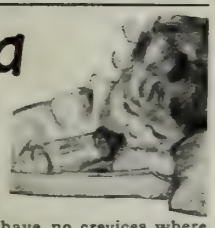
The same *pure pine tar* praised by scalp doctors, is in Packer's famous soap. Cleanses effectively too—rich, creamy lather; easy to rinse. After Packer's acts, the scent vanishes. See how youthfully lovely your hair looks, your child's too.

Packer's economy shampoos average less than one-fourth cost of bottled kind. Get a 25¢ or 10¢ cake today.

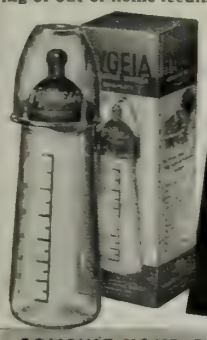


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Start right with Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Easy to clean—wide mouth and rounded interior corners have no crevices where germs can hide. Red measuring scale aids in correct filling. Wide base prevents tipping. Tapered shape helps baby get last drop of formula. Famous breast-shaped nipple with patented air-vent permits steady flow, prevents "windsucking." Cap keeps nipples and formula germ-free for storing or out-of-home feeding.



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HOW QUINTUPLETS
promptly relieve coughs and tight, sore muscles of
CHEST COLDS

Wonderful For Grown-ups, Too!

All thru the years—at the first sign of a cold—the Quintuplets' chests, throats and backs are immediately rubbed with Musterole. It MUST be good!

Musterole *instantly* starts to relieve coughs, sore throat and aching muscles of colds. It actually helps break up painful local congestion. Makes breathing easier. *Of course* you'll want Musterole for *your* family! In 3 strengths.

MUSTEROLE

In severe cases, the swelling caused by an inhaled allergen extends into the bronchial tubes, narrowing these air passages. Now the sufferer wheezes and gasps for breath; this is asthma.

When the allergen is a food which is taken into the stomach and intestines, the allergy may masquerade as digestive upset or diarrhea; and when the guilty substance attacks the skin by direct contact, angry hives or eczema proclaims the offense to sensitive tissue.

According to the degree of sensitivity and the extent of contact with the allergen, the resulting symptoms may be either mild or severe. Often several symptoms come at once; an extremely allergic person may have hives, nausea and headache at the same time after eating a forbidden food.

Allergies are especially liable to occur in children when one or both parents are allergic. It is not true that asthma or hay fever or eczema is hereditary, but it is true that children may inherit a tendency toward some sensitivity. Doctors say that from 60 to 70 per cent of their allergic patients have a family history of allergy. Thus when mother or father is a hay-fever sufferer, the parents should be especially watchful for any sign of allergy in the baby. However, the baby's symptoms are apt to be different from the allergic parent's; rash and digestive upset are the commonest allergic reactions in little children, while hay fever, asthma and headaches occur more often in adults.

Don't forget that the darkest hour is only sixty minutes.
—NORTHERN LIGHT.

Sometimes it is possible for mother to discover and remove the child's allergen quickly and effectively herself. This is the case when the symptoms come suddenly after an unusual exposure. For example, it may be noticed that a child has bright red, itchy hives every time he eats a certain kind of candy. This is removed from the child's diet, and the symptoms do not reappear.

Unfortunately, it is usually much harder to find and weed out the guilty materials. But doctors have devised tests to do just this, and, with patience, the offender can almost always be detected. In these tests, extracts made from possible allergens are applied to the skin; if the child is sensitive to a particular substance, an irritation will appear following its application. Then every effort must be made to remove this substance (often it is several substances) from the child's environment.

Sometimes this is easy. If the allergen is rabbit hair, for example—and animals are frequently the cause of allergic reactions—a substitute must be found for the favorite Teddy bear or doll stuffed with rabbit fur. Often, however, when the allergen proves to be a common food like milk, eggs or bread, mother's ingenuity will be tried to the limit. But with the doctor's help, adequate substitutes can be found for almost every food or other environmental substance which might be causing the symptoms. Mothers who have seen their babies thus miraculously relieved of persistent colic or vomiting, asthmatic wheezing or frenzied itching will testify that the results are well worth whatever effort is required.

Occasionally it is impossible to remove the offending material entirely. A few children, for instance, are sensitive to house dust, which is found almost everywhere, or to the plant pollens which are in the air at certain seasons of the year. For these children the doctor may suggest "desensitizing" treatments, by which the tolerance to an allergen may usually be increased. This will not always result in curing the sensitive child completely of allergy, but if the treatments are continued patiently they will help to diminish the severity of the allergic symptoms and prevent extreme reactions like asthma from developing. Of course, the child should be kept under the physician's constant care so that treatment may be altered when necessary to meet any changing conditions.



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Two improvements in baby-feeding are showing up in healthier American children. More mothers are discovering the advantages of prepared baby foods, and babies now begin taking strained foods at an earlier age than was thought possible some years ago.

Mrs Dan Gerber



No wonder they fence me in...

When it's feeding time, and Gerber's is coming up! Babies just love Gerber's Strained Foods because of these four advantages: (1) Extra good taste. (2) Cooked the Gerber way *by steam* to retain precious minerals and vitamins. (3) Uniform, smooth texture, (4) Every step laboratory-checked. Do as so many mothers do, be sure to get Gerber's with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

2 Cereals That Babies *Like*

Your doctor will tell you that most babies need extra iron after the age of three months, or more. Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts of added iron and Vitamin B_1. Both these cereals are extra tasty. Both are pre-cooked—and ready-to-serve.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor



Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. · OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals · Strained Foods · Chopped Foods

15 kinds of Strained Foods, 8 kinds of Chopped Foods, 2 special Baby Cereals

Free sample ---------- © 1945, G. P. C.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. 810-5, Fremont, Michigan

My baby is now..... months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Name.....

Address.....*City and State*.....



While he sleeps,

I dream a mother's dream

of sound teeth

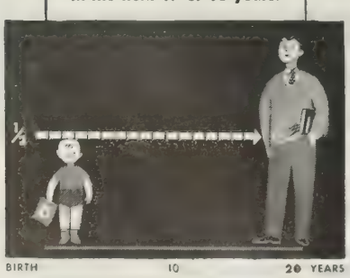
straight legs

a strong back

a fine, full chest

a well-shaped head

Your baby does about half of his growing by the end of his second year, only 50% in the next 17 or 18 years.



To make this dream come true

I will give him a critical element he needs to transform the minerals in his food into this sound, strong framework. Since this element, Vitamin D, is supplied by Squibb Cod Liver Oil, I will give Squibb's to my baby regularly *every day.*

While he's growing rapidly, give plenty of Vitamin D. Start Squibb Cod Liver Oil soon after birth.

SQUIBB *cod liver oil*

a name you can trust

A Check List for Parents

BY JOHN LAMB McINTIRE

THOSE of us who deal with youngsters in trouble know that no youngster is truly "delinquent," that no youngster is honestly "just bad by nature.' The truth is that our children are just what we make them, no more and no less. The personality of the normal child grows like a crystal in a solution, his experiences adding themselves to the core of his birthright endowment, layer by layer, until he assumes his fixed pattern as an adult. The experiences with which we surround him, the channels we leave open to him for the satisfaction of the basic drives and imperative needs of his nature—these determine what that pattern will be. These, and the degree of personal security he can find to uphold him and steady him.

There are bewildered children—many of them. And there are heartbroken children, resentful children, real outlaw children. But there are no delinquent children, in the true sense of the word, for only we adults are delinquent.

Whatever it may be in an adult, "problem behavior" in an adolescent is a symptom, not a disease. The very inability of "corrective measures" and punishment to change that behavior is proof enough that they fail to take into account the basic conflicts which produce it. And of the dozen or more areas in which conflicts arise, the home is at once the most frequently encountered and the most powerful.

It is from the home that the youngster derives his enduring sense of values, his code of action and his deep-rooted, habitual attitudes toward life and his fellow men. It is to the home that he turns for affection and a "sense of belonging," for support and encouragement in time of trial, for guidance and understanding in time of indecision, for reassurance and healing in time of pain. And what the home refuses him, or cannot provide, will never be provided by any other agency or individual, however well intentioned the latter may be. Nor is it too farfetched to suggest that what the home actually makes of him, he will make, in his turn, of the community and the state in which he functions as an adult.

From several hundred "problem" cases, I have tried to draw together a general classification of such parent delinquencies, arranged in the frequency with which they have been encountered in actual practice. The parents of whom we speak here are not the abnormal, the brutal, the malicious; they are, on the whole, average, respectable people, "even as you and I"—people distressed and alarmed by their children's behavior, perturbed and sometimes appalled by unexpected defections. They are people who "mean well," who have "tried hard," and whose only sin has been the sin of not understanding in time what their homes were creating. Even as you and I.

I—"Godlike" Parents

"Godlike" parents are the most frequently encountered of all: parents who fill their children with the awe and constraint of Mount Sinai, but never with the compassion and tenderness of the Man of Gethsemane. They are proud of their discipline, the regularity and peace of their home, the uniform correctness and "solidarity" of their offspring. Like the law of the Medes and the Persians, their word is inalterable; like the voice which spoke once unto Moses, their judgments are sure; like the genial gifts of Olympus, their benefits are unpredictable, but always apparent. And, sooner or later, they are appalled at the consequences which follow their sheer inhumanity.

For there is no meeting place between their impregnable dignity and their child's plaintive cry for affection. The consuming fire of their outrage has burned away all approach to confused adolescence. The coldness of their withdrawal has frozen the spontaneous gesture of supplication, the first movements of adult independence. And the prurience of their uprightness made impossible any seeking for reassurance, any asking of critical questions, any emotional cleansing. Intellectually, they are as admirable as two tablets of stone; intellectually, their children may reverence them, may even pattern themselves after father and mother and point them out to others with awe and with pride. But emotionally and spiritually, they must find their own way, and they do: all too often into the offices of child-guidance clinics, the juvenile courts, the delinquency lists. For if the basic drives and the needs of adolescence cannot be satisfied constructively, in a normal home situation, then they must satisfy themselves in whatever situations they themselves can discover.

The child who is afraid to ask questions at home will find out the answers by his own experimenting. The child who cannot center his social life around his own living room will be forced to center it around the street corner, the drugstore or some more concealed rendezvous. The child who is forced into unnatural patterns of adult behavior in his own family circle must find outlet for this adolescent nature where the family cannot see, know or censure—where adult experience cannot guide, help or rescue from danger.

And Godlike parents who pride themselves on their paragon children are parents who need to take stock before they are rudely awakened, to find it too late.

II—Quarreling Parents

Just as Godlike parents take away from their children any opportunity to share in the home, emotionally or spiritually, or to find reassurance and personal confidence, so quarreling parents destroy the child's emotional security once and for all. Even in adolescence, the child is bound to both parents with bonds of emotional dependence and identification which cannot be duplicated in any relationship, and which cannot be violated without irreparable violence to the personality and development of the child.

As a result, conflict between the parents themselves means a conflict within the child, a conflict comparable only to the struggle between duty and self-preservation which produces "shell shock" or "operational fatigue" in the soldier. When that conflict is prolonged, day after day, month after month, year in and year out, it is the child who must suffer for his parents' emotional failures.

It is the child who does suffer, his problem behavior running through a bewildering catalogue of disorders which range from simple unfriendliness to the most extreme types of nervous hysteria, and back again through all the symptoms of shell shock to kleptomania, thievery and hooliganism. Such parent behavior has been responsible for as many "problems" of adolescence as any other single factor, and more than one court has concluded that there is never a "broken" home without broken children, or a "problem" child whose home was intact.

It needs no court experience to understand that a home may be "broken" more irreparably by quarreling parents than by actual divorce.

III—The Nagging Parent; The Oversentimental Parent

All too frequently, parental differences or individual frustrations are vented on the child, the aggrieved parent bombarding the youngster with a stream of continuous nagging and criticism. Such pressure and belittling would be insupportable to an adult; to adolescent development, they are fatal.

To attain the same goal of selfish compensation for failure, a sentimental parent saps the very emotional lifeblood from her child, surcharging his every thought and action with emotional content, overwhelming him with alternate tears and the egotistic selfishness she calls "mother love" in an attempt to prolong his dependence upon her and delay his maturity.

The nagging parent and the over-emotionalizing parent both succeed in attaining their goal, as a rule. The adolescent must give in, sooner or later, unless he is unusually strong or finds outside support. Little by little he surrenders his own personality, his ambitions, his borning self-confidences; he degenerates into insecurity, involution and fear; he becomes incapable of self-assertion through legitimate means; he knows himself for inferior. And whether the end state be one of inadequacy and neurosis, or one of sudden and violent rebellion, the parents remain blameless in their own eyes—they "just can't understand."

IV—The Negligent Parent

In the days of war work and charities, defense plants and community drives, indifferent parents began forcing their way rapidly toward the top of our list. Whether they were "giving their all for victory" or "just can't say no to the Smiths," the truth of the matter is that they were finding an escape from the monotony and demands of their parenthood—and were glad to have found it.

We have heard a great deal about "door-key" children whose parents left them unsupervised in order to work in war industries. Such children are no novelties: actually, the wealthiest communities and the most elite communities of America have raised a generation of door-key children, without the excuses of war or economic necessity, and they seem bound upon raising another. The swank boarding schools and the swank summer camps are crowded with them; as young adults, they infest the "right" beaches and "better-class" mountain hotels; and if their contribution to deteriorating morale in this country is a little less spectacular than that of their less svelte contemporaries, it is nonetheless powerful.

These parents, be they rich or poor, are parents only in the legal sense of the word. Their only relationship with their children is an occasional orgy of overindulgence or sadistic discipline, and their children, denied even the awesome respect which the Godlike parent inspires, are completely adrift in every conceivable fashion. Growing into adulthood without any sense of moral values, or any opportunity to acquire moral values; shunted from one professional agency to another, without even a center of reference; learning from firsthand experience that expediency is the only enforceable law, that they are entitled to what they can "get away with," socially, morally or economically, they constitute one of the most critical problems of our entire civilization.

V—The Parents Who Never Grew Up

There are many parents who look upon their children as toys, intended for their enjoyment, just as Nora's husband looked upon her in Ibsen's Doll's House. Ignoring completely the legitimate rights of their children and the fact that those children are persons, they insist upon choosing their youngsters' companions, their interests, their recreations and their vocations, with a complete disregard of the child's preferences or abilities, making their offspring helpless marionettes in an Arabian Nights' Entertainment. In discipline and every other phase of these young victims' lives, parents assume a role of supreme selfishness and self-gratification, reminding one of little girls playing dolls, and with all a little girl's obliviousness to reality. Their spells of indulgence are unpredictable and narcotic, like those of a child with its playthings; their spells of correction and punishment are unspeakably savage, dictated only by emotion.

In most cases, they are equally juvenile in their own lives, bemusing themselves with a fantasy world of "romance" which has never existed outside the Victorian novel or the Hollywood stage. In their clubs, their own social relations, their community living, they are emotional infants "playing at dress ups" and sacrificing their children on the altar of infantile whimsey.

The children, in turn, find themselves unable to adjust to any environment; unable to concentrate their attention, they do poorly in school; they are social and academic misfits whose orientation would be possible only by re-educating the parents—an all-but-impossible job.

Such are the parents whose ignorance and selfishness have crowded our guidance clinics, our courts and our "special divisions" of schools; whose ineptitude or inadequacy has created a vast and discouraging national problem in mental hygiene and community health. For the most part, their sins are the sins of unintentional cruelty or well-meaning unfitness. The parent who "meant it that way" is rare indeed; even rarer are parents who realize their own contribution to their children's unhappiness or disorientation.

Adolescence is a difficult time, for both parents and children. It is a time of emotional conflicts, questionings and experiments. It is a time when the child is far more mature, far more in need of independence and freedom than most parents realize. It is a time when the child is far less mature, far more in need of skillful, unobtrusive guidance than he realizes.

The home which is founded on mutual respect and affection, which shares freely both its joys and its sorrows, which creates such a mutual confidence and trust that there are no "taboos," which is at once an asylum and a creative enterprise and a social milieu more satisfactory than any other on earth—that home breeds no difficulties which it cannot solve for itself.

And that parent rarely fails who is moved and guided by unselfish love.

A Check List for Parents

1. Have we always remembered that our child will take from us his habitual attitudes toward life and his fellow men, as well as his patterns of social behavior, inspired by his need to imitate us and by his profound loyalty to the home, the only world he knows?

2. Have we surrounded him with deep personal affection and love, together with an unshakable confidence in his own worth and his parents' faith in him?

3. Have we kept our home free from domestic quarrels and unhappiness?

4. Have we provided him with adequate, constructive channels to satisfy his hunger for approval, his thirst for personal importance and leadership?

5. Have we planned together his work, study, play and personal finances, as well as his responsibilities in the home and community; has our child had the equal voice in such planning which is his just due?

6. Are all our demands purposeful and reasonable in our child's mind; are all of them made with an honest respect for our child as a person?

7. Have we been honest with him at all times; have we made it an inviolable rule never to break our word to him, and to meet him straightforwardly in all his demands without ever "hedging" or laughing at him?

8. Have we schooled ourselves never to be shocked or outraged by our child, recognizing the legitimacy and normality of his sexual needs and curiosities, and realizing that his personal standards are still in the process of change and formation?

9. Have we recognized that obedience for its own sake is meaningless, and that misbehavior is an unsuccessful effort to meet situations important to him, or else a sign of fatigue, some physical condition which needs our attention, or emotional crisis?

10. Have we fostered his personal independence, and especially his growing independence from his own parents, as a normal, necessary and highly desirable development toward his adulthood?



Why Wise Mothers Want to Provide This Great Natural Safeguard



DURING BABY'S FIRST YEAR . . . . . nature herself helps protect your tiny baby's growth when you provide delicious Quaker Oats. For authorities agree *nature favored oatmeal in three basic elements every child must have for active, healthful growing! It is known that no other natural cereal equals oatmeal's Protein, its Vitamin B_1 or its Food-Energy!*



DURING THE TEENS . . . . . this same marvelous combination of whole-grain superiorities helps youngsters keep up strength when growth is rapid. Helps build a fine foundation of sturdy, glowing health!



FOR FIGHTING FATIGUE . . . . . Dad too will appreciate the delicious hot breakfast so favored by nature—especially now, when other Protein-rich foods are scarce or rationed. Oatmeal was recently voted best cereal among 2500 Food Authorities. Serve the delicious hot Quaker Oats breakfast daily. Now as never before you'll want this fine, natural safeguard for every member of your family.

"I Make Them Both The Same!"



Remember How Good it Tastes? Tomorrow, Serve Delicious . . .

How come you missed this Friday?



BABY: I'll bet you'd even take a chance with a helpless little baby around! I *saw* you cheat when you cleaned the bathroom!

YOU: *Me* cheat? I never cut corners!

BABY: Oh, your house *looks* clean from here. But I didn't see you add Lysol disinfectant to that cleaning water before you began this time.

YOU: Well, what if I don't *always* use Lysol? I do when somebody's *sick*.

BABY: Ah-*ha!* So you admit that around sickness you wouldn't dare *trust* to just a washday bleach?

YOU: Such impudence! *Naturally* I know enough to use Lysol to fight the spread of sickroom germs. The *doctor* told me that!

BABY: But germs can be lurking around *any* time. You can't *see* 'em, can you?

YOU: Don't be silly! I don't carry a microscope . . .

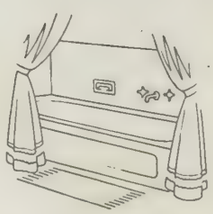
BABY: Sister, that's why you should *never* risk cleaning without a *real germ-killer.* Sneaky fellas, germs!

YOU (if you're smart): Right you are, Baby. It's foolish *ever* to take a chance. And from now on, I *never will.*

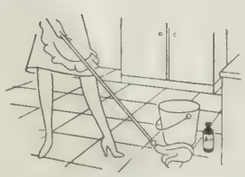
MORAL: Every single time you clean . . . disinfect with Lysol Disinfectant

HERE'S HOW TO GET THE DANGER SPOTS "HOSPITAL CLEAN"

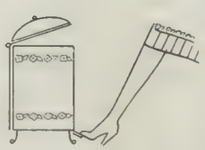




Lysol the tub: Quick and easy. Just add 2¾ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. *See* dirt go . . . *know* germs go!



Lysol the floors: Actually helps clean because it's "soapy". Won't harm paint, varnish or linoleum.



Lysol the garbage pail: Powerful germ-killer . . . you need up to 6 times less than of bleach disinfectants. Deodorizes, too!



More women use Lysol than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

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For **FREE** *booklet on family health protection, send postcard or letter to Dept. G-45, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York City 22, N. Y.* ★ **BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**

You stand between him and his Greatest Danger- "The Family Cold"



So little and helpless—he needs your wisest love to guard him from the common cold and its frightening, fatal complications.

IT IS NOT DIPHTHERIA or whooping cough, but the common cold—with all its complications—carelessly passed on by a grown-up, that is the greatest threat to your tiny baby's health and safety.

The surest way to guard *your* baby from the "family cold" is to keep every one with a cold entirely out of his room.

Be sure to wear a protective mask

If this is impractical, if you yourself have a cold—you can greatly reduce the danger of infection by wearing a tissue mask whenever you are doing anything for your baby.

Remember, germs expelled into the air can travel far, can get on the clothes you launder for him and then onto his hands and into his mouth. They can very easily get into his food prepared in the kitchen.

Tissue mask no trouble—effective

Take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and pin or tie at the back of your head. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs.

Make the Mask for a Cold the rule in your house and you will be doing one of the greatest things a mother can do to keep her baby strong and safe. In a world where doctors and nurses may be difficult to get even in emergencies—you can't be too careful!

THE CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE IS IMPORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And, with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

Trade Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Millions are Grateful for its Luxury Texture

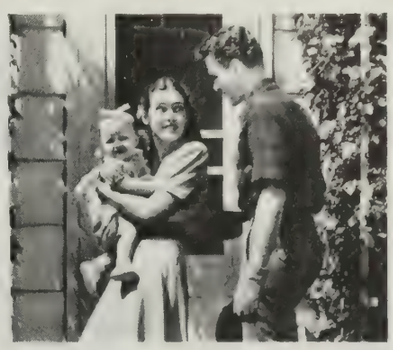
"I won't let my child be a laughing stock!"



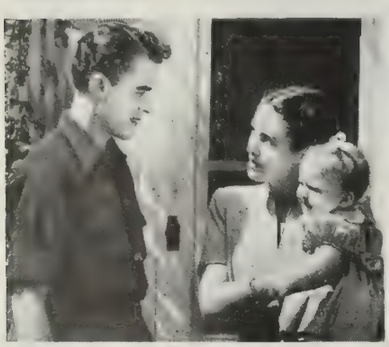
1. I was floored when my husband made that remark. Seems he'd overheard the two old maids next door, and he was upset about what they said. "Those two women," he said, "are *laughing* at the way you're raising our child!



2. "They say you're spoiling the baby," Jack went on, "because you have everything special for her—special soap, special powder—even a special *laxative!* Frankly, I've wondered about all that special business myself."



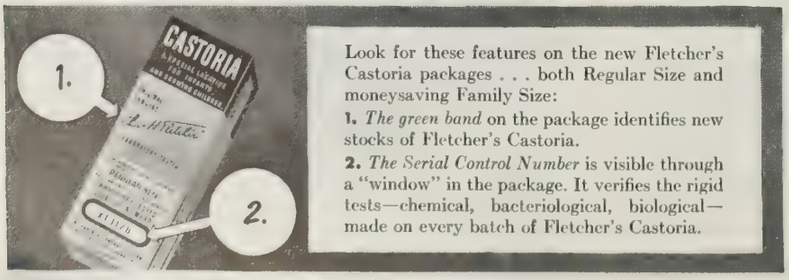
3. "Jack!" I laughed, "surely *you're* modern enough to know a special laxative is *right* for a baby. Doctors say a baby's delicate system *needs* special care. A baby can't be treated like an adult, particularly with a laxative.



4. "That's why I give the baby Fletcher's Castoria," I went on. "It's made *especially* for children—it's never harsh or upsetting, like adult laxatives might be. It's effective, yet gentle." Well, Jack calmed down after that.



5. And later when I gave the baby Fletcher's Castoria, Jack saw how she loved to take it. "Say, you know more about baby raising than anyone around," he said. "Wait'll I tell those old maids the laugh is on *them!*"



Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria packages . . . both Regular Size and moneysaving Family Size:

1. *The green band* on the package identifies new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. *The Serial Control Number* is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies the rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, biological—made on every batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for children

(Continued from Page 138)

I had to leave the bathroom door open eight inches so that they could throw questions at me.

"Were you scared, jumping from a plane, pop?"

"Sure," I said.

"I bet you weren't," disappointedly. "Did you kill any Germans, pop?"

I turned on the hot water, quick and hard. Never mind that.

"Did you happen to run into Andy Halverton, Nick?" This from Lorrie.

"Not I," I said. "He was a colonel. Sergeants don't run into colonels—much."

There was a piece of silence, considered silence, at that point. I was glad to notice it. It was part of my plan.

I used four towels drying myself, and then took a good look at me in the mirror. "Hello, homely," I said. It was the first full-length mirror I had insulted in three years.

I did not seem much changed. I'd lost some weight. I could afford the loss. My stomach had flattened down. It could afford to. But my shoulders were still pretty good, and I still had a blue-black stubble of beard and my jawbones still stuck out wide, maybe wider because my face was thinner, almost sunken. And my hair was still black and kept licking down over my forehead when I didn't wet it back. I still seemed to have a look which my mother had described as always being amused at something or someone. And I was glad of that. Very glad. There are too many perpetually serious people. There should be more mocking. More shattering of sacred cows. I do not know how you shatter a cow, but maybe you get the idea. The old way isn't necessarily the best.

Those who worry a great deal usually frown, and they frown not only with their faces but with their bodies. When you worry, you worry all over. —DR. WINCHELL M. CRAIG.

The trouble was, mine had been mostly laughter and very little action. Like this.

I had gone to college, and graduated with a strange idea. An idea that I wanted to work on the land. To farm—maybe to ranch. There wasn't any particular reason for my wanting to do that—unless it went way back to some pioneering ancestor—but it had a fascination for me. It was a combination of working with my hands and with my head—of planning things that I could see come true in actuality. Then I had met Lorrie. And had forgotten about farming. Lorrie had taken over. Quietly, unobtrusively.

I had scarcely known that she had taken over. Except that the first thing I knew I was ensconced in an investment house on State Street, and was telling old ladies and the otherwise financially confused what to do with their money. Or retailing to them what a couple of old and inherited duffers in the front office, relatives of Lorrie, told me to tell them. I was a stooge. I was a well-tailored front. I was as valuable as the umbrella rack in the front hall. It paid well. Then the war came.

Well, it had been quite a war. It still was.

"Are you ever coming out of there?" Lorrie called. I was really home.

I put on a suit of civilian clothes and went on down to dinner. Then things started.

It was about ten o'clock. There was a fire, flickering warm, sleepy, cozy in the small grate. There was Lorrie beside me on the tufted sofa. She can blend very closely, Lorrie can. For an angular girl. In under an arm, a shoulder. There were a lot of muffled words. Very swell. Then Lorrie said it.

"I suppose," she said, comfortably, contentedly, "that you'll be going back to Benson, Sturgis and Wright." That was my investment coffin, my State Street strait jacket. Here it was. Should I wait and spring it later? No. Now.

I straightened a bit. *Here we go.* "No," I said, trying to make it seem very casual,



HANG THEM UP and the water evaporates quickly out of their modern open-weave fabric. In hardly any time they're ready for use again. They're better diapers in other work- and time-saving ways, too.

1. Easier to wash — open weave speedily cleansed with pure Ivory Flakes.

2. Highly absorbent — surgical weave absorbs more thoroughly.

3. Foldline, woven permanently into fabric, makes it easy to adjust the fold to growing babies.

4. Have no hems to irritate baby's tender skin.

5. Faster drying speeds diaper laundering, indoors or out.

Mothers, medical authorities, and leading hospitals use and endorse Curity Diapers. Buy Curity Diapers at your favorite infants' store.

KENDALL MILLS, Walpole, Massachusetts

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NURSERY PADS · BIBS · MASKS · COTTON

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very matter-of-course, "no, I don't think I'll go back to Benson, Sturgis and Wright."

Lorrie moved a bit, slightly disturbed. "Oh," she said, "you're going with another house? You've had another offer?"

I got up. That might have been a mistake. It broke a spell. Lorrie fixed her hair, caught her balance. Like a cat which has been hastily dumped from a warm lap.

"No," I said, fixing the fire, "I haven't any other offer. Just another idea."

"And what," Lorrie said—I should have caught the warning note, the stiffening of the line—"and what is that?"

I turned and looked at her. This time I was going to win. "Lorrie," I said, "you know that I went into this war a private. You know why I did."

"You could have had a commission," Lorrie said.

"I didn't want a commission," I said. "I didn't want a commission because it was quite clear, to me at least, that I didn't deserve a commission. That I didn't know anything that was valuable in a war."

"Neither did lots of other people," Lorrie said. It was an old argument.

"Never mind them," I said. "This is me. Anyway, I came out a sergeant. Which is not much. But I learned something. I found something out."

"What was that?" Lorrie said.

I hesitated. I wanted to get this right. "I found out," I said slowly, carefully, "that to amount to anything, really amount to anything, you've got to know something that's essential, something that really accomplishes things. Something that is basic and important and that moves the world along a notch or two and moves you with it because that thing is yours." I paused. "Do you understand what I mean?" I said.

Lorrie was very alert now, very keenly on guard. "I suppose," she said, "like being a blacksmith or something."

I nodded. "That could be it," I said. "It doesn't happen to be the answer for me."

I leaned back against the mantel. It was warm and I kept feeling stronger.

"I met a lot of guys in this war," I said, "just plain guys. And there's one thing that most of them had on their minds—that grew on them as the war went on. And that thing was that they wanted a business of their own. They wanted something that was theirs and that no one could take away from them. That would give them not merely security, which is important, but that would give them security, a place in things, because their special niche was useful and the world needed it." I paused again. I felt maybe just a little foolish, a little Chautauqua. The professor and his one-man class. But I was right. I knew it.

Lorrie was looking up at me. Very openly. Very blandly. She was most dangerous then. "So," she said softly, "what are you going to do?"

O.K., take the dive. "Well," I said, "I'm going to farm. I'm going to raise something."

"Chickens?" Lorrie said blandly.

"No, not chickens," I said, nettled. "I'm going to raise cattle. Beef cattle. People need beef. They always will."

Lorrie smoothed her hair. "You know a lot about beef cattle," she said idly. Only not idly.

"I'll learn," I said, a trifle grim. "I have money enough to learn. Naturally, I don't expect to go into it without help—experienced help. I have a man all lined up. A man named Spinnet—Harry Spinnet. He's a practical man. I've been writing to him. I know him." My cigarette burned my fingers. I threw it away. "And besides," I went on—this was important, very important, in my thinking—"besides, it will be grand for the kids—for Tony and Ban. They'll know something. They'll develop faster, more soundly, in the country. It will give them real confidence, background."

I stopped and Lorrie seemed to be considering things. She was very lovely there with the firelight on her face. "Well," she said finally, "I suppose we could convert The Point." The Point was our summer home. On the shore. Fifty acres. Sand.

"No," I said, "we won't convert The Point." I said it very definitely.

Lorrie raised her head. This was becoming serious. "Where would you go, then?" she said carefully.

"I'm not sure yet," I admitted, "but somewhere in the real country. Somewhere where the thing would be a real business, not just a side line, an avocation."

Lorrie got up. Abruptly. "You mean leave Boston?" she said.

"Certainly," I said. "You can't really raise cattle at Pride's Crossing." Pride's Crossing was city country.

Lorrie stood in front of me. "But I don't want to leave Boston," she said. "All my interests are here—every one of them. I like it. I like the people. They're our friends."

All your interests? I thought. But I only nodded. "The people are all right," I admitted. "They are very pleasant. Some of them are really doing things. Maybe most of them are. But a lot aren't. A lot of the ones we know are just living on the money their fathers or grandfathers or aunts or uncles had. They're just coasting. They could die tomorrow and their obituaries would be just a list of clubs. I don't want that."

LORRIE made a mistake. Lorrie's face was set and decided. Lorrie liked to drive. She had always held the reins. She was not giving them up. Some of that was my fault. I'd waited a long time. Well, the war did some good things. Lorrie smiled at me.

"Nick," she said, as if I were a small boy and very upset, "Nick, why don't you have a good night's sleep and rest for a few days? You'll see things differently then. You'll get back into the swing of things. Just don't worry. Come on, darling."

The words were swell. The tone was fine. Humor the returning veteran. But it only annoyed me. I could feel the steel lining. I held back. "My mind won't change," I said stubbornly. "I've done a lot of thinking about this. I'm decided."

Lorrie looked at me. She was decided too. I could feel that. "Let's go to bed, darling," she said. The battle had started. I was going to win it. Or else.

Nothing was said the next morning. Breakfast was smooth. Crisp toast, fresh eggs, steaming coffee, Martin pottering around, the paper folded at my place, comfort, quiet. I could feel it. I was being enfolded again, engulfed, smothered in things that were nice, that were easy, that were the old way. I wandered downtown. Lorrie was busy. People kept telephoning her.

"I'll see you this afternoon, darling," she said, apologizing. "These are things that I can't get out of—that I've promised."

I wandered into my club. It hadn't changed. Just into uniforms. "You've been across," they said, glancing. Most of them hadn't. That wasn't anything against them. They couldn't help that. It was just the atmosphere of the place. I went on downtown. I found myself at Benson, Sturgis and Wright's. Mr. Benson came out of his walnut-paneled warren. Mr. Benson was very glad to see me.

"We've had a lot of trouble," he said. He wagged his head. "It's the tax situation," he mourned; "how to avoid it. What to recommend. There are ways, of course."

"Might be simpler just to pay up," I said.

Mr. Benson looked at me—I was joking, of course. "I hope you'll be back with us, Nicholas," he said.

I ducked that. "I'm still in the Army," I said. One look had been enough. I was surer than ever now. I went on home finally. Lorrie was there.

"Have a good day, darling?" she said. I had always talked things over with her. She could be a great help—when she was interested. "See a lot of the old crowd?"

"Enough," I said shortly.

Martin fixed the fire. Martin drew the shades. Martin brought a cool drink.

Lorrie smiled at me. "You know," she said, "I think I'll give a dinner party. Just for you. A welcome home." Lorrie loved to give dinner parties. It was easy for her. She



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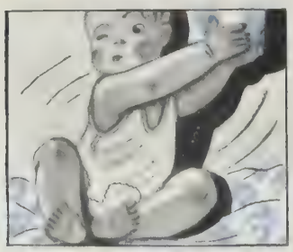


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always had the same people. "But we owe them ——" It was a vicious circle: we owed them—they owed us. Around and around we go—stimulating as ether. "Would you like that?" Lorrie said.

"No," I said.

"Nick!" Lorrie said. Of course I didn't mean that. I was tired. I was overwrought. Must be kind to Nick.

I went up and played with the kids. The kids were wonderful. They fought constantly. They were perfectly normal.

"Would you like to live in the country?" I said. They stood around me—small and poised and bright-eyed.

"Boy!" they said. "Boy! Could we have a pony? Could we go fishing with you? Would you teach us to shoot?" It sounded pretty swell to me. It sounded like living.

"I think," Lorrie said that evening, "that next Friday would be a good time for the party."

I did not say anything. I am glad that I didn't. She might not have had the party. And it was important.

"What are we going to do tomorrow—you and I?" Lorrie said.

"What I want to do," I said, "is to go out and look at farms." There was a silence. Laden. "Will you come with me?" I said.

"Darling," Lorrie said, "I can't go out of town tomorrow. I'm on call for the canteen."

O.K., the canteen was important. I knew that. Only there would be something every day—something to keep her from looking at farms. I knew that too. Then, after a while, Nick would forget this silly idea. It would just die off. I set my jaw.

Lorrie just smiled at me. It's a lovely smile—it does things to me. But not this time.

The next day I went out to look at farms. Alone. Except for Harry Spinnet.

Harry Spinnet is a tall, lank-shouldered, ham-handed sort of guy. An outdoor, working guy. Older than I am. About fifty. He did not talk much—which is an advantage when you are hiring someone. But when he says something it is usually to the point. Which is a pleasure. I had looked him up several years ago—when the urge to plan a farm had been temporarily strong. We got along together.

> **A mother is a person who sees there are only four pieces of pie for five people and says she doesn't care for pie.**
> —ANON.

We drove away out that next day. Forty miles, fifty. We left the main road and loafed on back, and the land was wet and dark and ready, and there was a thrill just looking at the fields, an itching to work in them. There were the woods and there were the pastures. They were the right kind. Harry Spinnet had a smile on his face.

And then there was a little town. Penbrook. Harry Spinnet and I had talked, had written about that town. It was big enough. It had a proud and white church, and a small green with great stone posts, and there were stores, half a dozen of them, and there was a school, new, brick and modern. The houses were white clapboard and they stood as a part of the land, they had grown in there, they belonged there. They had a dignity. It was quiet there, but it was not buried. It was not too remote. There was a real-estate office. I went in.

The agent had his feet on his desk. He was an old man and his face had a look of leather and his eyes were very blue and bright. I liked him. I told him what I had in mind.

"M-m-m," he said, "dunno. Dunno of a thing, really. Come on."

We drove in through a way. We looked at two places. Harry Spinnet shook his head. I was glad that he did. I talked some more to the agent. I told him some things. He thought for a while, looking at us, considering. We drove another mile or more. And there it was.

The house was white and oblong, with a great central chimney, a foundation hewed of granite blocks. There was an ell. There were long sloping fields, down to the road. There were the barns, red and solid and planned for work. I knew that. Whoever had built those barns had known. There were the woods and the pastures. There was a brook.

"Five hundred acres, more or less," the agent said. "Old Barrut place. Lived here for generations. Last one died just a while ago. Jim Barrut. Be a good spot for cattle."

It would, I thought, be a perfect spot. I stood there and the plans began to form in my mind, fast, the things that I could do, here, there. I couldn't talk for a long time. I walked miles. I had to see the angles, the back corners, where this would go, where that. Hours went by.

The agent grinned at me. "Like it, eh?" he said.

I nodded. Yes, I liked it. I'd never seen it before, but I knew it perfectly. It had been in my mind for years—it had been my dreams. I talked to Harry Spinnet. He said things that added up. We checked things—timbers, water, heat, roofs, the price.

"I think," I said finally, slowly, "that I'll give you a deposit."

The agent nodded. He didn't seem surprised. "You'll want to bring your wife out for a look," he said. That brought me back. Quick.

"Yes," I said. Yes, I would want to bring Lorrie out. Lorrie would make this come alive. Lorrie would make this complete. If she would come. If she could understand what I meant. And if she didn't—well, I was coming here. It was that definite now. It was that decided. It had to be.

I dropped Harry Spinnet off, and went on home. Lorrie was there.

"Darling," Lorrie said, "where have you been all day? I've been neglecting you."

"I've been looking at farms," I said quietly, "at *the* farm. Will you come out and see it?"

Lorrie looked at me. Her face went that set blank. That I-will-not-give-in-you-are-being-foolish blank. "No," she said, knocking all the glamour from my dream, "no, I won't, Nicky." She waited a minute. Then she glanced up again. "Nicky," she said, "when are you going to get over this ridiculous idea?"

I stood there in front of the fireplace. I felt a great deal older than she could possibly be. "I am never going to get over it," I said. I waited a minute. "Lorrie," I said, "do you want me to be a sergeant all my life—taking orders from other people?"

"You don't have to be," she said. "You were doing all right. It's just this war that has changed you. That ——" The telephone rang. Lorrie answered it. "Yes, of course," she said brightly, "of course. That's wonderful. You and the major." She hung up, very pleased. "That was Marjorie Blackwell," she said. "They're coming to the dinner Friday."

I frowned. "Who else is coming?" I said.

Lorrie counted on her fingers. "Well," she said, "there's Ted and Hilda Cartwright—he's a captain. And Polly Shurtliffe—Fred's a lieutenant, you know. And the Farwells, of course—he's a major; he's very important—and ——"

I stopped her there. "I'll be the only non-commissioned officer around, won't I?"

Lorrie's eyes hung on mine. They couldn't move. She was thinking about that. Then she shrugged. She was not giving an inch. "You could have been an officer," she said.

"I'm not," I said. I went on upstairs.

That was Wednesday. The dinner was Friday. I did not mention the farm again. Neither did Lorrie.

I woke up early Friday. I had a feeling that this was the crisis—heading up. That we would have to decide now. Whether we would go along together, Lorrie and I, or whether I would have to go it alone.

I had breakfast by myself on Friday morning. Martin was fussing around. The telephone rang. "It's for you, sir," Martin said. I picked up the receiver.

(Continued on Page 144)

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(Continued from Page 142)

"Hello, Nick, you old punk," a voice said.

I was startled. I wasn't sure. Then I almost was. "Johnny!" I said. "Johnny Sapulis. What are you doing here? Where are you?"

Johnny's voice grinned at me over the wire. "I'm downtown," he said easily. "Just flew in. Northern route."

Johnny in town. That guy. Oh, boy. Johnny, my pal. Johnny, who —— Suddenly an idea began to dawn. It began to break. Say it was luck that Johnny called me. Say it was luck, but it wasn't. It was a promise made long ago, made far away, that when we were home together, if we ever made it, we'd have a time. But never mind that now. Never mind anything except this idea that was growing on me. That might ——

"Listen, you," I said, "how long are you going to be in town? I've got to see you."

"Couple days," Johnny said laconically. "I could come up."

I held onto the phone tight. "No," I said, "not now. I want to see you first." Was this an idea! "I'll meet you downtown."

Johnny Sapulis. I met him downtown. And there were a million things. A million of them. It was six o'clock when I got home. I found Lorrie.

"Lorrie," I said, "I've got another guest for dinner. Guy named Sapulis. Pal of mine. O.K.?"

Lorrie said, "Why, certainly." Lorrie was very puzzled. "Is he a new friend?" she asked.

"In a way," I said, "in a way."

Dinner was at seven-thirty. At seven-fifteen I was dressed. Uniform, of course. Sergeant's chevrons. Lorrie was dressed. A black dinner dress. It clung. She did have a figure, Lorrie did. She had everything. Almost. The table was lovely. Martin fussing around.

"How are people sitting?" I inquired.

Lorrie looked at me. "Oh, the usual way," she said. "The way this crowd is always arranged."

There was one change. I saw to that. The guests arrived.

THE Cartwrights first. Captain and Mrs. He was uptown. He was expediting or something. He had gone in as a captain. The Army agreed with him. He was getting even fatter. In the middle. The Army weighed on him. He was very important. He had things to decide. He had papers to sign.

Then the Farwells. The major. He was very tall and impressive. He saluted a great deal. The Army had taken over his grandfather's factory and he just stayed in the factory. I do not know what he did there. He had a very fine manager who ran the place.

And the Shurtliffes. He was a younger guy. He was all right. He was a lieutenant. I don't know what he did, but it was around town.

Then the Blackwells. He was a major too. He was in Washington a great deal. At least he had been in Washington a great deal at the beginning of the war. Now they did not seem to need him so much. He had a white mustache. He looked like a Roughrider, but he preferred limousines.

And do not misunderstand me about these people. Do not misunderstand me, because this is important. They were all right, this crowd. They had gone into the service early. They had enlisted. They had gotten commissions—in all cases the same commissions that they held now. They were doing their part—as best they could. That was the point—as best they could.

None of them knew anything. Not anything vital. They had never been trained to anything vital. They were just nice guys, all of them, and earnest guys, and they were polite and they were pleasant and they had money and I did not want to go on being like them. I was not going on being like them. That was it—that was the whole thing.

Then the doorbell rang again and Johnny Sapulis came in. Johnny Sapulis is a tall guy and he has black hair and he is very swarthy. I do not know what his ancestors



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were. He grins all the time. But it is not a foolish, empty grin. It is the kind of grin you see on a fighter's face when he is boring in, when he is knocking them right and left—and loving it. That kind of grin. Tough, hard, pleasant. Ready for anything.

"Johnny," I said, "boy, am I glad to see you here." Martin took his coat. I took him around. "This is Colonel Sapulis," I said.

He had the whole room in the palm of his hand. This was strange stuff to him, formal dinner parties, and he loved it. He took it in stride. There wasn't a ribbon on his chest. The husbands looked him over. They were outranked. They would see. We went in to dinner.

The talk began. It was war talk, of course. Army talk. Majors Farwell and Blackwell, they had troubles, they had responsibilities. They were weighted down. They told all about their troubles and they kept watching Johnny Sapulis. Johnny had them fooled.

He was sitting on Lorrie's right. I had fixed that. Even Captain Cartwright, he had troubles. Things would not expedite right, it seemed. Boy, would he be glad when the war was over and he could get back to his own business. His own business was largely clipping bond coupons. Fred Shurtliffe edged in a remark or two. Don't think that being a lieutenant was all beer and skittles. Of course he did not edge in much. And Johnny Sapulis did not say much of anything. He just grinned and listened.

The fundamental reason that women do not achieve so greatly as men do is that women have no wives. Until such time as science or economics corrects this blunder of Nature we shall remain, I fear, the inferior sex.

—DEAN MARGERY NICHOLSON, of Smith College.

The secret of success is making hay with the grass that grows under other people's feet.

Very politely. Then, having laid their troubles on the line, they began to sound him out. To work on Johnny.

"You are stationed where, colonel?" Major Farwell began.

Johnny Sapulis shrugged. "It's hard to tell, sometimes," he grinned. "Right now—nowhere."

"And you're in ——" the captain pursued.

"Motors," Johnny said. "I fuss with motors."

"Oh, of course—aviation," the other major said. He harrumphed. He harrumphed quite loudly. "Expect to get overseas?" he said.

Johnny looked at him blandly. "Oh, yes," he said. "I'll be going over again, probably. Been over some three years."

"Just where were you stationed?"

I had to grin. Johnny grinned too. "Well," he said, "there was Africa, and then a bit of Italy and, more recently, a slice of France and a little Germany. It'll be the Pacific now, of course."

The silence was beautiful. It was lovely. Lorrie was looking at the colonel. She tried to lead him on. He talked some. He said what he could. You got the idea. They all did. That his job was keeping the planes in the air—keeping those motors right—getting them where they were needed. Ground crews—all the rest. It went on and on. It built up. It had them hanging on the ropes.

"But," ventured the lieutenant, "you aren't wearing any campaign ribbons."

Johnny laughed. "I lose them," he said. The conversation steered off.

Then Lorrie asked Johnny something. "Where did you and Nick get to know each other?" she said.

Johnny looked at her. He kept grinning. "Oh, we were privates together," he said, "back in the early days."



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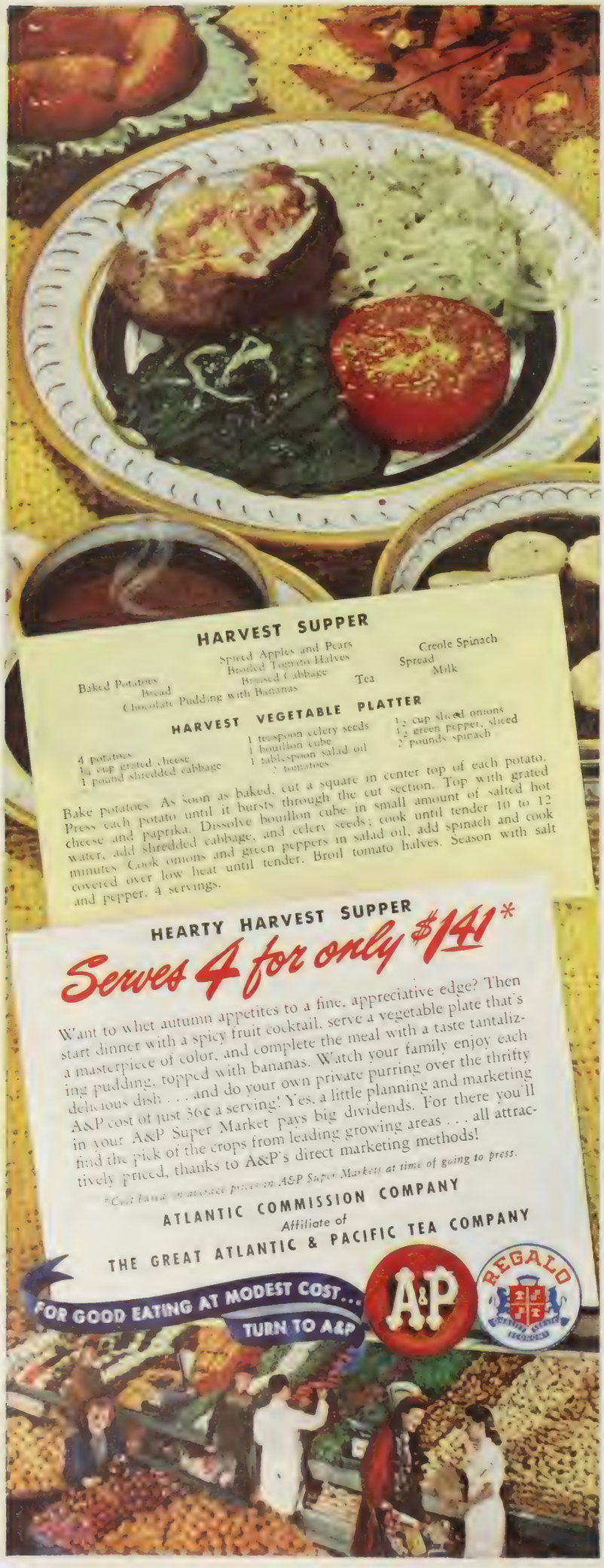
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with BUILT-IN FIT for Boys and Girls



There was a complete silence. I moved just enough so that my sergeant's chevrons would show. Eyes caught them. Swell. I do not say that the dinner was a success. Not socially. Although the girls loved Johnny. They kept looking at him. After dinner was what counted. For me.

After dinner Lorrie was on the small divan that faces the fire. Johnny was beside her. He did not seem to have any trouble with the demitasse cup. I was quite close behind the divan. I could hear. I wanted to hear. The majors and the rest were regrouping themselves on the other side of the room. I talked to Mrs. Shurtliffe. And listened. To Johnny and Lorrie.

"You and Nick," Lorrie began, "you both went in as privates. And"—with a pause—"and you're a colonel now."

Johnny shifted a little. "I got the breaks," he said.

"Just what do you mean?" Lorrie asked.

"Well," Johnny said, "you see, I happened to know motors. I'd studied motors ever since I was a kid. Had 'em in my back yard. Motors get to be kind of important in a war."

Lorrie nodded thoughtfully. Very thoughtfully. "I see," she said. "Of course, motors." She hesitated for a minute. "And you're married?" she said.

I could feel Johnny grin his enthusiasm. "Sure am," he said. "My wife's at home—way back in the sticks. She's crazy about motors too. We used to work on 'em together."

Lorrie looked at him. She was amazed. I could tell it. "You mean," she said, "that she actually helped you work on them?"

"Sure," Johnny said. "We had a lot of fun. She gets a big kick out of what I'm doing now. Figures she's part of it."

There was another pause, a very long pause.

"Yes," Lorrie said quietly, "I suppose she does—get a big kick out of it." She hesitated for quite a while, then, "This is sort of a funny question," she said, "but why hasn't Nick ever gotten higher than a sergeancy? Doesn't he deserve more?"

Johnny straightened up, and very quickly. I will admit that I blushed at what he said. "Listen," he said, "Nick's a swell guy. He took a tough way in. He took a tough branch. Nick and I had a grand time together, there at the beginning. He's my pal. But," and he spread his big hands, "but Nick was sort of out of luck. Nick didn't know anything. Anything they happened to want. I guess you have to be sort of a specialist these days. That's why I was lucky."

He stopped then. And I moved away. I'd heard enough. Lorrie moved away too. She let some of the other girls talk to the colonel. They were quite eager to talk to the colonel. After a while they all went home. I said good-by to them at the door. I said good-by especially to Johnny Sapulis.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Johnny," I said.

He grinned at me. "Did I do all right?" he asked.

I squeezed his arm. "You did swell," I said, "you did it up right."

Johnny shrugged himself deeper into his coat. I hated to see that guy go. "Well," he said, "it was easy. It was the truth."

I went back into the living room. Lorrie was there. Lorrie was sitting on the small divan, and she had her face between her two hands. She was staring at the fire. I stood there for a minute beside her. I didn't say anything. Then she looked up at me. She seemed to be sort of changed, somehow. Her eyes seemed a lot larger and maybe there were tears in them. I wasn't sure. Then she spoke.

"Nick," she said, and her voice was just questioning, hopeful; it wasn't demanding anything, dictating, "Nick, do you suppose that we could get up very early tomorrow, and take the children and drive out to see the farm?"

And I looked at her for a minute, just a minute, and then I sat down beside her and I took her in my arms and it was swell. It was very, very swell. You know, I had a funny feeling. I had a feeling as if I'd just been given a commission. As if I were really quite an important guy now. Or on my way, at least.

THE WAKEFUL STARS

(Continued from Page 23)

You wipe your hands on the seat of your pants
and join the three others in front of the captain.
He crouches and signals for you to do the same
and his voice is like a thumbtack posting a bulletin.
"Listen, fellows—we know the Nips are planning a surprise
and we've got to find out what the score is.
You men are a patrol. Sergeant Lindstrom is your leader.
Your mission will be to follow a general direction forward,
penetrating the Jap lines as far as you possibly can. . . .
Get inside enemy areas. Find out his strength, his armament.
Remember, men, we want facts and facts alone—not opinions."
He pauses. "Any questions?" There are none. "All right, then,
get ready to leave." He turns around and strides away.
Whitney is pleased. "I'm gonna get me a Jap!" He
elbows Lindstrom playfully in the stomach. "How about that, Sarge?"

"Make your reservation early. There won't be enough for everyone."

The latest fashion notes for the well dressed jungle scout
prescribe that the helmet be wound about with splotch cloth
so that it does not scrape loudly against overhanging twigs,
and that the stiff canvas leggings be unlaced and removed
to guard against noise caused by their brush against shrubbery.
The trouser cuffs are then wrapped tightly around the ankles
and are tucked into the sock tops to prevent snagging.

The canteen cup is removed from the carrier and temporarily
set aside so the loosely fitting canteen will not rattle.
Dogtags are taped around the edges so they won't clink,
and beltbuckle, knife, buttons, bayonet, machete and all metal surfaces
that might attract enemy attention by glinting in the sunlight
are covered over with a drab coating of rich mud.
Nothing white or out of harmony with jungle color schemes

must be visibly evident, and the face, neck and hands
are treated with a liberal application of G.I. blackface cream.

Lindstrom has moved to confer with a supply sergeant. He
draws two machetes and some grenades and some chocolate bars,
ammo clips, mosquito repellent, sulpha powder and pills, jungle kits,
halazone tablets to purify water, and a vial of brandy.

Empty your pockets of all the things that might be
of value to the enemy in case you are captured,
and above all, don't take any letters, orders or sketches
which might give the Japs a clue to American strength.

Take out your wallet and look at the random scraps. . . .
There are the souvenirs of your odd moments of memorabilia,
a pocket cemetery for the things you once thought important.

Here is the address of a girl living in Atlanta.
You met her at a party for soldiers and she
said you reminded her of her brother in the Navy
so she let you walk her home and kissed you.

Here is the key to the door of your house.
If ever you verged on idolatry, this bit of metal
was holy God and guardian angel and patron saint combined. . . .

Here's a sales slip from a store selling military goods.
You did not find out that you had been overcharged
until the following morning, and you kept delaying your return
till you finally forgot what you wanted to complain about.

Here's a calendar for the year of our war 1945,
printed in two colors and issued by the Moody Institute,
with various dates encircled for reasons long dead and buried.

Here are the words to a popular song, seasons old,
called, "I'll Be Seeing You in All the Old Familiar
Places," which you copied out on a piece of paper

(Continued on Page 149)



You can't do it with mirrors... Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

See yourself as others see you... and send for the Ry-Krisp plan! Such an easy way for the normal overweight to lose pounds, yet have tasty low-calorie meals like this: chicken livers, green beans, corn and green pepper, chef salad, skim milk, Ry-Krisp.

Enjoy delicious Ry-Krisp as bread ...only 23 calories, but so satisfying! Has a rich rye flavor that adds enjoyment to any meal. A 100% whole-grain bread . . . supplies regulating minerals and vitamin B1.



FREE MENUS, RECIPES AND SIMPLE REDUCING PLAN FOR NORMAL OVERWEIGHT. WRITE RY-KRISP, 21 CHECKERBOARD SQ., ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

"SUPER-DUPER"

...shouted Grandma



Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup

Roaster-fresh because *in Nescafé* all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is *sealed in* by added carbohydrates.

"YOU'D THINK," mused Grandma sadly, "that in *sixty years* I'd have found *the* perfect cup of coffee. But I *haven't*." "Oh *yes* you *have!*" smiled her modern granddaughter, instantly making a cup of Nescafé..."*Here* it is!" Grandma tasted it...sprang from her chair, and shouted..."Super-duper!...That's *it!*"

You'll be surprised, too. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only *Nestlé's* knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster...*then instantly its flavor is sealed in! You* release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

So easy to prepare...no coffee maker to get ready or clean up...no grounds to dispose of. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste...you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.



The Armed Forces are still supplied first, but

NOW THERE WILL BE NESCAFÉ

for those at home as well

NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.



Your doodle...

You're no architect. But you know the kind of kitchen you'd like. Efficient to the 'nth degree—but cozy, too. A place for everything . . . and everything scientifically placed to save you time, work.

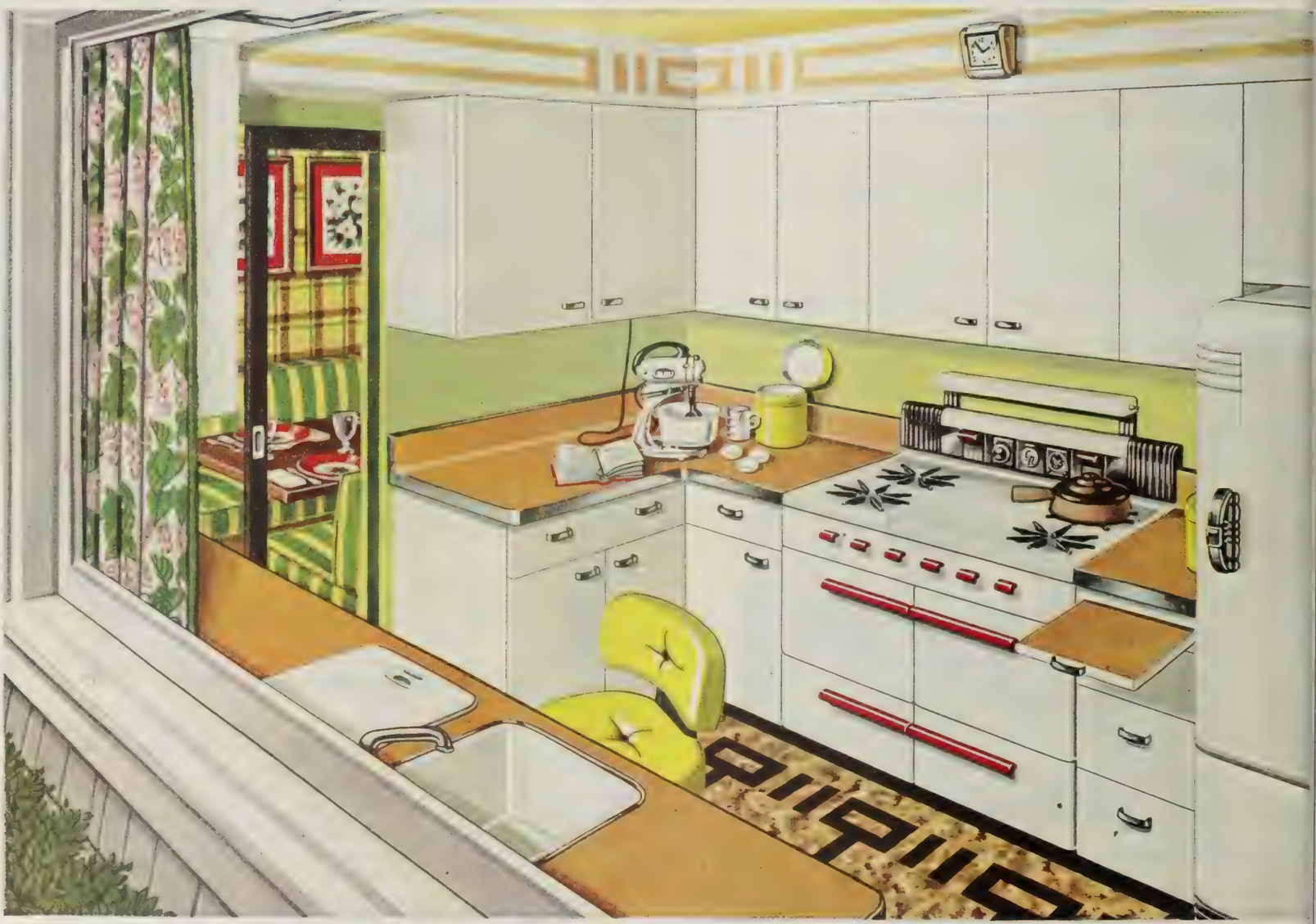
and Presto!

our design...



Here's the result of your "wants"—plus years of practical research by the entire Gas industry . . . designs for a whole series of "New Freedom Gas Kitchens."* They're free from unwanted heat, dirt—*even offending cooking odors.* They're free from little open spaces that catch and hold dust and crumbs. They're the step-savingest, work-savingest kitchens you ever saw . . . and one of them is bound to be just right for you!

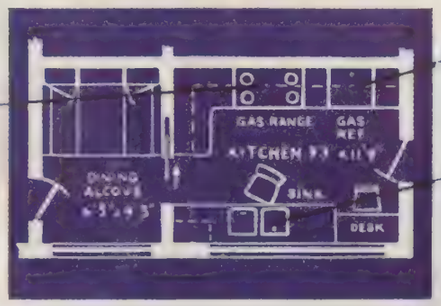
a cooking center with new freedom...more fun!



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WANT TO SAVE MARKETING TIME? Here's where to do it! In your spacious new Gas refrigerator you can store *more* frozen foods . . . keep *all* foods fresh longer. It always runs *silently*, efficiently, because there are no moving parts!

WANT PLENTY OF HOT WATER? You'll need it *here* for that automatic dishwasher . . . need it in the *laundry* for a new do-everything washing machine. And the easiest, most economical way to get all the hot water necessary for *every* job is with a new automatic Gas water-heater!

Better get to work on your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" today!

GAS

THE WONDER FLAME THAT COOLS AS WELL AS HEATS

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

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(Continued from Page 147)

and wanted to memorize (but which you never did) because
you got sick and tired of merely humming the tune.

And here's a frayed, smudged item. It's your draft card.

Sergeant Lindstrom is ready to start on the reconnaissance mission.
He waves his tommy gun, saying, "Come on, you guys. . . ."
Egan and Whitney have machetes, and they carry their rifles
slung. Lindstrom says, "We are Patrol Red 21. The password
is 'Hallelujah,' and the countersign is, 'You said it, brother.'"
He arranges signals. One tap on the rifle butt means
halt, two taps—danger, and three taps mean all clear.

There ahead of you is the jungle, looming and ominous.
When you reach the perimeter defenses and pass beyond them
Egan and Whitney will go forward alternately, covering each other,
while Lindstrom will select the route and maintain the direction.
He carries a sound-powered telephone unit slung around his neck,
and its reel holds a quarter-mile of wire which he
will lay along the jungle floor as he moves onward
and over which he will maintain contact with Captain MacDonald.
You are at the rear and will look backward frequently
so as to give warning against a possible Japanese trap.

The jungle growth is becoming too heavy for adequate visibility.
Every minute it gets thicker, and now it's like tomorrow.
Sergeant Lindstrom signals the patrol to abandon its diamond formation
and re-form behind him at close intervals in single column.

Courage is fear singing a hymn arranged for four voices.

Egan has stopped. Whitney has stopped. They both crouch tensely.
You pause with your body stiffly tangent to the universe.
You cannot see Lindstrom, but you hear him tap once,
then again, on the wooden stock of his tommy gun. . . .

A shadow darkens your awareness. You turn to face it.
There's Lindstrom. His hand is lifted. He whispers, "Stay here,
guys. There's something rotten out front." . . . He sidles out of
vision and the rustling curtain of foliage swings shut again.

Egan and Whitney are poised motionlessly, like trained bird dogs.
A cautious footstep is heard, and Lindstrom's low voice reassures,
"It's me, fellows," and he creases the brush and reappears.
"Listen," he says, "I saw a T-shaped limb out there
that looked unnatural to me, and damned if it didn't
turn out to be a rest for field glasses. There's
a Jap observation post with a single sentry on guard.
Now here's the deal. We can't by-pass him because of
the stream on our right, so we'll do a quiet
disposal job. We will attract his attention from the front
while someone sneaks behind and knifes him from the rear."

Egan says, "I'll do it, Sarge." Whitney mutters, "Hell, no,
send me!" Lindstrom shakes his head. "Neither of you are
going." His mouth is grim. "Today I am a man."

The sergeant departs, and the three of you are alone. . . .

Whitney parts a few blades of grass and peers through.
He motions toward the ground and you lower your body
while Egan does the same so that you lie parallel.
Whitney whispers, "He's coming this way. Keep watching straight ahead
and you'll be able to see him cross our path."

Through the corners of your eyes you see the Jap
sentry approaching. He pivots and then he retraces his steps.
There is a light tremor in the bushes opposite you.
It's Lindstrom. His knife is unsheathed. The Jap's back is
angled half toward him. This will be quick and clean.

Whitney takes hold of a bamboo stalk and shakes it
and the noise seems like a clap of piercing thunder.
The Jap whirls at the sound and instantly leaps to
a position of readiness, with his legs spread wide apart.
You see Lindstrom reach out with his left hand and
pick up a fistful of dirt which he will probably
use to throw in the Jap's eyes. He starts forward
hoping to get within striking distance before he is discovered.



WAKING UP FATHER



HE: Go away, you early birds. Give me five minutes more, just *five* minutes more—alone with these wonderful new sheets!

SHE: I know just how you feel, darling! And aren't we the luckiest people to have these beautiful *Pepperell* Sheets . . .

HE: Mmmm. Any sheets would feel good . . . at this hour . . .

SHE: Well, I like that! As if any other sheets would do after using Pepperells! Such a *wonderful* buy, dear . . . And no matter whether we want some of the finest percales ever woven, or sturdy muslins, Pepperell makes them at the price *we* want to pay—

HE: Go on, sugar. This is a very comfortable listening post . . .

SHE: And the Pepperells we've used for five years are *still* so lovely! Uh-oh, don't you dare go to sleep again—

HE: Mmmm? If you want to wake me up, say you'll buy enough new sheets to give me *two* clean ones every week!

SHE: Done. I'm bringing my supply up to normal as fast as I can—with every sheet a Pepperell, because they're such practical luxuries!

WE: Yes! Pepperell Sheets have fine-stitched hems; Tapered Tape Selvages; "Tell Mark" Tabs; extra strength; smooth, smooth texture! Now do you see why *more women know Pepperell Sheets than any other sheets they can buy?* Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.

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WITH THE WEAR WOVEN IN

PEPPERELL *Sheets*

LADY PEPPERELL · DUCHESS · COUNTESS · ABBOTSFORD

Your breath is stifled with tension. He takes one step, then another. Move by move he is narrowing the gap.

Suddenly, there is a crash of brittle undergrowth. You see another Jap running out from behind a rock pile, heading straight for Lindstrom, his bayoneted rifle distended. . . . The first sent wheels around, and is momentarily stupefied. Then he, too, charges. .

Quick! Get on your feet! Smash through the restraining barrier of brush. You see a look of consternation on Lindstrom's face. He is standing there with his knife frozen in his hand. The nearest Jap reaches him and lunges with a short, upward stab. Lindstrom sidesteps, throws the dirt in his face and with the same motion grabs hold of the rifle barrel. His other hand is raised to drive the knife into the Nip's exposed body, but the sentry closes in to aid his comrade and parries the blow. You can't shoot! . . . You're sure to hit your own man!

You throw aside the submachine gun and run for the struggling group, drawing your trench knife from its leather sheath.

Lindstrom has lost his footing and falls to the earth. The knife is sprung from his hand and it slithers crazily along the ground. The Jap standing over him is drawn back for a stroke. You jump with your fingers outstretched and catch the front part of his throat, jerking his head back. You can feel the muscles in his neck convulsing and you can see the look of surprise and immediate terror in his eyes. You twist the knife into his back, putting all your strength behind its penetration.

You feel his gasping breath on your wrist and it is mixed with saliva and the rifle drops from his hands and blood bursts from his mouth and trickles down his chin and he shivers. Then all at once he becomes limp and flaccid and you know he is dead.

Egan and Whitney have already felled the other enemy soldier and he lies with his knees retracted, his bony hands pressed to the Imperial seal engraved on his rifle receiver.

Lindstrom is lying on the ground in great pain, his shirt beginning to show bright red from a bayonet wound in the midsection. He swallows his agony, but his mouth lets a little of it out every time he breathes.

Egan forces him to take some sulpha pills and loosens his belt so that the wound is exposed. Lindstrom is fully conscious and smiles wanly and says, "Looks like I've sprung a leak!" Whitney asks, "How does it feel, Sarge?" and Lindstrom's eyes cloud over and his voice becomes thick and slow. "Like I've been—eating—too many—green apples."

You were second in command. Now you're in full charge. The other two men will look to you for leadership and if you have it, then they will follow you.

Lindstrom's gauze pad is now a darkening spread of crimson. . . . "One of us will have to take him back to the command post. How about it, Whit? Think you can handle him?" He replies, "Sure. He'd do the same for me, wouldn't he?" "Okay, then. In a minute or so the bleeding will stop and then we'll hitch him to your back. Meanwhile, Egan and I will hide those Japs."

There are the Nips, repulsive even in death. You straddle one, and lift. . . . Egan hoists the other. You lay the body down in a patch of grass which conceals it.

War is a Japanese industry. And these are the unemployed.

You struggle into the straps of Lindstrom's telephone set, letting the mouthpiece dangle just below your left shoulder and adjusting the lightweight reel against your hip so that it will unwind freely and trail its strand when you move on. . . .

Steady your voice. You are about to impersonate a soldier.

"Red 21 . . . Red 21. . . . Calling Captain MacDonald." . . . You pause for
a second, waiting. There is a click and you recognize
the C.O.'s voice. "Red 21, this is headquarters, E Company.
What gives?" You identify yourself, and give him a report.

Whitney and Egan have partially succeeded in trussing Lindstrom up.
He lies quietly, and his movements are weak and spasmodic.
You say, "The medics will meet him with blood." Your
eyes focus on the soaked bandage. "Lord knows he needs
a change of oil." Whitney urges, "You guys take off."

The two of you direct your bodies into the jungle.
"So long." That's all there is to it. Egan, Whitney
and you saying "So long" when all the time you're
really talking to the man on the ground. The feeling
of a man for a man is one of those
shining jewels which custom decrees must always be worn
inconspicuously.

Forward, go forward. Slip on the wet gorse . . . fall blindly
into mud and stagger free of roots and trip over
thorny entanglements and stumble and pitch and lurch and totter.

Here's a ravine. Follow it along, and keep in defilade. . . .
You stop. Through the brush you can see some shrubbery
shaking, a short distance away. Egan has seen it too.
He halts and is instantly alert. From off to your
right there has come the sound of singing. It is
odd and tuneless. Egan looks at you and he mutters,
"What do the Japs think this is—Gilbert and Sullivan?"

You contact MacDonald again. "Captain, the Nips are singing a
song." "Singing? Hold the mouthpiece up so I can hear
it. . . . That's Banzai. . . . They always do it before they attack."

Egan kicks your outstretched leg. You twist your head. He
is extremely agitated, and points to his helmet and then









toward the enemy soldiers. You crane your neck to look. "Holy mother of God! The dogs are wearing American helmets!"

The singing has stopped. "Here comes some of them down the trail carrying a . . . it's a gun. . . . No, it's a ——" You pause while your mind attempts to grasp what your eyes are telling it. "It's a boat! It's an assault craft! Just like the ones we used for river crossings!" Then the captain's voice comes back strong and rapid. "I've got it! I see it all now. They're going down to the water. . . . They'll sneak up behind us and land exactly where we did. . . . They'll do everything possible to look like a bunch of Americans from the shore. We won't fire because our boys are coming in all the time."

You hear a strangled distortion over the telephone and then silence. "Did you say something, captain?" There is no answer and your mind is bludgeoned with comprehension. They cut it! They cut the wire! You shove the telephone equipment into the bushes. You hear the sound of approaching feet, and your heart runs down to the cellar of your being three steps at a time. Frantically you churn through the leaves and stems and the thorns and the twining roots.

There is a yell and you hear a shot and the high-pitched whir of a bullet. A vine cracks you across the face, but your sensations are dulled and edgeless. . . . A Jap with a pistol runs out into the trail and he empties his weapon at you and then darts quickly back and the whole place kicks and scratches at you with shrill bullets and then suddenly the earth jumps up and slams into your chest and crashes you down.

Egan is lying at your side. "They're forty yards away from us. Forty lousy yards." You look around. "If there's a blind spot somewhere, we could make a break for it. The best thing to do is head for their own lines because they won't expect us to move in that direction. You go first, and I'll cover you with the tommy gun. Go ahead." He rises on his knees and springs up and away. There is a shot. Egan jerks erect and emits a rasping scream and blood spurts from his neck. Three more rifles crack and he falls backward a few yards from you, his helmet bashed in.

There's a corner of your mind that'll never sleep again.

You swing your body around so that you face the source of the Japanese fire, and you lift up the tommy gun and level it at a clump of bushes that are still oscillating from enemy muzzle blasts. You are angry. You are more angry now than you have ever been in your life. . . . You spray the treetrunks and the rocks and the rises in the ground with a wild whiplash of lead. . . . You keep shooting until the ammunition drum gives out and there is only the dull click of the breaching mechanism. The noise is cleft and there is gaping silence. That's all, brother. That's all. No more ammo. You've had your fling and now they can come and ring your doorbell and tell you that the men are here to remove the corpses. You look toward Egan and see him twisted into an agonized posture, inflexible and stony. . . .

You stretch out your hand and place it over his heart and you flatten your palm against his shirt, hoping to catch a beat, a flutter, a vibration, a pulse. But there is only the sodden dampness of his sweat and the thin tingle of human warmth turning to coldness.

He is dead in his own blood and in his own shadow. This is light to pallor and flame to cinder and fruit to dry core. You liked this man. You liked the way his mouth opened when he smiled and the asterisks that were formed in the corners of his eyes and his large nose like a strong handle for his face. And now the quietness of other eternities.

Maybe you should have told him that you had been hit in the hip. Then maybe he would have stayed

behind and not tried to escape the ambush. But if there was any chance of getting away, you wanted him to have it, and so you controlled your breathing and kept your voice normal and hoped he wouldn't notice that agony was walking across your face without wiping its shoes.

Your eyes focus momentarily on a rifle barrel drawing a bead on you from some shrubs. . . . There is a shot. . . . Egan's body quivers and you gulp your breath down quickly. Then another Jap fires and another and another and another.

The Nips are encouraged by your failure to return their fire, and they probably suspect that you have been hurt. Well, you've still got a grenade in your shirt pocket and enough hatred left in your arm to toss it.

You see one of them warily emerge from behind a tree and move noiselessly toward you while another enemy is advancing on you from a point off to one side. Throw it! Throw it! . . . You thrust the grenade along the ground with a sweeping sidearm motion and you watch it bounce like a booted football and carom off a root and roll into some fallen leaves with a dry rustle. The nearest Jap has seen it, and he springs forward as though to pick it up, but he cannot find it and he turns back and frantically waves his arms and runs. The explosion blows up the earth all around you and you keep your head low to escape the fragmentation. You hear a yelp and the thud of a body falling and the sound of confused feet. Then quiet. Your face is jammed into your elbow. . . . Then a second and more powerful blast knocks your forehead into the dirt. It seemed to have come from behind you. . . . What is all the commotion and the rushing around and the hubbub and the tumult? There is another eruption, this time a little closer, and you are sure you heard the whine of a shell above the voices. It's artillery fire! From the beach! From us! Now these slopeheads will get it!



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MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC., Manufacturing Division

Makers of Fieldcrest Sheets, Towels, Blankets, Bedspreads · 88 Worth Street, New York 13

The boys must have debarked the guns and set them up on shore and begun laying down a barrage. Again a shell screeches overhead and the air crackles and the hillside reverberates. Feet are pounding the turf as though men were approaching rapidly. Two Japs. Or maybe three. And they're heading your way. You edge close to Egan. Play dead. Sink your face into the mud and control your muscles. Take a deep breath and hold it. Here they are. One of them slows down and you feel him standing over Egan. He kicks him in the shoulder, and the force of the blow sends his helmet dully clanging against your own. Another shell whirs downward and quakes the earth. . . . One of the other Japs speaks and his manner is urgent. He starts trotting away. The first soldier moves off, anxiously calling on his comrades to wait up for him.

You let your air out and you open your eyes. You have been spared. . . . But all you can experience is a deepening lassitude and boredom and weariness and even resentment.

Life's a luxury. You can't afford luxuries on Army pay.

The Japs are getting ready to evacuate the shelled area. The wound in your side is throbbing and the cloth of your jungle suit feels like sandpaper against it. You wonder if there is such a thing as physical desire for death, and whether it's just as strong as the will to live. And yet . . . only Egan can talk about death with any certainty. You have known nothing but living.

You look at him for the last time before shifting in the direction of safety. You start your thoughts working and turn away and leave them, thinking, "I'll be seeing you, Ege. I'll be seeing you. There must be some place where there are no restrictions, space unreckoned, time unclocked, where two beings advancing in a parallel can defy the laws of earthly mathematics and actually meet. And so, until my shadow, rounding a corner on a street in Paradise, bumps into yours and with a beg your pardon starts to hurry away, but suddenly wheels and shouts and joins you in glad recognition—okay, kid. I'll be seeing you.

"And in the meantime, God, treat him well because he's very tired and I happen to know he didn't sleep last night. Give him everything he wants that he couldn't get down here because the PX closed too early. But don't make him stand around or sit or kneel or stoop. Let him march. Always let him march. I was at the rear in our squad formations and he was in front of me, and I know he loved to march because of the way he held his head and swung his arms. So let him march, God. The sun marches and the clouds march and the stars march and the world marches. Make him a part of all that marching. Out into the sky let him march, rhythmically, unendingly, proudly, victoriously. Hut, tupe, trip, pfaw . . . hut, tupe, trip, pfaw.

"And wherever he is, that's the head of the column."

Listen. Listen to the blades threshing and the wheels gnashing, and the grinding that goes around and around and around.

You are trying to give yourself a good excuse for being here. You start by asking questions you cannot answer, and you end up by answering questions you haven't asked.

There is the dull rumble of tanks and the shooting is settling down to a devil's tattoo. From off shore there is a great roar developing. You wonder if the Jap amphibious counteroffensive has been intercepted by the Navy's guns.

Blood from your wound still seeps through your clothing and dampens the earth, but the pain has numbed itself and you are able to observe your body with vague disinterest. Your brain tries to attract your attention, tugging at the sleeves of your senses, saying that the enemy has been broken from his positions and is retreating along the hill. . . .

(Continued on Page 156)

Recipe for a Lovely Room ...

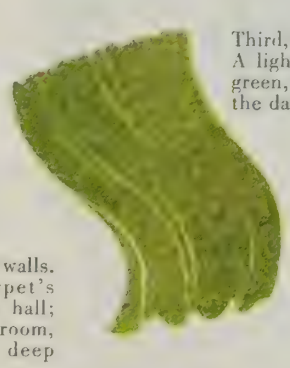
(for full home decorating rules, send for booklets below)



First, the carpet, the basic ingredient. Bigelow Weavers' beautiful floral.



Next, the walls. Mix carpet's beige for hall; for living room, carpet's deep green.



Third, the curtains. A lighter shade of green, highlighting the dark walls.



Then, the furniture. Bleached wood with green covers blend curtains with carpet.



Last, the accessories. The seasoning and spice of your room, your color accents.



As you see above, this warm, friendly room was mixed according to a simple, tested recipe. It began with the floorcovering.

The selection of Bigelow rugs and carpets is limited now because of war work's priority. But Bigelow artists and scientists are today planning more handsome, durable rugs than any you have ever seen.

The room plans you make now, using the booklets offered here, will be your decorating guide tomorrow. You can then start right . . . with a beautiful Bigelow rug . . . end happily with a beautiful room.

BIGELOW WEAVERS

Fine rugs and carpets since 1825

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THUMBNAIL DECORATOR and ROOM PLANNER

Two Big New Booklets give you all the basic decorating rules, plus diagrams, furniture cut-outs, plan paper. BOTH FOR ONLY 25¢. Send coin or stamps to Bigelow Weavers, Dept. L105, 140 Madison Ave., New York 16.

WILLINGER SHOSTAL PHOTO



How try the shampoo made from Natural Oils

Bring out the *natural* radiance and luster of your hair by using FITCH'S SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO regularly. This fragrant, liquid shampoo, made from mild cocoanut and pure vegetable oils, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly . . . helps leave the hair glossy, soft and easy to manage.

Contains Patented Rinsing Agent — After the rich lather has done its cleansing job, the *patented rinsing agent* contained in the shampoo goes to work with the rinse water to quickly wash away remaining particles . . . helps leave the hair film-free, sparkling clean and full of flattering, natural highlights.



A SHAMPOO FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo is mild and gentle, yet efficient . . . so let every member of the family use it regularly each week. It helps make all colors and textures of hair glossy and manageable. Ask for it at drug counters. Professional applications at barber and beauty shops.

FOR DANDRUFF . . . ask for and use Fitch's *Dandruff Remover* Shampoo. . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first application* is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . . barber and beauty shops.



Fitch's TRADE MARK SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 6, Iowa, Bayonne, N. J., Los Angeles 21, Calif., Toronto 2, Canada

Men like it, too!

QUEST

All-purpose DEODORANT

A most effective powder, for body odors, for foot comfort.

TRY

LAVORIS

It's Different and so Thorough

Lavoris does not depend upon high-powered germicidal agents; but coagulates, detaches and removes objectionable matter, without injury to delicate tissues.

Watch Crystals You Can't Break

Fit Tight, Dustproof—
Any Size, Any Shape

PROTECT YOUR WATCH

Ask your jeweler—ask for a G-S FLEXO CRYSTAL. 100% BREAKPROOF. Can be fitted while you wait. Guaranteed.

Germanow-Simon Mach. Co., Rochester 1, N.Y.

Tips For Tired Eyes

1. Hold reading matter about 14 inches from face. 2. Avoid reading in poor light. 3. After driving, exposure to dust or wind or when eyes are overworked, bathe them with Lavoptik. Quickly soothes inflamed, sore, burning and itching eyes, or money refunded. Thousands praise it. 30 years success. Get Lavoptik today. At all drug stores.

(Continued from Page 154)

This is the summing up and the thumbing over, the sorting out and the placing together in neat piles what is in the mind and what is in the heart. . . .

The looping ribbon of remembrance is coiling itself around you, drawing closer and closer and ever more pressing until it feels like a woman's warm hand resting on your cheek.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved? My beloved is unto me as a bundle of myrrh. Honey and silk are under her tongue. Her lips are like a thread of scarlet and her mouth is comely. . . . And I will make mention of my love more than of wine.
Let your heart make a recording of all the lovelinesses that she has given you, and let it play them back to you slowly, and let the needle stick occasionally so that you may hear her say "hello" again and again and again and touch your name to her lips.

Always she is waiting for your mind. Always her thoughts run up the same path and burst through the same door. Always at the end of thinking her soft fingers smooth away distraction and the white image of her face is a cushion for your weariness. How much of hell you have put away to turn to her. How much of desolation and sorrow and loneliness she helped you overcome.

Do you remember the last time you saw her on that final furlough when you didn't have time to tell her that you would be arriving, and you let yourself into the house and you sat there waiting like an empty glass for the bright, bubbly champagne of her coming? Do you remember the hat she wore and the way her hair was combed and how the room seemed to fill up when she entered it, and the look in her eyes when she saw you and how you had to tell her to go wipe her face because her soul was smeared all over it? Do you remember the thousand little fires you lit each day and how one by one they were themselves consumed until all you had left was a special portion of their brilliance for nightly candles that would always burn in farflung windows? Do you remember that last parting at the station when you tried to tell her what you didn't know and you couldn't level your gaze with hers because it would have meant talking and you couldn't talk because it would have meant saying good-by, and so you held her hand and said that you were certainly glad it had been nice weather?

Well, here is a nice new day fresh from the dawn's opaque wrapping paper and the sunlight is getting stronger and you are beginning to feel its intensity. The locale has shifted, but it is the same sun rising from the same direction and depositing the same coin of gold in the same diurnal slot. She has seen this sun in the east and she has spoken to it and it is carrying her message to you and it drops it down through the trees on its usual journey westward.

So take this bit of luminousness that has fallen from the sky, and hold it in your hands and lift it up to your face and drink of it with your lips until you can't hold any more and it drips down you chin. This is that glad, enduring flame you didn't have time to kindle, the warmth that merges the molten tallow of your separate tapers in bright foreverness. And you blink because her eyes are in every ray.

Get up! You're going home! Roll out of that sack and cram your stuff into your barracks bags and swing 'em on that truck waiting out front. You're going where the houses are built the way you like them, and where a macadam road winds around the corner and its tar grows sticky-hot in summer and trees bend, and cool it by breathing softly. Stop it! You'll never get back.

You are striving to recall a pattern. Surely you know how to die. Your father did it and his father did it and so did his and his. There must

be something inside of you that will tell you what
procedure to follow, what last gesture you must make, what
music of the muscles, design of nerve and movement and
reflex. Listen for a cue. It will come. And your
whole face will light up with knowledge. Yes, you will
know how it is done, and you will do it
directly and unhesitatingly, just as it was done before you.

Home is the hunter, home from the hill, and all
that you have hunted you bring in your arms, and
all that you bring is nothing. It is languorously quiet
and you feel enervated into the future and thought is
a burden you would like to put down somewhere and
run away from. Solitude is the only thing you are
conscious of and you are surprised that loneliness can become
a presence. It's like seeing a hand outstretched and grasping
it and unaccountably finding that it is your own. And
in the intimacy of self encountering self at long last,
all other awarenesses withdraw as though they had tactlessly intruded.

Advance, friend. Advance and be recognized. Salute and pass on.
Take your place in ranks in a position of rest.

You do not hear the continuing noise of battle from
the beach where the Jap counterattacking force is being annihilated.
You do not hear the Americans shouting orders and regrouping
skirmish lines and bringing up mortars and calling for medics.
You do not see the unwashed face of Private Whitney
poke itself through the grass and survey the ground in
clinical analysis, then wave to the other members of your
squad emerging from the bush. You do not see him
approach you at a crouch and look down at the
hole in your side and lift up your left wrist
and press his thumb against it to detect a pulse.
You do not hear Lieutenant Nixon come forward to the
group and ask Whitney whether or not you're still alive.

"Lieutenant," he replies, "there is nothing moving but his watch."

QUICK JOYFUL RELIEF FROM SORE ACHING MUSCLES



Help nature get rid of "Fatigue Acids"

Don't fret with muscular aches and pains! Absorbine Jr. can help give wonderful relief—QUICK! Too much exercise causes waste products called "fatigue acids" to settle in the muscles. The muscles swell and hurt. Just rub those aching muscles with quick-acting Absorbine Jr. It stimulates local circulation so fresh blood flows through them and helps carry "fatigue acids" away! As swelling reduces, pain subsides—you feel like shouting for joy! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy at all times! $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

RUB IN ABSORBINE Jr.



Of course he wears a



VAN HEUSEN shirt

If your dealer is out of the size or style you want, please be patient. Remember, Van Heusen Shirts—with the famous Van Heusen collar attached—are worth waiting for. A new shirt free if a Van Heusen shrinks out of size. PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, NEW YORK



No other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

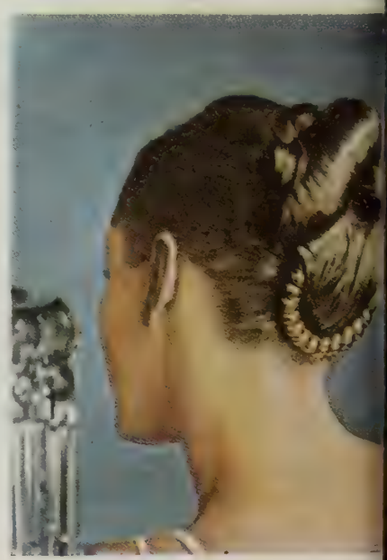
Jewels in your Hair

for After-Dark Glamour

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair! Lisa Fonssagrives . . . glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

THIS TURQUOISE TIARA certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoos unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A GOLD BRACELET was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.





WEAR LARGE COMBS set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MEET A MODEL MOTHER



BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

THE alarm clock goes off shrilly at seven A.M. in the Dickmans'-Great Neck, Long Island, apartment, and one of America's most beautiful models crawls out of bed, her hair screwed up in bobby pins. In the next hectic hour, her children have been waked, dressed and fed, and she has prepared a whopping-big breakfast for her hulking duration-of-the-war Navy husband. At nine A.M., flawlessly groomed and wearing a Hattie Carnegie bonnet, she is smiling prettily into a camera, and another magazine cover is born.

About a quarter of New York's top models have babies, but only a handful, like Connie Joannes Dickman, have two. John Robert Powers and Harry Conover, heads of the two leading modeling agencies in that city, believe that motherhood improves a girl's disposition, her looks and even her figure. In Connie's case, motherhood is so becoming that her rates have gone up from $10 to $15 an hour, earning her in the neighborhood of $250 a week, or around $12,000 a year.

Connie is twenty-three now, and looks nineteen. Her hair is a lustrous dark brown with glinting lights—chestnut, she calls it—her eyes a warm, shining brown, and her skin could honestly be compared to garden-fresh gardenias. It annoys her that she can never keep a tan. But the remarkable thing about Connie is not that she is so young and lovely-looking after two babies, but that she is so completely unspoiled by one of the most glamorized professions in the world. Three movie bids, a nation-wide tour as the Coty Brunette of 1941, full-page ads of herself selling Lucky Strikes and Listerine and Ivory Soap from coast to coast, have left her as sweet and real as the day she first timidly stepped into John Powers' modeling agency with her mother. She was a skinny sixteen then, and inclined to

3.6% of American families have incomes of $10,000 a year or over.

The home life of a famous cover girl, Connie Joannes, Navy wife, who keeps house on Long Island for her two sons and husband, Lt. (j. g.) Emerson Dickman, Jr.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

hunch up her shoulders to hide her height. Her mother smartly decided that the only person who could convince her of the desirability of being a head taller than her dancing partners was the man who made world-famous the long-stemmed American beauty—John Powers.

In her own words, Connie was "decked out like a circus horse" on that first visit. Over her mother's objections, she insisted upon wearing a fuchsia-colored sweater with hat to match, a beige-and-purple checked suit, saddle shoes and fuchsia bobby socks. It was the fashion then among models to affect a dead-white face and practically black lipstick, a mode started by Hedy Lamarr in the movie Algiers. Connie took one look at the silken ankles and beautiful gowns of the elegant waxlike apparitions gliding about the reception room and almost bolted for the door.

By the time she met John Powers, a friendly person with an absent-minded manner which conceals a very shrewd eye for beauty, however camouflaged, Connie was bent over like a corkscrew and wringing her hands in an agony of self-consciousness. "That's distortion," remarked Powers kindly, and so magical was the effect of his words that Connie never again had to be told about stooped shoulders and fluttery hands. He said that he saw "great possibilities" in the lanky sixteen-year-old and suggested that she come back and see him after she finished high school.

Until the time she became a model at eighteen, Connie lived the normal, lively life of any suburban subdeb. An only child, she went through a tomboy stage where she swung from trees yelling like Tarzan, and pasted together model airplanes in the cellar. She learned to ride horseback at her uncle's camp in Maine, and was passionately interested in bugs. Her earliest memory as a child is making a mud pie with a green worm on top and eating it.

She still sees the "gang" that used to play table tennis in the rumpus room of her parents' Woodbridge, New Jersey, home, and all of them find Connie exactly as she always was—enthusiastic, fun, friendly, and entirely unimpressed with her spectacular modeling success.

"Everyone enjoys working with Connie," one studio head put it. "She's so warm and natural. She reminds every man of the girl he'd like to marry."

Her two children adore her. No matter how pressed and tedious her day, she is a model of patience and serenity with them. Connie claims it comes from modeling fur coats in mid-July and standing in the ocean in a bathing suit in a March wind, trying to look sun-kissed and carefree while your knees knock together with the cold. At any rate, being one of the nation's top cover girls no more interferes with her tying up a neat diaper than his fame as a Boston Red Sox pitcher makes her husband feel foolish carrying out the garbage and washing Dickie every night. One of the first major-league players to enlist in the services right after Pearl Harbor, Emerson Dickman has kept Merchant Marine officers fit with Gene Tunney tactics at their training station at King's Point, Long Island.

It was he who worked out a special set of exercises to reduce Connie's tummy after the birth of her second son six months ago. Connie wishes that by some miracle he could reduce the size of her hipbones. Although her $12,000-a-year earnings put her close to the top in the modeling profession, Connie claims that if her thirty-five-inch hips were one inch smaller, she could make a lot more money. According to her, the very top high-fashion models have hips that measure thirty-four, thirty-three and even, she sighs rapturously, thirty-two inches. So much has the world changed since every miss in a bustle yearned for the forty-inch bust and hourglass hips of matronly Lily Langtry.



"Bathing a baby is my idea of fun," says Connie. This famous Powers model makes about $1000 a month. She has a full-time nurse for the children. Cost: $140 monthly. Dickie, two and a half, and Bobby, six months, were both Caesarean babies.

Connie's always home for Dickie's prayers.

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI



Dickmans entertain another Navy couple with a casserole supper. "We use paper napkins too!"



For that flower-fresh look, Connie gets nine hours' sleep a night, drinks six glasses of milk daily.



Dickie puts own toys away. Later, he'll dry dishes, "Whether he thinks it's sissy or not!"

and a glamorous pin-up girl.



After two children, Connie, who is 5′6″, weighs 115 pounds. She is a perfect size 12. "If only my hips were smaller," she moans, "35 inches!" She keeps trim with horseback riding, golf and tennis, neither smokes nor drinks. Selected the Coty Brunette in 1941, she turned down three movie bids. Connie scrubs and waxes her own floors, and sews. "I'm a home girl."



"By, hon!" Emerson commuted daily to a training station at King's Point, Long Island. He pitched for Boston Red Sox, was one of first major-league ballplayers to enlist. He married Connie 5 months after they met.

Connie, who is 5′ 8″ in heels and weighs 115 pounds, eats at least two or three plates of ice cream a day. When you consider that she also drinks a quart and a half of milk and seldom gets less than nine hours' sleep a night, her slenderness seems an even greater miracle. But modeling is a strenuous business, with more legwork pounding pavements than before a camera. Connie neither smokes nor drinks, and keeps herself fit with all the golf, tennis, riding and swimming she can find time for.

"Any model can have a café society kind of life if she likes that sort of thing," remarks Connie. "Personally, I've been to the Stork Club once in my life."

Although she consented to play the part of The Perfect Powers Girl in a Paramount movie short, she turned down three movie bids before she was married because she wouldn't think of going to Hollywood without her mother, and she didn't want to take her mother away from her father.

From the moment she started modeling, Connie proved herself a natural, and within a year she was posing for all the big accounts. At nineteen, she was chosen the Coty Brunette for 1941, and with the Coty Blonde, another model, toured the country for publicity shots.

While in Valdosta, Georgia, she met Emmy on a blind date. Although he doesn't like to admit things like love at first sight, Emmy made his mind up about Connie pretty quickly. How hard Connie fell for the handsome baseball star is indicated by the fact that when the Coty troupe left for Indianapolis, she pretended to become so desperately homesick for New York, where Emmy was pitching that week end, that the troupe hurriedly canceled its trip and rushed her East. Connie promptly invited Emmy out to meet her family



Up at 7, Connie flies about straightening apartment. She made spreads and drapes herself.



Off to catch the 9:10, Connie gives herself last critical look. She puts on her nail polish on train!



Dickie's pet picture of mummy is Redbook cover. Connie does lots of ads—"I'm good at making faces."



EISENSTAEDT

For this charity poster, Connie and Dickie donated their services. Usually she gets $15 an hour. Husband is proud of her career, only objects to "romantic or too nude" shots.



NICKOLAS MURAY

Beech-Nut ad shows Connie with handsome marine, really another model. "Models make a lot of money, but remember—most of us are through by 27," says Connie, now 23.

in North Jersey. Mr. and Mrs. Joannes welcomed their future son-in-law with an enthusiasm downright embarrassing to Connie. Hardly were they inside the front door, she reports, when her father was banging out Amour, Amour on the piano and her mother had set a whole quarter of a strawberry shortcake on her best china in Emmy's lap.

Two months later, in August, they selected an engagement ring. It had to be reset and Emmy was to mail it to Connie as soon as possible. She described the ring to all her friends and anybody else who would listen; then she waited for it to arrive. She began to inquire at the post office for a very small and valuable package she was expecting, probably by registered mail. There was none. She couldn't very well write Emmy about it, so she waited some more, looking very peaked about the eyes. Finally the post office admitted there was a small package for her, but whoever had sent it had neglected to put any stamps on it. And there was eight cents due. Connie meekly paid the eight cents and became officially engaged.

In the wedding picture which stands on the upright piano in her parents' living room, this pin-up girl looks scared and wispy, and the focus isn't very good. She is wearing a stunning off-the-shoulder white dress with a hoop skirt, and carries a muff covered with verbenas. No one noticed what Emmy wore.

Dickie was born thirteen months later, while Emmy was stationed with the Navy in Miami, and Connie almost died in labor. "I was sick to my stomach at least ten times a day the whole time I was carrying him," she shudders. Instead of gaining, she lost fifteen pounds by the end of her pregnancy. Emmy points out that he lost ten pounds becoming a father, by pacing up and down during her sixty hours of labor. Dickie was finally delivered by Caesarean operation, which left Connie so weak she couldn't nurse him, although she wanted to. Her mother cannot understand how she ever found the courage to have another in twenty-four months, "except that Constance always was just crazy about kids. She'd walk a mile to see a movie with Margaret O'Brien or Roddy McDowall in it."

Connie received special injections during her second pregnancy, and suffered no upsets. This time it was planned that the delivery would be Caesarean. Connie went into New York to the Woman's Hospital the night before the operation was scheduled, and Emmy stayed with a friend near by so he could be with her the first thing in the morning. However, in the middle of the night, the baby started to come and they decided to operate right away. Connie begged the doctor to please find Emmy first. In her excitement, she gave him the wrong address and he popped into a Columbia University fraternity asking, "Anybody here expecting to be a father?" Emmy was not on hand when husky eight-and-a-half-pound Bobby arrived.

In disposition, he takes after Connie. "He just sleeps and grows," she says happily. Dickie, now two and a half, is a strikingly beautiful child with a grave, sensitive face. Small at birth, he does not eat enough to gain the weight Connie thinks he should have. Otherwise, he gives no trouble and is devoted to his baby brother. In five years or so, Connie hopes for a baby girl. Right now, she still can't drive a car after her last Caesarean.

Connie is fortunate in having found a good housekeeper and nurse for the children—a rare occurrence these days. However, she still sets the wheels of her household in motion before reporting for work at John Powers' modeling agency at 247 Park Avenue, New York, where this reporter accompanied her one afternoon.

The walls of the reception room are covered with dazzling cover-girl pictures, including one of Connie. It was here that she trembled in fuchsia bobby socks seven years ago. Lovely-looking girls in black still drift about, from the beautiful platinum-haired Selene Mahri, top model in New York at the moment, to the beginners, who are apt to jump badly when you speak to them.

Connie's black patent-leather hatbox, a present from Mr. Powers, marks her as an old hand. Lesser lights can be seen carrying their costumes in plain paper hatboxes. "When I tell studios I started modeling five years ago, they look at me as if they expected a mass of wrinkles," Connie laughs. Most girls start modeling between sixteen and nineteen, marry at twenty, and, except for some of the most famous high-fashion models, are through by twenty-seven.

Along one side of the reception room at John Powers' is a glass-enclosed switchboard where five or six girls sit all day long taking down appointments for the models. Connie stepped in to say hello and came back with her small white schedule card. Along the top were her measurements: bust 33, waist 24, hips 35—"That last one loses me a lot of business," sighs Connie—and such pertinent information as no girdle ads or pulp-magazine posing. "Emmy won't allow any romantic or too nude poses," she explained.

The first appointment on her card was at the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. Not knowing what the job was, Connie worried about whether she should look like a juvenile or a sophisticate. She was wearing that day a tiny red cherry hat, with another bunch of cherries on the shoulder of her pretty black dress with dolman sleeves. The bandbox perfection of her appearance was marred only by a torn rear hem, which she had had Emmy pin up with a large safety pin in her hurry to get to work. Part of it sagged, and that bothered her.

"You always have to look just perfect in this business," she complained as she applied new make-up. "They size you up the way you look that moment, not the way you *could* look if you tried."

She brushed some powder on her face and then began to paint on her lipstick with a brush. She doesn't change the shape of her mouth, but sometimes exaggerates the top lip so it will look fuller when she smiles. She also explained that she never, never plucks the top part of her eyebrows, since this destroys the character of a face. To make her lashes look thicker and her eyes bigger under the strain of klieg lights, she draws a line with eyebrow pencil from the center of her eyes to the outer corner, right along the lashes. She wears blue-gray eye shadow, not on the eyelids but high up on the bone beneath the eyebrow. *(Continued on Page 174)*

5, Connie lived in Jersey . N. J. Chief interest: bugs.

At 12, Connie had a shingle bob, climbed trees, admired Tarzan.

She had her first date at 16, worried about being too tall.

At 18, Connie graduated from high, married a year later.





So many ways they need your care today!

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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Duckling Into Swan

By Lt. Comdr. Leslie B. Hohman, M.C., USNR

Associate in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University

THIS is the story of the psychological transformation of an ugly duckling into a swan. Seven years ago, Connie Joannes was a sixteen-year-old, tallish, shy, awkward adolescent girl. She was miserable and alone because she was not popular as a "date" either for football games or for high-school dances; she had nothing to talk about with the boys that she knew and she was none too happy even with her girl friends because she thought that they didn't enjoy her and didn't find her interesting. Connie really had what the layman so frequently and glibly calls an "inferiority complex." Her only comfort was the loving companionship she had with her devoted father and mother. Less wise parents than Mr. and Mrs. Joannes would have been satisfied with their only child because she made good marks in school and was obedient and thoughtful. They knew that she was a pretty and attractive girl, but they also knew that unless Connie could realize this herself and *act* as if she were attractive she might be doomed to a long period of crippling unhappiness. They were wise enough to know that a child needs more than training of the mind and the ability to follow good principles of morals. They wisely realized that she must also have techniques for living a social and emotional life if she were to be successful in life.

These parents tried all of the ordinary devices that parents ordinarily use to help the unpopular girl. They gave parties for her; they invited her friends to come to their house at any time. They tried, by all the persuasion of words possible, to talk Connie into believing that she really was pretty and attractive. All of this was in vain because Connie was convinced by her lack of confidence that she was dull and ugly. Finally, in a kind of desperation, they fell in with a plan of an amateur-photographer friend who offered to show snapshot pictures of Connie to Mr. Powers, of photographic model fame.

Let it be said at once that Connie's parents never had the slightest intention of trying to exploit their daughter financially. They were clearly convinced that this child needed confidence if ever she was to make a good social life to complement her honest intelligence. Connie's parents' only hesitation about the model project was their fear that being a "model" might be a moral compromise. To them, their high moral standards, which they had set down for their child, could not be changed. Even when Connie's mother suspected a little willingness to "pet" might make popularity easier, she supported Connie's resolution to avoid light affection. The dictum was laid down, not rigidly, but clearly, that the ultimate goal for a young woman's success was clean marriage, home and children. It took Mrs. Joannes but a short time to realize that Powers models were girls of good education and earnestness of purpose.

WHEN Connie was sixteen, she was taken to see Mr. Powers and Connie's mother explained their problem and dilemma. To Mr. Powers this was nothing new. In his years of experience he had helped many girls to develop themselves, not only to be models of natural beauty for which he was so famed, but he had also helped many more to be their own natural, attractive selves. When Connie told me how Mr. Powers "worked" on her, I felt that Mr. Powers had used some of the important principles which the psychiatric-minded educators believe in and practice. Ordinary education in school trains the mind and the ability to learn subject matter. It also can teach group living and group training in games and sports, but the average school has no time to teach the individual child the methods and habits by which it can learn to express in face, voice and posture a true expression of its inner self. All too many people in the world fail in social and emotional adjustments because the manner and appearance they present belie their inner and real feelings and attitudes. Connie was failing because she thought and felt herself ugly and unattractive. Even a very pretty face did not seem pretty to the boys of her school. Without a sense of prettiness Connie was, in fact, ugly. Mr. Powers began to teach Connie how to behave as if she were as pretty as her features were.

No psychiatrist doubts that anyone can learn to project himself externally as he really is inside himself. The job of learning this is no magical matter to be accomplished in a few lessons at a charm school. It requires just what any subject to be learned requires—hard, long work and practice.

A PRIMARY principle in teaching is to make the idea of learning interesting and dramatic and to keep the sound purpose of the goal of learning always before the person being taught.

Connie was lucky to have Mr. Powers to help teach her and her parents. He made the learning interesting and he furnished the girl with a goal. He assigned her first a job as a model in a home-town department store, and thereby provided the incentive of a paying job and also provided her with an opportunity for continuous *practice* in the art of being attractive. The job was further advantageous because it gave Connie the chance to practice impersonally. She didn't have to practice directly on her friends with whom she had already failed and in a situation in which she was already sensitive.

Here are three principles that parents who realize that their children are not properly expressing themselves as they really should and could, would do well to follow: (1) Furnish incentive to learning; (2) make the opportunity to *practice* correct expression; and (3) make it as impersonal as possible and not a situation in which the young person has already failed.

Connie's beginnings were halting and she had many misgivings before she finally succeeded. Mr. Powers followed a principle which all good psychiatric educators would advocate. Teach by simple dramatic directions. When he found Connie's posture bad, he did not give her a lot of dull, boring directions and exercises; he offered two or three easy, amusing suggestions: Keep your shoulders against the elevator wall when visiting job-giving photographers; stop wringing your hands—it's distorting; and keep your head out of your shoulder. These directions were easy to follow and caught Connie's imagination.

I once had the experience of trying successfully to alter a young man's voice; what had been a full, low, resonant, expressive natural voice at fifteen years of age had become a dull, choppy, mumbling, ununderstandable one at twenty. What had brought on this change? The young man had been so spoiled as an attractive adolescent that he went on cultivating the "baby boy manner." Only the jolt of being thwarted in his chosen career of acting because of his poor voice projection made him willing to learn to try to return to his original voice. One month of three or four hours of daily practice of having to recite Shakespearean verse, in an open voice with sufficient resonance so that it could be heard one hundred yards away, went far to restore his voice to its former naturalness and to teach him to stop trying to be fifteen. Voice training is a very important factor in personality projection. I personally had the fortunate experience of having a mother who knew that distinct speech was as important as correct speech.

For many years I resented that direction "don't mumble, speak distinctly and resonantly." I have never ceased to be grateful that my mother had the wisdom to teach me what no school would have had time to teach. A good voice does not make a pleasant personality, but the poor use of a voice can successfully conceal one.

Principle 4: Parents must teach correct use of voice and speech, or let someone else do it, if schools have no provision for teaching speech.

More important even than voice training is the training of facial expression. Mr. Powers taught Connie, his enthusiastic pupil, much about facial gesture, or expression if you choose. Much of what is known as charm is a mixture of proper and attractive use of the voice and the correct and proper use of the muscles of the face. Just as one learns how to make the muscles of the hand learn to typewrite after much faltering and many mistakes, just so one can teach one's face to express one's real feelings and to do it attractively. Most people are too self-conscious to practice facial expression. When I suggest practicing smiling and talking before a mirror, to learn to smile so that it appears pleasant to you and not a distorting grin, most people will think that I am advising a kind of training in affectation. Mr. Powers would not share that prejudice. It is just the kind of thing he taught Connie and his other natural attractive models. He goes further, as most good teachers would: he tells his pupils where their facial expression is unpleasant and how to correct it.

Many girls with regular attractive features appear ugly or dull, as did Connie, because they do not practice prettiness of expression. If as much time were spent in practicing smiling and proper facial expression as is used in putting on make-up, more girls would be much prettier if less painted.

Principle 5: Where facial expression is bad, teach the young person to correct it by persistent practice.

As Connie gradually learned to appear to be what she really was and was on the way to becoming a beautiful, natural girl, her parents helped her to avoid what so frequently accompanies the inferiority complex, namely, a superiority complex. In human psychology, the tendency is to shift from one extreme to the other and have one emotion shift to the opposite; for example, love and hate. This holds for attitudes as well, which tend to swing to the attitude of the opposite extreme. Connie had a real chance to lose her head and to become as overconfident as she had become underconfident. As soon as she succeeded as a model, Hollywood put out its hand and almost forcibly tried to guide her fingers to several movie contracts. Connie didn't need her parents' help to decide against Hollywood, although she was glad to have their approval to stick to her resolution that the main thing that she wanted in life was the thing they had taught her to want, in the beginning, namely, a good marriage, a home and babies. Because she had learned confidence by being trained how to express adequately her natural inner prettiness, she did not lose her head and develop an arrogant superiority about her newly won beauty.

Principle 6: Be sure to guard that the inferiority complex does not shift to a superiority complex.

Connie has lost her inferiority complex, but she has not substituted the superiority complex. She fortunately retains enough of her former exaggerated inferiority feeling to be a charmingly modest, beautiful young mother.



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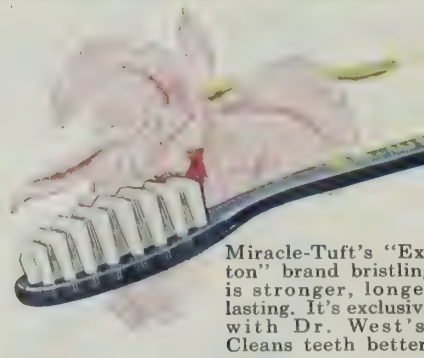
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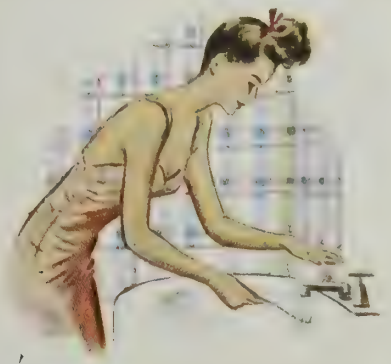


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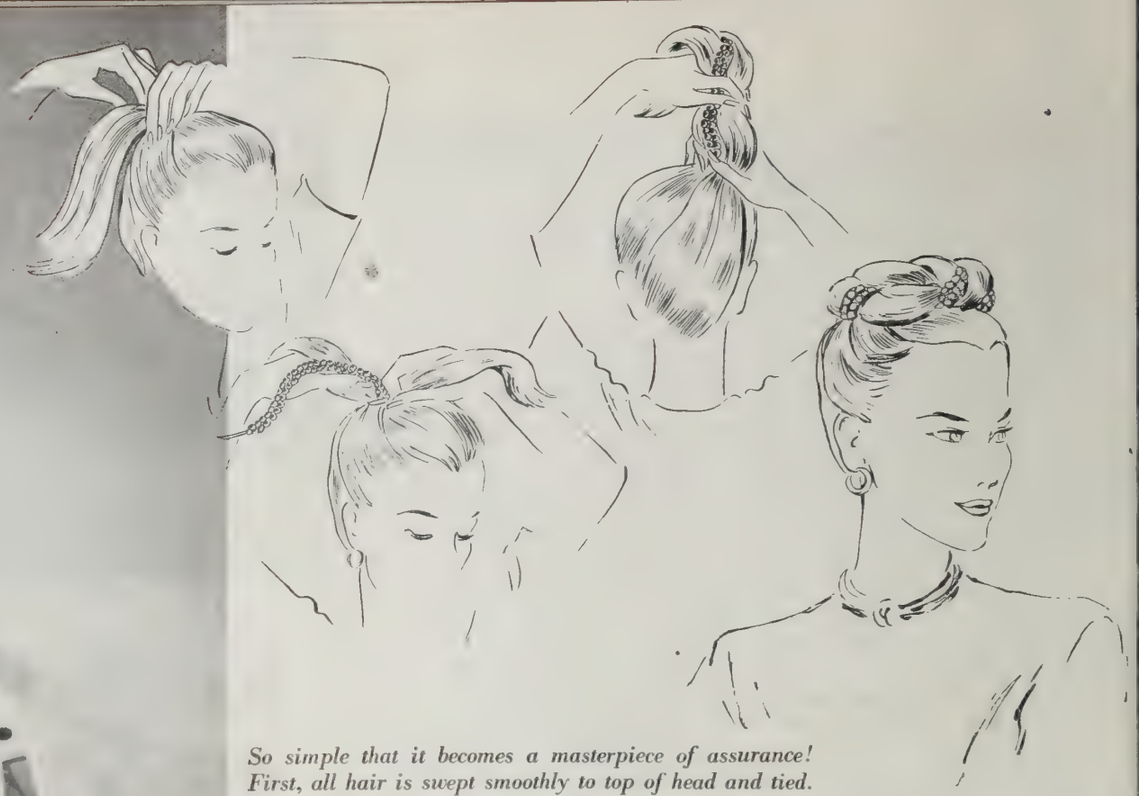


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BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN
Beauty Editor of the Journal







The sure look of style in this seemingly casual arrangement comes from the careful groundwork of pin curls. Note reverse windings in alternate rows, giving bulk to the loose chignon, the look of natural waves.

A center part and a halo of golden leaves give classic emphasis to softly falling curls. The pin curls that frame the face here are wound in

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Model tricks for Home use



PHOTO BY STUART

CONNIE DICKMAN KEEPS HER MODEL FIGURE—AFTER TWO BABIES—BY DOING EXERCISES TAUGHT HER BY HER NAVY HUSBAND. ★ *By Louise Paine Benjamin*

Beauty Editor of the Journal

IT looks comparatively easy, doesn't it, that balancing trick Connie Dickman is performing at the top of this page? All right, *try it!* It goes this way: with hands on hips, draw knees up toward chest as far as possible, then extend legs—as Connie is doing—without dropping feet to floor. *Whew-ew!* And don't say we didn't warn you. It will pull several sets of muscles all at the same time, especially in that plump portion right in front of your hands, which is the big idea. Enough of it and you can put a promising paunch right out of business. Connie ought to know, for in spite of her two babies she still measures a twenty-four-inch waist, and a scant thirty-five inches around the hips. Connie has to hold that line if she wants to keep on with her profession of modeling, and she does, until her husband is back by his own fireside.

Models have to learn a lot of tricks for keeping themselves slim and silky. Nor is there any reason this information should be limited to models. Every girl and woman has, or hopes to have, in her private life a nonprofessional audience more worth dazzling than the finest camera lens ever made. Even Mr. John Robert Powers, the famous model man, feels this way. In fact, his school for the promotion of poise, personality and general presentability has been planned, not for professional models, but for girls whose ambitions run to homes or office jobs.

Here are some of the first lessons:

THE LONG LINE OF LOVELINESS

There is a basic rule for the graceful arrangement of bodies which can be practiced until it becomes thoroughly ingrained, and then dismissed from the conscious part of the mind. Like dancing, which doesn't really become fun until you stop thinking of your steps and move with instinctive rhythm.

This No. 1 rule is: *Keep the long line of your body toward your audience.* Example: When you stand, don't just face flatly to the front. Turn your body a trifle, and advance one foot slightly, which immediately gives you a lighter and more supple look. Be sure the extended leg and foot is the one nearest the onlooker. That's where the "long line" comes in. When seated, follow the same rule. To begin with, don't just drop into a chair. Lower yourself gently and semisidewise, so that your body comes to rest in a partly turned position with your "lead" foot toward your audience. This will not only keep your skirt from jerking up above your knees, but will create a long sweeping line from your shoulder down through your hip and clear out to the end of your forward toe. You will look a lot slimmer as well as more graceful if you sit this way, instead of all bunched up, or settled as squarely as a Toby jug. This pose takes care of your feet, too, which should never be tortured into abnormal positions, as though they were trying to squirm under the couch or wrap themselves around a chair rung. To complete the picture of elegant ease, relax your hands prettily. No wringing, fluttering or finger tapping! Nor should you use them to mask your mouth and muffle your talk. And unless you want to call attention to your hips, never park them *there.*

Models must also learn how to walk and stand so that they convey a sense of effortless grace. Mr. Powers' instructions are: "Keep your head out of your shoulders, your shoulders out of your waist, and your waist out of your hips." The length of a woman's step should be about the length of her foot. Feel *tall,* walk *smoothly.*

MAKE-DOWN OR MAKE-UP

Smooth, too, is the effect to aim for in make-up if you want to be in tune with the times, as well as sincerely helpful to your face. Powers students are taught to "make-down" their complexions to achieve a look of youth and naturalness. The pretty instructors keep emphasizing the following points. LIPSTICK is too often overdone; too heavily applied and carelessly shaped. Take time. Do an exquisite job on what Nature gave you. Don't invent a whole new mouth. Blot excess color with tissue *always.* SKIN gradually darkens with passing birthdays. Therefore powder should get darker with the years too. A deeper powder tone also helps to minimize lines and shadows. With the darker powder, however, the lipstick should grow lighter. EYEBROWS should be weeded, never finely plucked. ROUGE should never be definite enough to suggest any "shape" on the face. Take time to blend it so that it harmonizes invisibly with your own coloring.

Finally, if you have a bad feature, don't waste time crying over it; play up your best points instead to distract attention.

The best models have beauty plus brains. Any girl with brains can help herself to enough good looks to warm the hearts of her own particular audience.

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"How does she do it?"

BY JUDY BARRY



Mothering, even more than modeling, is a profession requiring calm nerves.

MOTHERS will know exactly what Connie means when she says that the schedule which kept one's house running smoothly in prebaby days has to acquire as much "give" as a prewar girdle, the two-way-stretch kind, once Junior makes his triumphant return from the hospital. But she feels—and probably most of you ex-career-girl mothers have found it true too—that her professional training was wonderful preparation for being a good mother. For any boss, whether it's John Robert Powers or someone else, and any baby have this in common: they expect appointments with them to be kept on the dot; if they're not, you'll hear a howl of protest from each of them! Carry your business-won habit of keeping appointments punctually right over to your dates with the baby's bottle, his bath, his feeding and washing, and you'll have a good baby just as you had a satisfied boss.

Connie, with her double job, really works at being a housewife and mother just as conscientiously as she does at her profession of modeling. In company with thousands of other service wives, she manages both careers, though it does keep her stepping lively.

Finding a housekeeper capable of taking complete charge of the children made it possible for Connie to take a full day of appointments again; turnabout, this full schedule made it possible to afford Emily's services.

Right this minute—and for the duration, Connie fervently hopes—Emily is one of the biggest factors in how she does it. The children love her, Connie and her husband trust her absolutely, and in her turn Emily admits that Mrs. Dickman is as fine a housekeeper and baby tender as she is, in spite of the fact that this is Emily's profession. Connie has done, and done well, each task she asks Emily to do now, so she knows how long it takes, what equipment is needed, how lively and wearing a pair of small boys can be. Therefore there is an understanding between the two women that makes this sometimes difficult relationship work to the satisfaction of both.

Emily's blessed advent is very recent, however. Until that time Connie had to do everything herself, sandwiching a few modeling appointments in between housework and children. Too much of their care had to be left to the somewhat uncertain guardianship of "baby sitters"; and as Connie says, "If you've ever had a sitter you know what they do—they just sit."

During these months her favorite maxim, "Do it now and get it over with," developed into an unshakable rule. "It's the best advice I could give anyone who's going to be a mother," says Connie earnestly. "If you let things pile up, you just never catch up and you wear yourself out trying. I'm most full of the will-to-do early in the morning, and in those days I always tried to fly around and have as much as possible done before time to get lunch."

This is probably because modeling, believe it or not, is an early-to-bed profession. The camera takes fiendish delight in showing up tiny lines of weariness, a grumpy expression or eyes lackluster from too little sleep. So even now, at least four nights a week, it's lights-out by nine-thirty or ten at the Dickmans'. When they go to the Officers' Club on Wednesday nights, or occasionally on Saturday nights to the homes of friends, they always leave before midnight. Connie stuck to this even during periods when she wasn't working, for she believes that mothering, even more than modeling, is a profession which needs the sane point of view, the calm nerves that only plenty of sleep can give.

When she was at home, after making every minute count in the mornings, she and Dicky relaxed together on the couch after lunch, while baby Bobby snoozed in milk-fed contentment in the bedroom. Usually they would nap for a while, too, then just lie there quietly exchanging confidences or looking at picture books together until they felt completely refreshed.

"This may not seem to fit in with my horror of letting things go," says Connie, "but it really does. I found that the whole household *(Continued on Page 180)*

PHOTOS BY STUART



Recharging the batteries after a busy morning in the kitchen. Connie and Dicky read and take it easy together.



Laborsaving advice from Connie: "You don't have to scour every time, mother. Black makes them heat up quicker."



Bubble, bubble, oil makes washing trouble. "You'll save yourself extra washing by giving vitamin oils before his bath."

You can depend on KRAFT QUALITY

Think of golden Velveeta as one of the precious "*protein* foods"... a real helper with main dishes these days. Velveeta's protein is of high quality ... *complete*. And this delicious cheese food also helps supply food energy, milk minerals, vitamin A and riboflavin. Rich yet mild cheddar cheese flavor, too! And you can depend on *this* cheese food to melt smooth every time. Add up all that and you have *Kraft* quality ... well worth looking for!



VELVEETA SAUCE *is the magic for today's vegetable platters! It adds rich cheddar cheese flavor plus a complete protein. Melt ½ lb. of Velveeta in the top of a double boiler. Then gradually stir in ½ cup of milk. That smooth, rich sauce is particularly grand for a platter of cooked cauliflower, French-cut green beans and broiled tomato halves.*

DID YOU WRITE YOUR V-MAIL TODAY? Keep him cheerful . . . with cheerful, fast-flying V-Mail letters from you regularly. V-Mail "keeps you close" . . . week after week!

SOON AGAIN, WE HOPE, there will be more Kraft American with its medium-mellow cheddar flavor. Soon, we hope, Old English with the tantalizing sharp flavor will be back again. These famous Kraft varieties of pasteurized process cheese have been either missing or in limited supply because of the Government's huge requirements for cheddar cheese. But keep on the watch for them now.



Copr. 1945 by Kraft Cheese Co

The World's Favorite Cheeses are made by the Men and Women of **Kraft**



PHOTOS BY STUART

"To your health." Dickie raises his glass too—loves milk, no coaxing.

On the Pink

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

IF you want to look your best, feel your best and do your best—eat "young." Give your health a break. You see that your child gets the right food to put pink in his cheeks—strength in his body—but what about you and dad? Fitness figures high, and good food can do more to keep the spring in your step than all the pills and pellets.

The Dickmans look the part. Throughout the war Emerson was a Navy physical instructor; Connie, a fashion and illustrator's model. No skimpy meals for these two. Connie concentrates on providing really balanced meals. Connie doesn't diet. She doesn't need to. A perfect size 12, she eats as much as Emerson does. Dickie has a somewhat fickle appetite, but he's outgrowing it. The baby gulps down everything that comes his way.

"Oh, what a beautiful morning!" Breakfast is so important to a youthful you that giving reasons for eating it seems almost unnecessary. Yet Connie has a model one. She's on the go constantly from the time the baby wakes up, and confesses she couldn't possibly last through her appointments till lunchtime if she didn't eat a good breakfast. Long hours of posing for the camera may not be a part of your daily-dozen activities, but for morning power and pep you've got to have a "starter" for your day—if it's to be a good one.

Ever notice that a good morning meal makes you look at your day's tasks and problems differently? It makes others look at you differently too. Fruit-juice-and-coffee breakfasters are often edgy; have a not-enough-sleep look, even if they've had eight hours. Your children notice when you are or aren't in a cheerful frame of mind.

Here are some good morning starters for October days. Most mornings you will have a "usual" breakfast. But now and then work in changes with the same foods. Perks up the appetite—and you.

TOMATOES COME TO BREAKFAST

Prune and Orange Juice
Scrambled Eggs With Tomatoes
Waffle Cinnamon Toast
Beverage

FRUIT FOR BEAUTY

Shredded-Wheat Cereal
With Fruit Cocktail
(Shortcake Fashion)
Cottage-Cheese Omelet
Orange Bran Muffins
Beverage

FOR A CHANGE

Sliced Oranges With Maple Sirup
Assorted Cereal—Milk
Poached Eggs on Deviled-Ham Toast
Beverage

For juniors—for seniors. Even though a young baby's food is mostly "formula," children past the strainer stage can fit into the general scheme of things. While there are certain food combinations you naturally wouldn't think of giving a toddler, it is fairly easy to plan the cooking for him and for you without limiting yourself to a diet of custards and ground beef. Connie manages the separate meals very skillfully. For instance, when she makes a pudding for their dinner, she saves out some for Dickie to have next day for his. Some of a one-night's stew minus the more exotic seasonings is saved for Dickie too. The vegetables, fruits and salad greens she keeps in the house for his meals are on their menus too. One gets in the habit of eating with Junior—a good habit, for you're constantly reminded that the foods which are good for him are just as important to your own well-being.

An uncluttered look. This season's fashions have an uncluttered look. Do you use just as good taste in planning your meals? Particularly now and through the winter it's smart business to include foods that are raw, simple and plain, yet substantial. It's the young way to eat! Save complicated dishes for special occasions.

The milk route to health and good looks is easy. Ice cream is milk; so is cheese. They have high energy quotients and are good muscle makers. Milk has good proteins and will help balance your vegetable and cereal meals.

Now's the time for the fall harvest of fruits and vegetables. With what you planted and from the growing selection you can buy, why be meal-weary? Granny never had so many to choose from as we do today at all seasons. Eat them raw, eat them cooked—but eat them fresh for figure and fitness.

Easiest way to eat them raw is via the salad bowl. Raw vegetables or fruits go together in almost any imaginable combination. In fact, the classic green salad is more delectable if made with a mixture of greens than with one. Anoint your salads with a variety of different dressings. And here's a tape-measure tip: eat a salad down to the last leaf—you won't be so apt to dive into dessert—if low poundage means much to you. If you really take hip trimming seriously and aren't the bundle-of-energy type, like Connie, that can eat anything and not gain weight—eat your salads à la Junior. Yes, children like salads too—chopped greens and other vegetables without dressing. A little lemon juice or even tomato juice gives more "taste." A hard-cooked egg, with the white chopped and the yolk sieved and blended with a little lemon juice and light seasoning, makes a good oilless dressing for vegetable salads.

SALAD PATTERNS

Red, white and green. Chop ½ peeled cucumber and ¼ green pepper. Add to 1 pound soft cottage cheese. Season with onion, salt and pepper. Center it on crisp greens. Fence in with wedges of tomato—no dressing. Shred greens for children—serve cheese plain.

Turkey in the slaw. We had this first with turkey, but it's good with chicken too. All you do is add as much diced chicken as cabbage when you make the slaw. Have a first-rate dressing, as Junior would rather have plain shredded lettuce anyway.

And all the tender green things. Use 1 part lettuce, 3 parts other greens. Combine with a hard-cooked egg, diced, and ¼ cup chopped ham or crumbled bacon. Moisten with a snappy mustard dressing. Modify with minuses for children.

Harvest symphony. Keep your fruits, and so on, in groups. This isn't a tossup. Have thin crisp strips of celery, halves of fresh or frosted apricots or maybe peaches, pitted red grapes and thin slivers of red apple with the peel left on. For dressing: thin cream or cottage cheese with fruit juice and a bit of honey. Have greens crisp and cold.

A good hearty soup will keep your appetite hitting on all cylinders, when you're salading for lunch or supper.

SOUP SUGGESTIONS

Oyster Chowder. Make just like clam chowder. After all, clams may have staked a claim as chowder fare, but there's no harm in leasing the recipe to oysters.

Broccoli Soup. Use either leftover or freshly cooked broccoli, even the pared stems. Add cooked celery, a bit of onion. Sieve it. Combine with cooking water and canned chicken soup and milk, half and half. It's a fall-and-winter soup that the children will like as well as you do. Grated cheese goes with this.

Scotch Broth. Just the soup to have if you've had a roast leg of lamb and are left with the bone. To be true to type, it should be simmered long in seasoned water with the addition of 2 tablespoons barley and some split peas. When bone has given its all, remove it and add diced fresh vegetables such as celery, carrots, turnips, onion and canned tomatoes. Season to taste and finish cooking.



"A husband who appreciates your cooking sets a woman up," says Connie. "He's always bringing home a friend or two for dinner. He knows the meal will be good. I'm really very flattered."

★ *How America Lives* ★

Clear to your cup...

COFFEE IS DELICIOUS MADE AND SERVED IN A SILEX COFFEE MAKER



The exclusive Silex "Flavor-Guard" filter is the secret of a perfect cup of coffee every time. It protects delicate flavor from bitter grounds and sediment, filters through all the richness of coffee, crystal clear. Make coffee right, and serve it right in a



SILEX

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COFFEE MAKER

No other iron like it! It's another Silex "first." Watch for it! SILEX STEAM IRON





"I couldn't believe my ears!"



1. Was that *my* youngster saying he actually preferred a *school* day to one of his play-crowded Saturdays? His crony Bruce was openly skeptical. "You think *Thursday* is the best day in the whole week? You must be kidding!" he said bluntly.

2. "Well, o' course I like Saturday," my Sonny admitted, truthfully. Then he added, with a ten-year-old's enthusiasm, "but Thursday's my most fav'rite day of all. You see, that's the night we have Mom's extry special Spaghetti Dinner. Jeepers, is it good!"



3. Bruce must have passed the word along. Soon his mother was phoning me for my spaghetti recipe. "Though I'm so busy nowadays," she added, "I doubt if I could find time to fix the sauce and grate the cheese for a *real* home-cooked spaghetti dinner."



4. "You should see how easy it is!" I said. "I buy this dinner all in one carton—spaghetti, sauce, and grated cheese—and it takes only twelve minutes to prepare. You just ask for Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner. You can get it at any food store."

Spaghetti A La
HECTOR BIOARDI*

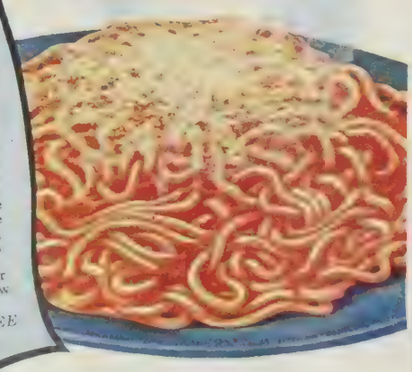
A 12-minute triumph!

The handy Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner carton contains:

1 pkg. extra-fine durum wheat spaghetti
1 large jar of the one and only Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce
1 canister specially blended Parmesan style grated cheese

Drop spaghetti in salted boiling water. While it cooks, heat the sauce over a low flame. In 12 minutes, drain the spaghetti and spread the sauce over it. Then sprinkle on the cheese for the crowning touch. Lady, you've a meal your family will rave over! Children love it. Serves 3 or more generously for a few pennies a portion.

*Pronounced BOY-AR-DEE





Chef BOY-AR-DEE
Spaghetti Dinner

MEET A MODEL MOTHER

(Continued from Page 162)

"Emmy hates all this stuff," she said, busily working. "When I get home, first thing I do is scrub it all off and wear only lipstick. I don't even wear powder in the summer."

Her hair has a slight natural curl. She says she can't afford to have it set, since two hours or so in a beauty parlor means losing $30 in fees. Like most models, she never gets a permanent because she has to change her hair style for practically every picture, and you can't change a permanent. Nor does she ever bother with manicures—when posing, she sometimes has to change her nail-polish color three or four times a day.

Finally she was ready, and we hurried over to the advertising agency, hoping she would pass for either juvenile or sophisticate. In the end it didn't matter, for it was a nail-polish account and all they wanted to see were her hands. Luckily, Connie had put on fresh polish after scrubbing the kitchen floor the night before.

Later that afternoon, after Connie had modeled some hats for several hours, getting $45 and a severe stiff neck, we reported at one of the most famous color-photography studios in the country. On the way up in the elevator, Connie flattened herself against the wall to check up on her posture, a handy way for any woman to pass the time in an elevator.

The receptionist at the studio explained that an advertising client was going to look over a selected group of models and choose one for a special job. No one else had arrived, so Connie and I gazed at the luscious color photographs around the room. Connie explained that the modeling business wasn't very good those days, with the paper shortage and cut in advertising space, not to mention the shortage of film. Photographers weren't willing to waste it working with a new girl, which somewhat mitigated the old bugaboo of modeling—that the more popular you are, the more tired the public gets of your face, and the sooner you are through. Last year, Harry Conover interviewed some sixteen thousand girls and chose about eighty-five. Of these, maybe a dozen reached the top.

As we sat talking, the door opened and a tall, scared-looking girl in black stepped hesitantly in, clutching a thick Manila envelope. Her coat was too long, her hair untidy, and as she walked past we could see that her stockings were wrinkled. "I'm from the Blank agency," she announced, opening the Manila envelope. She handed the contents to the receptionist, who ruffled through them in a bored manner.

"Haven't you any glossies?" she wanted to know. "These newspaper pictures won't do."

"She must have been an actress," Connie whispered. "All those clippings." She watched the would-be model sympathetically as she despondently gathered up her pictures and left. "You see, that's what you have to do when you start. You get some test pictures taken and then carry them around in person to all the studios and mail-order houses and department stores. The hardest thing is getting past the secretaries. And you have to talk yourself up. You have to say, 'I have a nice smile,' or 'My legs are good.' It's awful and you hate yourself, but you have to, the competition's so terrific."

Meanwhile, the present competition began to drift into the studio. There was the exotic, high-fashion type in a severely tailored gray suit and brown fur jacket, with a coronet of braids over her forehead and a disdainful look. She sat showing her pictures to another girl in gray with straight, shining brown hair and a fine-boned, thoroughbred face. The next model to arrive was a well-rounded blonde of the Lana Turner type, with flowing platinum hair and a wide, humorous mouth. She smiled at everyone good-naturedly and announced that she would never get rich modeling, since every time she made a lot of money she stopped working to spend it. The first two stopped looking at each other's pictures long enough to smile distantly.

"It's very hard to make friends in this business," Connie murmured.

In five minutes, three other girls arrived, obviously new at the modeling business and ill-at-ease in the presence of so much *savoir-faire*. Connie smiled at them and they clustered about eagerly, asking what the job was. As usual, nobody knew. One of the girls was a sixteen-year-old Southerner with strawberry-blond hair around a very sweet and naïve face. The two others looked like the kind of fresh, intelligent girls who are usually class presidents in high school.

The secretary announced that the "client" had arrived and that the girls should go in singly. The tension in the room visibly increased as the sophisticated model in brown and gray rose with perfect poise and swept into the other room. She came out in a few minutes and left without speaking. The secretary announced two more names.

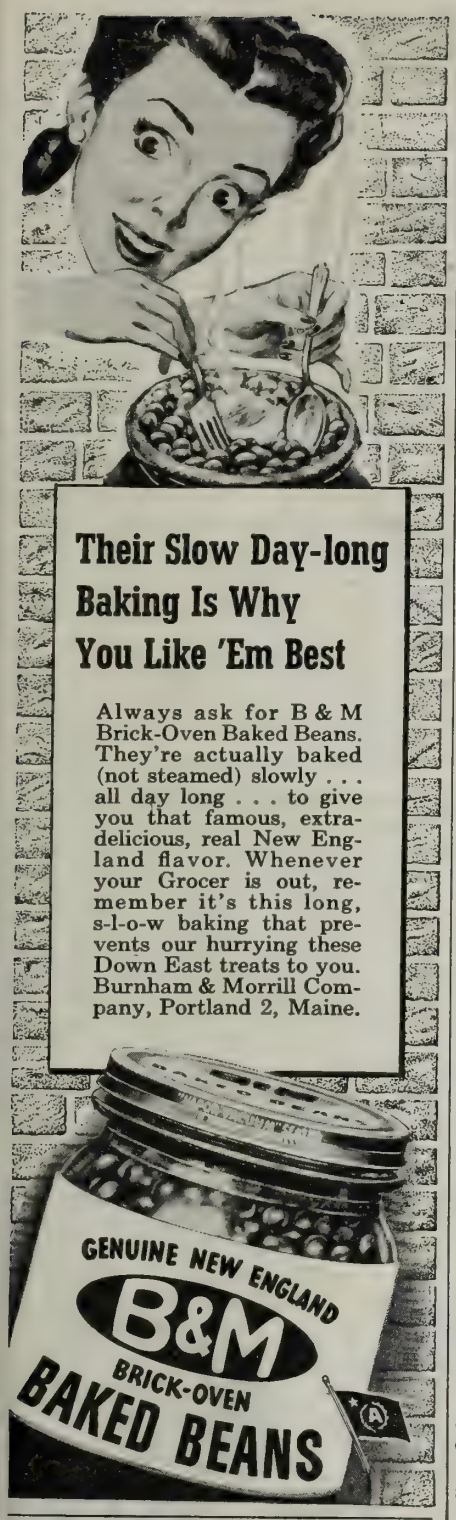
Connie fidgeted. "Don't you hate this?" she whispered. "I'm so nervous!" She stood up and examined her dress hem and we moved the safety pin another inch or two. "Maybe the girl will call me last," she whispered. "That's best, you know. Makes the biggest impression."

That's how it worked out; and moreover, Connie won. She came out looking radiant and we floated off on a rosy cloud of triumph for a double dish of coffee ice cream.

We discussed clothes while we ate. Connie's system is to buy good, conservative basic things and to splurge on accessories

How the Dickmans Spend Their Money

Connie's Earnings		Emerson's Earnings	
Income tax	$2340.00	Food for five	$1040.00
Fee to modeling agency	1170.00	Clothing (for Emerson and babies)	250.00
Clothes for Connie	350.00	Rent	780.00
Carfare	416.00	Gas and light	48.00
Cosmetics	25.00	Insurance	271.00
Nurse for children	1680.00	Doctors and dentists	225.00
Laundry	125.00	Recreation	241.00
Gifts	200.00	Telephone	65.00
Union, charities	100.00	Church and charities	100.00
Endowment policy	640.00	Newspapers and magazines	48.00
War Bonds	1015.00	War Bonds	225.00
Savings	3639.00	Car upkeep	235.00
	$11,700.00		$3528.00







18-HOUR DAYS ARE OVER!

She's given up her welding torch for an egg beater, left the exciting hurly-burly of a shipyard for four small walls. What does she think now about women's "place," about men, money and morals? Twenty-one-year-old Ruth Tillson carried both her babies while welding on the ways. Now home is her sailor husband, and home is she! Don't miss **Meet a Demobilized Housewife** in our How America Lives series. In the

November Journal

She pays about $35 for an afternoon dress, about $20 for a hat. For a good blouse, up to $15. She has about ten pairs of everyday shoes. Eight or nine pairs of gloves in different lengths, styles and colors. Five suits, all of them solid-colored to go with different blouses and bags. A favorite wardrobe trick of models is to buy a plain black skirt and perhaps six blouses to go with it, including tunic styles to give a two-piece-dress appearance.

Except for buying clothes, and a Ford coupé which they still use, Connie thriftily put the bulk of her $200-a-week earnings into Government bonds before she was married. In spite of high taxes, she still manages to save about half her earnings today. During his plush Boston Red Sox days, Emmy took out a lot of insurance, including a $10,000 short-term endowment. The $294 a month Navy pay just wouldn't stretch over the support of four people and almost $1000 a year in premiums as well. So Connie went back to work "for the duration." They plan to spend the $10,000 for a home; they will also need a considerable nest egg to start Emmy in business after his baseball days are over. Most major-league players are through before they reach thirty-five; Emmy is thirty-one now.

Eventually, in the uncertain future, Emmy plans to start a restaurant, or a sports-goods shop.

"Every week I get a different idea," he admits. At any rate, they find the prospect of being on their own exciting.

Connie can't wait for the day she becomes a full-time wife and mother.

"After all, what's glamour?" she asks. "There's no glamour in modeling when you work at it."

And maybe she's right. Someday her grandchildren may discover her scrapbook of pictures and laugh their heads off at how funny women looked in the nineteen-forties.

PLUS FOURS—

(Continued from Page 45)

Now to our knitting. You observe, for I know you are good observers and need no telescopes, that here are four separate meals, not to be prepared all at once or in any special order or in rotation. They are the simplest of food made to look as attractive as possible.

One advantage here is that you can do quite a lot of juggling, taking something from one and subtracting from another to add to one you feel like changing, and why not? There is nothing worse than being static, so keep as flexible as you can. (I'm dying to give you some of those Virginia bread receipts. Do you think I shall be able to, one of these days?)

Fish gets a fall outfit. You can't get me off the subject of fish, even if there is more meat to be had these days. And that reminds me to get *you* to remind me to go into the matter of pompano sometime. With real English sole, it is a fish to conjure



'RICH IN IRON AND VITAMIN D, TOO!

3 Treat-making Bosco is *more* than a chocolate-flavored syrup. Just four teaspoons in the "daily quart" supply *both* the Iron and Vitamin D a normal child must get *every day*. Because Bosco *is* a syrup, it blends in *smooth* with milk. Quick and easy to mix. Economical, too. Get Bosco! Your youngsters will love it.



Every jar of Bosco being made today measures up to high pre-war quality. That is why the supply is temporarily limited. And why it pays to ask for Bosco again and again.



with—more than that, properly and expertly prepared (there's only one good way, in my opinion), it's a fish to end all fish, save trout.

However, get me off pompano, keep me away from clams and oysters and lobsters, and I will tell you of a more simple dish, done with avocados.

FISH-AND-AVOCADO CASSEROLE

Poach 1½ pounds of fish fillets in 1½ cups of milk seasoned with salt and pepper, until they are tender. Melt 6 tablespoons of butter or margarine. Blend in 6 tablespoons of flour. Drain the milk from the fish and add enough fresh milk to make 3 cups. Add gradually to the thickening, or roux, and stir constantly until smooth and without a lump. The double boiler is best to cook this or any other sauce in. Season the sauce with ½ teaspoon of salt, a dash of pepper, 1½ teaspoons of Worcestershire sauce. Blend 2½ teaspoons of dry mustard to a thin paste with a little cold water and stir into the sauce. Taste, for a little more salt may be needed. With a pancake turner, lift out the fish and arrange on an ovenproof glass platter or in a shallow baking dish. Pour the sauce over the fish. Peel and slice 1 ripe avocado and arrange the strips over the fish and sauce. Don't hide every inch of the avocado under the sauce. Remember the light and the bushel! Sprinkle toasted slivered almonds around the edge of the dish. Run the platter under the broiler until the sauce bubbles and is patched with brown. Or you can bake it fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven and come out fine and dandy.

Did they grow for you? I mean broccoli and tomatoes. Our gardener had a small garden back of our cutting beds in the orchard, and he grew such tomatoes as never were on land or sea. Best of all, he trained them tall, and they made a beautiful background for the beds, much handsomer than hollyhocks. He grew broccoli and peppers, which endeared him to me no end. For how I love a pepper! Broccoli, being only a young girl cabbage who made a misalliance, never appealed to me until a few years back. But I have grown older. I like broccoli now.

BAKED TOMATOES—BROCCOLI STUFFING

Cut a slice off the tops of 6 large firm tomatoes. Scoop out the pulp. Salt lightly and set to drain. Mix 2 cups of chopped cooked broccoli with 2 cups of the tomato pulp. Add 1 cup of cracker crumbs, 1¼ teaspoons of salt, a dash of pepper and 2 tablespoons of grated onion. A slice of crisp cooked bacon, crumbled, helps to flavor, but you don't *have* to have it. Mix very thoroughly and fill tomatoes with this mixture. Dot the tomatoes with butter, margarine or bacon fat. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., until tomatoes are soft, but do not let them *over*bake or they will split. If it should be that you like buttered crumbs on baked tomatoes, I should feel all right.

Pudding days are here again. When I see or hear the word "pudding," it means a steamed or boiled or baked dish. I can't think of cold things as puddings. *You* know, mousses and Nesselrodes and such. I suppose they *are*. To me they are not.

But now you are coming along to the days that are cold enough to have *real* puddings—such as baked Indian and fig and date, steamed dumplings just bursting at the seams with juice from good red apples.

STEAMED DATE PUDDING

Melt 3 tablespoons of butter or margarine. Add ½ cup of molasses, ½ cup of milk and 1 teaspoon of lemon flavoring. Mix well. Sift 1⅓ cups of flour, ½ teaspoon of baking soda, ¼ teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoon of nutmeg, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon. Mix ⅓ cup of flour with ½ pound of dates cut into small pieces. Add the liquids to the dry ingredients. Stir in the floured dates. Turn into a well-greased pudding mold and steam two hours. Serve with orange sauce.

And the sauce too. Hard sauce is best with this pudding, as it is with most boiled

Party Pancakes

. . . a famous delicacy made the modern way with Duff's Waffle Mix



Hint for the hostess who likes the unusual

There's a touch of culinary genius in this blending of flavors. Thin, featherlight pancakes first spread with cream cheese, then rolled. Flanked by a tart-sweet jelly, such as currant, and firm, spiced pears, it's a dish to serve proudly. The pancakes will be perfect if you use that quick, complete versatile Duff's Waffle Mix!

Just add Water -that's all!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



steamed puddings. But lacking—you ow what—you may have to pretend that u never cared for it, anyway, although ere is a very good one that comes in jars d may be found occasionally. Here and w I offer for your consideration a nice little ice that serves the purpose nicely.

ORANGE SAUCE

Mix 1 tablespoon of cornstarch with ⅓ p of granulated sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt in a saucepan. Stir in ¾ cup of iling water and continue stirring over rect heat until the mixture boils. Re- ve from the heat and blend in ½ cup of ange juice, the grated rind of 1 orange d 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine.

ck to earth. You may think there is thing very thrilling about sausages except e adventure of finding them in the market. t thrilling or not, they are very nice to ve these snappy early-fall days. And done h good old-fashioned Lima beans, they ke a main dish that any husband will tle for—and stay away from those wicked ints where she who will not cater to his urious tastes might drive him.

SAUSAGE-AND-LIMA-BEAN CASSEROLE

Soak 2 packages of Lima beans overnight cold water. Cook in 2 quarts of water h 2 teaspoons of salt, 2 pieces of celery, ed, 1 cup of chopped onion, 1 clove of lic, minced, and 1 bay leaf, crushed. ok until the beans are just tender. Add ip of canned tomato sauce or condensed nato soup and 1 cup of stock made from at paste mixed with hot water. Pour o a casserole and bake one hour in a derate oven, 350° F. Sauté ½ pound of k sausages, but don't overdo. They get re cooking soon. Mix the drippings in ough the beans and arrange the sau- es over the top. Continue baking wly one and a half hours, or until the ns are well flavored from the juices. he beans should cook too dry, add addi- ial water or stock. They mustn't be autumn leaves, you know.

Don't be misled. There is a school that goes for piecrust where only biscuit crust should ever be found. Take chicken or meat pies, for instance. Here in this benighted town you can't get a chicken pie with plenty of gravy and biscuit crust, with a lot of extra gravy and extra biscuits too. No, ma'am, it's the old song-and-dance *pie*crust, thin and sort of mincing, like a Victorian damsel with buttoned shoes and a lace parasol. Mincing, that's it.

Anyway, when you make a slump or a cobbler, don't fall for piecrust. That belongs to quite another kettle of greens, as they say. Keep it where it belongs. And here's your dessert. If you've got the sugar to spare, use it, for it will make your cobbler sweeter, and cranberries aren't noted for being the sweetest berries God ever made.

CRANBERRY COBBLER

Heat 2½ cups of light corn sirup to a boil with ½ cup of water (or 2 cups sugar with 1 cup water). Add 1 quart of cranberries, the grated rind of 1 orange and 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine. Let it stand while making 1 receipt of biscuit dough. Roll out the dough to fit your casserole and cut into servings, or cut the dough into circles or squares. Pour the cranberry mixture into the casserole. Top with the biscuit dough and bake in a hot oven, 450° F., fifteen to twenty minutes.

A favorite meal. One thing I'm crazy about is spaghetti. Macaroni, the big sister, too, is often on my table. In fact, all the good Italian pastes are much to my liking. I go to a little Italian place a few miles from my home, just for spaghetti and meat balls. And when they have breaded pork chops, very thin, very brown, so tender you could cut them with a fork, you will find me there. It is cooking at its best, though the food is simple. I go there often.

A slightly different spaghetti sauce to add to your collection is my gift to you right now. And if you have them and want to, put the meat balls right in.

Now! MAKE REAL CHILI CON CARNE AND OTHER DELICIOUS MEXICAN DISHES



With THIS ORIGINAL GEBHARDT SEASONING

MEXICAN COOKERY for AMERICAN HOMES

GEBHARDT brings you the basic seasoning for delicious Mexican cookery . . . genuine, imported Mexican ancho chili peppers and other rare spices blended and proportioned by the exclusive Gebhardt process . . . all ready to use, in one handy bottle. With Gebhardt's Eagle Chili Powder and a copy of Gebhardt's famous recipe book, you can make real Chili con Carne and many other delightful Mexican dishes.



Free RECIPES in every package of Gebhardt's Chili Powder. Buy a Bottle—use the Recipes.

Gebhardt's EAGLE CHILI POWDER

One morning crumble it!



See—in a moment you've made Nabisco Shredded Wheat look like a tempting *new* breakfast treat! But you haven't changed that wonderful *natural* wheat flavor that folks never tire of! Serve with bananas, sugar and top-milk—*there's* a dandy meal!



Next try it toasted!

Cut Nabisco Shredded Wheat in halves. Sprinkle with brown sugar, dot with butter, and brown lightly under broiler. Serve with top-milk. *Another* new-and-different breakfast Nabisco Shredded Wheat makes possible!

Then serve hot...with spiced milk!

Fixing's no trouble! Just quickly dip Nabisco Shredded Wheat in hot salted water, drain. Sweeten milk with honey, add a dash of nutmeg, and pour over biscuits. A *scrumptious hot* cereal...sugar-saving...and hearty! Small wonder Nabisco Shredded Wheat is a "cereal shelf" in itself! Hot, cold, toasted—it's delicious *every* way! Be sure to get the *original* Niagara Falls product—NABISCO Shredded Wheat.

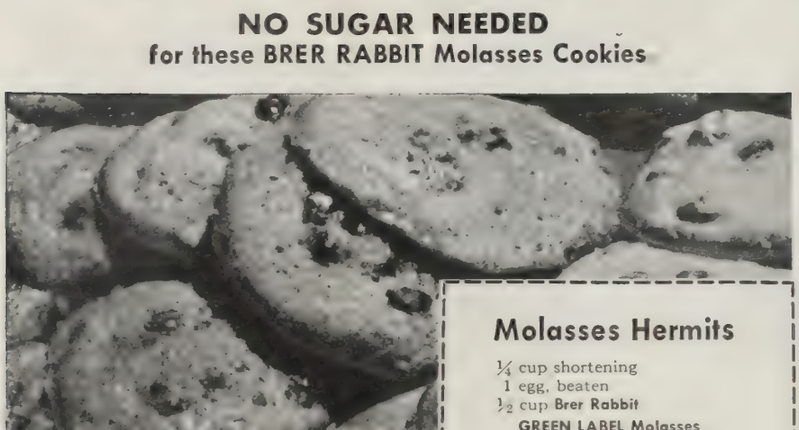


The delicious whole-wheat cereal you can serve a dozen different ways!

ANOTHER DELICIOUS PRODUCT BAKED BY NABISCO NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

SAVE SUGAR

NO SUGAR NEEDED
for these BRER RABBIT Molasses Cookies



Molasses Hermits

¼ cup shortening
1 egg, beaten
½ cup **Brer Rabbit GREEN LABEL Molasses**
1½ cups sifted flour
¼ teaspoon baking soda
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sour milk or buttermilk
½ cup raisins, chopped

Cream shortening, then stir in egg and molasses. Mix and sift dry ingredients; add alternately with sour milk to first mixture, beating well after each addition. Stir in raisins. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls on greased or oiled baking sheet. Bake in hot oven 400° F.) 10 minutes or until done. Makes 3 dozen.

BRER RABBIT
NEW ORLEANS
MOLASSES

OVER 60% NATURAL SUGAR

That sugar in Brer Rabbit Molasses comes straight from the sugar cane. *Real* sugar—in its natural form.

RICH IN IRON

Iron is *essential for good red blood!* Brer Rabbit Molasses is one of the richest sources of food iron.



TWO TYPES:

For cooking, get *Green Label* Brer Rabbit—dark, full-flavored molasses.

For table use and fancy cooking, use *Gold Label* Brer Rabbit—light, mild-flavored.

FREE! 15 SUGAR-SAVING RECIPES!

Send me your leaflet, giving recipes for *no-sugar* desserts. Also valuable 52-page cookbook containing 116 fine molasses recipes; with washable cover and large, clear illustrations. *Both free.*

Name_____
Print Name and Address

Address_____

(Paste this coupon on penny postcard and mail to: BRER RABBIT, c/o Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La., Dept. J 10-5.)

CARUSO SAUCE

This is a meatless sauce, and you may as well know it now. Make it up like this and keep it in the refrigerator to use as you need it. It is well to have some always on hand. Cook 2 cups of chopped onion until transparent in ½ cup of oil—salad or olive. Now add 2 cloves of garlic, finely minced, and ½ pound of mushrooms, sliced, or the fine canned ones that are to be found some of the time in most places. Simmer over low heat until the mushrooms and onions are browned a little. Now add 2 cups of water and 2 or 3 teaspoons of meat paste, 1 teaspoon of salt and 4 cups of canned tomato sauce. Add ¼ teaspoon of mixed herbs and simmer for about one half hour. You'd better taste this—it might need here a little and there a little. This sauce doesn't mind a bit being reheated, so do not hesitate.

Going French. I can make a meal of mushrooms on toast or on broiled tomatoes any time. So this is a slightly enlarged version of the vegetable-plate meal. There is nothing French about it except a word. *Soubise* is French. It is a nice word and can be tacked on to practically everything that can be served with what amounts to creamed onions. It is pronounced soubise. I don't know what it means exactly, but I know it's a sauce of creamed, chopped onions. And why it can't string along with a baked potato is beyond me. Anyway, it is going to, and let the chips fly in all directions. There's an ocean between me and the French, so I should worry.

BAKED POTATOES SOUBISE

Scrub and oil 6 or 8 good-sized baking potatoes. Bake until done. While the potatoes are baking, prepare the following sauce: Cook 2 cups of chopped onion in a little salted water until tender. Drain thoroughly. Mix with 1 cup of cream sauce, using 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons of flour to 1 cup of thin cream or top milk. When the potatoes are baked, cut a slice off the top of each and scoop out with a spoon. Mash the potato with hot milk, salt and pepper, butter or margarine until light and fluffy. Add 1 egg, well beaten. Refill the potato shells with the mashed-potato mixture—heaping them up high and with a spoon scoop out part of the potato in the center and fill with the creamed onions. Brown in a hot oven.

I can't do it now. My temptations are almost beyond my strength. I should love to write a whole piece just about oysters, for we've arrived at what I consider the made-to-order oyster month. And that reminds me to tell you a true story you've never heard.

I had a cook for a brief period severa years ago, who couldn't cook. (There's noth ing new about *that*.) Speaking of made-to order brought her to mind. Finally I inti mated that we would be happier if perma nently parted, and she agreed that that wa so. And, as she left the library after ou interview, she turned and remarked, "Any way, I never had no job like this before *I* was in ready-to-wear." Funny how on remembers the most foolish things.

Well, maybe someday I'll do oysters to turn—and hot breads. But not now. must to more immediate matters. And tha includes getting this meal ready. For alon with the fruit we shall have ——

MOLASSES CRISPS

Mix together ½ cup of molasses, ¼ cu of sugar and ¼ teaspoon of salt in a sauce pan. Cook to a temperature of 250° F., o until the sirup forms a firm ball in col water. Add 1½ teaspoons of butter or mar garine. Pour in a fine stream over 5½ cup of crisp corn flakes and ½ cup of roaste peanuts, or 6 cups of the corn flakes if yo don't like peanuts. But you do, don' you? Mix lightly but thoroughly with fork as you pour the sirup, so the siru will be distributed evenly. Shape int balls. When first mixed it is hot to handl but after a minute or so it will be coo enough. Just keep everlastingly at it an you'll come out all right. It's like the ol popcorn-ball technique. Only have yo crisps small.

Down Memory Street. How I wish could find two things left in life: one, an ol time county fair; the other, a real and n synthetic country auction. Both combo the county, but not both were strictly cou try. Those of you who have been to bot will know what I mean.

I've written of both too often to go into again. But when there's a faint fragrance wood smoke and the odor of burning leav in the air—yes, even here in this suburba village—it all comes back and I look at th falling year with longing in my heart. Th blue haze, the smell of apples, the pumpki ripening in the corn too early spent—the spell homesickness and wishes that canno be granted ever again.

Our garden is strangely silent. The bir who taught me their calls have almost a gone now. But the chrysanthemums are full bloom, and the late roses too. The broo races over the rocks, refreshed by the fa rains, and life will go on, even if I can't s it. For it keeps its secrets well, it never te you *all*.

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

ONE disadvantage from having a boy younger than his sisters is that the girls may decide they know how to manage men.

Every child is entitled to one softhearted parent.

A boy loaded down with fine clothes is like a plane grounded with excess weight.

There are two stages in the life of a parent; in the first he knows too much, in the second he knows too little.

Saying "yes" to the children because "all the other kids are doing it" may be the same as jumping your own bid at an auction.

Peak of absent-mindedness: Putting on a pair of glasses to answer the telephone.

In raising children, the praise method should not be underestimated. I have yet to meet an adult who doesn't progress on a little flattery.

Mothers are now called "medieval" i stead of "old-fashioned."

Children should not be worshiped *blind* but telling them they are wonderful giv them something to live up to.

I intend to do my best to prepare m daughters for poverty or riches; soapsuds bubble baths.

The most successful parent is the o who keeps his child from *needing* to be pu ished.

Correcting a child before his playmates as disastrous to his feelings as what happe to rayon under a hot iron.

The kind of house that has character i stead of conveniences.

She is the kind of woman who always h the strength to finish any job she starts an worse still, to start it.

★ ★



A LIFT FOR THE LUNCHBOX WITH PILLSBURY'S BEST

GUARANTEED BAKING BEAUTIES! If you've always thought of *cupcakes* as "just something extra" to wind up a meal—wait till you take *these* beauties out of your oven! They're good—*plenty* good . . . and lots of *fun* to bake. Switch to PILLSBURY'S BEST for *all* your baking, with *any* good recipes. You'll be ever so proud of your cakes and pies, your rolls and bread and biscuits—you'll get compliments from your family on *everything* you bake. Remember . . . you bake your best with Pillsbury's Best—and you're *sure* before you start!

Ann Pillsbury's PRIZE CUPCAKES

To glorify a lunchbox or top off a meal at home—here's baking at its best with Pillsbury's Best

Bake at 375° F. for 20 to 25 minutes — Makes 14 cupcakes

- **Sift together three times** 1¾ cups sifted PILLSBURY'S BEST Enriched FLOUR; 3 teaspoons baking powder (or 2 teaspoons double-acting); ½ teaspoon salt
- **Cream** . . . ½ cup shortening; add gradually 1 cup sugar, creaming until light and fluffy.
- **Add** . . . . . 2 eggs, one at a time; beat about one minute after each addition.
- **Combine** . . ⅔ cup milk and 1 teaspoon vanilla; add alternately with dry ingredients to creamed mixture; blend thoroughly after each addition; beat well after last addition only.
- **Fill** . . . . . greased muffin pans ⅔ full.
- **Bake** . . . . . in moderate oven (375° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

VARIATIONS

Lemon: Blend 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 3 tablespoons grated lemon rind with creamed shortening and sugar in cupcake recipe. Proceed as directed.

Marble: Blend 1½ squares (1½ oz.) melted chocolate into one-half of cupcake batter. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full with alternating teaspoons of chocolate and plain batter. Bake as directed.

TOPPINGS

Jelly: Cut out small star or heart shaped designs from tops of cooled cupcakes. Fill with jelly.

Cream Cheese: Soften cream cheese with milk or cream. Spread mixture on cupcakes and decorate with jelly or nut halves.

Peanut Butter: Blend together ¼ cup peanut butter, 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine, ¼ cup brown sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Frost cupcakes and top with nut halves. Frosts 7 cupcakes.



Pillsbury's Best *Enriched* Flour

★ FOR GUARANTEED BAKING

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FRANCES DENNEY
More Beauty for You

"HOW DOES SHE DO IT?"

(Continued from Page 171)

ticked along more smoothly if I made myself eat and rest as regularly as I did the children. While I work I really work, but when we're resting I put everything else out of my mind and rest hard. For me, it always worked out best that way. I could finish out the rest of the day at top speed then instead of dawdling half-alive. And most important, I'd be more fun for my husband to come home to!"

Although Emily is a big help, mornings still buzz with activity. No turning over and groaning when the alarm goes off at seven, but it isn't too bad when you've gone to bed in time for the traditional eight hours. While Emily gets the children up, dressed and fed, Connie prepares breakfast for them all. Emmy (her husband) is off very early, about ten of eight. Between then and the departure of her usual train, the 9:10, Connie dresses herself for the eyes of the world—this must be careful—gets the children started on their projects for the morning, discusses crises about the meat or the milkman with Emily, and sprints to the station!

"On the train, I do something pretty terrible," Connie confesses. "But that's another thing I guess working mothers will understand—that you have to fit odd jobs in when you see a little chink of opportunity, even if the time or place may not seem very suitable. I always try to sit in the very last seat and put the finishing touches on my face there. Now that I've confessed that much I may as well admit that I put my nail polish on there too. That's why the local's better for me—the express gets there a little faster, but I need the stops to do the edges neatly!"

MARKETING lists, menu planning are train jobs, too, and letter writing is taken care of on the coming-home train. Connie does small fill-in marketing on the way home from the station when she gets back early enough, but the main event takes place on Saturday, when the whole family drive down to do a big economical job of it.

If she can possibly avoid it, Connie takes no evening appointments, so she is almost always home in time to help prepare dinner and sit down by seven or seven-thirty with her two men. For Dicky, by taking forty extra winks afternoons, has now reached the proud estate of being allowed to stay up for dinner. (Fun for Dicky, even more for mother and dad, who don't have much other time to enjoy him together.) Since he's rather a fussy eater, this system works well, for he valiantly eats whatever his daddy does. After dinner, the menfolk are likely to read the funnies together for a bit, while Connie helps Emily with the dishes.

As soon as Dicky is put to bed, Connie must get her clothes completely organized for the next day's appointments: accessories assembled, handbag and hatbox filled with supplies, everything brushed and polished as if its life depended on the care it gets—which of course it does, in Connie's case. It's this night-before session that enables her to get out of the house in the morning whirl on time and intact.

Emily has week ends off, except once in a while when she comes back on Saturday nights and stays over until next noon so that Connie and Emmy may play golf together on a bright Sunday morning. Saturday is Connie's day for marketing and for "catching up on a million things," as you can well imagine.

Sundays, she and Emmy get dinner together, do dishes together, share the care of the children. Emmy's wonderful about helping, Connie says—partly because he's just that kind of person, and partly, we suspect, because Connie has a talent in housekeeping that the masculine mind approves of. She can and does "eliminate the negative." Her own mother, who is as beautiful as Connie in a mature fashion, and a fine housekeeper, marvels at the amount of work Connie saves herself by cutting down on nonessentials.

The Dickmans' attractive apartment, decorated mostly by Connie's own clever



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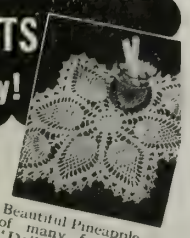
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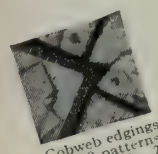
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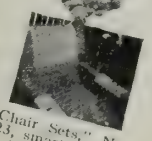
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- ☐ "Women's Sweaters," No. 225
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Name.....
Address.....

fingers, is restfully free of gadgets and clutter, planned for wide-open spaces to invite a baby's first exploring trips. "I refuse to have a thing around that isn't baby-proof," laughs Connie. "I think they should be able to enjoy their home too." So she has made simple, gay chintz bedspreads and drapes for the bedroom, tailored slip covers for the living room, all washable, painted most of the furniture so that finger marks are not a tragedy, just something a damp cloth can take care of easily. The cool, bare, easily moppable floors are dotted with washable rugs.

Connie loves an attractively set table as we all do, but now she's going in for washable place mats and bright paper napkins instead of the white linen damask her mother thought necessary. She keeps their entertaining informal, so it's never a chore instead of the fun it's meant to be. Connie can whip up a meal—sandwiches, salad and coffee, or a big casserole of beans or macaroni—delicious, though simple, and serve it buffet-style with a speed and an air that leave her more formal mother breathless when she remembers the hours of preparation she spent on her early entertaining. Connie's guests inevitably enjoy themselves since no "frazzled hostess" look reproaches them for coming.

All the laundry except the children's clothes and her personal washables goes out. She thinks the children look smarter in very simple clothes—knows they're happier and that laundry is less of a problem. One of Connie's wash-saving tricks is to make the diaper service, now that, at long last, they have it again, render its full measure of help. "Extras" are useful for so many things—for bibbing the baby while he's being fed, for bibbing mother's shoulder while he's being burped, for various and sundry mopping-up operations. Emmy had a few bad moments when the precious service—"after Emily, the biggest help of all"—was cut down and they thought they might have to do without it again. "Oh, boy," groaned Emmy, "that's bad." For when they had to do diapers by hand at home during Dicky's baby days in Florida, wringing was his job—and even that strong pitching arm found it an achy business! During this time, Connie found that disposable diaper inserts, to be placed inside regular diapers, made washing much easier by protecting them from hard-to-remove stains. These are fine to use when traveling or visiting too.

Almost as soon as he could walk, she trained Dicky, by repeated praises and appreciation of his thoughtfulness, to return his toys as he finished playing with them to shelves she had arranged in a corner of his bedroom, low enough for him to reach. (Tip—Connie says this praise method of persuasion works as well with little boys as it does with big ones!) The initial expense of time and patience is already paying off interest now in good habits formed for Dicky; and for mother, endless picking up is saved. Bobby's turn will come very soon now. But outside of this rule, Connie doesn't believe in constant watching and "no, no-ing," nor in fussy, over-dressed-up clothes or homes for children.

"Of course I love beautiful things for my home, but right now possessions don't mean a thing to me if they're fragile and hard to care for, if I have to keep worrying the children about them. I'm for simple things I can cope with myself without too much trouble, and that leave me free to enjoy my babies and my husband." Wise girl, to know that the most decorative object a home can boast of is a healthy, happy baby!

The charming person seems always to be giving us something, her affection, her good will, her high spirits, her sociableness, all without effort. There is no putting the best foot forward, and so we feel at ease. —MADAME VIONET: Quoted in Famous Quotations, by Eleanor Boykin. (Home Institute, Inc.)

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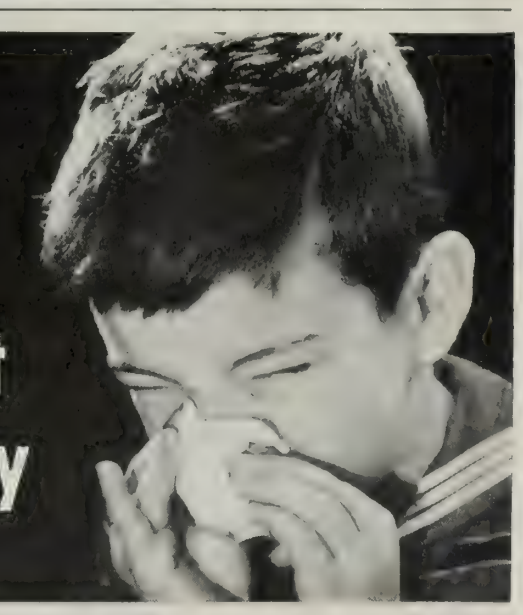
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When thick, stubborn mucus clogs that cold-sick nose and breathing is almost impossible, don't try to blow the congested passages open! Hard blowing makes tender membranes sore! May even increase the stopped-up discomfort!

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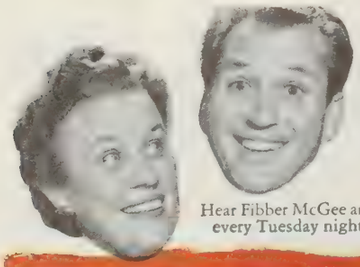
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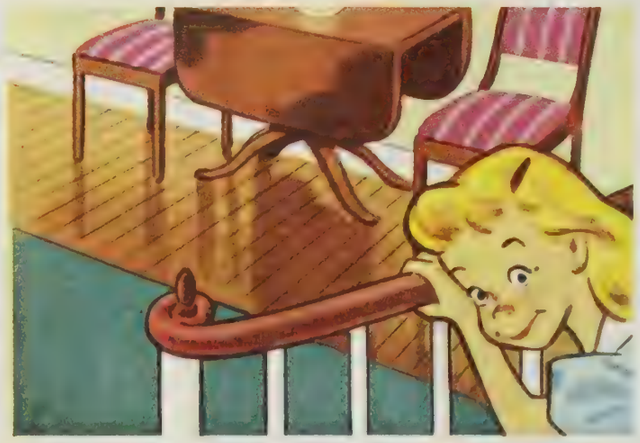
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"Let's begin with the finish," says Fibber McGee, "and wax it!"



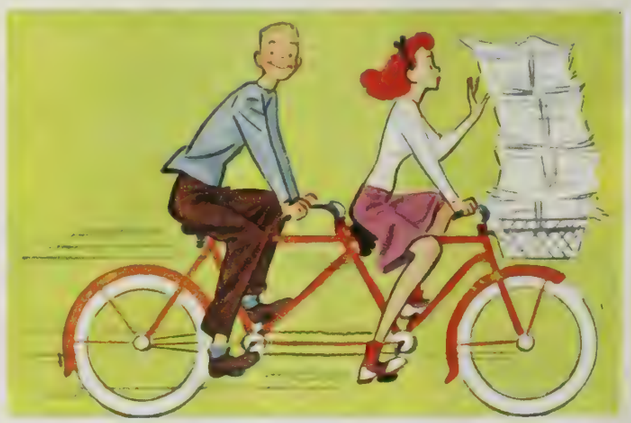
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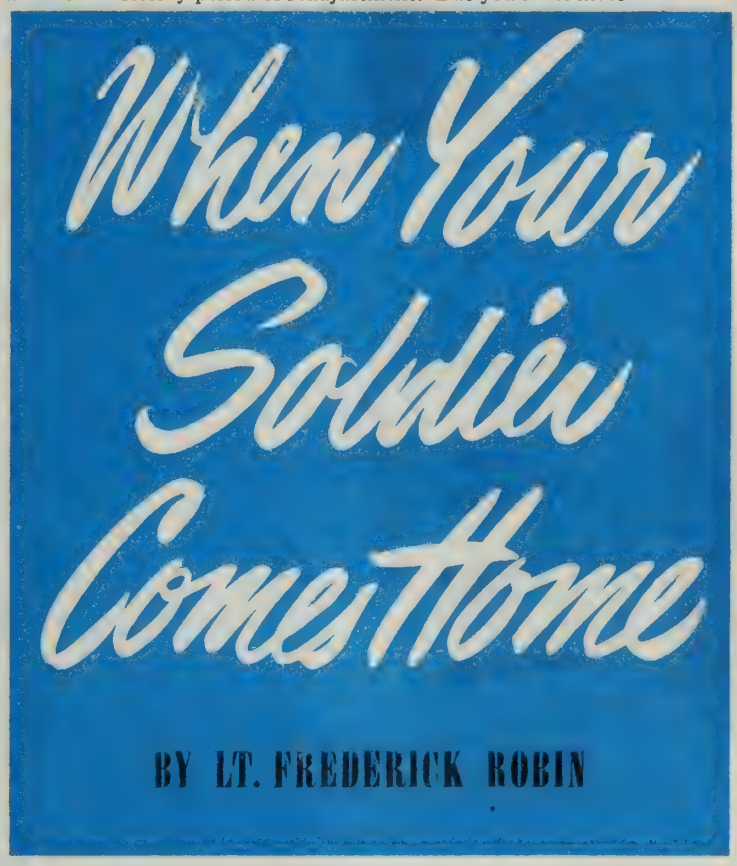
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AT FIRST, HE MAY FIND IT MORE DIFFICULT TO LIVE WITH YOU THAN WITHOUT YOU



As a former front-line infantryman, returned because of wounds incurred during the Battle of the Bulge, I've read a spate of articles dealing with the problems of readjustment for the returned veteran. I compare them with my own experiences and those of my friends. It makes me wonder how people who haven't gone through what we have can write so glibly about it. These articles carry the easy assurances from experts whose eyes are closed to the variety of human nature and the complexity of modern war. They write as if all men return with similar reactions and face similar problems.

Today the word "soldier" is so inclusive that it covers both sexes, and a soldier's job is divided into thousands of specializations other than fighting. For a very few the war meant forward foxholes, house-to-house fighting or combat missions. For most men it meant handling supplies, checking reports, driving vehicles, drilling recruits, building roads, repairing equipment, working in offices and a host of other necessary functions.

The odds are that your soldier won't come back from the war with horrible memories. He is likely to shrug off inquiries about combat and feel a little guilty and frustrated, as if having been cheated out of a great experience. As with most soldiers, war for him has meant drudgery, not heroics.

If it is not the strain of combat, then what makes readjustment to normal life so difficult? The answer is: Having been a soldier, he finds it hard to be a civilian. Having missed you greatly, he has been forced to find ways of getting along without you. Having loved his fellow soldiers and hated the Army, he is lost when turned free as a civilian. Having looked forward so long and earnestly to civilian life, he finds it dull stuff compared with his dreams.

After the first few whirlwind hours, the actual problems of readjustment begin. It is a little like the letdown that follows the honeymoon, when jobs and finances compete with hugs and kisses. Your man has grown apart from former friends who have not been to war and, among a crowd of civilians, he searches for G. I.'s. It is as though, underneath the new civilian suit, he wears an invisible khaki uniform.

The transition is difficult for him because he feels lonely. For the first time in years, he is not surrounded by hundreds of other men who are very much like himself. He met the difficulties of basic training with comrades. Together with them, he faced the war and sweated out his discharge. Now that he is out, he is alone. And in that terrible loneliness, the past is touched with a softer light. He senses a new, mocking truth in the ironical barracks advice: "Quit your kicking, soldier. When you get out and become a civilian again, you'll never find it as easy as in the Army. You found a home in the Army."

This prophecy, which satirizes every G.I.'s desire for discharge, now assumes a partial truth. He discovers, upon being separated from the service, that he had found a home, that he had belonged to this special world whether he liked the Army or not. In the months that follow he learns, as all of us do, that the way of the returned soldier is hard and lonely.

You must understand that his conception of civilian life has all the glittering novelty of holidays and none of the drab routine of workdays. The postwar world he has imagined is essentially a retreat from the past years of regimentation when, by contrast, civilian life appeared so desirable. To a soldier, it is a special sort of existence, free from regulations and not responsible to an alien will. And because these privileges are denied him, the soldier feels distant and somewhat hostile toward others. His world divides into two groups: "the guy who's in and the guy who's not in." The latter lives off the soldier and prospers through his adversity. Civilians are selfish, grasping and complacent.

Now that he has changed sides, the ingrained values apply to himself. His conscience begins to work as he remembers that others are soldiers while he is free. No matter how much action he may have seen, nor how much he may have sacrificed, he feels guilty. A soldier in time of war always feels that he is doing less than others. If he is in this country, he feels guilty because he is not overseas. Back in rear echelon, he feels guilty because he is not in the front lines. In the front lines, he feels guilty if the sector is quiet. After a fierce engagement, he feels guilty because he has survived, while his friends were killed, or because he was wounded and evacuated while they remained. When he comes home for good, discharged on points or wounds, inside him that guilty feeling is reinforced by a sense of loneliness.

He wants a special sort of comradeship which cannot be found outside the society of fighting men. No matter how much you mean to him, you cannot provide that. He must repress this loneliness and struggle along for a while without this comradeship until the desire for it gradually dies.

"No matter how difficult it will be at first, we'll make out all right," you wives and wives-to-be exclaim. "We love each other, and we'll work it through."

And that's likely to be the truest prophecy. Your love can be the anchor that steadies him during the stormy period of readjustment. But you must meet it with more than blind love. You must have patience and understanding. Even the intimate character of his love for you has been affected subtly and deeply by the long separation. Your man who found it so hard to live apart from you may find it almost as difficult to live with you again. The soldier, adoring and worshipful when away, may be a perplexed and unwilling Romeo when home again. Somewhere along the line he has become unduly sensitive. You'll notice his tendency to fly off the handle and say things to you that he doesn't mean.

Part of this friction you can rightly attribute to the fact that he is feeling the strain of readjustment and is "taking it out on you." A measure of that you can understand and forgive, but there will be times when he is with you, but his thoughts are a million miles away; he seems to withdraw within himself. You almost suspect that he doesn't want you any more. It's then that you need to have a deeper comprehension of what lies behind this unwelcome turn in your relationship.

Your soldier has been away from you and from the American community for a comparatively long time. His position in an all-male world and his fleeting excursions into the civilian life of other countries have given him little preparation for a return to close association with the distaff side. You, as an American woman, have a higher status and more importance than the women of any other country; and to your G. I., that is not a dry sociological fact. He has spent time in another world where men rule supreme and where women are marginal creatures at best. It will be difficult at first for him to yield to so many feminine influences. He is not accustomed to more than intermittent contact with female society and so, when you suddenly burst upon him, however welcome you will be initially, he will shortly reach a saturation point.

As a result of the long period of absence, he is not prepared to resume the close partnership with you as an equal and to accept you without reservations. He will tend to resent inroads on what little privacy he has managed to safeguard against years of Army effort to make him an interchangeable unit. From force of habit, he will guard his affections and private thoughts closely. His long-checked emotions are not released easily again just by removing the uniform. He has been independent of you for so long that sharing his life with you comes hard at first.

While he has been separated from you, he has thought about you often and missed you deeply. Out of that longing and desire has grown an image which is not you so much as an idealized version of you. Since he could not have you in his everyday world, he has enshrined you on an impossibly high pedestal in his dream world.

You would be flattered but a little scared to know the complete extent of his worship. Your picture is in his wallet and taped inside his helmet. As a doughboy, he gives his rifle your name and fondles it. If a tanker, he paints your name on his turret. Wherever he goes, you go beside him. Your picture comes out frequently, not for his own inspection (he won't forget you), but for the benefit and enlightenment of his buddies. It gets to be a case of, "I'll admire yours if you'll admire mine." But privately he adds, "Mine's really much nicer."

There you have been for these many months—a perfect being in his imagination. But the separation has been long and, even if you hold an undisputed claim to all his affections, what about less ethereal substitutes?

Well, you have them. That is the cold truth. It is the rare soldier who can honestly say that he has never, even in any degree, strayed from the straight and narrow path into the regions you would place "Off Limits" to him. The G. I. slang for it is "liberating a girl," and it means just what you suspect. Remember those pictures of cheering girls who bestowed their affections on the victorious Yanks in Paris and Rome? There were a lot of towns and villages in occupied Europe where the Yanks were just as warmly welcomed by women who hadn't seen their own men for years. To them your soldier looked pretty good. Well, why not? He looks pretty good to you, doesn't he?

Your soldier met a very ardent public which embraced him literally as well as figuratively. He brought not only freedom but also chocolate, cigarettes, food and American gallantry. And they showed their gratitude in diverse ways.

In the soldier's unwritten code of morals, these lapses are perfectly excusable. The hedonistic philosophy, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," is perfectly suited to military life. Were it not for the satisfactions offered by these occasional flings, his life would be more difficult. Through these forbidden adventures, he preserves the remnant of a private life and gains an outlet for repressed urges and new patience to go out again. If his conscience troubles him he thinks, "What the hell, I may as well get some fun out of life. I may be killed soon. And it won't hurt Her anyhow."

Even if there is little possibility of being killed, he acts as though there were. As Kipling said of other soldiers in other wars, "Single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints." Nor do married men either. In fact, G. I. philosophers believe, "Some married men are the biggest wolves. They know how to howl the loudest."

So, missing you and being very human, your man kicks over the traces *(Continued on Page 204)*



"My bottles go behind the door!"

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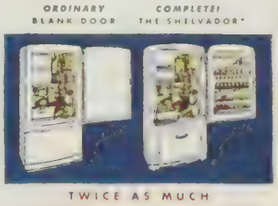




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JASON AND THE CRIMSON FLEECE

(Continued from Page 33)

everywhere. Then he heard reluctant steps, the brisk click of high heels.

"Why," said the red-haired waitress, "would a girl kiss you if she didn't even know you? Did she think you were someone else? Or were you kidding me?"

"I wasn't kidding," Jason said. "She did. And she didn't think I was someone else. Anyhow, I don't think so."

Curiosity struggled in the amber-green eyes. The girl nodded toward the soda fountain. "You can buy me a drink."

They went into the store and Jason was aware of her tallness again. She was five feet seven or eight, which pleased him. He was six-two and felt funny with small girls.

"I'm Jill Morrison," she said forbiddingly.

"Jason Warner. Pleased to know you."

"Well?" she prompted, still half hostile, still on guard.

He told her about it. His ears burned. It sounded silly, laid out in words. He'd been in the Army. Fort Dix. Got a week's leave, but he lived in California, so he couldn't get home. A bunch he knew were Brooklyn boys and he went home with one of them. Had a pretty good time, and then they came to the train to go back to camp. They all had their girls except him. He didn't have any girl. Matter of fact, even in California he'd had no regular girl, let alone here in New York.

"We stood around the train gate," he said, swishing the shaved ice in his glass. "There were five fellows, besides me. Each with a girl. They were having a swell time, except some of the girls would probably cry a little after the train left. They had their arms around each other a lot. I was off to one side, alone, grinning like you do to show you're glad your friends are glad even if you don't have a part in it. I felt pretty low."

Jason could still remember his friends' efforts, when they thought of it, to be kind. Dan or Al would toss him a sentence, try to draw him into the circle. Or one of the girls would pat his shoulder. But it hadn't meant anything. And traintime came.

"A thousand guys in uniform all around," Jason said. "And every one of 'em kissing somebody. Every one but me. My pals gave their girls the real good-by kisses. They meant 'em, too; three are married now. They hung on to each other. Each had 'another.' All but me. I—I felt terrible. Never felt so lonesome in my life. And then I saw this girl. She was off to one side, alone, too, looking as if she knew just what I was thinking and feeling. I think she'd been watching for a while and knew just what it was all about. She smiled kind of sudden to herself and came right up to me. She said, 'Darling, I almost missed you.' I remember every word. 'I'm so sorry I was late. Take good care of yourself and write me often, because I'll be waiting for you.' And then it was my turn to be kissed, a good long one, like it was meant. And after that we had to beat it for the train." Jason laughed awkwardly. "You should have seen the guys' eyes stick out. They didn't know whether to believe it or not, but there it was, they'd seen it. They talked about it all the way to camp. Where had I met a number like that? When had I gone out with her? Did she come from my home town? It sure set me up."

Jill Morrison was staring at him, so Jason laughed again. He guessed she thought he was an awful hick, but he went on.

"You know how it is. Or maybe you don't know. Fellow has a girl and his friend hasn't. The fellow can't help feeling, 'I'm a better man than he is. I got a girl.' And then it looked to all of 'em like I had one all the time only wasn't talking about it. See? Mysterious and all. And such a girl! It put my stock way up." Embarrassed, Jason sucked noisily on his straw. "I guess it all sounds nuts."

"You thought about her a lot?" said Jill.

"Oh, sure. I kept seeing her as she came up to me, and I kept feeling her lips and hearing her voice. I kept seeing her face and her eyes in the darnedest places. Buildings half shot down, tank traps. She'd come to be closer to me than anybody I'd ever met."

"She was pretty?"

"Pretty?" Jason's voice lowered. "You never saw anyone so pretty. Her hair was red as—red. Her eyes were violet."

"You wouldn't be getting mixed up with something you saw on a magazine cover, would you?" Jill's voice sounded rather cross. Then she smiled. "And when was this?"

"Three years ago. Just about now."

"And you expect to find her after all that time? In a place like this railroad station? You think she lives here?"

"She could work here maybe. And I haven't much else to do. The quickest reservation I could get for home is ten days."

"What would you do if you found her?"

"Tell her how much that kiss meant. It was nothing to her; she just sized up a situation and did an Army private a favor. But to me—it was something to keep me going when I didn't think I could go on any more. I want to tell her that."

"And that's all?"

"Well ——" mumbled Jason.

This Jill Morrison was unmistakably cross now. "A girl does you a little favor and right away you think you have a hold on her. She's supposed to be thinking of that kiss all this time too. And when you find her you'll sweep her off her feet. You'll make love to her. She'll melt into your arms. Ph-h-h! You infant!" She swung off her stool. "I hope you do find her. It would serve you right." But she paused an instant. "There's not quite such a crowd at my counter after two o'clock," she said. She clicked impatiently off on trim, high heels.

Jason had dinner and spent the evening with his Army friend Dan's folks in Brooklyn. But next morning he was back haunting the station again. He couldn't keep away. This time he concentrated on a hotel so connected with the station that it was almost part of it. But nowhere did he see hair of the proper redness or at the right height from the floor. So many people! So many thousands of people!

He went to the downstairs lunchroom for a hot sandwich with potatoes and gravy at half past two.

"You said she worked here in the station, maybe," Jill Morrison picked it up. "What made you think that?"

"She didn't have any hat or coat on," Jason replied.

"Well, it was summer. Did she have her handbag?"

"I don't know. Yes. I think she had a pocketbook."

"Then she could have come from anywhere around here." Jill shook her head. "I don't think you're very smart, but—I guess you are entitled to a little break. I'm off here at three. You show me where you were when she—kissed you."

They walked along the lower level toward stairs to the waiting room. Several people, even hurrying with bags, took time to glance at them: Jason tall, in civilian gray serge; Jill tall, too, with her bright hair moving to her free young stride. The stairway took them up to bedlam strewn

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> —ELIOT GREGORY: Worldly Ways & Byways (Scribner's.)



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with luggage, children and old ladies sitting on suitcases waiting for somebody. They threaded it to the slightly worse bedlam out by the train gates. The last of a crowd was jamming through one of these. Off to the side, a sailor was kissing a girl. Jason stared and sighed.

"Oh, come on!" snapped Jill.

Jason went to a closed gate. "We went in here." He walked a dozen paces. "I was standing here and my friends and their girls were here." His hand wave sketched a knot of Army boys nicely occupied, with himself off at the lonesome edge. "*She* came from there."

"Toward the north entrance," Jill nodded. "She might have come in from Thirty-third Street."

"I don't think so. It was raining, and she wasn't wet."

"I think she must have been, kind of. Going around kissing strange —— Have you tried the personnel manager?"

"Personnel manager?" said Jason.

"Whoever hires and fires for the station. Come on."

The man who hired and fired was a Mr. Hand, in an upstairs office. He was thin and gray and fifty. He said, "A tall, red-haired girl? Maybe she works in the station and maybe not? And you don't even know her name? Good heavens!"

Jill smiled at him. Jason hadn't seen her really smile before. The effect was electric. He'd noted before that she was very nice-looking; she was almost more than that when she smiled.

"It's important to us, Mr. Hand. I won't go into the story; you're busy. But couldn't you remember if you'd hired anyone like that or they'd quit lately? Just around the station here?"

Mr. Hand relaxed slightly. "I believe there is a tall girl with reddish hair."

Jason leaned forward.

"She's been with us about five months, I believe."

"Oh," said Jason. "This one was here three years ago."

"Three —— Good heavens!"

THEY went out rather hastily. "But I guess we got all we needed," Jill said. "If she still worked here, he'd know. If she quit just after you saw her, or if she never worked here, you're out of luck."

"She worked in the station," Jason said stubbornly. "She didn't have any hat or coat on."

"Let's get this straight. Are you in love with the girl?"

"I don't know. I've sure thought about her a lot. And she sure was wonderful to a kid of an Army private. I wasn't quite twenty then," Jason admitted. "Just a kid."

"You're not too grown up now," said Jill crossly. "Well, I'm through." But after a moment she said, "We might try the cigar stands."

They tried the cigar stands. They tried the Seventh and Eighth Avenue subway entrances. "Does any tall, red-haired, quite good-looking girl pass here regularly?"

"I don't think there ever was any such person," Jill snapped at half past five. "She's probably dumpy and washed-out blond and you just kept piling it on in your imagination for three years. I really am through. I'm going home."

Next morning Jason killed a little time in a newsreel movie, but red hair kept interfering with the pictures, so he drifted back to the station. He went in ground-floor places in its vicinity till noon, then mingled with the lunch crowds from the floors higher up. Even for a city like New York, there was a depressing quantity of tall, red-haired girls to be seen.

"But none like mine," Jason said to Jill later in the lunchroom.

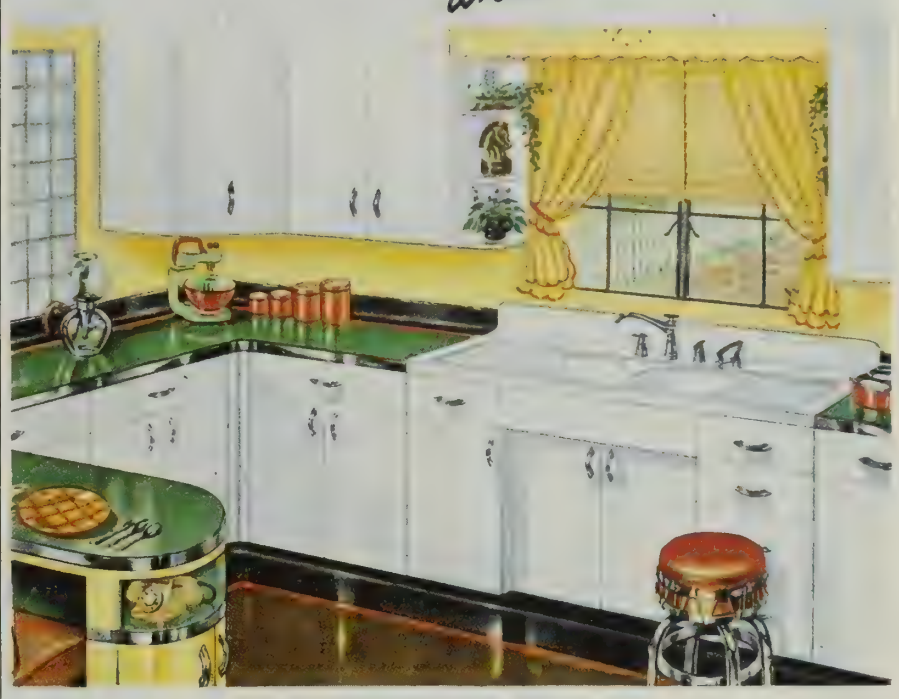
"Yours, is she?" Jill mopped at the counter. "What makes you think she'd even look at you?"

"She kissed me, didn't she?"

"Ph-h-h! She was probably sorry the next minute."

"Do you think so?" said Jason miserably.

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Jill caught her lip between her teeth. She'd insisted she was through, but maybe Jason's vulnerability caught at her. She said brusquely, "Harry, from the bar, was in a while ago. He says more big red-haired girls come in there than you could count. Have you tried the bar?"

"Of course not," Jason said. "She wouldn't hang around a bar."

"Jinks, she could take a cocktail once in a while, couldn't she? If she was with somebody? Or do you disapprove of girls drinking?"

"I never said I disapproved," retorted Jason.

They sat at a window table in the cocktail lounge for nearly three hours. They could do that under Harry's indulgent eye. Once Jason stiffened and Jill turned to see a tall, red-haired girl come in. But Jason slumped back. She was engaging to view, but you wouldn't call her beautiful. She wasn't even as good-looking as Jill.

"She isn't even as good-looking as you," he said.

"That's sweet of you," said Jill stiffly. "I wouldn't have thought you could come down out of the clouds long enough to see if anybody else looked nice or not." She said, at ten of six, "Have you tried the train gates?"

"Why?"

"To see if she's a commuter."

"She didn't have on any hat or coat."

"But she did have a handbag. She could live in Sandbur, New Jersey, for all you know. She probably does. She probably lives in a two-flat with a husband and five kids. She ——"

"She didn't look at all married. She wasn't married. If she'd been married I would have known."

"How?"

They went to the train gates, and at a Long Island one they struck something. The man there said a girl like that had come in and out his gate daily till several months ago.

"Tall? Very red hair?" said Jason excitedly. "Think hard. I'm awfully anxious to find her."

"Why?" said the gateman, looking with approval at the girl beside Jason.

"She's an old friend," Jill explained venomously. "Name of Amelia. Amelia Gibber."

The gateman studied Jason. "You're a brave man, son. Or else you're just dumb. Yes, she's tall—as tall as your friend here, and with even redder hair."

"Violet eyes?"

"I don't know. Kind of bluish, I guess. Pretty. Though I like greenish-gold ones myself." He winked at Jill. "Personally, I'd prefer you to your friend's friend. If he finds her, remember—I'm available."

Jason didn't think the fellow had any call to get fresh like that. He put his hand under Jill's arm. "What trains did she take?"

"She used to come in on the eight-ten and leave on the four o'clock."

"You don't know where she comes from?"

"No. But one of the conductors could tell you that." The gateman called after Jason as they walked away, "I still don't see why. Aren't you ever satisfied?"

Jill seemed to feel better. She hummed as they walked toward the waiting room.

But Jason was suddenly contrite. "It's after six. Can you get home in time for dinner?"

Jill admitted she couldn't. She lived in Jackson Heights, and the family ate about now. There were six of them—her mother and father, two sister younger, one older—so they could not wai dinner. She'd pick up something in town

"You eat with me," commanded Jason "That's only fair. It's swell the way you're helping me, Jill."

"Don't ask me why," said Jill.

They found a basement restaurant o Eighth. The food was good and no on hurried them. Jason felt unwound and con tented and discovered that he was having very good time with Jill. She certainly wa nice, giving him a hand on something mos folks would think was crazy. And now, be cause of her, they'd uncovered a real lead

"We'll take the four o'clock tomorrow, Jason said. "The train she used to go hom to Long Island on."

"We?" Jill echoed on a rising note.

"Sure," said Jason. Then: "Gosh, Jil you'll go with me, won't you?"

"What in the world for?"

"Maybe it isn't the girl. If it is, think how it will look—me chasing her up a home. She might call the cops. But you're along—another girl ——"

"Honestly!" Jill stopped and drew long breath. "How did I get into this, any way?"

She went along home. Alone. She sai coolly that there was no need for Jason t escort her. She seemed to be annoyed agai about something, but she sure was nic Jason watched her toward the subway en trance till he couldn't see her tall red hea and straight, fine body any more.

It was hot in the station next afternoo The train was hot, too, in spite of conditio ing, and it was crowded. It cooled off whe after a dozen express miles, it began stop ping regularly and discharging excess hu man cargo. Jill and Jason found a seat to gether, looking peaceful, looking almost lik a young couple in love, and appropriatel so. They'd got on the train early, at th station, and cornered a conductor. Yes, tall, red-haired girl had ridden the fou o'clock regularly till several months ag What was her station? Fairview, the con ductor thought. Yes. Fairview. Long wa out.

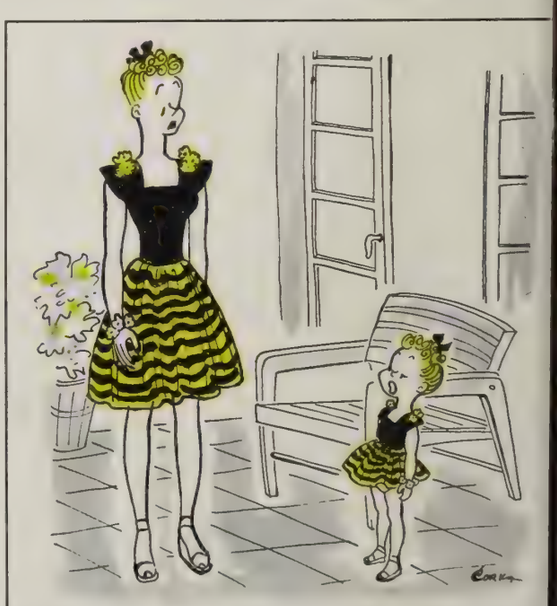
"How will you introduce yourself?" J asked. "'I'm the soldier you kissed thre years ago this summer'?"

"I don't know." Jason's hand touche hers on the seat, and held it. "I'm certain glad you're with me," he said feelingly.

"Ph-h-h!" Jill sniffed. But she let hi hand stay where it was. An elderly man, ri ing to get off at the next stop, glanced them with approval and with recollectio of his own youth in his eyes.

The train stopped every few minut now, losing more of its express haste wi every mile from the city. Small statio

(Continued on Page 188)



"Really, mother—one of us ought to look her age."

188

This Fall is the time to take the first steps toward the house you've built so deep in your heart. This is the time to see your silverware dealer about your sterling . . . symbol of home and hospitality.

Select the pattern and pieces you will need in the coming years. You will be surprised how little it costs for such a treasured possession of lasting beauty for you and your children. Choose sterling by Gorham, America's leading silversmiths since 1831.

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Average cost per six-piece place-setting about $23 including Federal Tax.

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WELL, Mrs. Arthur C. Trautwein did, and a mighty cute sight it was, too!

Because *in* that sheet was the liveliest youngster in Buffalo, New York.

Here's the story:

Many years ago, Mrs. Trautwein's mother gave her six Pequot sheets, embroidered with her initials, to use in her own room. When she married, she took the Pequots to her new home. Together with six more, received later as a wedding gift, these sheets have been in continuous use all these years.

And *such* use! Writes Mrs. Trautwein:

"We had no washing machine at first. Those Pequots were scrubbed on a washboard, and boiled on our wood stove."

Eventually those first Pequots wore thinnish in the center. But they were still too good to discard, so here's what clever Mrs. Trautwein did:

"I whipped up a few dainty aprons for myself...and some creeper suits for my friend's baby. He sure looks cute in them!...My wedding Pequots, now seven years old, are still like new. Yes, I'm very pleased with my Pequots!"

If *you* can't get Pequots when you really need them, it is because the needs of the Government have been so great. But we are doing our best to supply *some* for retail stores, too. So keep asking for Pequots! Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking — so long-wearing

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

(Continued from Page 186)

baked placidly in the afternoon sun, and at each neat women in neat sedans kissed men who got off. At the stop before Fairview a big pink woman with three big pink children like animated pillows greeted a small thin man with a brief case. They laughed and patted each other and laughed and drove away. Jason's fingers tightened over Jill's, and they looked at each other and smiled.

"It might be nice to live out here," said Jill.

"California's better," Jason said. "I mean, I like it better. Naturally. My folks are there, and my job, when I get home."

"I've never been to California," Jill said.

"Fairview," the conductor called.

The station agent said yes, he knew the girl they must mean. Yes, she lived in Fairview—out at the end of Pine Street, he thought. She'd gone back and forth to the city for at least three years. She had stopped lately when she got married.

"Married!" Jason said.

"Married?" said Jill. "Isn't that too bad!" Outside the station she said demurely, "Now?"

"Back to town, I guess. A husband! He might not like it if a guy comes around and starts talking of his wife kissing him in a station three years ago."

But Jill was more practical. "We're out here now—you'd better look her over, Jason."

Fairview was a modern real-estate village with business establishments and apartments near the station and residences raying off from there. Pine Street started alongside the supermarket and went on for six or seven blocks. Jason and Jill went slowly down it, smelling sand and sea not too far off. They strolled easily, in step, with the sun clean and hot upon them.

"I'll bet that's it," said Jill, nodding to the last house on the right, across the street from them.

The house was white and new and, within its picket fence, as candid as a lusty child in a play pen. It had no trees save little new ones still braced by wires.

"Oh, Jason," Jill said, "I want a place like that someday."

"My folks have one on that order in California," Jason said. "I'll have one like it, too, when I can."

Jill's hand rested on his arm. There'd been a back-door sound and now a girl rounded the corner of the house and went to a garden plot. She was tall and red-haired and her blue denim pants and careless shirt did not conceal her shapeliness.

"Gosh," whispered Jason. "Come on—closer."

THEY went to the end of the street, crossed casually, and then came back along the picket fence. They frankly stared, and the girl in the garden caught it, but didn't seem to mind.

She straightened on her knees and looked at them with the bluest eyes Jason had ever seen. She laughed soundlessly at them. She was a happy person and she saw the tall, fresh-faced kid beside a girl not unlike herself, and they must have looked happy too. The sun, slanting on her hair, made it fairly seem to sizzle.

"Hi, you two," she called. "Want a job?"

"Wouldn't mind," Jill called back. "Kill a bug for us." She waved, and the other girl waved and bent back to her gardening. Jill said to Jason, "Well?"

"She's beautiful," Jason said dreamily.

"In a way." Jill's smile died.

"She has just the hair."

"Sort of orangey, if you ask me. I like a browner red."

"But she's not the one," said Jason. "Eyes. Blue. Not violet."

"Nobody," said Jill, "ever really had violet eyes." But her voice was small and less sure of itself than usual, and she walked a bit closer to Jason as they retraced their steps.

They ate in a Chinese restaurant near the station, and the chow mein was suburban chow mein; and then they took the train for the city. It was late when Jason opened the outer door of the Jackson Heights apartment building where Jill's family lived. They stood a moment in the vestibule. The dim light showed the young sweetness and seriousness of Jill's face. She was so different out of the lunchroom than in it, where she gazed warily at customers' chins and was efficiently on guard against masculine attack. She looked younger in the dim vestibule light; and her lips were parted a bit and were smooth and red and faintly moist.

JASON'S big hands closed on her arms just under the shoulders. He hunted words. "It's been a wonderful day, Jill."

"But she wasn't the right girl, Jason."

"Girl? Oh. Yes. I mean, no. But it was a swell day."

"I don't suppose you'll be at the station tomorrow?"

"Sure," said Jason. "Sure I will."

"That's nice. I mean, I don't think a person should give up right away just because he doesn't find something right away. Do you, Jason? I mean, not right away."

"I should say not." Jason cleared his throat. His hands clutched longingly, then came away. "Good night, Jill."

Jill's eyes unclosed. "Good night, Jason," she said in the small, uncertain voice. He stood there till she'd gone inside.

At breakfast in the lunchroom she seemed all right. She seemed more than all right; she acted as if she felt very good indeed today. Jason grinned at her smile, which looked as if it might flower into a laugh at any moment for no reason at all. He watched her every second she was in view. It was wonderful to watch her.

But at half past two, at lunch, she was a different girl. She didn't smile at Jason. She didn't look into his eyes, just stared at his chin. She said dully, "I slipped out at eleven and went to the waiting room. I thought I'd see you there, but I didn't."

"I was in the upper level," Jason said, puzzled at the difference. "Why?"

She didn't answer. She went for his order and came back. She placed it impersonally before him—hot sandwich with gravy and potatoes. "Have you bought a bond?" she said.

"Bond?" repeated Jason.

"Seventh War Loan." Her lips held less than their usual color, Jason thought. There was no doubt about it that her cheeks did. "They've just set up the booths around the station. You buy a bond. At the booth nearest the Thirty-third Street entrance."

Half-a-dozen men were lined before this booth. There was one woman, too, but most were men. Jason could have wished that there were more, so he would have more time to look.

There was no doubt about it. There was the red, red hair, on a level with the summer straws of half the men in front of the booth. There was the round, beautiful throat with skin like blossoms in a pear tree in the spring. And there were the violet eyes. Really, truly violet. Jason stared in awe and almost forgot to move up as the line moved. In all his dreaming between bomb bursts and machine-gun rattling he hadn't embellished fact. She was actually as lovely as——

"Now, what size will yours be?" It was the voice that had carried out the kindly little play three years ago for the benefit of

An irate farmer, having captured a naughty lad who had been scaring his sheep, took the offender over his knee and was about to apply the palm of a powerful hand to the spot ordained by Nature for such ministrations.

"Hold on!" remonstrated a compassionate neighbor; "don't be too hard on the boy! He ain't quite all there."

"Wal," rejoined the agriculturalist, "I reckon there's enough of him there for my purpose."

—CHARLES H. GRANDGENT:
Imitation (Harvard University Press.)

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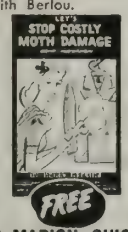
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his popeyed Army friends. *So sorry I was late. Take good care of yourself and write me often.* "Five hundred dollars? A thousand?"

Her eyes laughed into his, but a man would be dull indeed to try to take advantage of this. She was not a girl to try things with; you knew that instantly. "Hundred d-dollar one," Jason said. Though he hadn't noticed it, the booth must have been quite near here three years ago. It was within a score of yards of the spot where a lonesome wallflower of an Army private had been sent off with singing in his heart.

Her hand moved swiftly over the paper form. "Name?" She printed it: Mr. Jason Warner. She printed the address.

"You were here three years ago, weren't you?" Jason said.

"Yes," she replied. "And two years ago, and last year. Eleven to three, in my summer vacations."

"You don't remember me, of course."

The violet eyes widened. They went over him. "Remember you?"

"Three years ago," said Jason. "All the fellows were kissing their girls good-by. But one didn't have a girl. I guess he stood there looking like a homesick pup."

The violet eyes widened some more. And then the color started. It began at the base of her throat. It rose up on her neck, moved over her round chin, engulfed the fine planes of her face.

"Aw, please," said Jason. "You mustn't mind my telling you."

"Mind?" she said very gaily. "Of course I don't mind. I never was in the least sorry. It was impulsive, but ——"

"I just wanted to tell you how much it helped." Jason wished he was better with words. "It gave me something to go away on. It gave me something to hang onto after I was gone."

"I'm so glad," she said. Gaily. Casually. "And I remember so clearly—your friends and their girls, and you, a big, shy-looking Marine corporal, all alone. How strange that we should meet again!" She tore off his receipt and gave it to him. "Good-by, corporal. And good luck."

"Good-by," said Jason. "And the best to you."

But he smiled a little as, walking away, he looked at his receipt. In her agitation, either her hand or her mind had slipped. Marine corporal? As if she kissed so many she couldn't remember which was which? But never more than once would pink like that flood over a girl's face; and on the receipt was written clearly, *Private* Jason Warner. There was nothing wrong with her memory; she'd just released him from a dream, that was all.

"You? Here?" said Jill, as he fell into step with her at the subterranean lunchroom door. Her voice was cross.

"Why not? Gosh, she's beautiful."

"You didn't exaggerate much, at that." Jill's high heels clicked out of sync beside him. She wore flat heels behind the counter, though, he'd noticed. "You weren't out there long."

"Long enough to tell her what an important thing she'd done that day. Long enough to wish her the best and say good-by."

"Oh?" said Jill, voice rising. "Oh!"

Her heels clicked less rapidly. They fell into step with his, without effort since their heights matched so well. Her hand went to his arm, tentatively at first, then more surely, as if it thought that perhaps it belonged there permanently.

"Would you like—if you haven't anything else to do, why not come home with me to dinner?" she said. "I'd like the folks to meet you."

Jason looked at her. He thought it wasn't often that a fellow was exposed to two tall redheads so good to gaze upon. Meet her folks. A girl liked you pretty much when she asked you to do that, didn't she? He saw a house, new, neat, white, as candid within its picket fence as a child in a play pen.

"I'd love to," he said.

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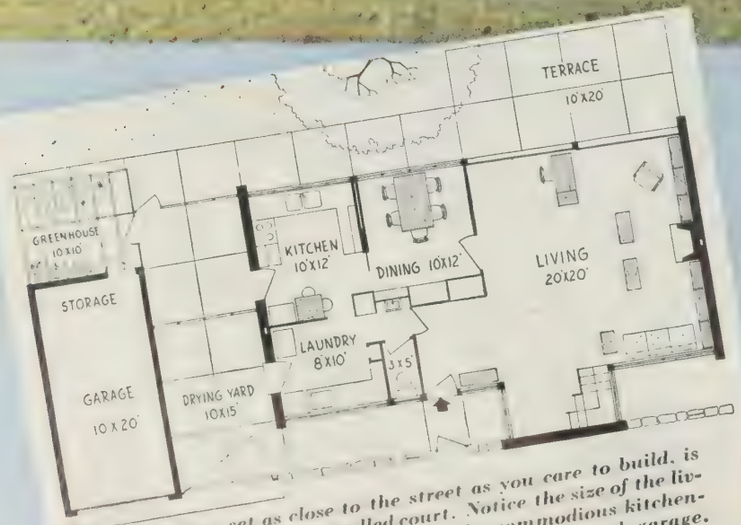
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Upstairs and Down

BY RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

GOOD architects and wise clients generally agree that in many ways the work space is the most important part of the house, like the commander's bridge of a ship. So here it is given a generous size, with a broad garden outlook for the kitchen, a separated laundry with drying yard right outside, and immediate access to front door and dining room, to street, garden, garage and greenhouse. Compact, yet with plenty of elbow room, and well organized for ease of operation, it has brightness, airiness and view, making it as practical and pleasant as the housewife could want it. It gives the cue for livability to the house as a whole, upstairs and down. For you will see that the same kind of skillful planning makes possible within the limited space of the first floor a larger living room than usual and a separated dining room that could also be used as a study. The entry, open yet protected, emerges freely into the living room, while leading also past the lavatory to the laundry. By placing the stairs in a protruding stair well, the two floors are connected without cutting awkwardly into either plan, a common fault of traditional designs. As far as cost is concerned, here again we have a house composed of a relatively few and greatly simplified mass-produced parts—the only way that building costs can be radically reduced, after prices have returned to normal.

The upstairs balcony, onto which all bedrooms open, shades the downstairs windows in the summertime, while the little prebuilt greenhouse catches full sunlight all the year round.



The house, set as close to the street as you care to build, is entered through a low-walled court. Notice the size of the living room; the isolated dining or study; commodious kitchen-laundry, and covered court to greenhouse and garage.



On the floor above, three large bedrooms with two separated baths are themselves separated by prebuilt closet-partitions which, being movable, can be rearranged to make still another room if desired, all of them looking onto the balcony.

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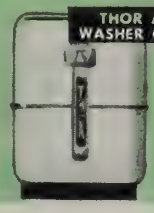
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VICTORIA AND THE WOLF

(Continued from Page 27)

what in Godfrey's name could they talk about?

It was Coombs himself who now took the situation in hand, suddenly and unexpectedly, by smiling up at Victoria in what, despite her wholesome resolve to ignore Zola's lurid expectations, struck her as a rather peculiar way.

"Gosh, New York," he said softly. "What a town."

He looked as if he were going to say much more, but Victoria felt she'd better not hear it. She walked hastily away from him and sat down on the couch, expecting that Coombs would resume his former chair at a safe distance of ten or more feet.

He did nothing of the sort. He sat down beside her and said, "The other day in physiology, Doctor Blake took a newt, a fresh-killed newt, and dipped one of its feet in HCL—that's hydrochloric acid—and the whole leg moved. Even after it was dead. Reflex."

All was now radiantly clear to Victoria. *He's scientific-minded*, she thought, with a mental snap of her fingers at Zola.

She did not know what a newt was, but to show that she knew about reflex, Victoria hit her knee with the edge of her palm. Nothing happened. Smiling indulgently, Coombs leaned over and hit her knee with the edge of his palm. Victoria's leg shot out most satisfactorily.

Coombs leaned back. "What do you New York girls do for night-life excitement, anyway?" he said. His face had grown pinker and he was pulling at a coat button.

Vulgarity is the behavior of other people. —LADY GORDON.

Tact is the gift of doing the right thing in place of the obvious. —SHANE LESLIE.

Victoria's heart began to thump. It wasn't so much what he had said, she told herself, as the way he had said it. "Well," she admitted cautiously, "we like dancing."

Herbert Coombs swallowed hard. "Shall we?" he asked. He got up and buttoned his jacket.

Victoria got up and tuned in a dance band. For a while they moved about wordlessly together, Victoria keeping a stiffer and stiffer distance from her partner as certain realizations began to chill her.

First, Herbert Coombs was far from being a good dancer. Second, he did not even act as if he enjoyed dancing. In fact, it finally and thunderously struck Victoria, maybe he wanted to dance for the same sinister reason he had built up to the knee-hitting act by means of an innocent newt: as a means to an end. At this, Victoria, determined to keep her partner's mind off herself, began to talk feverishly about him.

"Coombs," she said, "have you ever realized that your name practically qualifies you to be President of the United States?"

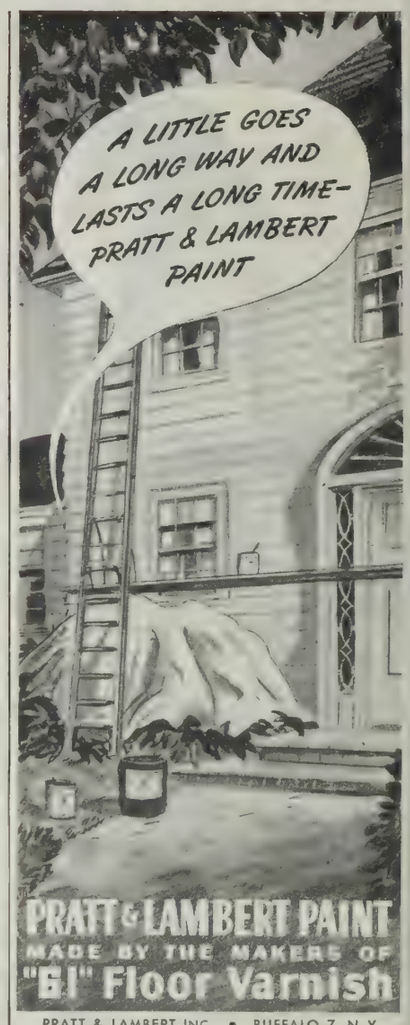
Startled, her partner bumped Victoria into the coffee table. "Whoops," he said. When he had stabilized it and their dance course, he asked what Victoria had meant.

"I mean," Victoria said, "because of the double *o* in your name. I mean *all* American Presidents, practically, have double *o*'s in their name. Both Roosevelts, Coolidge, Hoover ——"

Coombs giggled. "Trooman?" he said. "Washingtoon?"

Victoria had, least of all, wished to whip her guest into a mood of giddiness. Giddiness could lead to almost anything, Victoria thought, wishing that he wouldn't hold her so tight all of a sudden.

"Naturally, I didn't mean that *every* American President had a double *o* in his



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me," she said severely. "I only meant at *some* of them had double *o*'s in their me." She thought a moment. "But," she ggested in a more pleasant tone, "let's not getting anomalous about it."

She meant *irascible* or *ill-tempered, prone anger*. Fortunately, it made no difference at she had used the wrong word. It had e right effect on Herbert Coombs. He ieted down and loosened his grip on her ist. They danced without talking for a nile. Victoria hummed to the music. She d a very poor singing voice, but this was e night she did not care who knew it. ashing around silently in the arms of an known quantity like Herbert Coombs ade her dreadfully nervous.

The music stopped. At once Victoria oke away from her partner. "Aren't you arved? I am," she cried, although food as one of her remotest considerations at e moment. "I've *got* to see what there is eat," she added and rushed out.

She was halfway down the hall when she alized that Herbert Coombs was doggedly lowing her.

In order to get to the kitchen, it was neces- ry first to pass through the unlit dining om. With Herbert Coombs in satyrlike rsuit of her, Victoria wondered how she red to stop, even for a second, to locate e light. In passing, however, she took a ld stab at it, and after her cold, trembling gers had somehow found and flipped the itch, she glanced around to see how nar- wly she had outwitted Herbert Coombs. He was nowhere near her. He had stopped utiously at the threshold nile apparently waiting r her to do exactly what e had done—turn on e light. They blinked at ch other for a moment embarrassment and en Coombs said:

"Can I be of any help?"

"I imagine everything's ady," Victoria told him.

He followed her into e kitchen just the same, d sat on a hard wooden air watching Victoria in ence. Victoria, careful ver to turn her back mpletely toward oombs, took sandwiches and bottled soda t of the icebox and put them on a tray.

"There," she said.

"Let's stay here," Coombs urged. "It's zy."

They stayed there, Victoria more con- sed than ever. Would a true wolf type, she ondered, care about sitting in the kitchen? ouldn't you think he'd prefer a place ere the lights were dimmer and the up- lstery softer? She decided to give up ying to figure him out for a while. Rather arily, she sat down opposite him at the rcelain-topped table and explained which ndwiches were chicken, cheese or jelly.

E did not seem to hear Victoria. He ap- ared to be working something out. His nds were clasped between his knees, his oulders were hunched and there were two ep lines between his eyebrows. "You're e kind of girl," he asked at length, "who inks that girls have the right to live their n life, aren't you?"

Ordinarily, Victoria would have said yes, thout hesitation. But now a certain chal- ge in Herbert Coombs' tone put her on ard. "Well, yes, sort of, I guess," she said.

Coombs stared at her for an instant with ook of deep interest. Then he drank some am soda thirstily, steeped in what ap- ared to be profound layers of thought. "I ow if I were a girl," he went on presently, wouldn't give a hoot what other people ought about what I did—not even my own rents." His face burning red, he snatched sandwich and thrust it whole into his uth. A fleck of red jelly remained at the ner of his mouth.

Victoria was breathing with difficulty. en if she had been able to speak, she would t have known what to say. If she openly eed with Coombs' audacious conviction, she felt he would naturally take it for granted that she was the daring, reckless type who lived as she pleased. If she disagreed, he might think her so completely spineless that surely she could be turned to putty in his hands. Either way, as she wretchedly saw it, the jig would be up.

Fortunately, at this point, Victoria thought she heard the phone ring. At least, she hoped it had rung, she thought, running into her mother's room. It hadn't, of course. Still, here at least was her chance to decide quietly, all by herself, what to do about Herbert Coombs.

THINKING furiously, she walked up and down. Finally she ran into her own room and opened her one-piece encyclopedia. Her idea was to find out all she could about newts and then strive to keep Coombs under control by engaging him in a coldly academic discussion of these creatures until it was, mercifully, time for him to leave.

The only trouble was, it soon developed, she did not know how to spell the word. Neither "noot," "nute" nor even "knoot" and "knute" seemed to exist. Discarding the whole idea, she sat down, beaten, on her bed.

Zola, she thought presently. She could phone Zola for advice, because Zola had a knack for knowing what to do when a person found herself in what Zola called "a gruesome trap." Not that Zola had ever been in one, Victoria reflected, but she did spend quite a lot of time figuring out what she would do in case she ever should be. At the same time, Victoria shrank from confessing to anybody—especially Zola, whose suspicions about Coombs' type she had so recently pooh-poohed—that she was not equal to coping with the rather sophisticated situation on her hands tonight.

As it happened, the phone rang after all. Victoria hoped it would not be Zola. She was secretly relieved, however, when she found that it was—but only for the first fraction of a minute.

Zola sounded nearly hysterical. "Vicky?" she cried. "Are you all right? I'm worried sick about you. I just *had* to call you ——"

"Of course I'm all right," Victoria said. "Why wouldn't I be all right?"

"But you're such a baby about some things," Zola said, "and when I think of you fencing around with that creep ——"

It was too bad that Zola had given way to doubting Victoria's ability to take care of herself. Far from comforting Victoria with a warm sense of her best friend's concern for her, it forced her into taking a line of proud defense. Her next remark was uttered with the kind of elegant fury to be found in business letters expressing outrage.

"Zola," Victoria said, "I certainly appreciate your interest in my welfare. On the other hand I certainly find myself unable to accept your implication that I cannot take care of myself, even in the most trying conditions."

"Oh," Zola broke in triumphantly, "then you *admit* you've had to struggle with Mr. Combs all evening."

"His name," Victoria said icily, "happens to be Coombs. And now, if you'll excuse me, Zo. After all, I have a caller; and after all, it isn't very nice of me to leave him all by himself while I stand around listening to you chattering away like some hysterical infantile character in the throes of some myriad state or other." She meant *peculiar, odd, unusual*.

As Victoria hung up, Zola's pity still nipping at her pride, a great piece of inspiration suddenly burst in her, and she knew at last just how to handle the vexing case of Herbert Coombs. Indeed, as Victoria saw it, it was no longer vexing but gloriously simple. The idea took on more and more brilliant shape as she walked out of her room. It was this: no matter what Coombs did or said,

---

The lady asked her bookseller for something suitable for a friend in the hospital.

"Ah, yes, madam," the good man replied, "you'll find the religious books over yonder."

"Oh, but I don't want a religious book," objected the would-be customer; "my friend is convalescent."

—F. W. BOREHAM: Boulevards of Paradise. (Epworth Press, London.)

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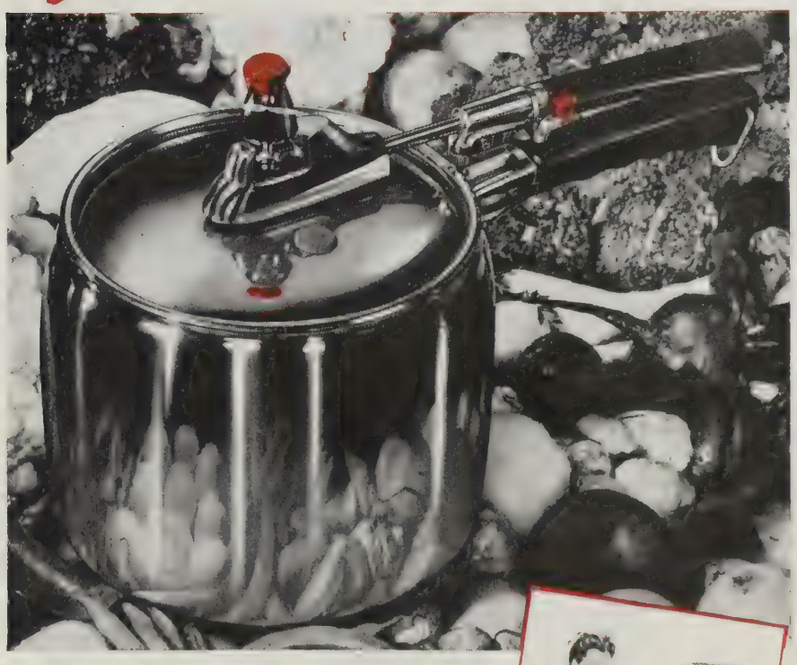
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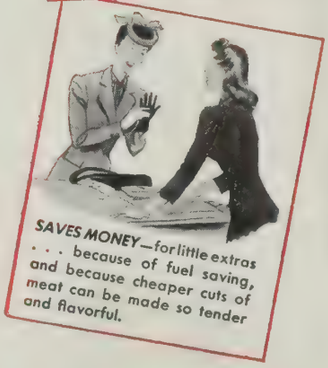
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SAVES TIME—You'll have extra time for your children, for recreation, for the many things you'd rather do than stand over a stove.



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Peas	in ¼ minute
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All vegetables, fruits, meats, cereals, puddings, soups and stews can now be cooked in small fractions of old times.

Made of extra hard, thick sheet aluminum this new Pressure Cooker is of Wear-Ever quality, famous over forty-five years for durability and lasting satisfaction. It will come to you complete with a valuable book of kitchen-tested recipes that make it so simple a child can use it on *any* range. Very soon now Wear-Ever Pressure Cookers will go on display in all leading department, hardware and house-furnishing stores.

Genuine Wear-Ever is worth waiting for



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she would curb him by simply smiling and saying something witty. This, she felt, was exactly what any true woman of the world would do.

It was with a fearless step that Victoria started back to Herbert Coombs. On the way, she coolly turned off the lights in the dining room, certain that when she and Herbert Coombs passed through it again, she would be able to outwit any dangerous move on his part, even in the dark.

She found him still refreshing himself at the kitchen table, and she waited calmly while he washed down the few remaining sandwiches with deep gulps of ginger ale. She even managed to prattle charmingly about a number of topics of the day, and when they failed to captivate Coombs' interest, Victoria was not disheartened.

Finally, when there was nothing more to eat, Coombs said he guessed he'd had enough. With easy courage, Victoria suggested going back to the living room. Coombs agreed, and everything was fine until they came to the unlit dining room. Her self-confidence began to totter, after all. Should she search for the light or not? No, Victoria decided firmly. If Coombs tried anything, she'd just say, "Oh, come now," and give him a humorous little push. Nevertheless, she put out her hand, in passing, for the switch, missed it and came through the dining room almost running until she was safely in the well-lit hall.

Once more at ease, Victoria turned to Herbert Coombs with a gracious smile. It froze on her face when she found him looking at her with an odd mixture of hunger and excitement.

"Look," he said, "there's something I've been wanting to ask you all evening, Victoria."

Well, here it was. But let it be said for Victoria that she strove to meet the threatening ultimatum with everything she had. First she uttered a laugh. It came out rather on the shrill side, but it would do. At the same time, she tapped Coombs' arm playfully.

"And there's something I've been wanting to ask *you* all evening," she said.

Coombs looked at her keenly. "Okay," he said. "You ask first."

"Just what is a newt, anyway?" Victoria said.

Coombs' eagerness vanished. In a dull, flat voice he explained that a newt was something like a frog.

Victoria said that was funny. She would have sworn it was something like a rabbit.

No, Coombs repeated, it was more like a frog.

THIS brought Victoria, intact, as far as the foyer, where her battle of wits with her unsuspecting opponent took an entirely new turn because of the unexpected ringing of the doorbell.

Victoria had never been so glad for an interruption. Her joy was somewhat damaged, however, when she opened the door and found a tall, blond, smiling girl standing there in a camel's-hair coat thrown hastily over her shoulders. To an ordinary observer, here was a pleasant-faced neighbor dropping in for a casual call. To Victoria it was, more accurately, her best chum geared to battle, if need be, for a friend's safety. Victoria could tell by the wild look glimmering in Zola's eyes and by the way her fists were doubled for action. The whole thing shone with a kind of glorious primitive loyalty which entirely escaped Victoria. She only knew that it was outrageous of Zola to come bursting in on her because she did not believe that a person had enough sense to take care of herself.

"Surprise," Zola cried. Then she gave a loud, ringing laugh and said, "*Double* surprise," and beckoned sidewise to a section of the corridor beyond Victoria's vision. At once two more persons sprang muscularly into view—a pair of gigantically tall boys with red hair cropped very short and with an aura of teeming strength that seemed to make the air quiver. They were the Conover twins, Chib and Sloop. Zola and Victoria represented only a portion of the younger female order who worshiped the Conovers because of their wit, handsome faces and distinction in all forms of college-freshman athletics.

"Hi!" roared the identical brothers at Victoria in an identical shout, a shout which, in combination, blew through the Todd foyer like a strong wind.

VICTORIA staggered back a little, bumping into Coombs, whom she had quite forgotten. Zola triumphantly led her massive escorts into Victoria's home and the three newcomers stared down at Herbert Coombs. Coombs looked back at them, blushing.

Victoria presented Herbert Coombs. There was a crazy moment of mixed-up handshaking and muttering and then one of those silences fell.

Zola, who had never been known to be at a loss for words for long, charged through the painful stillness. "Well, there I was all curled up with a magazine," she said, "when who should suddenly barge in but these two ——"

"We're just in overnight," Chib said.

"I have to have a tooth pulled tomorrow," Sloop said eagerly.

Zola addressed herself severely to Coombs. "He broke it in a wrestling match."

Coombs lifted his face until he had a good view of Sloop's—the twins towered over him by a footage too immense to seem true—and gave him an admiring look.

Zola continued: "We're only staying a minute. I just wanted to see if everything's under control," she added incisively. "Naturally"—with a pitying look at Coombs which everybody missed, except Victoria—"it is. Well, Vick, as long as I'm here, how about showing me your sensational new present?"

"My sensational new present?" Victoria inquired. She saw through the whole thing, of course. Zola, with her usual noble intention, always seemed to find some reason for wanting to build up Victoria when there were boys around. Victoria understood that Zola was doing so now in the desperate hope of offsetting the Conover twins' possible shock and disappointment at Victoria's pitiful taste in associating with anybody like Herbert Coombs. There were times, Victoria realized grimly, when she needed all the building up she could get. But tonight, with her new-found strength still bolstering her, she was in no mood to accept Zola's help. "What sensational new present?" Victoria said stubbornly to Zola.

"Your new silver-fox cape, of course."

The fact was that Victoria had no new silver-fox cape. Even an old silver-fox cape was a thing that Victoria would gladly have given many years of her life to own. But so far, all she had achieved in the line of coat properties, as Zola very well knew, were a plain brown tweed reefer for school and an equally furless red wool coat for other occasions. Nevertheless, Victoria suddenly submitted to the idea of showing Zola her costly nonexistent cape for the sole purpose of getting Zola alone, and giving her a good piece of her mind.

"Well, come along then," Victoria said to Zola, and after settling the three boys in the living room, the two girls hurried off.

(Continued on Page 196)

Your castles in the air are the best castles to possess, and keep a quiet mind. In them no taxes, no housemaids, no men-at-arms, no larders, no bother and no slavery of property exists. Their architecture is always perfect, the prospect of and from them is always delightful, and, in fact, without them the greater part of humanity would have no house in which to shield their souls against the storms of life.

It is prudent, therefore, to keep these aerial fortalices in good repair, not letting them too long out of our mind's eye, in case they vanish altogether into Spain.

—R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM.

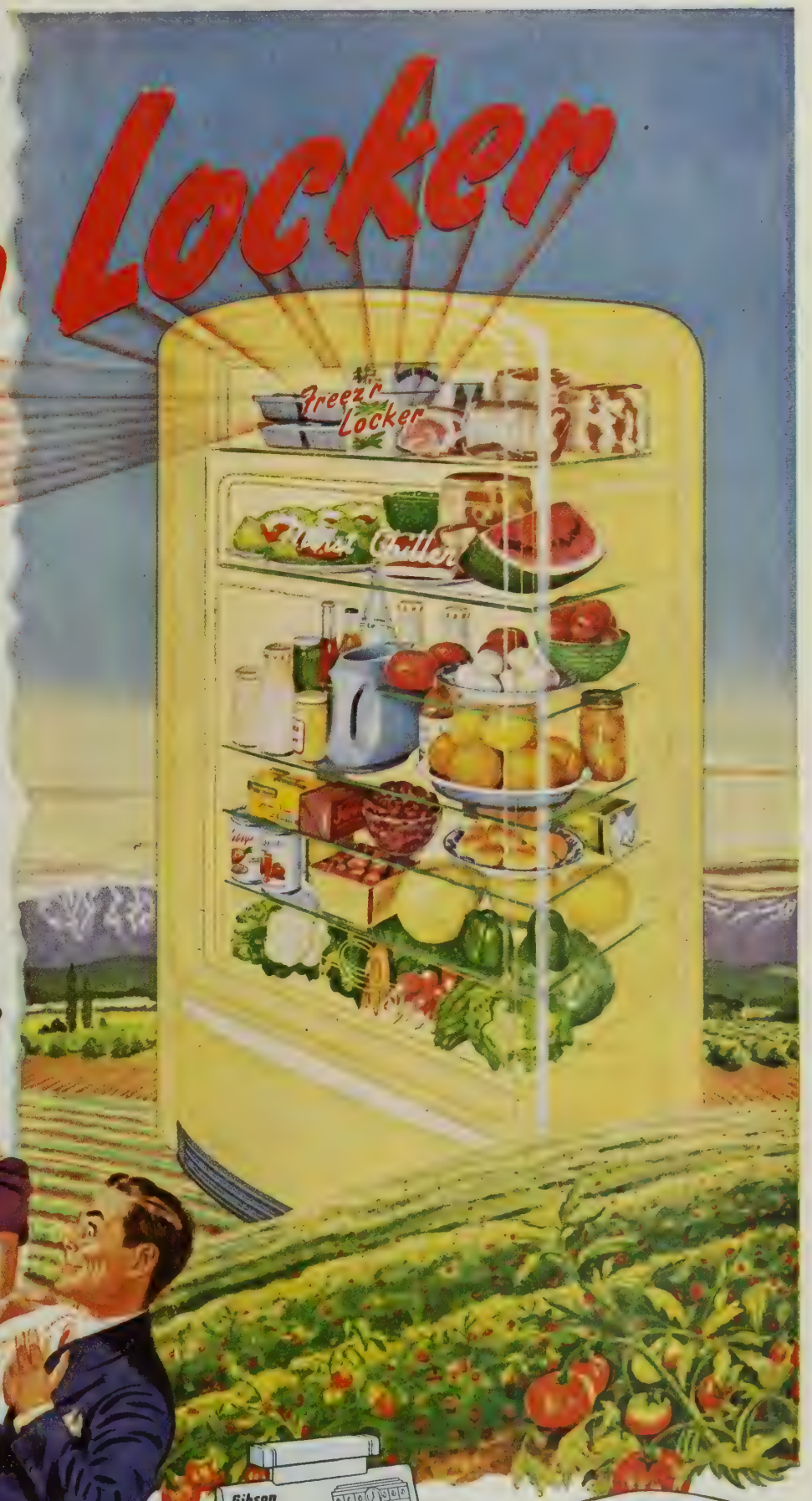
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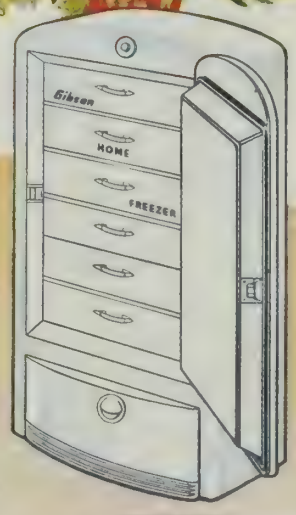


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We've already done our "post-war planning," so we won't waste a minute when we have the yarn to start up our hungry looms. And you can depend on this—the new Craftspuns will have the same sturdy tied-in-place weave that wears and washes so well.

So please have patience just a little longer. Before you know it, we'll again have plenty of smarter-than-ever Craftspuns to beautify those windows of yours.

Scranton CRAFTSPUN Curtains

"THE NET OF THEM ALL" *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 194)

Presently they were facing each other in Victoria's bedroom, a smart tang of gunpowder charging the air. Both were furious, neither could wait to talk. As usual, Zola had her say first.

"You might have told me," she cried.

Victoria did not ask, "Tell you what?" She knew. These two bosom friends knew each other so well that they seldom had to waste time on the finer points of conversational exchange. Each seemed able to read the other's mind with a knifelike shrewdness that struck at the very heart of the matter at hand. Now, for example, Victoria understood thoroughly that Zola meant she might have told her Coombs was the kind of boy he was.

"But how could I tell you what I didn't know?" Victoria returned. "You phone, you ask me 'What's he like?' I tell you I don't know because I *don't* know and you say, 'Look out, he's a wolf,' and maybe he is or maybe he isn't."

Zola sighed heavily. "Vicky, you absolutely kill me," she said. "One look at that little pink-cheeked prep-schooler and I should think you'd *know* he'd sooner *collapse* or something before he'd make a pass at a girl and here you have me half crazy with worry all evening and practically *dragging me* all the way over here for nothing."

"Zola," Victoria said quietly, "kindly remember you came here by yourself, absolutely and completely uninvited."

"I came here to save you," Zola said. Her tone was bitter, as if she had been done out of an opportunity to commit a memorable act of heroism. "Well, I'm glad at least for one thing," she went on. "I'm glad at least that I had enough sense on the way over not to let the Conovers know the dangerous type of date I was expecting to find you with. I'd have been a laughingstock for the rest of my life. Herbert Coombs! Well, I might have known."

"I don't think I can quite fathom that last remark of yours," Victoria said coldly. "I think that last remark definitely calls for some explanation. In other words, you might have known what?"

"I might have known," Zola said, slowly and fiercely, "that no wolf would ever come howling at your door. Because to tell you the truth, Vicky, you're just not the type to attract wolves. Little Herbert What's-his-name would be just about your speed."

MAKING every allowance for Zola's weariness after her evening of high-keyed worry, this was nevertheless a fearful slap at Victoria's appeal. At best, Victoria's self-confidence was on the shaky side, so that any defense of her powers of attraction required long, careful thinking. The best thing to do, she now decided quickly, would be to varnish up Herbert Coombs' side of the question a little.

"It so happens," Victoria said, "that there's a lot to be said for the kind of girls who attract Herbert Coombs, who happens to be far from being a cluck. Herbert Coombs knows things about science that very few people seem to know and he believes in girls' living their own life and you show me any boy of his age among *your* male friends who's allowed to smoke a pipe."

To Victoria's intense joy, Zola seemed won over by Victoria's shrewd maneuver—but only for a moment. "But is he old enough to be interested in girls?" Zola inquired softly and, giving her coat a neat hitch about the shoulders, she marched grandly out of the room.

Victoria followed her, chiefly because there was nothing else she could do. She was in a very odd frame of mind. She was in a rage—but at whom? She wasn't really angry at Zola—they often had violent differences of opinion which were always quickly forgotten—and she certainly wasn't angry at Herbert Coombs. After all, she asked herself reasonably, what had the poor boy done that was wrong, outside of being himself?

IT became quite plain to Victoria that if she was angry at anybody, it was at herself for having harbored suspicion against an innocent man, only it was more self-disgust than anger. Zola, having seen him and adjudged him not to be the wolf type, made it quite final that he was not. Say what you would about Zola—and there was plenty, Victoria thought, she could say if she were to let herself go—she was really brilliant when it came to sizing up male types.

This cleared Herbert Coombs of all suspicions on Victoria's part that he was anything except what he seemed to be; and, at this, Victoria began to feel more and more ashamed of herself and sorry for him. Especially when she came into the living room and saw what was going on in there. The Conover brothers had cleared a liberal section of space for themselves in the middle of the room and were now frenziedly working off some of their blazing energy by practicing a bit of spine shock in the cunning field of judo. It began with Sloop's taking Chib by the wrist and it wound up with Chib's flying through the air and landing, with a crash, on his back some feet away. While all this went on, Herbert Coombs, looking smaller and pinker than ever, sat in a corner of the couch watching everything in awe.

Victoria came over and sat down beside him, in a protecting sort of way, just as the two Conovers, sweating and panting, looked at him.

"It's really a cinch," Sloop said to Coombs.

"Would you like to try it?" Chib said to Coombs.

Victoria held her breath for the small interval before Coombs replied. On the one hand, she was terrified at what could happen to Coombs if he agreed to allow himself to be flung through space by either of the Conovers. On the other hand, it was her desperate hope that, for his own sake, Coombs would coolly say, "Yes, I'd like to try it." She pictured him jumping up with an alertness and self-assurance which, up to now, he had somehow managed to conceal, seizing one or even both of the enormous twins and flipping them carelessly across the room, to everybody's astonishment—especially Zola's.

But Herbert Coombs did not say yes. He did not say anything for a moment. He just sat there turning paler and paler. Then he glanced nervously at his watch. "I think it's a little too late," he said to Chib and Sloop. "I have to be going."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Long Distance

BY ALICE HARTICH

She brought the largest pumpkin in today
And scooped it out, and baked a pie to match
The one she baked a year ago. She cut
A crooked pumpkin face, and made a batch
Of cookies for the youngsters sure to come
Tomorrow when they saw that face between
The gateposts, knowing it a sign that here
Were folks who knew the rites of Halloween.
The laughing boys and girls would never guess
Her bounty was for one who wasn't there,
Or that her pumpkin's eyes were looking far
Across the misty miles of sea and air.

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Zola giggled. Victoria gave her a warning look. Zola coughed and said, quite gently for Zola, "I guess we all ought to be dashing along."

While the Conovers silently opened the door for Zola and rang for the elevator, Herbert Coombs went to the hall closet and pulled out his hat and coat. Much in the same way Herbert Coombs had slipped into Victoria's life, it would seem that he was leaving it. A brief handclasp, a mumble, a blush and he was gone.

Now they were all gone and Victoria stood all by herself in the foyer. She stood there for quite a while. She thought, *There was nothing much to him, but he couldn't help it.* She was beginning to feel like crying when the bell rang. She opened the door. It was Herbert Coombs.

He was terribly sorry, he stammered, but he'd forgotten his pipe. "I must have left it in the living room," he said, but he made no move to find it. He just kept staring and staring at Victoria with that same eager, wild look which Victoria's query about newts had destroyed a while before. "Look," he burst out suddenly, "there's something I wanted to ask you all evening, only—I don't know—I guess I lost my nerve ——" He broke off in confusion and giggled.

Victoria was unaware of the slight backward step she took. "What do you mean?"

"Look," Coombs rushed on, "I've never been to a real night club—I've never even been in New York before—and I wondered if you'd go to one with me. I mean now. We wouldn't even have to dance if you didn't want to because I guess you being a New York girl, you must think I'm a terrible dancer compared with the way your New York friends probably dance."

She knew that he was thinking particularly of the Conovers, although there was neither bitterness nor envy in his comparison between himself and the mighty twins. There was only a self-acceptance so terrible in its simplicity that Victoria began to see, for the first time, how miserably hopeless life's outlook must be to a Coombs in a world full of big, smart, attractive Conovers.

"Now don't go getting morbid," she said with a cheerfulness she did not feel. "If you're thinking of how Chib and Sloop dance, remember that they're *years* older than you." They weren't, and Victoria knew it, but she felt she had to say something to help Herbert Coombs believe that, given time, he too might grow up to be something gloriously large and competent.

Coombs smiled sadly. "Chib is only ten months older than I am," he said, "and Sloop is only eleven minutes older than Chib. We were talking about ages while you were out of the room."

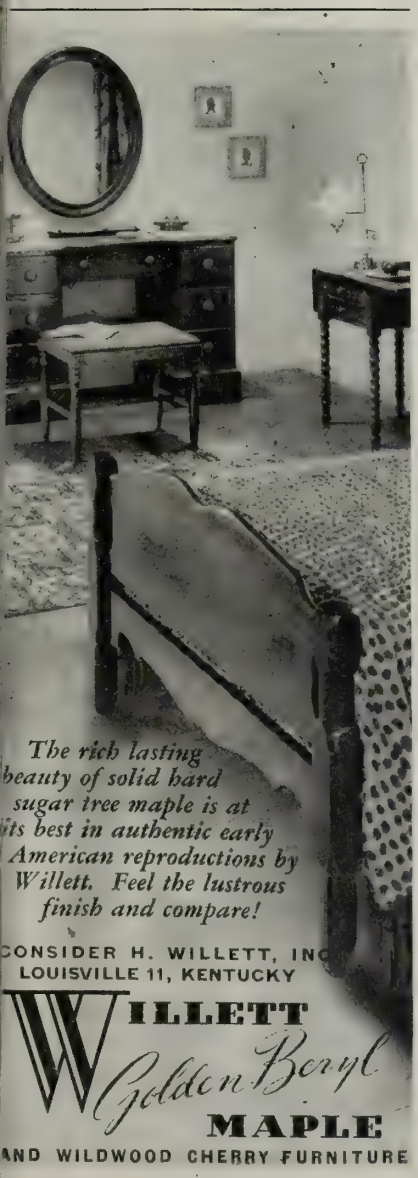
Victoria's cheerfulness mounted to desperate gaiety. "Well, a girl could get a little mixed up, couldn't she? But that's not the point. The point is that it's really too late for me to be going out and, besides, even if it was early, I couldn't go without my parents' permission."

Before she was half finished speaking, Victoria noticed a violent change coming over Herbert Coombs. His color began to deepen until it was at least two layers beneath any reasonable level of blushing, even for him. His round smooth cheeks flamed darkly and even his eyes seemed to have turned a sickly pink.

In an ugly flash, Victoria understood why. Without meaning to, she had stung Herbert Coombs to his heart. He thought she had lied to him about being unable to go out with him, just as she had lied about the Conover twins' age. While she floundered wretchedly about, wondering how to soothe his deep hurt, Coombs managed to speak.

"Well, I just thought I'd ask," he said heartbrokenly, and he started for the door.

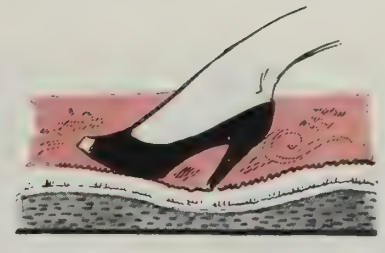
Strangely impelled, Victoria started after this boy whom she considered rather silly to look at, something of a bore and even a weakling. At his first leave-taking that night, she had been terribly sorry for him but relieved that she would never have to see him again. Just the same, she felt now that she had to do what she was about to do.



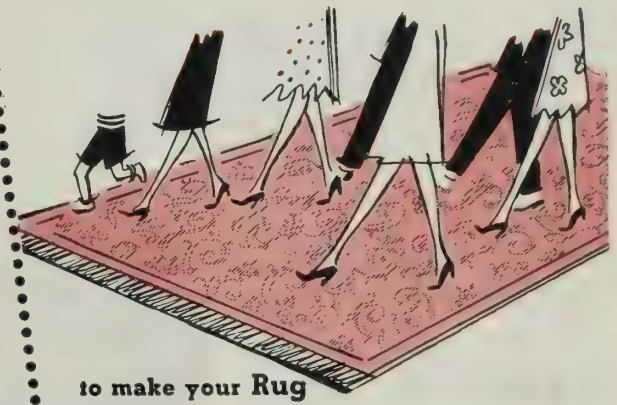
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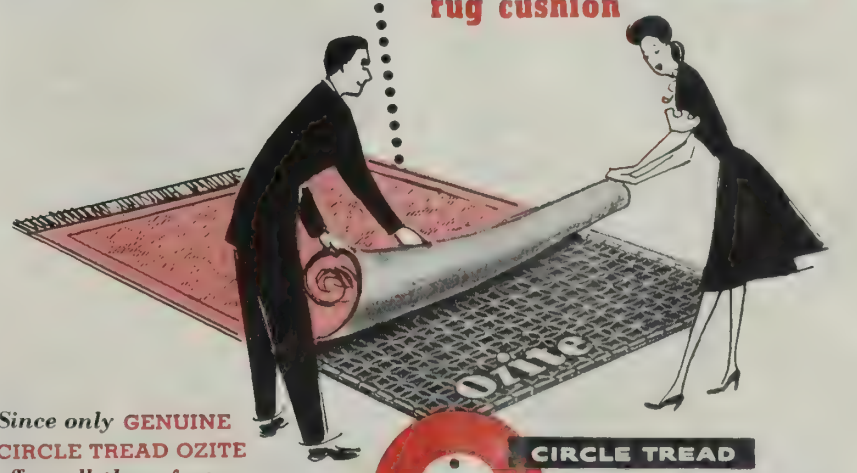


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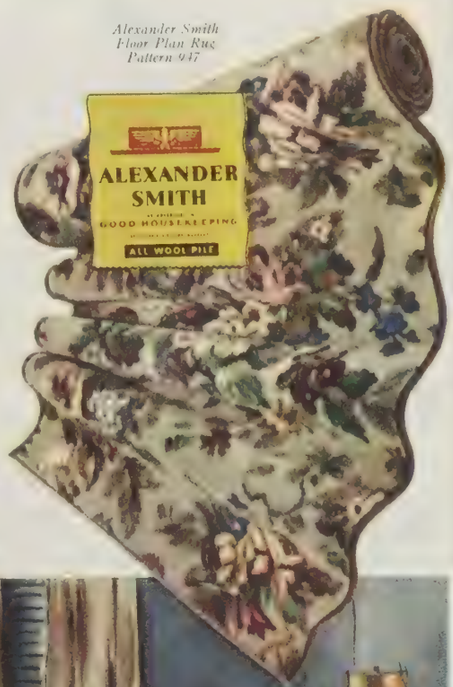
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This dream bedroom not only makes use of Mrs. G's most flattering colors, but becomes a dual purpose room to be used as an extra "living room," as well.



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"Herbert," she said.

He turned around. Victoria took his face in her hands and, bending down, she kissed him. She kissed him deliberately and wholeheartedly, despite her frenzied efforts, most of the evening, to avoid his kissing her.

Herbert Coombs stood there quietly until it was over. He did not move or speak until quite some time after Victoria had let go of his face. Now it was very pale again, she saw, and quite moist. But not with fear this time—rather because of a rich, sure upwelling of joy quite new to him.

The two of them—an undersized boy and a long-legged girl—stared at each other in happy amazement. Miraculously, he had been lifted out of black, agonizing shame by the girl's small warm gesture of kindness. At the same time, the girl was realizing for the first time how wonderfully simple it was to restore another human being's happiness. All you had to do, Victoria thought, was care enough.

It was a moment of unforgettable radiance. But finally it broke when Herbert Coombs stirred and spoke four hoarse words. "Well, good night again," was all he could say, but his big blue eyes were shining.

The door slammed after him. In a dreamy glow, Victoria moved into the living room. She was going to turn off the lights for the night when she saw Herbert Coombs' pipe lying on a table. Something told her that he would be too shy to come back for it a second time in one night, and something else told her that she would be glad to mail it to him. This would give her a good excuse to write him a letter.

William Feather told of an Indian who was converting a log into a canoe. A man came along and said, "Chief, I think she's too wide for her length." So the Indian narrowed her down. Another said, "Chief, the stern's too full." So he cut down the stern. A third said, "The bow's too sheer, Chief," so he fixed up the bow. "She's a little too deep, Chief," so the old man hacked away some more. When he launched the canoe it capsized. He hauled it back on the beach, found another log and began again. Once more a stranger offered advice, but this time the Indian answered, "That's every man's boat over there," pointing to the monstrosity that wouldn't float. Then, resuming his work, he mumbled, "This will be Indian's boat."

—M. BACON: Thirty Years With Dotted Lines. (copyright by author) E. O. Painter Printing Co.

There was one more thing she wanted to do to make Herbert Coombs sure of her lasting good will.

"If you're ever in New York again," she would say, "and if it suits your fancy, I should be delighted to ask my parents if I may accompany you to a night club, which I am sure they will grant, after their pleasure in meeting you."

As she continued planning the letter—she would use her best stationery that said VICKY on it in bold purple letters and she would put just a drop of her mother's best perfume on it—she went over to the hall mirror and took the end of the pipe stem and pressed a dimple into her cheek with it. She did this faithfully every night with a pencil in the hope of improving her smile.

Now she leaned forward to try out the results of tonight's beautifying effort by smiling at her reflection in what she trusted was a ravishing way. But somehow, she didn't care about that—not tonight. Forgetting to notice the smile, she noticed, mostly, herself. She thought she looked different—grown up, getting to know life's secrets. She wasn't too sure she liked that, but then, she supposed, it had to start sometime.

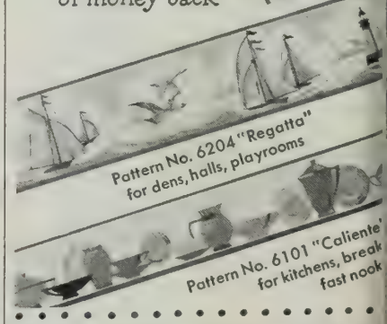
Victoria sighed and whispered to the girl in the mirror, "Life is certainly an irascible proposition, isn't it?"

She meant *anomalous or peculiar, odd.*

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The pasture has become a muted green, and the goldenrod and wild asters spill a glory of color over the stone fence.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

THE special gift of frosty gold days comes now; time to lay down the household tasks and shut the door on routine. For every October, when I see the trees over the meadow, I think, "I shall not look upon her like again." And every October is different, strange with new beauty.

With old gunny sacks over our shoulders, we climb the pasture slopes. Here the outcropping ledges are warm and gray, but have delicate colors laid over the stone, pastel of lichens, rosy-tipped, soft olive; coppery-tinged. The pasture itself is still green, a muted green, and all the goldenrod and chicory and wild asters spill more glory over the stone fence. As if this were not breath-taking enough, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills" and see the sugar maples and oaks and butternuts. There should be new words every October for the colors gold and scarlet and bronze and russet. There they are, living fire, and a re-establishment of God's good will to earth.

We go up to the farther lot where the butternut trees have their tawny leaves lifted against the soft sky. The nuts are cinnamon or black-suède color and the long ovals hang in delightful clumps together. One kind of rain that I like is a rain of butternuts plopping on my bent head.

We fill the gunnysacks and then wander on to the hickory trees. The green-lacquer covers of the nuts split open easily, and inside the pale polished nuts are hidden. A hickory nut is beautifully made, with its delicate ridges and tiny point to finish it off. It feels smooth to the hand and has a faint pleasant smell. I love to roll a handful in my fingers as I gather them.

It is still and peaceful up here, and the air has a dreaming quality. When we have wandered as far as we need, for the gunny sacks do get heavy very soon, we move to the biggest ledge of all, where there is a nice flat place to spread a picnic supper.

We have one of those small folding tin stoves that hold solid-alcohol cans, and we unfold it and light the alcohol. A small frying pan goes over the blue-red flame. There is room enough on the ledge for the stove and the rest of the picnic equipment too. We curl up along the edge of the rock, letting our feet dangle over.

The menu is an old one, for this nut gathering has all the aura of a tradition with us. New-laid eggs, fried crisp at the edges and just firm in the golden centers. Slices of dark bread to lift them on. We have big ripe tomatoes laid on grape leaves, to eat in the hand with salt and pepper.

And this is all, for we can't carry much when the nut sacks are full. Usually we find windfall sweet apples near where we eat, and make dessert of them.

When we bring our nuts home, we spread them to dry on clean papers in the storehouse. They should dry well before they are hung up in bags from the rafters.

Another crop is ready for gathering, too—the firewood! We take a wooding expedition and bring in old dry fallen branches and broken limbs, chop them up and stack them for those open fires. We always mean to get enough for all winter, but we never do. Because there is the vegetable garden needing last aid, and the border to clean up for fall, and the kennel to scrub and paint. Every day is bursting with things to do.

Tomatoes may be gathered, pulling the vines and hanging them in the woodshed to go on ripening.

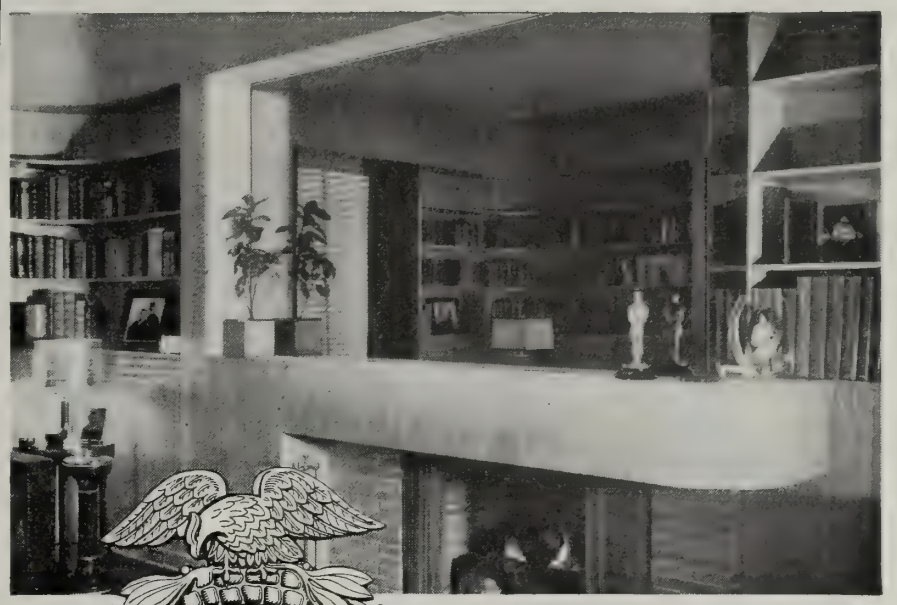
Some green ones we make dill tomatoes from. This is easy and so good. I wash small green tomatoes and pack them in hot sterilized jars.

To every jar I add a clove of garlic, 1 celery stalk, ¼ green pepper, cut up, a dill flower head with seeds. Then I bring 2 quarts of water to boil, add 1 quart vinegar, 1 cup salt and boil five minutes. I pour this over the tomatoes and seal at once. They are ready in six weeks.

The cockers love the frosty mornings. They race in the leaves and pounce on imaginary rabbits, their ears simply fly straight out on each side, their tails whir. They look very beautiful, the red and white of Snow and the satin black of Melody and the smooth luster of Honey's gold and the etching black and white of Silver. I never know which is nicer to look at framed in Autumn leaves. Esmé and Tigger sit on top of the garden gate, a black silhouette and a bisque one.

Clover is violently pursuing squirrels from tree to tree and Saxon is ruining the lawn

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again after moles. This seems to be open season for moles. Windy keeps making nests in the zinnias; he is about zinnia color and maybe that is why he likes them.

The dogs get a good shampoo on a sunny warm day, and a brushing. They get burs in their ears in autumn, no matter how careful we are. The best way to fix the ears is to use a steel comb and comb through, beginning with the underside of the ear, and then cut away the mass where the bur is with sharp scissors. The edge of the comb protects the ear itself. Some of our cockers never quite trust the scissors, and we usually have two people for the job, one to hold and one to clip. But the last time, I had no one to help me and I learned something wonderful about Windy and Pussy, who are the most nervous of all about this trimming. I explained the whole matter to them. "And I am all alone to do this so you must help me," I finished my speech earnestly.

I wish some of the psychologists who think dogs can't understand English had been there to see the red and the black sit as still as mice while I worked over their burs. They just knew! I believe a dog's understanding is limited by our own belief in it.

The family appetites are going on all cylinders with the outdoor life and the crisp air. Baked beans and coleslaw are on the supper list very often, macaroni and cheese, plenty of hot breads.

I have tried a nice recipe for sweet muffins, really a tea muffin. It calls for 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, ¼ cup sugar, 3 beaten egg yolks, 1 cup milk, 2 cups bread flour, sifted twice, 1 tablespoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 beaten egg whites.

I cream butter well, add sugar gradually and cream together, then alternately beaten yolks and milk. Turn over the flour, sifted with salt and baking powder, and stir together without beating. Fold in egg whites. Pour the batter into heated greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for about twenty minutes. The muffins are done when they are light brown and shrink from the sides of the pan.

We serve these very hot with honey butter or marmalade or wild-blackberry jam.

I keep a soup kettle on the range now. Every now and then, the family says, "This is the best soup you ever made; what's in it?" And I answer vaguely, "Everything I could find."

The trick of making a rich, magically good soup is to blend all the odds and ends you have tossed into it with a basic seasoning. For instance, a big dish of chicken stock, or a bowl of bouillon made with cubes, or some gravy seasoning, or an extra can of tomatoes. A package of dehydrated soup mix does a lot for a mixture of leftover vegetables and sauces that are simmering with onion, mixed herbs and celery tops. I add a tiny pinch of sage often.

LEFTOVER mashed potatoes are lovely to make a smooth rich soup. Macaroni, rice, dumplings or some form of starch is a must. Toasted bread cubes will do. I turn in scalloped potatoes, milk and all. Almost any canned soup makes a fine addition to the basic soup. Cream of spinach and pea and black bean are favorites of ours.

Yesterday I had a new experience. Our neighbor up the road has been raising a baby pig, and the latter suddenly seemed to be having some sort of boils. I went over to help take her to Doctor Beeres. Having taken cockers over frequently, I thought nothing of it; I simply said, "I'll help you take Bunty over."

We had a small chicken crate with no top and a nice white piece of old bedspread to wrap her in. Bunty is a white pig, with a deceptive air of innocence and docility. We got in the pen and made sweet sounds. "Here, Bunty, come here, Bunty." Bunty retired to the hay and peered at us. As we approached, she darted out and nearly tripped her owner.

"Come, Bunty, come on, Bunty," she coaxed, moving over.

Bunty was almost there, and then she wasn't. And for the next forty minutes two large grown women and one small white pig flew around the barn like windmills, in and out, up and down, around and about. If we got our hands on her, she screamed death and disaster and smashed away. We tried dropping the crate on her, we tried doing a bullfight act with the cloth. Once we got the cloth over her and she flew through the air like a balloon, cloth and all.

ALL the time she screamed as if we were murdering her, and this kept us nervous. Her owner tried feeding her and Bunty would come up and whisk up the food all right; but the minute we made a nearer move, she was off again. In the end, we had to call in the farmer across the road. It took him about three minutes flat to have her in the box. So it seems there is technique even in pig catching! We felt very humble as we loaded Bunty in the car. "You have to sneak up from the rear," I said, wiping my red face, "and cling to a hind leg."

All the way to Waterbury Bunty screeched like a madwoman. And she rocketed around in the crate like a full herd of buffalo in a stampede. At times we thought the car would fall to pieces. Bunty's owner was so distraught she drove all over the road.

When we finally got to the doctor's and crawled out, he was standing on the steps of the office.

"I've brought my pig," said Bunty's owner.

He came around and looked in at the feverish eye of Bunty and then his eyes began to twinkle, and then he looked at our disheveled selves and began to laugh, and he laughed until tears were in his eyes. "Have any trouble?" he asked mildly when he recovered.

We rested while he fixed the patient up and inoculated her and loaded her back, and then we drove home and had another unsuccessful bout with pig stubbornness trying to get Bunty out of the small opening in the box. After half an hour more, she finally was hauled out. Panting and exhausted, we stood by the pen and Bunty stretched herself out in a nice soft bed of hay and relaxed.

"Well," we said, "we're lots more tired than you are!"

Farming, I decided, is so full of technical skill that I wonder how anyone ever learns to be an expert farmer in one lifetime! If pigs are so difficult, think of cows and sheep and horses and chickens and all the other life on a farm needing special treatment. And as for the rest of it, I have not yet been able to wield a scythe and not make scallops on the hay.

What with nuts and pig catching and dog washing and gardening, there isn't much time to read in October. But there is always time to remember.

I remember reading aloud with Harriet, my friend who likes reading aloud as well as I do. Some lines come back as a nice echo. From Frost's Masque of Reason we liked, "And science goes self-superseding on!" What a perfect way to put it. Every year science does supersede itself with newer and more complicated progress. Mr. Frost's sly humor as he comments on the world is a joy to quote. I like the whole of the Masque of Reason, with its mellow seasoned wit. The main problem of why Job had to suffer is the problem we never solve, why mankind has to suffer. Mr. Frost doesn't exactly solve it either, but his poetry makes good reading!

When I came home at sunset last night, trying to feel every small detail of loveliness in the tranquil country scene, I remembered another favorite line from Gibran, who says so much one can think over:

"We live only to discover beauty. All else is a form of waiting."

Just so long as you keep on asking people how they are feeling, they are going to keep on telling you. So you have nobody to blame but yourself.

—COLEMAN COX: Straight Talks. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

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TAYLOR CALDWELL

whose novel, *This Side of Innocence*, begins in this issue, writes, "Due to the help shortage in our town of Eggertsville, New York, I do practically all the work in our ten-room home, all the gardening, cooking, shopping, scrubbing and sewing. I don't like it. In my spare time I write novels. Since I do all my typing and correspondence between midnight and three A.M. and rise at seven, I get only about five hours' sleep a night (when I'm lucky) and I'm in and out of constant nervous breakdowns as one goes in and out of revolving doors. It doesn't agree with me. I take frightful photographs—or at least, I flatter myself that I do. Normally I look quite pleasant, especially after the laundry is done, the silver polished, the bathrooms washed and the sink scrubbed. My friends tell me I look ten years younger than my age; my husband says fifteen. They are all lovely liars. Incidentally, to paraphrase Lincoln, 'all I am I owe to my darling husband,' who has been, literally, my guide, philosopher and friend. He edits my work, argues over it and offers sensible suggestions. He reads, writes and speaks twelve languages, has journeyed over the world, ought to be on a quiz program. You will gather that I appreciate him."



LEJA GORSKA

MARY LOOS and WALTER DURANTY

co-authors of *This World Will Be Mine*, both enjoy noise when they are writing. Mr. Duranty, who sold his first story in 1907 for $12, speaks five languages, keeps an occasional cat, and his favorite dish is a new-laid egg boiled exactly 4½ minutes. Miss Loos, niece of the famous Anita, reads the Bible to stimulate her composition, writes 18 hours a day when enthused, named her Yorkshire terrier "Sergeant Yorkshire" and is hoping to have her ballet, Quetzalcoatl, performed now that the war is over.



JOHN ENGSTEAD

CLARA LAWTON LIENHARD

author of *An Answer for Everything*, says, "Born in Louisiana sufficiently long ago so that I now conveniently forget the date. Took up writing, at my family's request, after almost sixteen years of studying piano. To date I've written only one novel—which must be a literary leper, as nobody seems willing to touch it. Married in Cairo and lived in Near East until the war brought us back to the States. Plan to start traveling again as soon as my husband gets a civilian suit."



GENE LEVETT STUDIOS

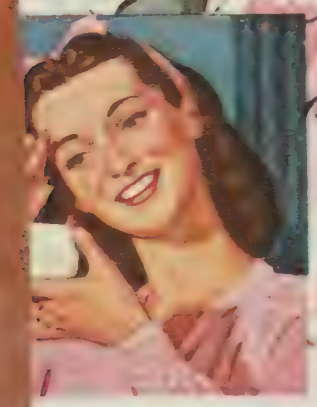
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Most Soaps
preventing "Dirty Grayness"!
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Prove Oxydol Washes Clothes
LEANER and WHITER!
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use Oxydol. Remember—
THOUT BLEACHING!
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skin!



MRS. ROBERT MORTENSON
—the former Helen Ann McManus of Newark, N.J.
Bridal portrait painted by Bolegard





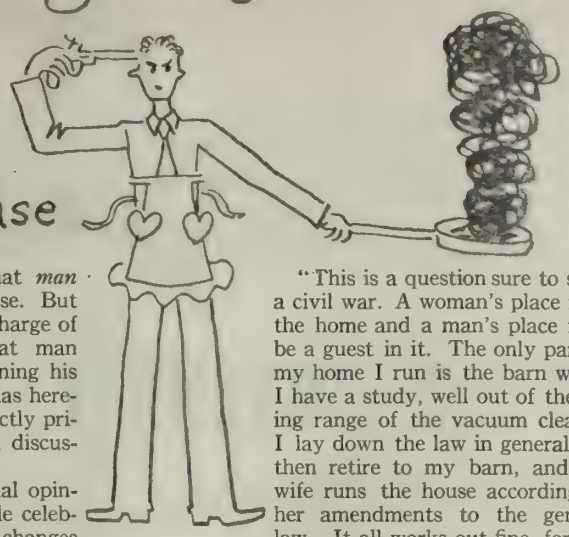


Singin' in the snow—
noon holiday every winter. "Bob
ng," confides Helen. "I like his
p them coming my complexion
Soap Diet."

Be saving—with everything!
Make your Camay last—
it's made from precious materials.

If I Were Running My House

By Judith Chase



EVERYONE knows that *man* is the head of the house. But it's *woman* who is in charge of operations. Just what man would do if *he* were running his house is a subject which has heretofore been confined to strictly private, if sometimes heated, discussion.

To pry into their personal opinions, we queried these male celebrities on what sweeping changes they'd make and improvisations they'd instigate—if they were to take the household helm in place of their wives.

Some threw up their hands in despair at the mere prospect of such a change. Others came through with highly ingenious improvements. But almost all, despite their very definite ideas, made an extraordinary admission for men: they couldn't begin to do half the job that their wives were doing!

What they have to say bears noting. Maybe the man in your house has similar ideas, but hasn't quite summoned the courage to voice them.



Here's what they answered:

"I would do away with all the dainty gadgets and devices for holding cigarette ashes and install an old-fashioned wooden barrel in the living room near the piano."

—H. I. Phillips.

"If I were running my house in the place of my wife, I assume that I would be my wife and my wife would be me. In that case, I would probably shoot me whenever I complained or tried to interfere with the running of a house."

—Kenneth Roberts.



"I'd have more rocking chairs and do more work in them. House*work* uses up a lot of energy, and possibly because I started life in the Middle West I think a rocking chair is a great energy saver. I'd peel potatoes in the rocker, rock the babies to sleep in it, and have one beside the telephone for a good long visit in comfort."

—Donald A. Laird.

"In these servantless, or relatively servantless, times, I think I would make individual members of the household do much more work than they do now. I would institute a regime of two meals a day. If anyone wanted a meal in the middle of the day, they would have to get it for themselves."

—Marquis Childs.

"First I would have all hooks and hangers made in the shape of doorknobs, because that is where I love to hang things. Second—on the nights that we have guests who don't know when to go home, two waiters would arrive promptly at the stroke of midnight and begin stacking up all the chairs and tables like they do in a rathskeller just before closing time."

—Milt Gross.

"This is a question sure to start a civil war. A woman's place is in the home and a man's place is to be a guest in it. The only part of my home I run is the barn where I have a study, well out of the firing range of the vacuum cleaner. I lay down the law in general and then retire to my barn, and my wife runs the house according to her amendments to the general law. It all works out fine, for one reason: my wife has never discovered that I am a better cook than she is."

—Edgar P. Snow.

"If I were running the house, I'd do away with the dining room, as such, and move the whole business into the kitchen. It has always been my contention that a kitchen is just about the most comfortable room in a home, and I can't see any reason why the dining facilities couldn't be made a part of the quarters. Aside from the homey aspect of such an arrangement, it also would make housework a lot easier, saving hundreds of needless steps taken in moving food and dishes from the kitchen to a separate dining room."

—Warner Baxter.

"I'd decide on the best place for furniture and knickknacks—*and then leave them there!* Changing the chairs and tables around all the time only makes home uncomfortable and strange. Is there anything worse than a wandering ash tray, that was beside your favorite chair yesterday, is on the mantelpiece today and heaven only knows where tomorrow?"

—Igor Gorin.

"Although I have pleaded with my wife for years to keep our meals simple, she still insists on serving eight or ten vegetables with dinner. It is nothing for us to have salad, string beans, Lima beans, potatoes, broccoli, asparagus, spinach, beets, peas and hearts of palms besides meat, soup and dessert. I am working on an invention for a table that will throw all vegetables out the window, with the possible exception of stewed corn. I know vegetables 'are good for you.' But I'd rather go without them and stay as puny as I am."

—Rube Goldberg.

"If I were running a house I'd invent a hollow piece of soap, so there'd never be any of those little slivers left over!"

—Garry Moore.



"Because I eat so many of my meals at the Stork Club, where I have a menu choice, I would have my meals at home a surprise, rather than a choice. And also, if I were running my house, I would have all the main dishes put before me on the table at once, farm style, instead of being served in courses, the time-honored custom of restaurants."

—Sherman Billingsley.

(Continued on Page 116)

OXYDOL WASHES SO CLEAN

even your biggest wash comes

WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING



FAR AHEAD of Most Soaps in preventing "Dirty Grayness"!



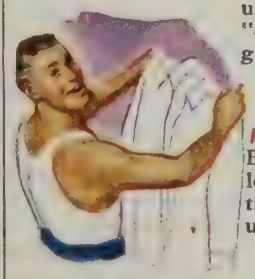


Tests Prove Oxydol Washes Clothes CLEANER and WHITER!

Yes, Whiter! In wash test after wash test—Oxydol proves that it washes clothes *cleaner* and *whiter* than many other soaps which, unlike Oxydol, fail to get out that last possible trace of stubborn dirt and grime!



White and Bright Wash After Wash! Soaps often leave behind tiny discoloring particles caused by dirt in the clothes and the "hardness" of the water. Even with careful rinsing some of these impurities stick in the clothes and turn gray or yellow under ironing heat. But Oxydol combats "dirty grayness"—actually helps *prevent* grayness particles from forming!



New "Hustle-Bubble" Suds Lift Dirt Out! Oxydol's new "Hustle-Bubble" suds are so active they *lift* dirt out. And they work longer, too—long after suds from many other soaps are all tired out! Yes, with Oxydol all your white things—except for unusual stains—come so clean they're White Without Bleaching.

So Safe for Colors, Too! And Oxydol is so *safe* for wash colors, rayons and your own precious hands. Your colored clothes come so clean they fairly sparkle!

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OXYDOL WASHES WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING!

★ Be Patriotic! Avoid Soap Waste! ★

LADIES' HOME Journal

BRUCE GOULD and BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD, *Editors*

NOVEMBER, 1945

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What Made a Hero?

BY STRUTHERS BURT

You cannot choose your battlefield,
The gods do that for you,
But you can plant a standard
Where a standard never flew.
—NATHALIA CRANE.

THIS is an inquiry into incredible courage; into what made a hero. What makes a hero has been asked all through history, and will never be answered. Often it has been asked by wondering men who themselves would be heroes.

John David Hutchins, of Colorado County, Texas, won a Congressional Medal of Honor, awarded posthumously. His citation read:

"As the ship on which Hutchins was stationed approached the enemy-occupied beach under a veritable hail of fire, a hostile torpedo pierced the surf and bore down upon the vessel with deadly accuracy. Before the helmsman could steer clear of the threatening missile, a bomb struck the pilothouse, dislodged him from his station, and left the stricken ship helplessly exposed."

The helmsman was Johnnie Hutchins. Wounded, half stunned, he picked himself up, lurched back to his station and, with no regard for his wounds, steered the ship to safety. Then he died. They had to pry his fingers loose from the wheel. The ship was spearheading the assault upon Lae, New Guinea.

Johnnie Hutchins' father was a tenant farmer who never in all his life—and he's a steady man—has earned more than $800 cash a year. Two dollars a day is about the best a man can do, and that's counting Sundays. Johnnie was poor all his brief life—what some call an underprivileged American. That, perhaps, is the particular point. The churches in the world are rich with the names of young men who have died for their country, but these young men had a great deal, and their countries had done much for them.

Johnnie Hutchins went to work behind a plow when he was seven. He had known no luxury, he had known only the barest, grimmest of necessities. He had never had a holiday. Nothing had been free to him but the American sky, the American air and some notion of the American idea. What made him, then?

What makes a man, who owes life so little, in a moment of mortal danger do what is magnificent and do it instantly? What makes him, raising his eyes and seeing death not a foot away, stare back with cool hard eyes that stare death down? What makes him? What inner compulsion? What sudden gathering together of all the forces of life, vigorous and burning, so that in one supreme moment of defiance life shows itself greater than all the slow hours of death? No one will ever know. But we do know this: Here is one of those shining mysteries—there are a few—which prove without argument the value and magnificence of man.

GUILT AND ATONEMENT

By Dorothy Thompson

WHEN President Truman repeated on the air a sentence in the Potsdam Communiqué—"The German people have begun to *atone*"—I wondered why three political leaders should have used so theological an expression, and with what concept of "atonement" they were concerned.

In the Old Testament, punishment is associated with atonement. A natural communion is affirmed: between God and man, and God and nations—Israel in particular. If this communion is broken through fault of man or nation, God's wrath follows. Says the book of Joshua:

> "Israel hath sinned . . . therefore could not stand before their enemies . . . neither will I be with you any more, except ye destroy the accursed from among you."

In traditional rituals there is the idea of atonement through destruction of the accursed; the "scapegoat" is driven into the wilderness, bearing with it the iniquities of the people.

The New Testament has the concept of vicarious suffering, as propitiation, not by a scapegoat but by the voluntary act of the Son of God, the Perfectly Pure, Who offers atonement through love—the love of God for all men, even sinners—and redemption through the sacrifice of the Son, for those who, confessing His faith, try to realize His precepts.

The idea of inescapable vengeance no longer appears. There appears another word to express atonement in its literal sense: at-one-ment; that is, reconciliation, again through mutual acknowledgment of God—Father, Son and Spirit—and rebirth to new life in faith—the miracle of conversion.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN struggled, at the climax of the Civil War, with the concept of guilt and atonement in the Second Inaugural Address. But here we see, in contrast to Potsdam, a spirit of profound humility. He saw the war as suffered by both North and South which, were it the will of God, must have come of the guilt of both, though it was not from both equally that "the offense came." Yet he "judged not, that we be not judged," remembering that only "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether," and in a moment of bitterest civil hatreds said, "with malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, *as God gives us to see the right*, let us strive on."

The great American apostle of reconciliation was not forgiven by his enemies—one of them killed him; the "tragic era" followed, in which the North tried to strangle the South economically as "atonement" for slavery. No American now believes that the apostle of atonement through reconciliation should have been assassinated, or that it was well that the advocates of righteous vengeance flourished to sow the seeds of new guilts.

Even the Potsdam Communiqué shows traces of this concept of atonement and reconciliation. The German people are to go into the wilderness for an unspecified length of time, somehow to emerge purified and redeemed—"re-educated." But how?

NOTHING in the punishments devised is related to the crimes that most revolted mankind. The waging of aggressive war was avenged in the war itself; for London and Rotterdam and their buried children, there is hardly a German city left standing, and under the rubble are the bodies of German children. For the ruthlessness of Axis bombings there is the terrible answer of the atomic bomb.

But Dachau, Buchenwald, Belsen? What relation is there between them and the stripping of German industries? Their mass exterminations were extraneous to the war. Their horrors started in "peace." They required no war industries; a garbage incinerator can consume human corpses, and the gassings were by crystals evaporated to kill roaches and bugs.

That crime cannot be answered by reprisals in kind; no victor can expunge it; and only God can forgive it. There is no atonement in any of the punishments designed.

But we can and must try to understand the crime. The mass exterminations of the concentration camps were possible only on the assumption that a part of humanity could be declared by another part to be *outside* humanity. If this can be accepted and digested, then mass exterminations appear no more of a crime than the extermination of vermin. There lies the source of the crime.

And if this be the source, then it can be atoned for only in recognition of the oneness of humanity and by positive service to humanity. The German people must be given the opportunity to use their talents to the fullest in sacrificial service for humanity. Only thus can the German soul come again to terms with itself, God and humanity: the at-one-ment.

If we frustrate that sacrificial service by removing all German opportunities for it, we are not assisting atonement but pronouncing damnation. The habitation of damned souls would be exactly hell on earth, where guilt, never washed away, would feed on itself to create more crime, and crime more guilt, poisoning and corrupting defeated and victor alike into an inferno of terror, created by no hope of escape—from guilt, into redemption and salvation.

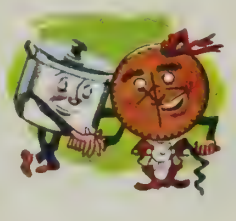


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Sealed-in Vitamins and Flavor . . . Scientific heating that helps meat and vegetables retain natural color and texture, checks loss of savory juices. Penetrating, even heat that bakes and roasts clear through, preventing cake failures, reducing shrinkage so roasts go further. Low-water cooking that conserves vitamins. Radiant heat for delicious "charcoal-type" broiling to suit every taste.



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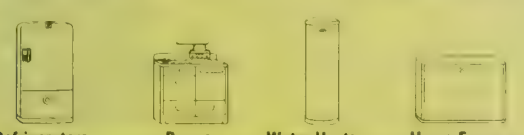
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Three's a Crowd

ALREADY you've had five or six weeks of getting into the swing of things with new books, new teachers, sandwiches and malts for lunch, the last-minute rush to catch your eight-thirty class each morning and the last-minute rush to be the first one out of class at the end of the day. You still have that wonderful, crispy fall feeling when it's fun to be at school seven hours a day with nothing on your mind but this year's basketball team, next Monday's English assignment and the new blond boy who just moved across from you in study hall.

There's still a shine on your new brown moccasins, you've pasted your pet picture of Van Johnson on the cover of your notebook, that new green sweater is tucked away in tissue paper for the first big gym dance of the year and you haven't even read past page 52 in your ancient-history text. It took the first two weeks of school to get used to calling yourself a freshman, a sophomore or a senior, then it took the next two weeks to get back into the high-school habits of after-supper study and handing your homework in on time, and for the past few weeks you've just been settling back into the happy rut of a "five-day-a-week-till-spring" routine of school.

But the year is still young, and so are you—so what are you going to do about it?

A GAL IN NEED. That's you. You're just any high-school girl from first year to fourth year. You may be a neat young character with a wardrobe of sweaters to match every day in the week, enough of that jingling money to hie yourself to the drugstore after school every night, and sufficient talents for hitting the books to keep your grades up at the head of the class. In fact, you may have almost everything any girl could want—but do you have what every girl *needs?* A few good friends to share her fun!

For what fun is a Friday-night movie if you don't have a good gal friend sitting next to you to stare and share the great Van? And what fun is a Saturday-night date with that head man in your life if you don't have a gal friend to talk it over with on Monday morning? If you hear a funny joke, you want to tell it to someone else; if you're cramming for an English exam, two heads are better than one; and if your family gifts you with a new Harry James album for your birthday—well, that music just sounds sweeter if you have a couple other appreciative characters to listen with you. Nothing is really fun *alone*—and in high school, the first answer is girl friends.

And you just can't *have* friends; you have to *make* friends. Why spend week after week waiting for the other young characters in your classes to find out that you're a good girl to know, when you can speak up first! It takes someone "interested" in others to be interesting, so why not move right up to the head of the hit parade by learning how to make and keep a friend in all the small, important ways?

You can be the girl who always remembers names and faces, birthdays and big dates. You can remember to say "how nice" for a new dress, a new hair-do or a new (to her!) class ring, and you can remember all the unwritten rules about good companionship, loyalty and keeping away from a gal friend's special boy friend. You like to talk and you know how to listen. You can keep a secret and you know how to laugh when the joke's on you. You won't get too cold at football games, you like pajama parties and wiener roasts, and you think it's exciting to get out your best formal and hair-do for a last-minute blind date. You will learn early that the world is so full of wonderful people that there's just no point in limiting yourself to one clique or one gal pal for all your good times. And you can be the kind of girl who thinks first about party plans or asking the crowd over to her house on a Friday night instead of waiting for the fun to come to her.

HOW TO BE POPULAR!

Can you count your dates and your gal pals on one finger—or does it take both hands to do the job? Whichever your category, and whatever your personal puzzler, you'll find the answer to fun and friends in the newly edited booklet, HOW TO BE POPULAR! No. 1022, 5 cents. Order it from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE. And then there's that second big item that can make or break a girl's high-school happiness—the men in her life. For as soon as any girl is definitely out of the pigtails-and-pinafore department, she begins to feel the need of some tall, dark and handy male to make life completely exciting. It may be a steady joe who is on the phone every night at seven; it may be a casual acquaintance who asks you to stop at the hangout for a cola after school; or it might be just the boy who walked you to assembly period last Thursday. But a woman, from the day she turns sixteen till the time she takes up tatting, likes to feel "appreciated"—especially by men.

And since having fellows as friends is as important to the total success of your high-school career as getting A's in English, don't let another week go by without adding one new boy to your list as a friend. You just have to check the records to find that the gal who has the most friends, and the best friends, is the smart young character who can think of boys as "friends" first and "boys" last. She's the girl who doesn't overdo the *femme fatale* act with the low voice and sultry looks, expecting white orchids and dates for Saturday night to fall at her feet. And yet she isn't so shy and boy-scared that she thinks all fellows weird, wolfish, out-of-this-world characters who talk only in low whistles and whose eyes light up after dark. She just takes the even pitch that boys are people too! Boys like a girl they can talk to, a girl they can laugh with—without having her either swoon with shyness or promptly roll her baby-blue eyes toward their football sweaters or their class rings. Why don't you try it? Think of the boys in your school as friends first—and *then* as "date material" (if you're not already too busy dating those friends to give the matter a second thought!)

TWO AND TWO MAKE FUN. And since one good friend leads to another, you'll be part of a whole crowd of fellows and girls you like to be with almost before you know it. In high school, friends make fun, so lose no time in making friends. The year's still young and so are you and—since you're only young once—why not make it fun this time!



So Sweet to Come Home To

Isn't it the nice thing, the *wise* thing, to let Listerine Antiseptic help you be that way today and tomorrow and all of the tomorrows?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Never, never, omit this wholly delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



"Look...it's just the same

...I TOLD YOU IT WOULD BE"

"There's the old Simpson place. Same crooked apple tree next to the fence. Quarry's just down the road. Weren't supposed to swim there, but . . . *yeah, there it is* . . . just the same.

"Watch, now. You'll see the church spire first. Rest of the town's hidden by the hill. Look. See how the sun paints it extra bright this time of day? It's just the same.

"Be there in a minute, now. Folks'll be waitin'. Sis! She'll be standin' tiptoe at the end of the platform. Dad. He'll be shufflin' his feet, not saying much. And Mom. Her face'll be just like I've seen it a million times since I've been away . . . kind of lit up the way it was when she used to lean over and kiss me good night. They'll all be just the same. The way I dreamed. The way I want them. Just the same."

★ ★ ★

And he'll be just the same, too. Remember that. A little bit older than two years usually make. A little bit stronger in the way that suffering and sacrifice strengthen all of us. But remember, beneath the ribbons and the battle stars he's just the same. Don't wonder "how to treat him . . . how to act?" He's your boy—the same boy—come home. Act just the same. Be just the same. That's how he wants it.

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Home, Sweet Home!

Antigo, Wisconsin.

To the Editors: If we look back in history not many years ago, we find a family sitting around an old round table reading, or chatting, or even singing hymns. Today the mother is at a Red Cross meeting. Father at lodge. Sister at school dance and brother gone to the show.

What is happening to our home life? Everyone has to do something every night. They should all find time to spend at home in simple entertainment. Another thing wrong is mother's trying to hold down a career and be a mother too—it just doesn't work. We need more women with careers of being wife and mother. Homes are the background to our nation.

I plan on making my career a home.

Sincerely,
NORMA WEST.
(16 years old.)



Home-girl Norma, holding little sister.

Journal Homes for the Future

New York City.

Dear Editors: As you know, the exhibition of Ladies' Home Journal's collection of Tomorrow's Small House has been a tremendous success and has attracted our largest attendance in five years. I should like to take this opportunity to express our warm appreciation of your cooperation in this important and influential exhibition. Sincerely,

MONROE WHEELER,
Director, Museum of Modern Art.

Give Us Homes!

Tulare, California.

Dear Journal Editors: Please, can't your Richard Pratt give us something except those glorified "chicken-coop" exteriors? The floor plans are usually very good; but we want houses that look like "homes" with traditional flavor. We still like your terraces, large windows and one-room-deep planning. Sincerely,

ETHEL V. SOULTS.

Attracted by publication in the JOURNAL of a series of small inexpensive houses designed for mass production, the Museum of Modern Art requested permission to exhibit models of these prefabricated houses during the summer. Museums in other cities have asked for the astonishingly successful exhibit, as have many department stores. The exhibit is a somewhat costly one, but arrangements are now being made to show it in various cities throughout the United States. ED.

Give Us More "Shacks"

Columbia, Tennessee.

Dear Sir: It appears that Mrs. Arline Hatch may be frightened about new-type homes making old-style houses out of date.

Many people today are unable to own a home for the sole reason that they cannot afford what they want. Their only chance to get one is through mass production of the house and furnishings to go with it. There is nothing wrong with the looks of the new houses. They are different, yes, but definitely an improvement over the old style inherited from the Pilgrims.

If Mrs. Hatch does not like the new style she can always get an old-fashioned house built by the same workmen; and out of the same material as her grandfather used. She can find books and books of plans at her local lumber dealer, but the rest of us want to look at something different. Give us more of the "glorified shacks." Yours very truly,

MR. AND MRS. JOHN C. CAUDLE.

We Have Only a Chance for Victory

Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Dear Editors: Now is the time to realize that the U. S. victory over Japan is *not* victory but merely the *chance* for victory. We have no assurance that war, which has continued thousands of years unchecked, has now vanished forever.

The *only* thing that the defeat of Japan does assuredly mean is the end of "safe" war. Man's genius, which has given us the comforts of life, has also made it too dangerous for us to relax and live self-centered lives in the untroubled enjoyment of these comforts. We must get out and fight for peace, or we shall have nothing—not even life.

Yours sincerely,
PATRICIA E. MUNK.

From One Who Knows

Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Furnas: I thought your article was just excellent. It seems to me that you very skillfully avoided the many pitfalls there are in the discussion of rheumatic fever, and at the same time wrote a most interesting and stimulating article. I think you made a real contribution in increasing public understanding of this disease.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,
BETTY HUSE, M.D.
Assistant Director for Crippled Children, Children's Bureau, U. S. Dept. of Labor.

World War III?

Lombard, Illinois.

Dear Madam: My little boys are aged two, four and six. Just the other day the oldest one said, "We'll be able to fight in World War III!"

This is the very thing that mothers of the world must see that their children do not say, it seems to me. I for one would like to see a movement started for an organization of Mothers of the World, to see that peace is maintained. All the world conferences, courts and police forces could not do what mothers in their home teaching can, and must, do.

Let us pray—yes—but also let us *work* to see that children growing up during the war don't get so enamored of the idea that they want to start another one.

Very sincerely yours,
MARTHA C. KEMMET.

Let's hope that *all* of us will soon become adult enough to outgrow being "enamored" of war. ED.

How Shall We Remember Them?

Birmingham, Alabama.

Dear Editors: I wonder how many towns are planning to erect memorials to their boys who will not return from the war. Wouldn't it be much better to give the money to a children's hospital or some other useful purpose? Wouldn't that be more effective in bringing peace than erecting a stone shaft?

BETH STANSEL.

Some communities have already taken steps to build living memorials to their war heroes. The JOURNAL will be glad to publish brief accounts of such plans, for the benefit of other interested readers. ED.

She's Rehabilitated

Ocean Park, California.

Dear Editor: After reading You Don't Need Legs to Live, I felt I *must* confirm its truth.

Two years ago, when I was twenty-eight and the mother of a boy, four, and a girl, four months, I was stricken with infantile paralysis. At the time it seemed

(Continued on Page 13)



Gentle words, gentle ways...the soft butterfly touch of fingers... will tell a man he's home.

Let your hands be soothing music, sweeter than he could have dreamed. There's a lovely, different hand lotion to help you ... creamy, flower-fragrant Trushay.

It softens hands wonderfully.

And you can use Trushay in a very special way — The "Beforehand" way!

Before daily tasks, before you do dishes, smooth on Trushay. It helps guard beautiful hands even in hot, soapy water!

Use Trushay whenever, wherever skin needs softening.

TRUSHAY

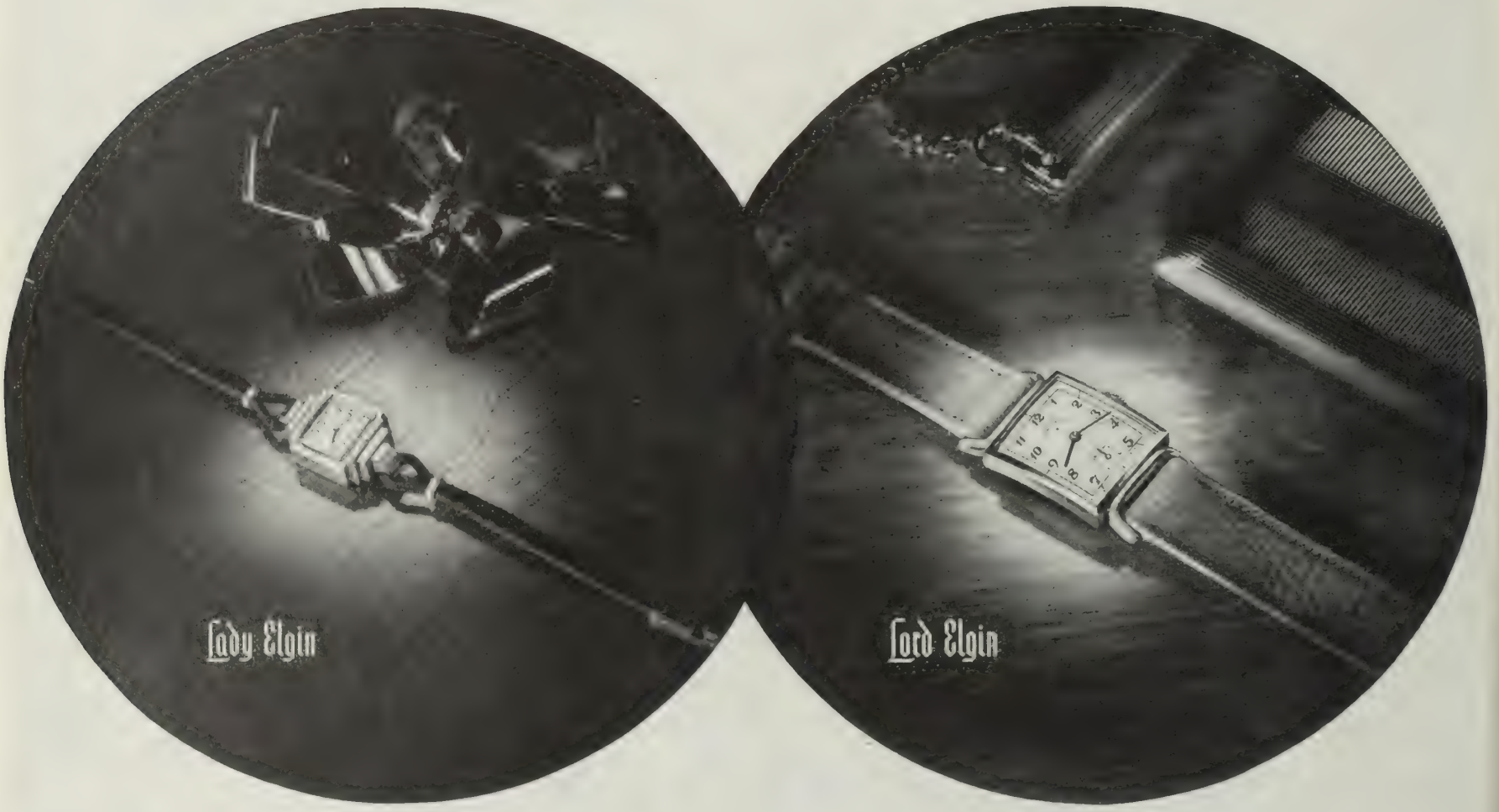
The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

"Hold fast to your desire..."

THERE WILL BE MORE ELGINS



What a grand day it will be . . . when you can look for and *find* at a jeweler's store in your town the Elgin Watch of your choice. It's coming . . . sooner than you expected.

Elgin's fourth generation craftsmen have finished those special tasks they assumed before Pearl Harbor and kept at steadily till the war's end. From the making of precision instruments and timing devices for our armed forces they've turned to the creation of fine watches for you. It will be a while yet; the making of Elgins is painstaking work. In the meantime, foreign-made watches may tempt you. But don't change your wish for the lasting accuracy of the American-made Elgin Watch . . . a timepiece you'll be proud to own, to give.

The new Elgins are coming. New Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin DeLuxe models—all reasonably priced, distinctively styled and timed to the stars. *You'll be glad you waited for an Elgin.* Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A. (*This is our 80th Anniversary.*)

Again on Thanksgiving and Christmas—Elgin's "2 HOURS OF STARS" coast to coast: CBS Stations, 4 to 6 p.m. EW'T. And to our victors via short wave.

Gift choice of American ELGIN *Families since 1865*

BUY THE BONDS OF VICTORY!

(Continued from Page 10)

almost more than my husband or I could bear. Now I have one good leg and the other made stable by the application of a brace. I get around very well with one cane, am able to do my own housework and care for my children.

My children are self-reliant, independent and well adjusted. They have learned to do everything they can to help me. My husband and I do everything together that we did before except dance, and we are looking forward to that in a few years. I have a rich, full, busy life and I am happy.

More articles about people like Leo Casey would help our boys who are coming back disabled to see that they are only one of many who have made their own place in the world despite handicaps.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. DORIS A. SCHIESS.

Consuming Interest

Goshen, Indiana.

Gentlemen: Would it be possible to obtain a September JOURNAL? My two cocker-spaniel puppies became so engrossed in Gladys Taber's article that they simply "ate up" my magazine.

MARY ROSEZELLE.

It's flattering to Mrs. Taber, but we feel the puppies should be told about the paper shortage. ED.

As Old as the Nation

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir: I noticed in the JOURNAL a letter from a Negro woman anxious concerning the future of her race in the U. S.

This problem is almost as old as the nation. Jefferson's solution was to separate the races and provide homes for the Negroes in Africa. Lincoln urged Congress to provide funds to establish the Negroes in Africa. But after his untimely death, amid the turmoil and bitterness of reconstruction, Lincoln's policy was ignored and the question was taken over by the politicians. However, this plan is still being kept alive by the United Negro Improvement Association, formerly headed by Marcus Garvey, whose enemies put him in the penitentiary in order to stop the movement. They needed the Negroes here to furnish cheap labor.

I would suggest that your correspondent get in touch with this association.

Sincerely,
DONALD DAVIDSON.

Problems in human relations are as old as human nature itself. But, as in the case of the atom (an old thing too), we must find some way to handle them without blowing up our One World.

ED.

This is Hollywood

Hollywood, California.

Dear Editor: Hollywood, I can report officially, is marvelous. Where but in Hollywood do girls wear high heels, dungarees, floating hair-do's and silver-fox coats when they enter the best hotels?



PHOTO BY JOSE VILARDELL

"Roughly Speaking" Louise.

"Help" in Hollywood *non est.* Personable young men with a flair for cooking may find themselves swamped with urgent invitations to the homes of the elect. "Do make some of your divine spaghetti and meat balls, darling," the hostess coos over the telephone.

I went to one dinner where Mrs. Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Boardman manned the sink. Mrs. Eddy can wipe dishes like lightning, but Eleanor Boardman was a wow at cleaning the sink. Rosalind Russell, who played me in the picture Warner Brothers made of my autobiography, Roughly Speaking, got home at eight one night from the studio, dead beat, to find her house deserted and the icebox empty. Taking a flashlight out to her garden, she quickly garnered some lettuce and tomatoes and put some spuds on to boil, praying that a cook would show up next day.

If Hollywood is such a tough place to live in, what do I like about it? That's easy. The people. Hollywood folks—and that goes for bosses, producers, directors, actors and actresses—are about the swellest humans I've ever met. Just to make your mouth water and Ann Batchelder jealous, here are a few items from a menu at the Mocambo, famous nitery on the Sunset Strip, much patronized by film folks:

"Wild pigeon eggs, heaped with great grains of fresh prime gray caviar, garnished with minutely cubed air-expressed sweet Bermuda onions and wedges of Santa Barbara thin-peeled Sunkist lemons"; "Chilled D'Anjou pears stuffed with conserves of fresh raspberry, garnished with Devonshire cream and thinly sliced Spanish almonds"; "Freshet of Eel Parisian"; "Breast of young gray dove sauté, grenadine, pineapple Polynesian, conserve of Chinese honey lime"; "Tenderloin of elk calf in casserole"; "Persian melon with juice of Guatemala lime."

But don't get me wrong. I love Hollywood! Sincerely,
LOUISE RANDALL PIERSON.

So He Can Catch Up

Levelland, Texas.

Dear Editors: My twenty-three-year-old son in the AAF wrote me recently he had not seen a LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for months, and it was his favorite magazine for articles and stories. He'll be coming home soon, having suffered severe burns in a B-24 plane crash. I have saved up quite a stack of JOURNALS for him so he can catch up on *really good* reading.

Best of luck to you,
MRS. A. F. MATHIS.

Food Waste in the Home

Long Island City, New York.

Dear Editors: I am studying for my graduate degree at Harvard, and one of my courses is Consumption Economics. We recently heard a food administrator, who said that 5 to 10 per cent of our supply is wasted *after* it gets into the home, in preparation, on plates, in pots and pans and even leftovers that are thrown away.

Your food editors could show us the many dishes Mrs. Dive concocted from powdered eggs, or how Mrs. Howard used the outer leaves of the lettuce (if she saw any in the past few years), how Mme. Schneiter used the end crusts on the loaves of bread, how all of them wiped their pots and plates clean.

If Mrs. America can be made to feel that what she saves in her kitchen will mean a little more food for Vincent and Bêtrand, for all the children of Europe they represent, if all of us for only one month watched our kitchen activities carefully, so much more food could be released to our Allies. Sincerely,
SHELBY P. KOENIGSBERG.

One slice of bread wasted once a week in every U. S. kitchen adds up to approximately 4,000,000 loaves. And Europe needs loaves—of everything. ED.

Why is it "Popular"?

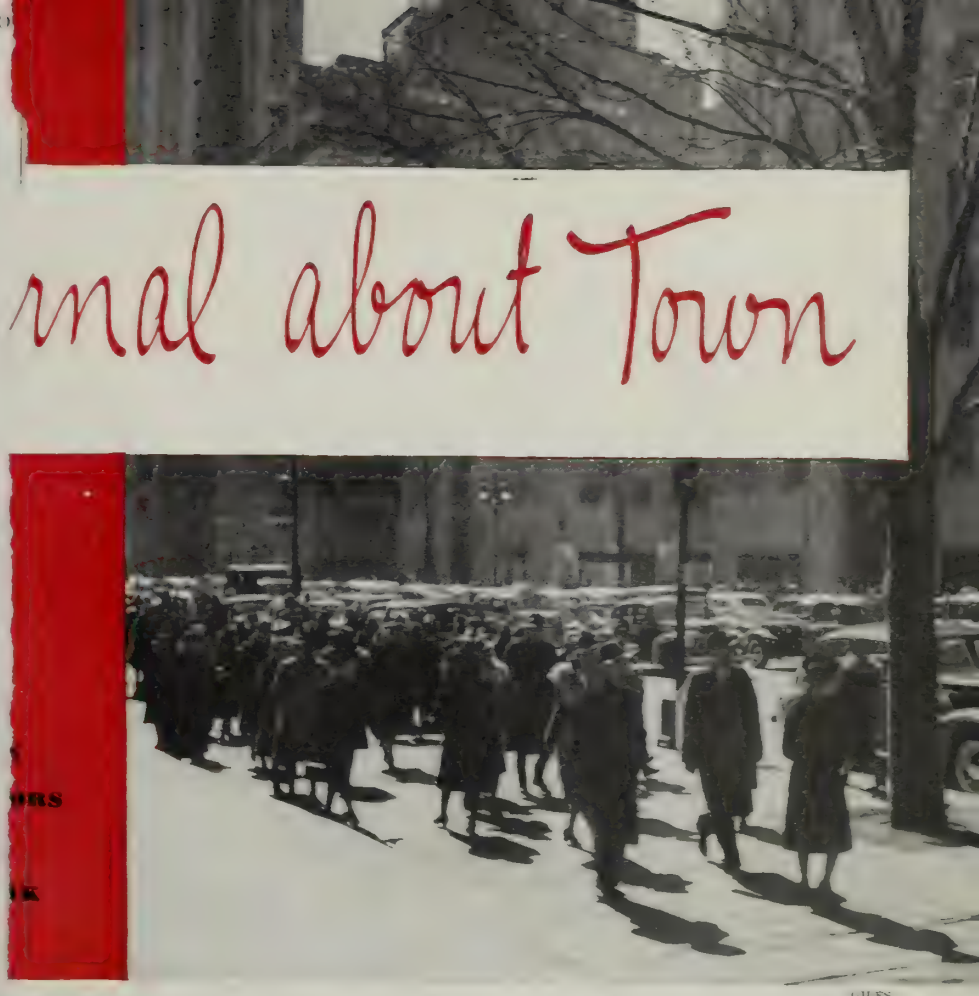
Morristown, Indiana.

Dear Sirs: I am teen-age myself, but I do not like Sinatra. In fact, after listening to Bing Crosby's rich mellow tones I fail to see any charm whatsoever in Sinatra's nasal twang.

Even though I like Bing, I really prefer the classics and such singers as Lily Pons, Lauritz Melchior and Ezio Pinza. In orchestral music, too, I also prefer the grand, rolling tones of Wagner to the shrill discordancies of One Meatball. Perhaps I am an exception, an extremely abnormal "drip," but I cannot see why any of America's youth, with the glorious works of all the great composers practically at their finger tips, should prefer this "popular music" which sounds almost as bad as singing radio commercials, plus one crate of empty tin cans. Sincerely,
RACHEL KEMPER.

You've got a point. Stick to it. ED.

(Continued on Page 126)



rnal about Town

GILES

As consumer goods return, shoppers throng the avenues.

The war is still with us in the best books coming up. In DAYS AND NIGHTS, by *Konstantine Simonov*, the defenders of Stalingrad live again, fight, love and are matter-of-factly heroic under the deadly fire of German guns—an exciting day-by-day drama; in *John Marquand's* new novel, REPENT IN HASTE, the serviceman changes under danger from a boy to a man whose sense of values is a world apart from that of his sentimental elders. But far from war, and floating on a lily pad of beauty, are the poems of *Walter de la Mare* in THE BURNING GLASS—a welcome relief from world misery.

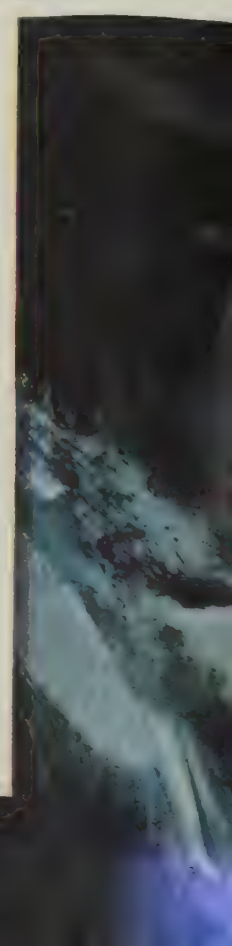
Capt. E. Louise Stewart, of the Marines, and formerly of the JOURNAL staff, writes to ***Mr. Gould*** that in a Washington bus she sat next to an admiral with glittering sleeves, who was reading the JOURNAL. Summoning her courage, she asked him how he thought it compared with other women's magazines, sir. With salty gruffness he turned to Louise and asked her sharply, "Is there another women's magazine?"

An editor's blood ran cold here the other day at the sudden opening sentence in a letter, which said, "In case the child's head which I am sending you by Railway Express does not meet your requirements, I am enclosing return postage and insurance. . . ." But it was all right—only an artist submitting a drawing.

We like to think that one of the most important campaigns the JOURNAL ever started (against maternal mortality in childbirth) has been instrumental in the results reported by Metropolitan Life: that the mother death rate has decreased already by one third, and is getting lower all the time.

Oklahoma forbids the marriage of second cousins. . . . "Your picture is on my piano," was ***Admiral Halsey's*** neat way of congratulating a ship's crew. . . . Only a little over one half of U. S. nurses ever marry. . . . ***Jeanne Crain,*** who faints on roller coasters, had to ride one eighteen times in the movie State Fair. . . . Next to the Bible, ***Stevenson's*** Treasure Island is our perennial best seller. . . . ***Humphrey Bogart*** wishes the public would stop referring to his wife, ***Lauren Bacall,*** as Baby. "I've never called her anything but Betty, Slim, Charlie or Sluggy." . . ***Greer Garson*** gets into modern clothes in Strange Adventure. ***Clark Gable*** sings in this picture. Like ***Sinatra,*** he can't read a note. . . . N. Y. secretaries hold up their stockings with adhesive tape.

Louise Reid Spencer, who lived and wrote the story, Guerrilla Wife, that appeared last August in the JOURNAL, has sent us word that her son, who was born five weeks after her rescue by submarine from the Philippine jungles, has been named William Alexander Reid Spencer. Points out that his initials spell WARS.



No other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! ✔ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✔ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✔ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos

from the girls who know!

HERE'S LOVELY NORMA RICHTER . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"! On this page she shows you three stunning hair-dos, keyed to the kind of simple clothes smart girls will wear this fall and winter!



TO BRING NEW ENCHANTMENT to your profile . . . this unusual new "up" hair-do, with its lovely sculptured lines. That wonderful polished look of Norma's hair . . . that sleek, lustrous smoothness are due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage! That's why Drene is Norma's one and only shampoo!



FOR HATLESS OCCASIONS, on windy winter days, tie a silk scarf (or man's silk handkerchief) around your head, at the hairline. Sweep your hair up and arrange ends in big puffs, right over forehead. Slip ends of scarf through puffs. But make sure your hair has the lovely lustrous smoothness which only one shampoo can reveal . . . Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action!



MULTI-COLORED PLASTIC COMBS add a perky t to the classic simplicity of this smooth, sm page-boy arrangement . . . and complement the ors of the gay, plaid jacket. Norma says tha shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditio action leaves her hair so shining, yet so smo

What a grand day it will find at a jeweler's store your choice. It's coming . . . soo

Elgin's fourth generation craft tasks they assumed before Pearl H war's end. From the making of pr vices for our armed forces they' watches for you. It will be a while taking work. In the meantime, for

Gift choice o

Drene Shampoo

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble



This Side of Innocence

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL . . . BY TAYLOR CALDWELL

DOROTHEA wrote: "My dear Jerome: I wish to assure you that only agitation and distress impel me to write this letter, for we have been somewhat less than friends, though brother and sister. It was to my care that our dear mamma consigned you before she was called Home. Have I failed in my duty? If I am guilty, it is because I have never understood you, and my precepts of integrity, honor and a genteel manner of living failed to make any impression upon you.

"As you have taken so little interest in family affairs in past years, because of your peregrinations through Europe and long sojourns in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the news that our Cousin Alfred is about to marry again will doubtless do little more than cause you to raise an eyebrow.

"I beg of you to give thought to the implications of the matter."

Has that stick proposed to old Dotty after all? Jerome laughed. He bent closer to the lamp, shining in the December dusk. He had been reading with amused indifference, but now his interest was awakened.

Dorothea went on: "Doubtless it will inflict ennui upon you if I remark, as I have so often before, that papa's sense of family and traditional pride are the supreme motivations of his life. It was his hope that he might be blessed by many sons and daughters, but God, in His inexplicable wisdom, allowed dear mamma to present to papa only two children, you and myself.

"When I began this letter, I warned myself that I must not reprove you, nor remind you of things best forgotten. But I am compelled to recall to you that, though you are now nearly thirty years of age, you have not seen fit to marry, and have repeatedly

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

declared that you will never wed and give papa those grandsons for which he yearns.

"If I have any reproach at all to address to papa it is that he was always so tolerant with you. He allowed you to dissipate the seventy-five thousand dollars Grandma Holden left you, without a single reproach. He sent you large checks at intervals, doubtless at your request. You will recall that I am papa's secretary and housekeeper, and these checks all passed through my hands.

"You once told me that, as papa had adopted his brother's son, Alfred, that relieved you of any responsibilities toward papa, and that he now had a son who would do his duty for the family. Your indifference to the implications of this appalled me, but I kept silent. Not that I do not cherish Alfred as dearly as a brother ——"

And slightly more so, remarked Jerome, with an unpleasant grin.

"But Alfred's marriage to Martha Winchester resulted in nothing but poor young Philip, who has neither the strength nor the possibility in him to give papa great-grandsons, in due course of time. When Martha died, it seemed that our hopes vanished forever with her. As time passed, and Philip grew older, we were resigned to our fate. Then, like a bolt from the blue, Alfred announced his intention to wed again."

So, it is not Dotty after all! Jerome's expression brightened with malice and something suspiciously like gloating cruelty.

"Naturally, papa and I were astounded. As you know, Alfred is vice-president at the bank. It seems that a certain young female, an entire stranger, appealed to him a few months ago for financial assistance. This young female comes from Thorntonville, that miserable little farm village thirty miles away. She had been engaged to teach our local school. She claims to be but twenty-two years of age, but I am positive she is much older. She has a certain boldness of manner and speech which argues more years.

"After the first stunning effects of the news I journeyed to Thorntonville to investigate this young female, whose name is Amalie Maxwell. To my horror, my premonitions about her were justified. Her father had been a drunken tenant farmer, and his wife had cleaned and washed for local families until she died some ten years ago. Mr. Maxwell was later arrested for drunkenness, and suspected of numerous thefts. Two of the charges were proved, and he was sent to state's prison, where he died seven years ago, leaving Miss Maxwell—if her claimed age is correct—to support herself at the age of fifteen. It would be suspected that a young female of that age, conscious of her background, would have entered service. But this she did not do. She decided, she says, to be a teacher. She declares that from her earliest youth she was disturbed by the 'illiteracy' of the poor, and that she intended to alleviate this with her own labors. When I remarked that God, in His wisdom, designates to each man his proper station in life, and that it is impious to attempt to overturn this all-wise design, she laughed coarsely in my face.

"Coarseness, I may say, is her dominant characteristic. She has no modesty, no gentility. Alfred, in his fatuousness, finds her amusing and refreshing. He actually pleaded with me to be a 'mother to the girl,' though I am but thirty-six myself. Crushing my sense of outrage, I invited the young woman to sojourn with us until her marriage to Alfred, which has been marked for Christmas week.

"To prove her complete lack of all delicacy and propriety, she accepted nearly a thousand dollars from Alfred and went to New York, in my company, to purchase a flamboyant and indiscreet wardrobe! This is her trousseau. Such bonnets, such daring gowns, such colors, not at all befitting the future wife of Alfred Lindsey!

"Jerome, I implore you to understand! You know Alfred, his sobriety, his integrity, his sense of duty and responsibility. Think of this reprehensible female, the daughter of a drunkard and a washwoman, as our Alfred's wife! She will be the mother of his children, who will inherit the bank. You have long assured papa that you wanted no active part in the bank, that nothing would induce you to live in Riversend. But I beg of you to think of this woman and her heirs as inheritors of the bank founded by great-grandpapa. What shall we, the true descendants, inherit? We shall be defrauded and thrown out by the children of a woman whom charity forbids me to describe too fully."

JEROME lifted his eyes from the letter and stared before him. Now, this was something serious. He cared nothing for the bank, so long as the checks came regularly. But would the checks come regularly after papa's death? What a fool he was not to have thought of this before. Jerome stood up. As if summoned, the door opened and a wizened, small man appeared, with a face like a nut and a completely bald head. The man wore a quiet black livery.

"Jim," said Jerome, "pack our bags. We're off for a wedding, unless I can prevent it. And I'll prevent it or die in the attempt!"

The mild weather of the first two weeks of December had been whirled away in the smoking spirals of a snowstorm. Riversend cowered at the mouth of a valley, a huddle of small houses, churches, bleak little shops and a stately mansion or two. It seemed to draw together, shivering. Here and there a yellow light flickered timidly behind curtains, and the gas lamps on the corners of the streets flared and sank like candles in the wind, showing briefly, in their crescendos, the sharp-edged and rising dunes of snow. Not a creature was abroad, not even a sparrow or a homeless dog.

The station roof was already weighted with eighteen inches of fine white snow, sparkling sugarlike in the station lantern which swung high and wide near the tracks. The New York train smoldered and belched in a muffled voice at the platform. Only two passengers descended. Then the train, with a long groan, pushed on into black-and-white night.

The two passengers bent their heads against the wind and scrambled into the odoriferous warm shelter of the station, stamping their boots, rubbing their stung cheeks. One of them was a tall young man in furred greatcoat and high hat. He carried a whimpering little dog under his arm. The other man, older, smaller and less elegantly dressed, set down numerous bags on the tobacco-stained floor. He went at once to the potbellied coal stove, took off his cap and shook it, hissing, near the fuming heat. The younger man put down the little dog, which whimpered and trembled near his polished boots.

"WELL," said the young man, looking about him with disfavor, "no one's here to meet us, I see. They must have received my telegram. I sent it two days ago." He scowled. "Not even the stationmaster." He turned. "Jim, you remember the telegram?"

"Yes, sir, I do that. You said, 'Expect me and man Tuesday, on the evening train.'" He paused. "It *was* Tuesday you said, warn't it, sir?"

"Tuesday it was, Jim," the other acknowledged.

Jim chuckled hoarsely. "Well, 'tis Monday now, sir."

The young man stared at his servant, then he said softly, "Well, I'll be damned. Why didn't you remember what day it was, Jim?"

The nutlike face of the other wrinkled into its usual monkeyish expression. "Sir, it warn't until we was almost here that you mentioned, begging your pardon, sir, that the telegram said Tuesday. I allus thought it was Monday, until on the train you mentioned it."

The young man somberly regarded the little dog, writhing miserably at his feet. "Shut up, Charlie," he remarked absently. Then he began to laugh. "We've gotten ourselves into a fix." He raised his voice and shouted, "Where's that stationmaster?"

The door opened on a blast of wind and snow, and a short, sturdy man entered.

The younger man said abruptly, "Where's old Thompson?"

"Why, sir, he died a year ago. I'm his nephew. You got off the train, sir?"

"No, we blew in on the wind, from the North Pole. Look here, there's been some mistake. I was to be met by a carriage from Hilltop. I'm Jerome Lindsey."

The man hastily pulled off his cap with a servile gesture, "Well, now, sir, it's glad to see you I am, though we've never met before. But I know all the folks on Hilltop. They was to meet you, you say? Ain't seen any sign of a rig about." He trotted to a window, rubbed the steaming pane and peered into the night. "No, sir, no rig—nothing. And it's five miles to Hilltop, and there's no one to send to notify 'em. You can't walk it, neither, sir. Not in this storm."

Jerome lifted his coattails elaborately, examined the single bench with suspicion, and sat down. The little dog promptly sprang upon his knees, huddling against him. The creature was snuff-colored, with long silky hair and bloodshot, bad-tempered eyes.

The stationmaster suddenly snapped his fingers. "I have it, sir! Watson's wagon'll be here in half an hour with the milk for the Syracuse train. He never misses, come hell or high water. 'Course, the wagon's open, and it'll be a nasty ride, but it's better than nothin'. He has a farm one mile from Hilltop, and for a little consideration he'll take you to the hill."

"Pleasant prospect," remarked Jerome, frowning. He stroked the dog's wet head. "But we can't sit here until tomorrow night. I know! Your friend Watson could notify Mr. Lindsey, and they could send a carriage for us."

The stationmaster shook his head. "The storm like it is, sir, the rig'd never make it. No, sir, best to go with Watson." He threw a scuttle of coal into the stove. This frightened Charlie, the dog, to such an extent that he went off into a hysteria of barking. Jerome shivered. Seeing this, the stationmaster remarked dolefully, "Temperature's dropping. It's three above zero—in an hour it'll be worse. Freeze the heart out of you soon."

Jerome frowned. He rubbed his lip with his gloved hand. "Looks as if we have no choice but to go with Watson." He threw back his coat, scowling, and plucked a few dog hairs from his fine black broadcloth trousers.

The stationmaster peered at him curiously. This would be the New York son, then, the one that was rumored to be so gay and spending, the artist. *Bad-tempered devil, from the looks of him, and his manners so*

(Continued on Page 48)

Her evil beauty, like the perfume of a deadly flower, dulled their senses.

Only Jerome was awake to the danger, because he knew it well—and loved it.


Something in his manner
frightened her. "Jerome! I ought
not to have told you! Have
you seen that woman?"

THE QUESTION JOHNNY WANTED TO ASK TEACHER WAS, DOES IT TAKE GENIUS TO FALL IN LOVE?

ARTIE lowered himself into a wicker veranda chair and glanced at his wrist watch. He still had thirty minutes in which to make the nature lecture at the auditorium. Generally, Artie thrived on lectures. But not today. Today his mind was perturbed by a great doubt. Artie, who had mastered calculus in six short weeks, had recently discovered to his chagrin that two and two did not always add up to four. It was an unsettling experience for one who intended to follow in Einstein's footsteps.

Artie Simmons was nine years, eight months and four days old, according to his birth certificate reposing among the courthouse records downtown. That was his *physical* age. His mental age was as yet an interesting unknown, although various members of the local board of education were striving diligently to settle the question. Some said forty, others sixty. Mrs. Simmons vacillated anxiously between nine and ninety, depending upon Artie's activities of the moment. And Mr. Simmons, when approached, frankly didn't know.

"But," he added with wistful optimism, "I am reasonably certain that the boy will grow out of it."

That left only Johnny, Artie's older brother, whom Artie resembled remarkably, except that Johnny was a 1923 model. He had sandy hair and freckles above a ready grin that was still ready after three years with the marines in the Pacific. And *his* twenty-two years, his parents assured themselves gratefully, applied to both the physical and the mental.

Artie, glumly reviewing the past two weeks, doubted the latter point. Not that he didn't adore Johnny with small-brother adulation which was well founded long before Johnny arrived home on furlough, resplendent in the uniform of the United States Marines. But it remained a fact that it was Johnny who was responsible for his present state of doubt.

Artie's mind did an abrupt about-face and with swift precision marched to that April afternoon on the veranda two weeks ago when, via volume seventeen of the encyclopedia, he was bringing himself up to date on the Peloponnesian Wars.

His father, stretched out comfortably beside him, was bringing himself up to date on the present one. He whistled with obvious admiration. "Boy! Those Russians are really going to town!"

Mrs. Simmons' faintly worried gaze was on the tennis court, where Johnny was halfheartedly bouncing balls off the backstop. "Are they, dear? Which town?"

"BERLIN," murmured Artie absently, fixing in his memory 422 B.C. as the date on which Brasidas and Cleon were killed at Amphipolis. His memory was packed with such odd bits of information which he had fixed there. "They ought to have it around May first."

"Do you think so?" Mr. Simmons removed his spectacles and regarded his sprout with more interest than he liked to display. The child psychologist he and Mrs. Simmons had recently visited—in a sort of desperate counterattack—had advised against showing so much deference to Artie's youthful opinions. However, it remained an incontestable fact that Artie was so often right.

"Sure." Artie laid aside the encyclopedia and hitched up his mind a couple of thousand years with effortless agility. "The Yanks and Russians will probably effect a junction on the Elbe River—or in the vicinity of there—around the latter part of April."

Mr. Simmons made a mental note to voice this prophecy to the boys at the bank on the morrow. He had built up quite a reputation among his co-workers on the strength of Artie's prognostications.

"An' then," continued Artie firmly, "while the Germans are busy with the Yanks on the west, the Russians will march into Berlin from the east an' corner Hitler ——"

"Do you think Donna Harden's been leading him on all this time?" Mrs. Simmons asked suddenly, still concentrating on the tennis court.

"Who?" demanded Mr. Simmons, startled. "Hitler?"

Artie was the sole member of the Simmons clan who could keep pace with Mrs. Simmons' conversational hops. "No, father. She means Johnny."

"Oh!" Mr. Simmons replaced his glasses irritably. "Helen, I do wish you wouldn't leap from one subject to another without holding out your hand or giving some sort of signal."

"I DIDN'T leap, Arthur," protested Mrs. Simmons tartly. "*My* mind hasn't been on anything except Donna and Johnny since I sat down on this porch and, if you were a proper father, yours would be in the same place."

Mr. Simmons laid aside his newspaper with the resigned gesture of the man who realizes his reading activities are at a temporary end. "I consider myself an adequate father, but I wasn't aware that this should include a knowledge of what goes on under the blond pompadour of a Southern-fried chick like Donna Harden."

"Sh-h," reproved Mrs. Simmons, nodding significantly toward Artie, who was completely hidden behind the encyclopedia. "Little pitchers ——"

"He can't hear," Mr. Simmons asserted heavily. "He's *concentrating*."

The frown creased Mrs. Simmons' forehead a little more deeply. "Johnny wrote to her all the time he was away." Her mouth tightened. "He could hardly wait to get over to her house to see her when he got home."

"I know. But that doesn't necessarily call for a wedding—or does it?"

"I'm not talking about a wedding. I'm just talking about Donna Harden spoiling Johnny's furlough for him."

Mr. Simmons watched Johnny for a long minute. "I guess there are some joys of a furlough a parent can't provide," he admitted. "Otherwise, he'd have 'em."

"I know." Mrs. Simmons' eyes softened. "We both want him to remember this as something pretty wonderful when—when he's back over there."

"Well, Donna's a pretty little thing—I can understand how she's so popular. And I can see why Johnny ——"

"Oh, so can I. He's at an age where a thick

(Continued on Page 131)

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



"I'd better warn you," Johnny said.

"After Artie I'm afraid you're going to find me a little slow." Amanda laughed. "I hope so!"

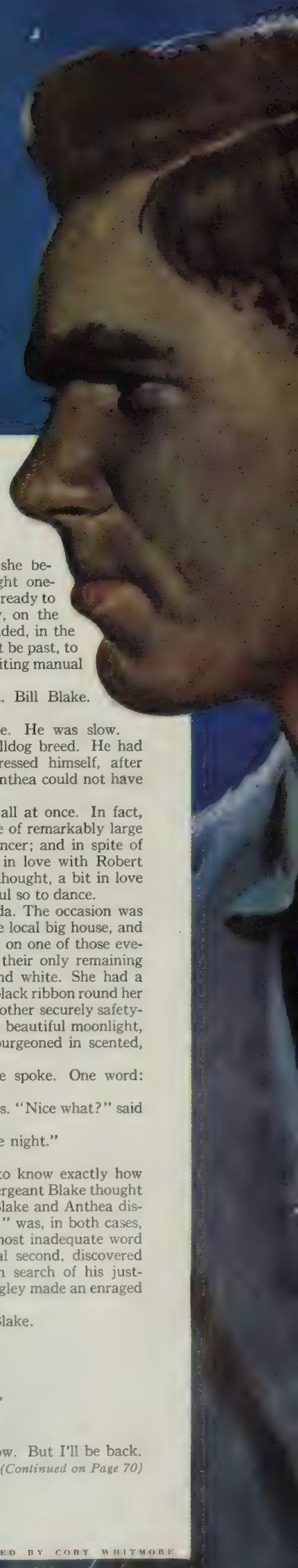
An ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING

By Clara Lawton Lienhard



Letters

to My Loves



ANY GIRL CAN MANAGE A MAN, WHEN SHE DOESN'T CARE WHETHER OR NOT SHE MANAGES HIM, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO A MAN YOU LOVE . . . ★ **BY LYN ARNOLD**

WHEN Anthea Bascomb heard anyone say that of course in these days we had lost the art of letter writing, or read pontifical paragraphs in the newspapers to this effect, she smiled in her sleeve. Very early in life—when her hair resembled damp, untwined string rather than the bubblelike cloud of curls she now affected; when her now mysterious green eyes were likened by impolite boys to gooseberries and her now delightfully tiptilted nose was brutally described as snub; and when, fashion-plate slim as she now was, she still had to carry around with her unromantic spare tires of puppy fat—Anthea discovered that a letter, the right letter, could do practically anything and get you anywhere.

Anthea first applied science to the art of letter writing on her thirteenth birthday, when her mother had said that before she read one single book she was to get off all her thank-you notes. Betty Elsom—who lived next door and had come over to give Anthea a bookmark in hessian, embroidered with a lopsided sundial and bearing the somewhat curt reminder "It is later than you think," and also, if the truth were told, to borrow from Anthea her birthday copy of a rousing boys' school story called The Great Crib Mystery—could not forbear smiling at the sight of Anthea, who usually managed everybody, being managed by somebody else.

"Before you read a single *word!*" Anthea's mother reiterated firmly.

Anthea, however, completed the task in ten minutes flat by writing to all kind givers a dear whoever it was, a lovingly Anthea, and the middle phrase: *Thank you! You are my very favorite cousin friend godmother aunt.*

Beaming with genuine admiration, Betty—who, then as now, was very good at mathematics, cooking and making herself either useful or scarce, but very bad at inventing things—told Anthea that when it came to writing letters she was simply wonderful; she should write a book about it. Anthea, already deep in Chapter Two of The Great Crib Mystery, replied that one of these days she would.

FOUR years later she had perfected the formulas subsequently dealt out to any and every young man who appeared to be about to become difficult. Short and sweet, that was the thing, Anthea discovered. Not a superfluous word.

Oh, darling, how COULD you! Anthea would write.

And almost invariably the young men were too much occupied trying to think out how they could, to stop and remember what they actually had.

If, in Anthea's opinion, the young men looked as if they were the sort likely to ask what, in fact, they had, she substituted for Letter A Letter B. This read: *Darling* (or *dearest*, or *my sweet*, or whatever endearment was current at the time) *I am just TOO upset to write. Your Anthea.* The word "your" she invariably scrawled in such a way that it would, at a later date, and if necessary, be possible to assert that in fact the word was "yours."

To those young men who shamefacedly wrote to say they were marrying somebody else, Anthea's formula was, *You two COULDN'T be better suited—I am so happy for you!*, which left several of them wondering where, exactly, lay the sting. To the girls whose notes informed Anthea, in and between the lines, that she might have been top of the fifth in composition, but they were engaged first, Anthea wrote back, *Darling, how LOVELY for you to be settling down!*

Indeed, by the time Anthea was twenty she believed that she had at her finger tips the right one-phrase letter for every occasion; she was always ready to advise less literary friends, particularly Betty, on the letter management of men; and she fully intended, in the future when her own use for these letters might be past, to publish for the benefit of womankind a letter-writing manual provisionally titled Letters to My Loves.

That, of course, was before she met Sgt. Bill Blake.

Bill Blake was frankly not Anthea's type. He was slow. He was sure. He was undoubtedly of the bulldog breed. He had the most upsettingly logical mind and expressed himself, after requisite pauses, with a pithy brevity which Anthea could not have bettered herself.

But this, naturally, Anthea did not know all at once. In fact, all that she knew right away was that, in spite of remarkably large feet, Bill Blake was an unexpectedly good dancer; and in spite of the fact that she was, so she believed, a bit in love with Robert Dingley if she was not, which she sometimes thought, a bit in love with Angus McBean, it was unbelievably blissful so to dance.

Sgt. Bill Blake led Anthea onto the veranda. The occasion was a Red Cross dance which was being held at the local big house, and to which Robert Dingley had brought Anthea, on one of those evenings when all the girls had decided to wear their only remaining evening dresses. Anthea's dress was misty and white. She had a white flower and a black bow in her hair, and a black ribbon round her wrist on which, poised like a butterfly, was another securely safety-pinned white flower. There was also some very beautiful moonlight, and down below the veranda a syringa tree burgeoned in scented, moon-pearl flower.

After a considerable pause Sergeant Blake spoke. One word: "Nice!"

Anthea looked upward through her eyelashes. "Nice what?" said Anthea.

Sergeant Blake said matter-of-factly, "Nice night."

AFTER that, of course, it became necessary to know exactly how nice Sergeant Blake was and exactly how nice Sergeant Blake thought Anthea. In a moment or two both Sergeant Blake and Anthea discovered themselves to be kissing—"discovered" was, in both cases, the word; Anthea discovered "nice" to be a most inadequate word for the operation and, at the almost identical second, discovered Robert Dingley to be rapidly approaching in search of his just-starting and promised next dance. Robert Dingley made an enraged but silent exit.

"Let's go back and dance," said Sergeant Blake.

"I'm sorry, I can't."

"The next one?"

"I'm sorry, I promised ——"

"The next?"

"I'm sorry, I can't. They're all promised."

"I'm going to take you home."

"I'm sorry, I ——"

"Promised. All right. I'll be gone tomorrow. But I'll be back. And I'll write."

(Continued on Page 70)

"Tell me," said Sergeant Blake, "were you upset because I saw you kissing your other chap, or because your other chap saw you kissing me?"

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

My husband has returned from overseas and I am sure has brought with him a misconception of some statement you made about overseas veterans. Would you kindly repeat the speech or statement in which you allegedly advocated having these returnees put "into a rehabilitation center until they could learn to readjust themselves to civilization"?

Of course I never made any such statement. This story was first circulated among the marines in the Pacific. I was supposed to have said it about the marines on Guadalcanal. That was before I went to the Pacific. Later, when I went to the Caribbean, the same story was circulated among the soldiers and I was supposed to have said it about them. Later I was alleged to have said the same thing about the paratroopers in Italy.

When I was in the Pacific area I discussed the possible origin of the story with some of the commanding officers. None of them had ever heard it, but some of the sergeants and corporals knew about it. Admiral Halsey told me he thought it might have been a bit of propaganda started by Tokyo Rose.

Many of the men said they had heard it over the radio, and some letters written to me by people in this country said their men had heard it over the radio, and I was told that some people said that they had seen it in magazine or newspaper articles. There is absolutely no truth in the statement. I have had sons in all branches of the service, and it would be ridiculous to believe that I would have any such strange idea.

Why can't conscientious objectors be used for the other side now?

Because soldiers are necessary on the other side, and the conscientious objectors very frequently will have nothing to do with war and particularly with wearing a uniform.

My son is eight years old and we try to surround him with the most healthful influences, but the only things he wants to read are comic books. He listens a good deal to the radio, and every program deals with crime. I have tried to tune in on an interesting program for him, but there is absolutely nothing aside from music or the news. Why is it that our growing children cannot be offered constructive programs—adventure without crime?

Because the radio is run by commercial interests which do not consider the demand has ever been strong enough for different types of programs written to interest young children, nothing is done to provide such programs. I think, however, that if organizations interested in this would get together and make some constructive suggestions to the radio corporations, they would be quite willing to arrange "children's hours" on different stations.

CARTOON DRAWN BY PERRY BARLOW; REPRINTED PERMISSION THE NEW YORKER COPYRIGHT THE F.-R. PUBLISHING CORPORATION



"I tell you what—we'll pretend Chopin is up at bat and you're trying to strike him out."

I think the new dime being minted in honor of Mr. Roosevelt should be changed in value from ten cents to seventy-five cents. It is possible to mint a coin of a new value, isn't it? What steps would have to be taken?

A coin of new value could not be minted without proper action by Congress. It would not be probable that Congress would be in favor of this idea, since there is no general demand. I think it is generally felt that the dime is connected with my husband because of the annual March of Dimes in behalf of infantile-paralysis victims, and therefore this is an honor to his memory. I understand the dimes will be ready for distribution in time for the annual drive.

Do you think it is fair for modern band leaders to cheapen the music of Frédéric Chopin and other famous composers? It hurts me to hear my favorite composer's music dragged to the level of jazz bands. Can anything be done about this? Popular songs have legal rights to protect them.

I do not think you can change what the public really wants, and many, many people enjoy hearing famous composers done in the modern way. Those of us who love the old songs can always get our own records or play the music for ourselves. I know of no way to make it impossible for good music to be changed. Even The Star-Spangled Banner is occasionally played differently.

If selected our first woman President, would you accept the nomination? I am one of many who hope you will be our next President.

This seems to me a foolish question. It would be impossible to have a woman nominated; but since you ask whether I would accept if such a completely improbable thing should occur, I will answer unequivocally "No." There would be no point in a woman's being President even if she could be nominated. A woman could not command a sufficiently constant following to carry through her program.

Have you ever been self-conscious? I am so ill-at-ease in the presence of company that I make everyone uncomfortable. I've tried to overcome this feeling, but it gets worse as I grow older. Is there any hope for me?

I have been self-conscious many, many times, and I am even today. There is only one way of overcoming self-consciousness, and that is to be so much more interested in other people around you and the things they are doing that you forget yourself. There is hope for anyone who really wants to forget herself, and I feel sure that if you can become interested enough in what other people are saying and doing, your self-consciousness will disappear.

Do you believe in horoscopes? If you do, do you think it is impossible for a couple, one born in July and one in August, to live harmoniously?

I really know nothing about horoscopes. I do not like to say I do not believe in anything, because the world is so full of many things that we do not understand that it seems foolish ever to say you don't believe in something when you do not understand it. It seems to me, however, that for people to live together harmoniously it takes character and self-discipline, and the dates of birth cannot be conclusive factors.

Our Girls' Club read in the JOURNAL that you had a nickname when in school, and we are wondering what it was. We would appreciate your telling us.

My nickname was a very foolish one. My aunts gave it to me when I was a very small girl. I was known as "Tottie."

Your answer to the questions regarding the Big House at Hyde Park would seem to indicate that the grounds are now open to the public. Is this so? I would very much like to visit the grounds, and more especially the grave of Mr. Roosevelt, but do not want to go unless the public is welcome.

The library is open every day except Mondays. The Big House and my husband's grave are not as yet open to the public, because the stone has not been obtainable and work must still be done at the grave. Secondly, the Government hasn't taken over and prepared the house for visitors.

Do you think it is correct for a girl of fifteen to wear lipstick and powder?

Personally, I would put it off as long as I could. I don't suppose it can be put off after eighteen; but if it could be put off that long, I should do so because the girl's skin will be better if too much powder is not used on it while she is still young.

Which do you think is the harder—working in an office all day or doing the housework for a family?

Doing housework for a family. Usually work in the office is centered about a particular job that needs to be done, and when it is done it is over for the day. The housework for the family, however, may start when the youngest member of the family wakes up and it goes on through the vicissitudes of the day until late into the night.

If a merchant marine is killed in a foreign country, in what manner is the body cared for? Is it subject to a military funeral or buried in a local cemetery? From what source should the nearest of kin be officially notified and how can all the facts be obtained?

There is no definite way of taking care of merchant marines killed in foreign countries. A great many of them are buried in military cemeteries, but they are buried in all kinds of places. Their remains are the responsibility of the consular officer of our State Department stationed in the country where the man died. If a man died at sea, he was buried at sea. The War Shipping Administration is a member of an interdepartmental committee which includes the War Department and a good many others, which are making arrangements after peace is declared to disinter all Americans and bring them home at Government expense. However, this whole plan will take legislation.

The next of kin are notified by the United States Coast Guard if the person was a war casualty. If a man died of illness on ship, the ship's officer would notify the next of kin. All facts can be obtained by writing to the War Shipping Administration.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

Dear Johnny

STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE room, in the glow of the lamp on the desk, was young and charming. Ruffled white organdy was crisp at the windows and on the bed. Dusty pink walls reached up to the apple-green ceiling. The light gleamed on the soft finish of old maple.

Marnie, at the desk, was oblivious of the dainty beauty of her room. She was oblivious of everything but the task at hand. Her bare feet rested on the rung of her chair. Her peppermint-striped cotton pajamas were rolled up to just below her knees. A large white dab of ointment covered a spot on her otherwise flawless cheek. Her fine golden hair was adroitly pinned into tight ugly coils that tomorrow would blossom into loose curls swaying gently on her shoulders.

Marnie was bent over the desk in deepest concentration. On a sheet of paper she had written two words: "Oh, darling." It seemed to her she had been sitting there for hours. Yet all she had been able to put on the white blank sheet was "Oh, darling."

The night before, when Johnny had asked her to write to him, she had answered so easily, "Of course I'll write to you! I always nave, haven't I?"

But Johnny, his brown eyes bemused with a new tenderness, had said, "Yeah, I know. But these letters will be different. They'll be love letters, Marnie."

And Marnie had laughed before she kissed him quickly below his left ear and said he was silly. After all, a letter was a letter.

Last night, in the sweet summer darkness, it had seemed so simple, her promise to write to him. But now, tonight, alone in her room with Johnny gone, nothing was simple.

In some vague way she was disturbed because the letter did not grow. She had written to Johnny many times. Ever since she was very small she had sent him letters when either of them was away. Writing to Johnny was much easier, really, than falling off a log. It did not make sense that that should change merely because last night, with no warning at all, both of them knew they were in love.

She stared at the two words on the paper. "Oh, darling" was all right to begin with. But there was so much that should follow. This was her first love letter. It was very special.

Marnie began to write slowly:

After you had gone last night I felt so strange. I wanted to be terribly, terribly happy because we love each other. And terribly, terribly sad because we are such goons we never knew until you had to go away. But all I really was was just terribly, terribly mixed up.

Marnie paused. She read the paragraph she had written and drew a large X through it. Then she crumpled the sheet of paper and threw it on the floor. It would not do to admit she was mixed up. Marnie, so blithely sure of herself always, was a fine one to be confessing her mind was one great confusion! She was the gal who knew all the answers. Even the answers about love. Why, love was having fun and a ribbon in your hair and flowers to wear to a dance and wanting to be with one person most of the time. Love was a gay thing and shimmering in happiness. Love was not something to still your heart and fill your mind with somber thoughts.

Marnie sighed and started another letter:

Johnny, dearest: How did it happen so quickly to us? Why was it we never knew before? What is this ——

She broke off abruptly. *This is no love letter. It is more like a questionnaire.* And the second sheet joined the first one on the floor.

Yet it seemed to Marnie, as she sat there wanting so keenly to write, that her mind *was* suddenly one big question. So big it crowded every other thought out. So big it was, perhaps, frightening. And the big, the overpoweringly big question was, *How do I know it is love I feel for Johnny? It is so different from the foolish dreams I've had. It is such a solemn feeling. It even hurts a little.*

Marnie sat very still, deep in her new thoughts. She was thinking strange new things. She was thinking of responsibility and loyalty. Of tenderness in illness and patience when the world seemed cockeyed. Of tolerance and understanding. Of something so great her young mind could not grasp it firmly. But she felt its solid shape underlying all the other thoughts.

Quite suddenly she began to write quickly on the third sheet of paper:

Dear Johnny: You said this would be a love letter. And since it is from me to you, of course it is.

I meant to tell you last night I'll keep the tennis court rolled. And I'll improve my backhand, even if I have to sink to practicing it on Fatso!

Maybe mother is right. I *should* learn to cook. Though I can't see why that is a must. With you so handy with gadgets you can open cans in nothing flat. And any goon can broil a steak—if any steak.

Please, please take very good care of yourself. I don't want my children having to apologize for a father who was such a dope he lost an ear by bobbing his head up out of foxholes at the wrong moments.

And write to me soon and often.

Oh, Johnny, all of a sudden I *know*. Never mind what. But I know. And because I know I send you all my love in this—and each ensuing installment. MARNIE.

She folded the letter and slipped it into an envelope. She addressed it with the ease of a woman who has been writing love letters for a very long time.

THE HARDEST LETTER TO WRITE IS FROM A GIRL WHO'S CHANGED HER MIND ABOUT A MAN . . . AND HAS TO SAY SO! BY OLA BLAIR AND NANCY BATTLE PALMER



MRS. CARRINGTON VAN VLEET stepped out of her limousine and stood in the autumn sunlight of the Carrington railway station. She glanced at her slender watch and noticed that, as usual, she was five minutes early.

Democracy is wonderful, she thought, as she did a yoga breathing exercise. It was only last spring she had discovered democracy; yoga had been the runner-up that season, but after a few lessons, much to her astonishment, she heard her chic teacher telling the class that there were many more mysteries of complete relaxation than they yet supposed, which they could hardly fathom unless they joined the inner circle.

"Well!" said Ethel Mason. "Just what I expected. Myra, let's get out of here."

Puzzled and shocked by the mysterious unknown, Mrs. Carrington van Vleet had left the class with her friend. At the beauty salon, later that afternoon, she had picked up Town and Country. There she saw a beautiful two-page spread of the lovely Connecticut, Sands Point and Oyster Bay mansions, which were housing the newly homeless youngsters of Europe.

For three generations the Carringtons had maintained a labyrinthian mansion at Carrington, named the Rookery. An enormous stone edifice, with kitchens, pantries, drawing rooms, music rooms, ballroom, bedrooms complete with fireplaces, a neat little bay for sailing, a trout stream and ponds, polo field, golf course and winter ski run.

The house had been a gay place in the days when Mrs. van Vleet's grandfather, a lumber king, had entertained the great of his day. When Myra was a young girl, she spent most of her summer holidays and winter festivals at the Rookery. She became an all-round sportswoman herself, but was greatly relieved, when she married Henry van Vleet, to find that his idea of sport was to take a stroll about the Rookery on a chilly evening, come back, stamp his feet and throw himself in a comfortable chair near the fire.

Myra's mother died, and her father went off on a tour of Europe; Myra stayed more and more at the Rookery, and the family house in New York was usually draped in dust covers. The country home was full of memories dear to a sentimental, happy woman.

The crash and depression had lessened the excitement at Carrington. Dear papa had died in Europe; he caught cold on his yacht sailing through the Corinth Canal.

WHEN the lawyers talked to Myra about finances, state and Federal taxes, and inheritance dues, she had wept into her black-edged handkerchief, and Henry had comforted her.

"We must face it," he said firmly. "Myra, we have had a happy life. But now the haves must share with the have-nots, and I think we must take stringent measures."

"Like what, dear?" asked Myra.

"We must close up the right wing, the ballroom, about ten of the guest rooms; and I do think, my dear, we'd better close down the stables, at least the string of polo ponies."

"But what about Cornelius' son?" wept Myra. "I always wanted him to have the best polo ponies in America."

Henry patted her shoulder softly. "That's very generous of you, as usual, my dear, but my brother's child will just have to grow up without those ponies. Besides, he's only six years old. Things may improve before he begins to play polo."

"We'll hope so," said Myra.

"Well, think I'll take my constitutional," said Henry. "I must keep fit." He put on his muffler, his burberry and his rubbers, for there was a white powdery snow on the ground outside. He strolled about the Rookery. It was a beautiful evening and the shadows were falling blue against the snow when he came back a half hour later.

Myra was worried. "Darling, you never stayed out so late. I do hope you didn't catch cold."

But Henry was already sneezing and, after an incredible week of doctors and distress, Myra found herself a widow, bereft of both father and husband.

The next ten years passed quickly with their changing fads and isms. Until that afternoon at the beauty salon, when Myra picked up the magazine and realized that her Rookery might become a haven of safety and American democracy for the imperiled children of less-happy countries.

"Just think," she said to Ethel Mason, "the halls of the Rookery will ring again with childish laughter. They can go to the Carrington school in the village with all the town children. I think it's wonderful."

"It's wonderful if it works," said Ethel. "Who are you having?"

"Little Sasha Pavelich, the ex-minister of Yugoslavia's little nephew, and there's Tony de Celles. His mother, the countess—she's a Belgian—went to Vassar with me; and there's Franz van Guyden, a direct descendant of Frans Hals; and Trudi Schwartzman, whose poor dear father, the professor, left Germany in 1934; and there's little Rabindrath Pakri, whose father feels India may be in a turmoil any minute. Oh, yes, and Ronnie Cadwallader, whose father is an old family friend in London."

"Sounds grand," said Ethel. "But look, you've got a junior edition of Who's Who in Europe; where do the common people come in?"

"That's just my plan," said Myra defensively. "I think if the ideals of democracy are absorbed by the young ones who will be leaders in the future, the effects will be far greater and more lasting."

But, later, as Myra sat planning which children would be in which wing, she recollected Ethel's criticism. Perhaps her friend was right. So she wrote to Ronald Cadwallader, and said she'd like him to help select some underprivileged child to come along with little Ronnie—for example, a charwoman's child; he must have some person working for him who would like to give her child a privilege.

Myra's plans didn't work out according to schedule. The Yugoslav ex-minister took his nephew to Florida, where they became permanent house guests of the Dulceys rather than be separated. The direct descendant of Frans Hals went to Switzerland with a collection of family paintings; Professor Schwartzman took his daughter and wife to Mexico, and the Hindu boy stayed in Bombay. Young Ronnie Cadwallader was sent to the family shooting box in Scotland, but the precise Mr. Cadwallader accepted Mrs. van Vleet's generous offer, and shipped over the daughter of one of his office charwomen. And so, on this crisp autumn day, Myra waited to shed the benign rays of good will and democracy on little Helen Hutchinson.

THE train slowed to a halt and an eager crowd of passengers bustled past Mrs. van Vleet. She saw a spindly-legged girl of fourteen walk up the platform, lugging a heavy carpetbag. Mrs. van Vleet moved forward and took a mittened hand in hers. A pale flat-faced child looked up at her. She was distinguished by widely set eyes and mouse-blond pigtails which showed up the dull liverish color of her skin.

"Helen, my dear, I am Mrs. van Vleet; welcome to our country." She bent forward to embrace the visitor, and at the same moment the child bent backward in a low-bob curtsy; both of them nearly fell.

"Thank you, mum," said Helen, smiling, to reveal a wedge of fanning teeth.

"My, we must have your teeth straightened," said Mrs. van Vleet instinctively.

Helen flushed and put her hand over her mouth, closing her lips tightly across the offending incisors. Her face was fixed like a mask, with a plaintive buck-toothed expression.

"The car's here, my dear," Mrs. van Vleet said. A chauffeur sprang forward and took Helen's carpetbag.

Mrs. van Vleet hoisted herself into the car, and Helen started to get in the front with the chauffeur. "No, no!" said Mrs. van Vleet. "Sit back here with me."

Helen clambered in and sat stiffly.

"We have another guest," said Mrs. van Vleet. "There's Tony de Celles, a Belgian boy. He's about fifteen and very studious. Right at the moment he's busy studying Egyptian hieroglyphics. I hope you will manage to get him out for some exercise. We have a bobsled and some ice skates, and in the spring a little motorboat for the Sound."

"Thank you, mum," said Helen, bobbing her head.

THE car pulled into a long drive. The great mansion with its Victorian turrets and stone walls was nestled in hills of thick pine and clustered sycamores. The fragrance of trees and pine smoke was in the air.

Mrs. van Vleet struggled out of her car and Helen followed in a daze. "We must get you some decent clothes," said Mrs. van Vleet, delivering her second shock in ten minutes, for Helen was wearing a mustard-green tweed, which her mother had cut down from her own best coat, and knitted red mittens and tam-o'-shanter, the gift of the Cadwallader firm for the trip. Thus decked, she had rather looked down on more plainly dressed children on the boat.

The shame of this sudden discovery was forgotten when she stepped into the main hall of the Rookery. The walls disappearing as far as one could see in wings to the left and right were hung with framed pictures and etchings. Mrs. van Vleet led her along the halls.

(Continued on Page 80)

"Must he always find fault?" she asked herself angrily. "Why does he have to be my conscience?" And she knew John's answer would be, "Because you haven't any!"

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



Andrea faced her daughter. "I can't live without him," Lissa said. "I'm going to him and you can't stop me." Andrea thought — "How can I tell her the truth?"

Is She All Right?

CAN A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN LOVE WITH HER MOTHER'S FIANCÉ HOPE FOR ANYTHING BUT TROUBLE?

By Gertrude Schweitzer

"YES, I'll be home," Andrea said in the new young, lilting voice. "Yes, do come over." When she had hung up she sat at the telephone table for a moment, smiling to herself: a tall, quiet woman whose only real beauty was in her fine skin and thick, copper-colored hair, but who had something other than beauty—something more, perhaps. It lay in the level look of her gray eyes and the firmness of her wide mouth and the clear-cut contour of her rather bony face. Some strength, some dignity that made people look back at her when they passed her in the street, wishing vaguely that they knew her, or someone like her.

Now, as she sat at the little table, she was thinking of the man to whom she had just spoken. She was thinking that it was wonderful to be in love again, after so many years. She had forgotten what it was like: the rushing heartbeats at the ring of the telephone, at the sound of a voice; the new look of the world, everything sharpened and brightened, every color more vivid, every sensation more intense; the aliveness—the warm, young, vibrant aliveness. She put her hands up to her cheeks, smiling again to feel how hot they were, like a girl's. It was a little silly, she thought, for a woman only a few years shy of forty—but it was very sweet.

The voice startled her so that she jumped. She had not known anyone was in the room until she heard the words: "That was Michael, of course. He's coming tonight?"

"Good heavens, Lissa," Andrea said. "You must have crept in here like a cat. You almost frightened me out of my ——"

"Crept? Are you suggesting that I've been deliberately eavesdropping, mother?"

Andrea had been suggesting no such thing, and she said so, but now she wondered. There was something strange about Lissa lately—something withdrawn and secretive and sullen. Was she unhappy again? Had her grief somehow returned, and was it all to do over—all the long, patient months of working to get a smile from her, to give her a moment of forgetfulness, a moment of happiness; slowly, so slowly, seeing those moments stretch into hours and then into days and finally into weeks—was it all to do over?

THE girl still stood in the doorway, as though waiting for something, but for what Andrea did not know. She had her mother's tall, strong body, her mother's grace of motion, but otherwise she was like her father, dark and handsome and vivid, the blood dark in her lips and cheeks, her blue eyes brilliant and stormy.

Vivid. It was the word Andrea always thought of when she thought of Tom. It had not seemed possible that all that color and vitality could be cut off so quickly, so irrevocably. But she had seen death cut it off in Lissa, his daughter, almost as completely, striking at her through her young flier husband, making her as pale and listless and numb as though she, too, were dead.

But Lissa had forgotten her grief now—she had come to life again. Surely all the weary months could not have been for nothing.

"What is it, Lissa?" Andrea asked her gently. "Is there something you want?"

The girl stared at her with a strange expression, almost of antagonism. "I asked you about Michael. If he's coming, do you want me to get out?"

"Get out? What do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't know." Lissa turned and left the room, adding over her shoulder derisively, "I thought you two might want to be alone."

ANDREA got up and went into the living room, and then stood without knowing why she had come there. So that was it, she thought. Lissa had been resenting her mother's love affair. But why? She had always said that Andrea should marry again, and she had seemed so fond of Mike, laughing with him, teasing him, until it warmed Andrea's heart to see them together. It had never occurred to her that Lissa might not want their marriage.

No doubt it was some psychological quirk—some subconscious envy of her mother's happiness. Andrea would have to point out to her that it just proved what she had always told her—that grief, no matter how deep and bitter, always passed in time, that happiness always came again. She would have to make Lissa see that this should only increase her hope, for if Andrea could find new love, new happiness, how much easier it would be for Lissa, who was not yet twenty.

It was a relief to know what had been wrong with the girl for the past few weeks, and Andrea felt it could be easily dealt with. It might take a little time, a little patience—but everything took time and patience. This was something you knew when you were almost forty.

Reassured, she began moving swiftly around the room, plumping up cushions, shifting ash trays, edging two chairs a little closer to the fire. Mike said she had a way with a room, that she could just touch something and push something else and the whole place would be changed, assuming a warmth, a beauty it hadn't had before. Oh, it was good to have a man around to say things like that to you—it was good to have Mike.

He came early, walking through the open door and calling, "Andrea?" from the hall, as though he couldn't wait another moment to hear her voice.

He was so different from Tom that it exploded all the theories about certain kinds of people being made for each other. Tom had been brilliant, volatile, magnetic—and he had needed her the way Lissa needed her. When he had been confused, she had straightened him out. When he had been in one of his despondent moods, she had cheered him up. When he had lost his temper, she had ignored him, letting him run down, and when he had been ardent or gay or generous she had given him gratifying response.

But Mike needed her only because he loved her. He had not married before because he had never loved before, and he had not, like many men, felt lonely and, wanting a home as he grew older, looked around for a suitable wife. He was a man who had been on his own since boyhood, and he had learned to live contentedly in whatever manner was necessary, and to fashion happiness out of whatever materials were at hand.

"We're alike, do you know that?" he had said to her once. "And that's what's good. Neither one leaning on the other—neither having the upper hand—just the two of us together, the way friends might be, or partners, only better."

Now, as he came into the room, she could feel herself begin to glow, as though he had turned on a switch in her.

"Hello, Mike," she said softly.

It was only a short time that they had been kissing when they met like this—only since Andrea had felt that Lissa was all right again and that they could be married soon. His arms were strong and hard around her, and as she lifted her face to him she had to shut her eyes against tears. How long she had been alone: ten years without love, without a man's arms—and now, Mike.

They sat near the fireplace, smiling at each other in the wordless way that lovers do, and she wondered, as she had so often, that no woman had ever snared him. He was not handsome as Tom had been handsome, but his face had the kind of lean, rugged strength that women like, and that was as attractive at forty as it must have been at twenty. Probably the keenness in his dark eyes and the humor that slanted up one corner of his mouth were the answer. He had been too full of wit and intelligence to be snared, except by love.

"I SAW a house today," he said presently, "and I think it's exactly right for us. Will you look at it tomorrow and see what you think?" He told her where it was. "We must decide quickly, if you like it too. The owner is leaving town in a few months and he wants to sell before he goes." He paused, and then added softly, "And I'm impatient too. I want to buy it and marry you and move in. We have so many years to make up for, Andrea."

She got up and moved to the mantel, leaning her arm on it and looking across the room, over his head. "We may have to wait a little longer, Mike," she said.

After a moment he asked quietly, "Lissa?"

"Yes. I thought she'd be happy about us, but it seems I was wrong. Of course I'm sure I can bring her around—it's only some aftermath of her unhappiness—but it may take time."

He said nothing until she looked at him. Then, his eyes on hers, he said, "I've been very patient, Andrea." *(Continued on Page 180)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL



INDIAN SILK SCARF *pulled through a gold bracelet adds color to a platina-dyed muskrat coat—Dana Jenney's idea; can apply it as well to your own fur coat. Sally Victor beret.*

ONE TOUCH OF MAGIC

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

It's the way a scarf or a belt is worn, or a bag carried, or a coat thrown over the shoulder; it's a way of walking, or a smooth hair-do, or a sharp silhouette in the sun or rain. The models you see on magazine covers and fashion pages have THE MAGIC TOUCH in real life because they have learned it in their jobs, and added to it with their own quick wits. Some of them, like Lynn Engler, make most of their clothes—a skirt one night and a blouse the next; a hat from a strip of fur; a chatelaine from a few pieces of old jewelry. Others, like Dana Jenney, apply THE TOUCH with things they buy—use a silk scarf caught with a bracelet, around the shoulders of a fur coat; carry the biggest bag in town with the greatest of ease! You don't have to be born with this talent—you can cultivate and acquire it.

MODEL ACCESSORIES, No. 2208, containing patterns for tiara hat, snood, jersey beret and belt, is 10c. JOURNAL GLOVE PATTERN No. 2166, is 5c. Order both from Journal Reference Library, Phila. 5, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALKAN



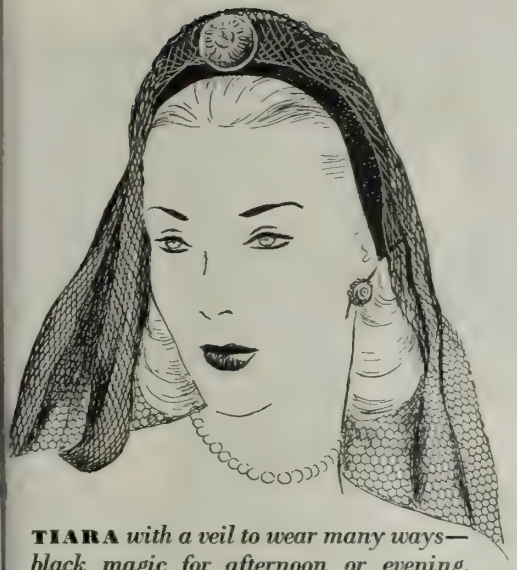
ID SWEATER *tucked inside a long vel-*



SLIMMEST POSSIBLE BLACK SKIRT— *Dana*



A BELT *with a big silver ornament, a scarf drau*



TIARA *with a veil to wear many ways—black magic for afternoon or evening.*



SNOODS *are adored by models because they keep hair smooth. John Frederics' black mesh.*



MAGIC AT THE WAISTLINE—*a belt does it, the bolder the better! John Frederics designs one of knotted curtain cord for a jersey dress; jersey beret.*



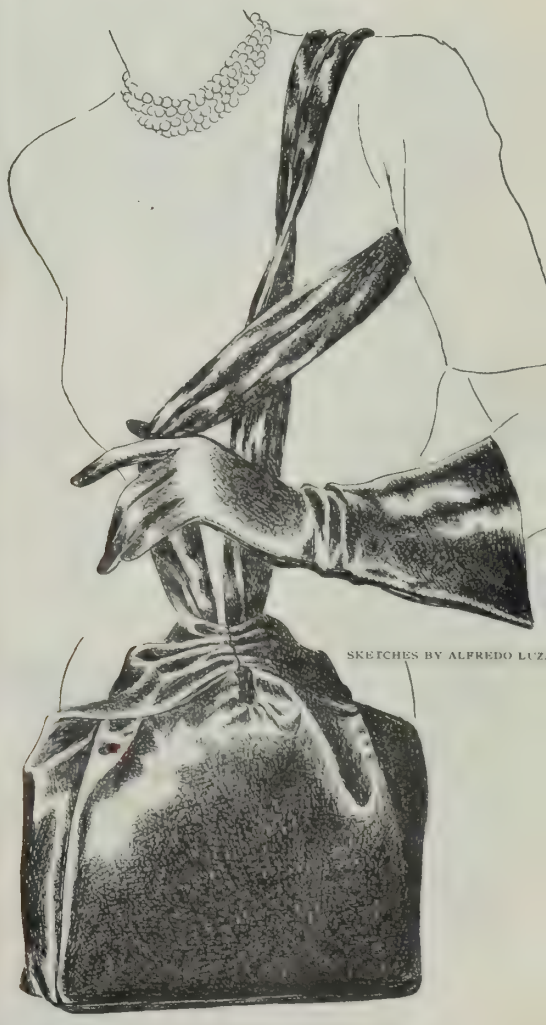
SELF-MADE CHATELAINE *made of an old chain and buckle, jersey gloves, hat from a strip of fur—Lynn Engler gives the personal touch to her jersey blouse and tweed skirt.*



NEW WOOL JUMPER *with unpressed pleats by Claire McCardell appeals to a model. Dorian Lee wears it with its own gold jersey, brown or gray shirts.*



THE BULKY WOOL SKIRT *lends itself magically to many tops—the gold jersey (that goes with the jumper), black or white pull-overs. Janet Stevenson adores it.*



SKETCHES BY ALFREDO LUZ

ENORMOUS *black satin shoulder bag and satin gloves by John Frederics makes an afternoon costume of any simple black suit.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL

Tonight's the night! **Sequin bands trim a pink net gown. Right: Ostrich feathers on white net.**



The Night is Young....

Bouffant skirts, bared shoulders, miniature waists. Fairy-tale dressēs in snow-white net or jet-black taffeta. Dresses made to dance the polished floors of fantasy; dinner-to-dancing dresses in rustling taffeta sparkling with jeweled buttons, in brilliant striped satin with matching gloves. Formal dresses in pink net with sequins, white with ostrich feathers, in pastel organdy with ribbon streamers—dresses for memorable evenings.

Black taffeta **with sheer net sleeves sparkling with colored sequins.**



Theater-to-dancing. **Striped satin with matching gloves.**



Two loves have I. **Two versions of pastel striped taffeta**



and You're so Beautiful

omantic symbols for a laughter-silvered evening: a ny star clipped in the center of a strand of pearls; a tin headband with jewels; shining hair caught up ith fresh flowers for a pink net dress with glistening nds of gold on its bodice. These are your fall and inter evening dresses. Choose the one that will an- ver your personal invitation to a dance—and wear it ith an air of easy grace. ★ BY DAWN CROWELL

Dancing Mood. **Pink organdy, dropped shoulder line, with ribbon.**



Weskit cardigan, sleeveless; to knit of heavy yarn in two colors; directions. 2188; with white shirt, dark skirt—winter fashion with a new look for town or week ends.



Bow sweater—these sleeveless styles are quick and easy; 2189; knit in bright yarn; taffeta ribbon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



Roll-brim profile hat, 2190, and big flat muff, 2191; important design by Hattie Carnegie; to crochet.



SKETCHES BY LEE LUNZER

sweater—waist-length, off-the-shoulder basque knit in fine black yarn; studded with jet, 2192.

KNITTING TELLS A FASHION YARN

"The prettiest girl at the party wore an off-the-shoulder sweater." . . . "A famous designer has made an important thing of crocheted hats and accessories." . . . "The short, sleeveless cardigan gives a new look to shirts and skirts." Knitting and crocheting have never been more talked about, more in the news. There's one school of sweaters for nine to five; another for five to midnight. There's the very young bow sweater, the sophisticated hood sweater; the belted or beltless; the novelty-sleeve or no-sleeve style. The JOURNAL has directions for all these, plus other accessories and a sweater on page 171. Each one is a fashion to adore.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

For instructions to make these knitted fashions, send 5 cents for each article to Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Order by number.

Pierrette cardigan, glamorous jeweled ruff neckline and cuffs; sweater is knitted; ruff crocheted, 2194.

Dinner vest in needle-point, 2193; black and American Beauty wool yarn; black jersey shirt.





SWEATER DESIGNS BY BEATTIE

Afternoon sweater—slim pull-over with sequin-trimmed belt, necklace neckline. To knit, 2197.





Novelty sleeve, new shoulder—slim young slip-over to knit in classic stitch, two colors; 2195. Wear with wool or velveteen skirt.

Hood sweater for holiday nights; knitted with crocheted mesh hood, star sequins. 2199.





Jeweled belt on a simple pull-over sweater, knitted in your favorite color, 2196; the kind of sweater girls will love for the movies or Sunday afternoon.



Sleeveless, short cardigan for any girl, any season; fishnet effect on white ground. To knit, 2198. To wear with a long sleeved white shirt.

ARE AMERICAN MOMS A MENACE?

"Mom" is sweet, doting and self-sacrificing. But she is not mothering her son—she is smothering him ✓ *By Amram Scheinfeld*

AMERICAN mothers are so used to getting bouquets that it may come as a shock to hear that "mom" is often a dangerous influence on her sons and a threat to our national existence. "MOM DENOUNCED AS PERIL TO NATION" was the way the New York Times headlined it.

In brief, Prof. Edward A. Strecker, University of Pennsylvania psychiatrist and consultant to the Army and Navy surgeons general, has made this accusation: that the blame for many psychoneurotics in the armed forces, and for many neurotic rejectees, rests on their "moms," who either by overattention or stern domination during the formative years kept their sons from maturing emotionally. "Mother's boys" psychoneurotics are not to be confused with men who cracked up only under terrific battle pressures or after serious injuries, he adds. Nor are all American mothers to blame, for the majority of them are sensible, well-balanced and understanding.

Doctor Strecker is indicting the type of mother generally known as "mom." Usually she is sweet, doting and self-sacrificing, or she may be just the opposite—stern, capable and domineering. "Both these moms are busily engaged finding in their children ego satisfactions for life's thwartings and frustrations," believes Doctor Strecker. "The community applauds and fondly smiles on them. They are accorded praise and adulation for giving their lives to their children. Hidden from view is the hard and tragic fact that . . . they exact in payment the emotional lives of their children."

You may recall Sidney Howard's famous play, The Silver Cord, in which a domineering mother refuses to accept the fact that the umbilical cord was severed at her son's birth. Remember the lines, hurled by her daughter-in-law, *"You son-devouring tigress! You and your kind beat any cannibals I've ever heard of. . . . And what makes you doubly dangerous is that people admire you—you professional mother!"*

If most American mothers were this domineering, says Doctor Strecker, so many young men would have been ruined for military service that instead of being victorious in the war "we might now be facing the prospect of defeat."

All of this involves a pretty serious charge, and must make every mother wonder about her influence on her sons. However, it is not fair to place sole responsibility for the development of a boy's character on his mother. A lot depends on the boy himself, the presence of other children (a brother or two can help a lot!) and, above all, the character and role of the father. In the majority of American homes there is a balanced situation, with a sensible mother in her proper place. But danger looms when the father's influence is weakened or missing, and the mother becomes a "mom," either of the overbearing type, who squashes her son, or the indulgent kind, who pampers and spoils him with saccharine overattention.

This is nowhere better illustrated than in Dr. David M. Levy's recent study of "maternal overprotection." We read case histories of boys who were breast-fed up to two years and bottle-fed up to four years; who were helped to bathe and dress up to the age of fourteen; who were led by hand to school and kept from other boys so that they "wouldn't learn bad things" or "play rough." And there was frequent kissing and fondling and, in some cases, sharing of the mother's bed up to the boy's adolescence. Some of these boys were turned into helpless ninnies, with no will of their own, while others became young tyrants.

Significantly, in half of Doctor Levy's case histories the boy is an only child. Doctor Levy also notes that in many of the "overprotected" situations the father is apt to be weak-willed or submissive (often because he is a "mother's boy" himself) and leaves the handling of the child to his wife. But in the majority of cases, the "problem child" has a "problem mother." Frequently her oversolicitousness and undue attachment to her sons result from her inadequate sex life, which may cause her to seek in a son a love substitute. Again, if her own ambitions have been suppressed, she may strive to achieve success through her son, driving him beyond his powers.

THE "mother's boy" reveals himself by these traits: He is apt to be hypersensitive, worrisome, fussy, vain and somewhat of an exhibitionist. He basks in attention and sulks if he doesn't get it. Although he strongly desires affection and is very eager to make friends, he may not hold on to them. Being sensitive and intuitive to a high degree, he may be very understanding, sympathetic and anxious to help others, which often leads him into public life, charitable work or social service. On the other hand, if he is ambitious and calculating, the same faculty of sensing people enables him to exploit them to his personal advantage.

The victim of maternal overprotection may be impelled toward great heights of achievement or toward depths of failure, depending upon the mother's character and the boy's inherent capabilities. History is full of notable "mother's boys." We could start with our late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose lifelong attachment to his mother and her profound influence on him are well known. He was an only son, whose father died when he was eighteen, and up until her death a few years before his, his mother was one of his closest confidants. Another great president, Abraham Lincoln, said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." President Harry Truman also appears to have been greatly influenced by his mother. She was an active campaigner for her son when he first ran for the Senate, and at ninety-two is still much in the foreground. "The resemblance between mother and son is deeper than a physical likeness," wrote one reporter recently.

IN the field of literature, a few pronounced mother's sons who come to mind are Byron, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Gustave Flaubert, Oscar Wilde and, more recently, Thomas Wolfe and George Bernard Shaw. D. H. Lawrence's novel, Sons and Lovers, was based upon his own tragic experiences. The theatrical profession abounds in examples. I can particularly remember David Belasco, the producer, as he chatted with me in his exotic studio, attired in clerical garb, his every inflection, gesture and movement the consummate revelation of a mother's darling.

It is worth noting that although some mom-coddled boys achieve great success, many are nonetheless socially maladjusted and personally unhappy. Stephen Foster, America's great song writer, was a much-pampered youngest child who never outgrew his emotional dependence on his mother. He finally became an acute alcoholic, deserted his wife and child, and died a broken Bowery derelict.

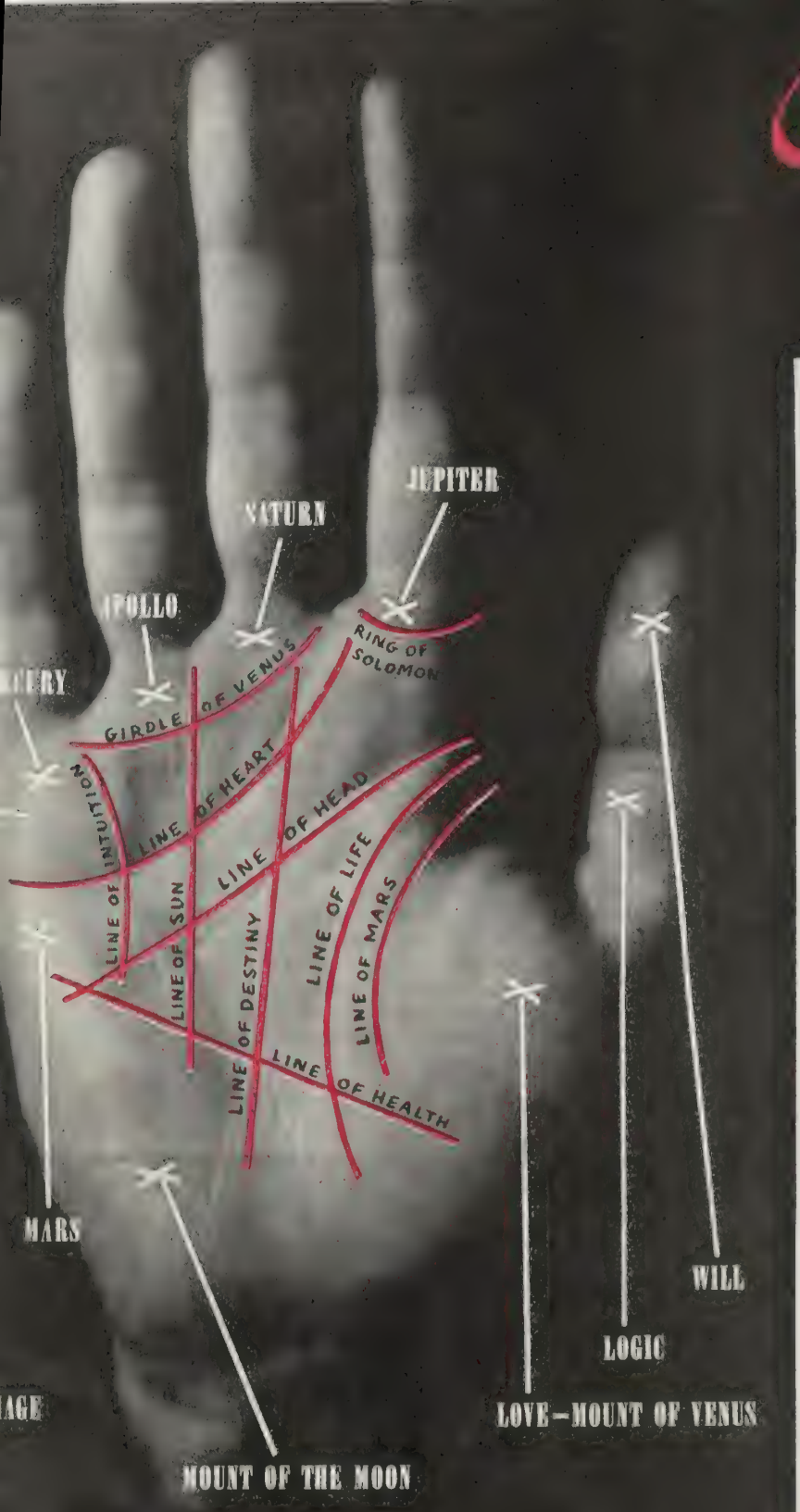
Among abject failures, we find a high proportion of mother's sons. When a man fails to win from society the plaudits his mother has led him to expect, he may feel that the world is discriminating against him. So it is that mother's boys abound among the social misfits, ne'er-do-wells, criminals, alcoholics and homosexuals. Adolf Hitler was the only son and spoiled darling of his not-too-bright mother, whom some biographers report as "the *(Continued on Page 138)*

Next Year's Garden

BY RICHARD PRATT

A POINT to remember as you make your garden plans again in peace is that plants and planting are most appreciated when they have some close connection with the house. With a single stroke you can create two pictures: one to be seen from within, one from without, the way we did it here. You lay a few pieces of paving outside a sunny window, border them with little blue lobelias backed by white petunias, and you've got a garden. Set the paving joints with sod or sedum, place some potted plants around, and your garden gets a more finished effect. Do a perforated window shelf like this for a double row of potted plants, and room and garden come together. And as house and garden come together, windows will be larger, some of them resembling this idea devised by Malcolm Duncan, which is a large sheet of double glass fixed in place and flanked by screened shutterlike louvers, adjustable from within, for indoor ventilation. No storm sash or extra screens are necessary, and the whole unit is feasible for old houses as well as new.

GARDEN AND PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR



Your Life

Does your palm wear the Girdle of Venus?... Ah-h!

BY EDNA RANDOLPH WORRELL

[Reading palms, while not to be taken seriously, any more than fortunetelling by astrology, numerology, and so on, should be taken seriously, has entertained many persons and livened up many an otherwise dull party. It is in the spirit of entertainment that this article should be read. —Ed.]

THE Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III of France, one day went to Paris, incog, to consult a palmist who was eminent at the time. She need not have worn a disguise, except to escape the gaze of the populace, as the palmist never saw his patrons. He saw only their hands, which were placed before him through slits in a curtain.

After a short examination of Eugénie's palms, he said, "Madame, your hand is so extraordinary that one of two things must be the truth: either my skill must be at fault, for once, and I see impossible events; or you must be the Empress Eugénie, for no other hand could tell of such strange vicissitudes of fortune." The hand of the empress was a book; as is everyone's, in which tragic, comic, homely and romantic stories may be read.

Palmistry, if not taken too seriously, is a highly diverting parlor game. The fundamentals are so simple you can learn them right here. Just remember the gypsy's advice: "The left hand is what you're born with; the right hand's what you make it." (This dictum should be reversed for left-handed people.) Look at both hands, but if there's a difference, let the dominant hand decide.

Generally speaking, you must consider the shape and contour of your hands first. Long slim hands show artistic trends. Square hands are sturdy and practical. Slender, curved fingers belong to the psychic. Short fingers, in proportion to the palm, show quick perception. Fingers with long second joints indicate the mind of a philosopher. Smooth fingers are lazy. Knotty ones are industrious and orderly. And if you know someone whose thumbs are radically pointing away from the other fingers, as if they were thumbing a ride, you have a gossip. Don't tell all you know to this person or you'll hear it again from someone else.

If you spread your hands, palms up, in a relaxed position, you should see three essential and two supplementary lines.

The most important is the Life Line, which encircles the fatty part of the thumb. If the Life Line is long, extending toward the wrist, it indicates a corresponding length of years. If short or disconnected, your life will be brief or subject to illness or accidents.

The Heart Line starts below the index or second finger and runs to the edge of the palm. It shows love, passion, fickleness, according to its continuity or breaks.

The Head Line crosses the palm in the middle and divides it horizontally. It indicates clear thinking or the reverse, according to its depth and clarity. It should not cross the hand entirely—if it does it shows your head rules you to the exclusion of other good qualities.

The relation of these three lines to one another has a meaning of its own. For example, if the Head Line starts by joining the Life Line, it denotes dependence on others, unless it soon detaches itself under the index finger. The longer it joins with the Life Line, the more you are a "clinging vine." If the Head Line slopes downward across the palm into the plump mount on the other side, this shows the person is endowed with imagination and dramatic ability. However, if the Head Line which is joined to the Life Line goes straight across the palm with no slope, the person, though still sensitive, has the courage of his convictions. The Head Line not joined to the Life Line indicates great independence of thought and power over others.

The Heart Line should begin under the index finger. It indicates strong affections and high regard for the one you love. The Heart Line which arises between the index and second fingers shows a deep, affectionate, calm nature, capable of very great sacrifices for a loved one. A very short Heart Line indicates a cold nature. On the other hand, an extremely long one denotes terrific jealousy.

The two supplementary lines of the hand are the mysterious Line of Fate and the Sun Line, or Line of Brilliance.

The Line of Fate starts from the base of the palm and divides the hand vertically; its position in the palm indicates the person's destiny. For example: if the Fate Line begins at the Life Line, luck will play no part in success: this life will begin with an unfavorable childhood, with a lack of money and parental support, but will come to a happy ending through the person's own efforts. A Line of Fate which rises straight from the wrist indicates extreme good fortune; from the Mount of the Moon (the fleshy part of the outside palm near the wrist), a success dependent upon the whims of other people; from the Heart Line or joining it, an extremely happy marriage.

Not every hand has the Sun Line, which runs from the third finger toward the middle of the palm, denoting success. People with this line seem to have a magnetic hold over others. Honors, friends, happiness come easily to them, and their disposition seems bright and happy.

If the Sun Line rises from the Line of the Heart, happiness will come late in life and from marriage. If it extends to the Mount of the Moon, success will come to you as a singer, actress or perhaps even congresswoman—dependent upon the whim of the public! If the Sun Line crosses the Head Line, success will come in the middle of life and from hard work, and this would indicate that the person is a brain worker—a writer, scientist or student whose research will take years for development.

While lines give the basic formula for readings, the talents, tendencies and special characteristics are told by the mounts. They are found at the base of each finger, the heel of the hand and the thick of the thumb, and they are named for the heavenly bodies.

Jupiter, the great, gives his name to the principal or index finger. As the name implies, the mount indicates a desire to be prominent, with pride, ambition, religion of pomp and ceremony in evidence.

Saturn, under the second finger, is a restraining influence. If overdeveloped, it indicates a melancholy and pessimistic frame of mind. This is rare.

Apollo, beneath the ring finger, brings the beauty and grace of all the arts to the fortunate possessor of a large mount

PHOTOS BY RUTH BERNHARD, KNICKERBACKER DAVIS, KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

is in Your Hand

bearing his name. It also includes medical arts and dramatization.

Under the little finger is the Mount of Mercury. Remember, he has wings on his heels, bringing quick action in business, invention, wit and travel. He is the true forerunner of the aviator.

The Mount of Venus is the thick part of the palm at the base of the thumb. Its fleshiness indicates love, sensuality and passion. If it is lined, that indicates a strong tendency to worry. A worry line crossing the Life, Head or Heart line affects the line it crosses.

The Mount of the Moon, at the heel of the palm, shows imagination and changeability. Between the Head and the Heart lines, on the inside of the palm, is Mars, the fighter.

The question most often asked a palmist is, "Will I be married?" To answer that one, look at the short line or lines halfway between the base of the little finger and the Heart Line, running in from the edge of the palm across the Mount of Mercury. The clearly formed lines indicate marriage, the faint ones deep affection or an engagement. A happy marriage is shown by a deep clear line with no breaks. A sharp upward curve of the Marriage Line indicates that the person is not likely to marry. If the Marriage Line turns down sharply into the Mount of Mars, below Mercury, the marriage will end in divorce. If a cross or line cuts across it, the mate will die by accident or sudden illness. Children are indicated by the straight lines cutting the marriage line and running down from the little finger. Bold lines for boys, faint lines for girls. When mounts and lines are not prominent or are lacking altogether, there is a corresponding lack of the qualities which they indicate.

Marginal and footnotes in a history are often more revealing than the text. And so are the dozens of additional markings in the palm, which affect materially the plot of the story. For instance:

A grilled marking, like a double ticktacktoe, exaggerates the tendencies wherever found. A cross brings poor luck. A star, a cluster of lines radiating from a single center, surprises, an excellent sign, intensifying your success wherever found. An island, an oval formed by the curved joining of two lines, means sickness. A forked line, a parting of the ways: upward shows the person has a tendency to rise; downward, a letdown. A chained line shows indecision, weakness of character. Bunched lines show worries. Triangles indicate success, especially if large and wide, like that made by joining the Life, Heart and Hepatic lines. (The Hepatic, or Health, Line crosses the palm diagonally from the Life Line.) Great happiness should result from this triangle. When the Fate Line cuts it to form another, a brilliant future is in store.

Quadrangles, never perfectly shaped, give protection. The space between the Heart and Head lines shows generosity and broadmindedness. The broader the better. If there is only an alley between these two lines, meanness is the most prominent attribute of character.

The Girdle of Venus, which is a half circle beneath the Mounts of Apollo and Saturn (below second and third fingers) indicates excessive social tendencies, an eat-drink-and-be-merry type. It indicates a hysterical temperament if it is broken up.

The Ring of Solomon, a half circle at the base of the Mount of Jupiter, shows a tendency toward mysticism.

And now you possess the secret code which life has written into your hand. Can you read it? Here's a quiz to help you decipher what you see.

THE QUIZ

When you have identified on your own hand the Lines, Mounts and special markings of the illustrations, you are ready to do the quiz. Answer Yes or No to each question. In general, there are six types of hands, omitting the Elementary Hand, which is seldom seen. Your hand belongs in the classification in which you have at least five YES answers. If you belong in more than one group, yours is a Mixed Hand. After you have arrived at your classification, it will be fun to see your character reading at the end of the quiz. Consult both hands; but if you are righthanded, let the right hand decide.

Group I

1. Is your Mount of Saturn rather large?
2. Viewing from the back of your hand, are your fingers knotted at the joints?
3. Are your nails flat and finger tips wide?
4. Is the tip of your thumb blunt?
5. Are your Head and Life lines separated under the Mount of Jupiter?
6. Have you a star on Mars?
7. Is your palm hard?
8. Have you a short Heart Line?

Group II

1. Does your hand appear square at base?
2. Is the second section of your thumb small in the middle?
3. Does the Mount of the Moon slope suddenly toward your wrist?
4. Is your Head Line clear?
5. Is there a star on your Mount of Jupiter?
6. Are your fingers rounded at the sides?
7. Have you a strong Heart Line?
8. Is your Mount of Mercury high?

Group III

1. Have you a star on the Mount of Apollo?
2. Is your ring finger long?
3. Have you a straight line running through your palm to the Mount of Apollo?
4. Have you a double triangle in your palm—that is, a small one within the Grand Triangle?
5. Does your Head Line slope down toward the Mount of the Moon?
6. Does your hand wear the Girdle of Venus?
7. Are your fingers pointed?
8. Are both your Mounts of Jupiter and the Moon prominent?

Group IV

1. Is the second section of each of your fingers longer than the first and third sections?
2. Is your middle finger quite long?
3. Are the first and second sections of your thumb the same length?
4. Have you a protrusion on the outer side of the first joint of your index finger?
5. Is there a Grand Triangle in your hand, made by the joining of the Life, Head and Hepatic lines?
6. Does the tip of your thumb extend above the second section of your index finger?
7. Are your fingernails long and narrow?
8. Do you have knoblike knuckles?

Group V

1. Is your hand small, delicate and tapering?
2. Is your thumb of medium length?
3. Have you a mystic cross between your Head and Heart lines?
4. Is your Mount of the Moon prominent?
5. When your hand is open, do your fingers lean to one side?
6. Do you have a Line of Intuition running from Mercury to the Mount of the Moon?
7. Have you a Solomon's Ring?
8. Are the second sections of your fingers short?

Group VI

1. Is your palm flat and lean?
2. Have you any bitten nails?
3. Do your fingers differ from one another in shape?
4. Have you a network of lines over your palm?
5. Have you a "grill" on your Mount of the Moon?
6. Have you an acute angle made by the joining of Head and Hepatic lines?
7. Have you an island (oval) on any line in your palm?
8. Do your fingers turn backward?

THE ANALYSIS

Note that numbered traits refer directly to numbered questions if your answer was YES.

Group I Hand—Spatulate

1. Decided ideas, love of power and leadership.
2. Must have order; women are good housekeepers, are ever "tidying up."
3. Love of soil, clearing of physical obstacles, farming.
4. Strong will; detest opposition.
5. Independence of thought and action.
6. Physical prowess, combativeness.
7. Somewhat cold nature, caring more for the land than for people.
8. Lack of sentiment.

Group II Hand—Square

1. Most useful, extremely practical.
2. Polite, diplomatic.
3. Unimaginative.
4. Thinks logically.
5. Successful with plans.
6. Obedience to authority, respects law and order, punctual.
7. Loyalty to family and business associates.
8. Good head for business. Women make good secretaries and executives. Where detail is necessary, this hand may be depended upon.

Group III Hand—Artistic (Sometimes called Creative type)

1. Shows success in making contacts with people; person is often magnetic.
2. Lover of art in any form.
3. Creative talent, springing from the Sun Line.
4. Usually foretells a brilliant career.
5. Dramatic ability.
6. Love of social pleasures.
7. Identifies artistic temperament, and if fingers are smooth, shows carelessness and love of ease.
8. Persons will be successful in creative work, but especially as an author or compiler. Some with these hands are not always able to execute, but become critics or instructors.

Group IV Hand—Philosophic (the Hand of Reason)

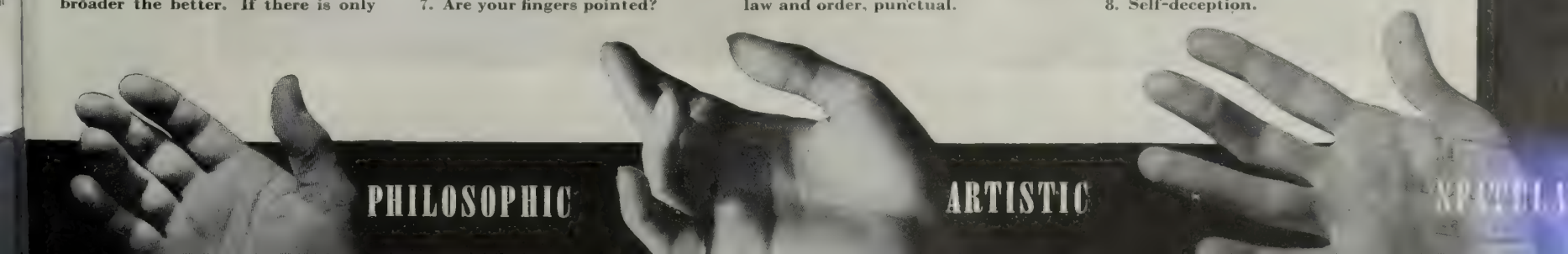
1. Shows an inquiring mind.
2. Desire for thoughtful solitude.
3. Logic and reason well developed.
4. Desire for information, must know all the facts before deciding a question.
5. Studious, taking pleasure in research.
6. The long thumb is the sign of great intelligence.
7. Desire for truth.
8. System and order shown in workmanship. Skeptics have such hands, for they must know the "why" before being convinced. When persuaded by reason, they are frequently religious. Scientific discoveries are theirs, and advanced learning is their life.

Group V Hand—Psychic

1. Has psychic mind.
2. Poetic temperament.
3. The sign of the mystic.
4. Imagination in the ascendancy, romanticism.
5. Not given to orderly thinking.
6. Impressionable nature, sensitive to environment and to the personalities of people about them.
7. Intuitive wisdom.
8. Often kind, wise, but superstitious. Nine times out of ten, "hunches" are right.

Group VI Hand—Nervous

1. Full of nervous energy.
2. Nervous tricks of movement.
3. Unconventional person, seems regardless of reaction of others.
4. Worry signs are evident.
5. Person is discontented.
6. Good mentality, but not easy for others to get along with.
7. Illness in parts of body for which lines named.
8. Self-deception.





ROBERT . . . PAINTED BY ALEXANDER BROOK

Big Shot



THE STORY OF A BOY WHO LEARNED TO DISOBEY HIS MOM ★ BY MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

ROBBIE LANDIS and his mother lived in a quite small house on Crum Street, not far from the big highway. Robbie's mother, Sara, was a thin, small, mournful woman who worked as hard as she was able to earn their living. Robbie's father had left his mother some years before, for no reason on earth except boredom. He had actually managed to get a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty, telling the judge that she nagged and repeated everything she said until he couldn't stand it any more! The judge, of course, ordered Robbie's father to contribute to their support, and he had done so for a few months. But he soon became entangled with a woman who drank and swore and fought with him. He left town and they saw no more of him.

Robbie and his mother were poor, but they managed. She made a meager living by addressing labels for the county paper's rural-route list, by doing some plain sewing and by staying with children at night. They always had something decent to wear to church on Sunday, and she kept Robbie clean and orderly for school. She managed to get food on the table. Since her own food requirements were very small, it is doubtful if she realized his needs. At thirteen, and in the eighth grade, Robbie was no bigger than a ten or eleven year old boy, and he had no fat on him at all. His mother said he would grow later, that his father had been small until he was sixteen and then grew for about five years. Robbie looked forward to the time when he would begin to grow.

Robbie loved his mother. He loved her partly because of a deep, instinctive boyish chivalry; she was downtrodden and unfortunate, and he knew it. He loved her, too, because she was tender and kind to him and did the best she could for him. He knew she was his great friend and he did not question her authority or his duty to obey her.

So Robbie never doubted his mother's instructions and opinions until Clyde Rumble came into his life. Of course Clyde had been in his life a long time, for he lived down at the other end of the block. But he had been only a vague background figure. The Rumbles were not very good neighbors, to the Landises or to anyone. The Rumble boys grew up on the street, out of one trouble into another.

Clyde was fourteen. He weighed twenty pounds more than Robbie. He was only in the sixth grade, enduring school until he was old enough to get a work permit. He had all the makings of a first-class bully.

Robbie was a "good" boy. His mother talked to him about being a good boy a great deal of the time. Her ideas of a good boy were specific. A good boy was clean. He did his lessons. He obeyed his mother and his teachers. He didn't fight. He didn't lie or steal. He kept out of trouble. Especially, he didn't fight. Robbie's mother could bear no violence.

"You don't want to fight, Robbie," she told him. "You can always get along with people if you try."

Robbie believed her. No one could have been more harmless than Robbie. He never pushed or shoved in line, he never provoked anyone. When he got pushed around a little on the playground, Robbie just let it go and didn't complain and it was soon forgotten.

But there was Clyde at one end of the block and there was Robbie at the other, and the chemical properties of their two characters were such that the time had to come when they discovered each other.

It might have been that Robbie could have continued in his colorless anonymity without being specifically observed by Clyde if it had not been for his mother's employer, Mr. Wallace. One day when Mrs. Landis took her package of labels to the paper, Mr. Wallace said:

"I need a boy on the paper route in your end of town, to carry my paper and the Capitol City News. Robbie is old enough to carry a paper route. He can do it in an hour or two after school every day, and it will earn him six or seven dollars a week, buy all his clothes and books. He's starting high school next year and will need regular work. You tell him to come to see me."

The suggestion threw Mrs. Landis into a panic. Robbie still seemed to her such a small boy. She hated to think of him starting out in the world of men. But she did talk to Robbie and he grew quite excited about it. Six or seven dollars a week seemed a terrific amount to him. And for the first time Robbie revealed to his mother that he had been developing some wants and needs that she knew nothing about.

ROBBIE, it seemed, wanted a bicycle. He wanted to go to the show on Saturday afternoons, when they had the Westerns, with Cubby and other boys. Also, once Robbie had eaten in the restaurant on the highway, a truck stop with a fine white counter and imitation-leather-upholstered stools. He had an aspiration to eat there again—maybe every now and then!

But this wasn't all. Last summer Cubby and four other boys had rented a tent at the state park and camped out for two weeks. They called themselves the Rangers and they wore plaid shirts. They cooked their own meals on an open fire, swam in the park pool, hiked and fished and slept on cots. They had said he could go with them if he could find ten or twelve dollars, but he had never expected to go. He could do all these wonderful things with a paper route!

So Robbie went to see Mr. Wallace, and it seemed the boy who was giving up the route was willing to sell Robbie his bicycle for ten dollars, on time. Robbie got three dollars from his mother to pay down on the bike, and agreed to pay a dollar a week until it was all paid for. It was a little old bike with narrow tires, in good condition and quite speedy. Robbie went over the route with the old boy a couple of evenings, and then started out alone, bike, papers and all.

HIS own street, Crum Street, lay about two thirds of the way through the route, and the first night Robbie rode down Crum Street on his bike, folding up papers and throwing them onto porches, the neighbors smiled to see him pass. At the other end of Crum, where it ran into Hamilton Avenue, there were better houses with more lawns and flowers and bigger porches. Robbie liked to feel that he had a right to ride up there, to toss papers onto those porches; and when he went, on Saturdays, to collect from his customers, it gave him pleasure to find the housewives in the nice houses were friendly and jovial. Many knew his mother.

Clyde watched Robbie riding back and forth, at first with curiosity and then with a growing irritation. For Robbie had come out in a rash of importance. With his first week's collections he went back to the office and paid for his papers, paid a dollar on his bicycle, went to the restaurant and got a hamburger and a soft drink, took two dollars home to his mother and told her, somewhat grandly, that he would give her two dollars every week. He still had a couple of dollars left which were burning his pocket up. After he had eaten his supper, feeling really stuffed with his supper on top of the hamburger, and enjoying the feeling, he went down the state highway to where the Rollins family lived and asked Cubby Rollins if he would not sell him his old plaid shirt which was now too small for Cubby.

Cubby was in the eighth grade too. He was a fat, amiable freckled boy, liked by everyone. Robbie admired Cubby with a flawless love and coveted his friendship above all other things. Cubby sold Robbie the plaid shirt, and threw in a bandanna handkerchief and offered him a cowboy hat, now too small for Cubby, for fifty cents more. Robbie put the shirt on over his own shirt, put the *(Continued on Page 172)*



ONCE AT BELVIDERE PARK

It was a hard day for a little girl: first the mind, and then the rain, and then a dead man in the room . . .

BY MARION VALENSI

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

ENID CARSON and I were having tea at Wentworth's. Enid had tea with cream and little French pastries with whipped cream and cherries, and I had tea with lemon and cinnamon toast. We hadn't seen each other for ages, but Enid and I never seem to have much to talk about, so after we had caught up on the news and discussed the absurd price of simple little summer dresses we fell back on the help problem. And that reminded Enid to tell me about Jean Miller. Jean's mother had had another heart attack and Jean had to rush off to Ohio on a few hours' notice. She couldn't take the children and she had no nurse. Of course she was frantic, calling all the employment agencies and the nurses' registry. She could get no one. Then, fantastically, someone told her to call the old ladies' home. It appears that some of the old ladies have been helping people out during the emergency. So Jean called the home and got an old lady and actually went off, leaving the children in her care! Enid didn't see how Jean could possibly have done such a thing. "Going off and leaving those children with only a doddering old woman to look after them." She went on to imagine all the things that might happen to the children, but I had stopped listening. I was thinking about Mrs. Wigton—Mrs. Wigton and the night of the terrible storm.

IT was a long time ago. I was a little girl about seven or eight. We lived in a big ugly brown frame house with a cupola and a porch that ran across the front of the house and then turned to run along the side and end at the jutting-out door of the office. My father was a doctor, and in those days most doctors' offices were part of the home.

My mother used to say that the house was old-fashioned and ugly, but my sister Susie and I loved it. We had a big playroom on the third floor with a special crooked stairway that we pretended was a secret passage. We had a bull-rope swing in the back yard. It hung from a branch of the big oak tree, and the ground under it was worn smooth and black and shiny by our running feet. We had fairy grottoes in the elder-bushes behind the stable, and the slanting outside cellar door was a robbers' cave. There were speaking tubes from the big bedrooms down to the kitchen, through which we sent weird sounds to scare whatever household helper mamma had at the time; and strangely, even then, there seemed to be a help problem.

But in our household it wasn't the same kind of problem people face today. It was very different. I can hear my mother and father arguing about it. They usually talked over such things in mamma's bedroom, the big front room with the bay window and the alcove and the flowered wallpaper and the big brass bed. Susie and I had bird's-eye maple. Lucy, who was still a baby, had the old oak nursery furniture in the little room adjoining mamma's. When the wind was from the north, mamma was always afraid that our third-floor playroom would be too cold, and so she let us play in the alcove of her room. Often before office hours papa would come to mamma's room, too, and there they would talk. I remember the time papa was so cross about Mrs. Wigton. Susie and I were in the alcove playing lady, dressing up in mamma's long skirts.

Papa was pounding his fist on the palm of his other hand. "This isn't a charitable institution," he said, "although God knows I'm not sure it isn't, with all the decrepit washerwomen and broken-down gardeners and stray dogs and cats you manage to gather up!"

"Well," mamma said, kind of smiling up at him while she buffed her nails, "if you insist on staying on in this barn of a house in this decaying neighborhood, so that every time I go out I see poor people and stray dogs and starved cats, naturally I have to do something about it."

"Dot, you know why we stay here," papa said in a patient-angry voice. "My father lived in this house, doctored these people. The mill hospital is a kind of monument to him. It is my hospital now. And most of my practice is in this neighborhood too. And when a doctor gets too high-and-mighty to live among his patients, he's in for a fall."

"Just the same," mamma said, "it is getting to be no fit place to bring up little girls. I am actually afraid to go out myself after dark for fear of meeting a drunken foreigner. You are just a rank sentimentalist about living here. Besides, you are just as softhearted as I am. If you collected half that batch of bills in your lower left-hand drawer, I could have three maids. And Mrs. Wigton's so good with the children ——"

Papa pounded his palm again. He said, "Dot, if you don't fire that fumbling old woman, I'll do it myself."

"No," mamma said, "you really can't do that, Charles. She wouldn't have any place to go but the poorhouse."

"Good grief!" my father shouted, forgetting to keep his voice down. "So that's what we do now, hire people to keep them out of the poorhouse!"

"Sh-h," mamma said, putting her fingers to her lips. "Her hearing is very good."

"Well," papa said, "certainly her memory isn't. We never have a meal that something isn't forgotten. Salt, sugar, even coffee. And I doubt if she's ever gotten one message straight."

"Oh, yes," mamma said, "she's very particular about the messages. She always says it could be a matter of life or death." Mamma's eyes crinkled into a little smile. "And she is wonderful with the children. They adore her."

"Just the same, she goes," papa insisted. "Even if it is to the poorhouse. It's clean and well run. And I want a clean and well-run house too. We're going to have a neat, efficient German girl in that kitchen. I'm pretty sure I can get one of the Schmitts."

"Those Schmitts!" mamma said. And then she started to cry. "Oh, go ahead and do whatever you please, Charles. Get one of those grim-faced dirt-chasers."

Papa sat down on the leather couch at the foot of the bed and pulled mamma down beside him, and mamma put her head on papa's shoulder and kept on crying. Papa said, "Now, honey, I just want you to be sensible, instead of taking in every waif and stray in the neighborhood. I think I deserve an efficiently run house. I work hard. I have very little time at home, but I'd like to enjoy it."

"Yes," mamma said weakly, "you do deserve it, Charles. I guess Mrs. Wigton is pretty bad. But she is so lovely with the children."

"That isn't enough, Dot," papa said. "She's old and forgetful and inefficient."

Mamma sighed. "I suppose you are right. She broke one of my Haviland saucers yesterday, and she forgot to put butter in the cake. That was what was wrong with it. I knew, but I hated to tell you."

"Now you are coming to your senses," papa said. "Today it may only be a china saucer or butter in a cake, but tomorrow she may forget to turn off the gas, and asphyxiate us. How soon can you get rid of her? I'll speak for one of the Schmitt girls at once."

"Any time," mamma said. "It won't be necessary to give her notice. I'll let her have a week's wages. We won't miss the money."

Susie and I had stopped playing to listen, and all at once I felt sad inside like I felt when our rabbit Josephine died.

I loved Mrs. Wigton. Susie and I thought maybe Mrs. Wigton had been a rich little girl, turned into a thin old woman by a bad fairy. That was partly on account of her eyes. Bad fairies couldn't change eyes, not even when they turned people into cats or frogs. And Mrs. Wigton's eyes were a very soft, kind blue like a little girl's. And she told us stories about a beautiful place called Belvidere Park where she worked when she was a little girl. We knew that there was a law so that little girls couldn't work, and if it was a law here why wouldn't it be a law in England? So we thought she must have been a rich little girl who lived at Belvidere Park, and that she wasn't allowed to tell us, because if she had told us, the bad fairy might have turned her into something worse, a frog or a bat. Maybe Susie and I didn't honestly believe these things, but we pretended to each other that we did, and it made a fine game. But I loved Mrs. Wigton, and now she was going to leave, and my stomach felt kind of heavy inside as if there was a stone in it.

BUT all at once mamma looked up and saw us. She said very quickly, "You naughty children, I told you to wear the old rainy-day skirts. Beatrice, that is my best Irish-lace shirtwaist. And Susie, take off that hat at once. And both of you go right up to the playroom. There is a south wind today and you know it. . . . Little pitchers," she said to papa.

Although Susie and I had never seen a pitcher with ears, we knew it meant we were listening. It was one of those queer grown-up sayings. But while Susie and I were taking off the dress-up clothes, papa went on talking.

"I tell you, Dot," he said, "it's too great a risk. Not only what might happen to the children, but what might happen to the poor old thing herself. She might fall down those back stairs and break a leg, or worse."

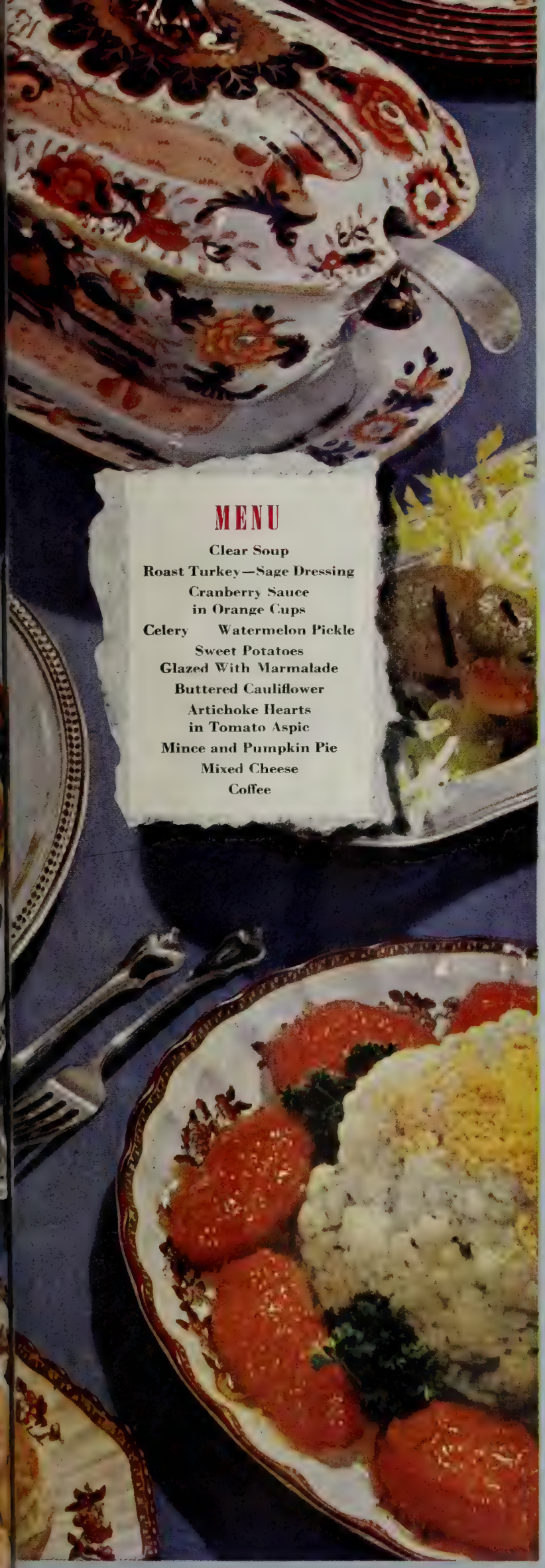
But Mrs. Wigton didn't break her leg. I broke mine.

(Continued on Page 123)

Mamma and papa looked at each other. "Well, Charles," said mamma, "what *will* you do for Bea?"



Let's be sure the families whose boys are home get a turkey. The rest of u



rill share and share alike.

It's a Family Affair

BY ANN BATCHELDER

OF all the holidays known to me, Thanksgiving is first and best. I want that to be very clear. I just love Thanksgiving. Oh, yes, Christmas is nice, what with presents and surprise packages all over the place, and maybe sleigh bells in the air—*maybe*—but really I would, speaking personally, rather have Thanksgiving.

Just look at Thanksgiving! There's a day worth your whole year put together. And it's a day that belongs to the family, too, only not all the ramifications of family. It's a family affair sure enough, but one for the closely knit, the really intimate and those we have a habit of. And this year, more than ever, it will be so.

If you think I am right, let Uncle Bertram and Cousin Etta's little flock come along and turn things upside down come Christmas. Let them all do their stuff in a big way. But keep this one day for the closest and best beloved.

Sarah Josepha Hale—the lady editor. It was Sarah herself who won for Thanksgiving Day the status of a national holiday. Maybe, had it not been for her and President Lincoln's long vision, we should be celebrating Thanksgiving any old time, if at all. And what stemmed from the hard New England of our beginnings would have failed to have the significance it now has. It might have been just another day. But it isn't. It's the greatest day in the calendar; and if you don't think so, well, we can't be all of a mind. We can't all string along together. But we can and should celebrate Thanksgiving Day, and one of the time-honored and tradition-bound ways to do that is by way of the kitchen, the dining room and the firelit living room, where we may gather according to our minds and hearts, after the turkey has departed from the scene.

Begin in good season. It's a good idea to get your turkey ready to roast the day before. It is quite a little job to get a turkey all set to go in the oven, and nobody wants to spend all Thanksgiving morning fussing with dinner. It can be stuffed and made ready for the roaster the day before, and be all the better for it.

The pies, too, might as well be made and put away for a last-minute heating up. They'll be improved too. Why, I can remember when the pies at Thanksgiving were lined up in the "cold" pantry off the back kitchen, and was it cold! Mince pies got frozen early in the season, and stayed that way all winter, except when one or more were brought in for a thawing and "hetting" up. Dozens of pies were made at one time, and it always seemed as if the last one on the assembly line was the best. It got a long ripening and mellowing, you see, and was usually consumed not so very long before the first of the green-apple pies came along to claim their due.

A sweet is a sweet. Take the sweet potato, for example. Not so sweet as honey or even as a peach. But when you look at the thing in comparison with a dill pickle, it's *sweet*. Even along with an everyday white potato—well, I don't need to tell you, do I?

Personally, I am fond of sweet potatoes. Like them baked, boiled, mashed, done in a soufflé or fried. My tastes are catholic. But one of the nicest ways to do credit to a sweet potato is to introduce it to another sweet, such as maple sirup or brown sugar, or, as I have done here, to orange marmalade. And with your family turkey, all browned and crisp and reeking of stuffing with sweet and fragrant herbs, you'll give the folks a treat, and save yourself some sugar by glazing your sweet potatoes with the bitter-sweet of orange marmalade.

(Continued on Page 78)

Line a Day

ST. JOHN BATCHELOR

1 Thanksgiving—it will soon be here. Almost I can smell the smells, almost taste the incomparable tastes. And all I can say is—let us give thanks. Thanks for everything.

2 Am I a lemon addict? I am. So to my scalloped oysters and oyster pie goes a little grated peel. Also to clam or oyster fritters. So there.

3 *Discovery division:* Avocados filled with cut white grapes, chopped orange and sweet pickled onions. Fruit French dressing—and that means lemon.

4 And here's another. For those late and last of the melons. Fill cold melon halves with cut grapes, seedless ones, and garnish with chopped mint. Add a few tablespoons of kirsch or maraschino sirup.

5 The other day I wanted an omelet. One was done for me folded like a baby's blanket—only softer—with herb-seasoned creamed chicken and creamed corn, with no hulls, only the sweet insides. It was a dream come true. Try it.

6 I guess I have told you, but it will bear retelling. I mean that business of putting ground coriander seed in an apple pie and apple dumplings and apple slump. Oh, coriander, come my way.

7 Turkey hash has to be on your agenda, now if ever. Add some minced oysters with a touch of mace, a cup or two of chopped mushrooms, and moisten it with chicken broth and cream. Lovely on toast. Lovelier on rice.

8 Ever heard of adding bread crumbs to the beaten egg before you egg and crumb croquettes? Well, I hadn't. But I'll try anything once, and it works. Particularly good for sweetbreads.

9 *Warning Dept., four-alarm division:* Never leave sage out of a pork stuffing. And don't pass up marjoram with lamb. Leave the mint to the jelly end.

10 With that roast pork we were discussing, sweet-potato-and-apple soufflé is tops. And to think I dropped three stitches trying to remember it!

11 Line a bread tin with rich pastry. Brush with the beaten white of an egg, then cover the pastry sides and bottom with fine chicken or turkey hash not too moist; it must hang on to itself. Have it seasoned to a fare-you-well.

12 Now then—fill the pan with sliced, sautéed sweetbreads, chopped mushrooms, shreds of green pepper, sautéed, sliced onions, ditto, and a cup or so of bread crumbs, all mixed together. Add enough rich cream sauce flavored with sherry flavoring to fill the pan. Cover with pastry, slash the top, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.

13 *News—news:* Dates are as plentiful as June bugs. And what they're doing with them in jars is *something*. I just can't tell you how—wouldn't know. Look them up. Not a word to say about that new New Orleans cocktail sauce for oysters, shrimp and mussels, except it's out of space.

14 While speaking of dates, why not a compote of dates, figs and apricots on beautifully boiled rice? It's a notable dessert.

15 *From an old cookbook:* "A light breakfast which any housewife will gladly prepare is Indian mush, stewed chicken and cream, fried eggplant, hashed duck, flannel cakes, coffee and chocolate." Call me early, husband dear.

16 Olive oil is fairly plentiful. And now they're making an oil from avocados. Made into a ready-to-wear dressing. Ought to be good.

17 I promise two things. A receipt that is one of the best I've ever had, and one for apricot-and-sweet-potato soufflé. Too long for here.

18 Fillet of sole (flounder to most of us) is a fine dish done in a tomato aspic. Poach it and drain it well. Set in the aspic and garnish with marinated shrimp on a bed of cress or lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise. (Dish rhymes with fish.)

19 Grilled kippered herring, and I guess I know my herring. I was practically born in Norway. A grand dish with lemon and a hot crusty roll.

20 A spaghetti lover never forgets. Let's have it with cream of mushroom soup and chicken livers sauté. And see what comes of *that*.

21 I seldom toy with a baked Indian pudding. The old way's best. But converted to chopped dates in the old favorite, I pass the word along.

22 *Another news flash:* There's an herb set of twelve varieties, directions, hints (oh, so sly) and all. It is just too too, so let yourselves go. Or put it on your Christmas list.

23 *Answer to query:* Dear Etta: A pearl is a thing you find in an oyster if you are lucky. A pearled grape is a grape dipped in egg white and then in powdered sugar. Ask me another.

24 Down here there's a chap whose name is Greengrass. Know what he does? He sells sturgeon and other fish.

25 *Dept. of utter despair, farthest south division:* Carrots and oysters in cream. If you can beat *that* one you're good.

26 A true Maryland farm stew is composed of an experienced hen, corn, Lima beans, raw potatoes, onions and most any handy vegetable. (No carrots.) I ate it once. Gone, but not forgotten.

27 Now a blini is made with buckwheat. A blinchitcy is of white flour. Both are thin griddlecakes, wrapped around caviar or some savory paste and served with beaten sour cream.

28 Maybe you hate haddock—or think you do. In a bouillabaisse it is superb. In a fish pudding it's delicious. Suitably crumbed and fried, you might do worse. Don't give it the brush-off.

29 "A great sauce represents five centuries of civilization. No sauce worth a stir should be solid, but thoughtful it should be."

30 Now let us look to the evening sky—as in glory Mercury is fleeing on wings of flame. And the old year is packing up—his ledger almost closed.

DRAWING BY ROBERT C. ATHERTON



You're Invited to enjoy

the soup liked most from coast-to-coast

Come draw up your chair, pick up your spoon and fall to! No second invitation needed! For where in all the world is there a soup that greets your eye so gaily as Campbell's Tomato Soup? It lures your appetite and pleases it. It's the soup everybody welcomes every time it's served.

And no wonder! Into it go the world's finest tomatoes, specially grown from special seed . . . then cooked and seasoned according to a time-tried recipe to smooth perfection.

Yes, you're invited . . . and reminded . . . to sit down to plates of this delicious, favorite soup, for your enjoyment and for your good health. Why not tomorrow at lunch or supper?

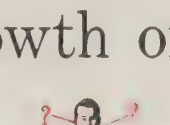
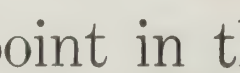
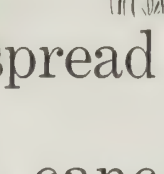
Look for the Red-and-White Label





Now autumn leaves lie thick around,
I'll be no more a rover;
But take my rake and—I'll be bound—
A new leaf I'll turn over!

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Cancer has its hopeful side!  It starts small, as a malignant growth of cells at one point in the  body, and may  spread quickly. But, fortunately, cancer often sends out danger  signals, permitting early recognition, and if treated properly it can usually be checked. 

These are cancer's danger signals

1—Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.

2—Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.

3—Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.

4—Loss of appetite or persistent unexplained indigestion.

5—Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.

6—Any persistent changes in the normal habits of elimination.

Here's hopeful news. These danger signals do *not* invariably mean that you have cancer. They are signs that something is wrong, that you should have an immediate examination by a competent doctor.

At one leading cancer clinic, 88 out of 100 women who came for examination because they recognized a warning sign proved *not* to have cancer. The important fact is *they were examined and relieved of worry*, while the few who had cancer increased their chances of a permanent cure.

There have been tremendous increases in medical knowledge and skill, and many improvements in diagnosis and technical care. But remember, medical science can cure cancer *only* if it is discovered early, before it has a chance to grow or spread.

No medicines can cure cancer. Beware of quacks and those who promise to cure cancer with drugs or other unproved methods.

Only three things can check, destroy, or remove cancer . . . X-rays, radium, surgery, used singly or in combination. *There are no short cuts or substitutes.*

Send for Metropolitan's Free Booklet 115J, for further information about cancer.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT



1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

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THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

(Continued from Page 18)

hoity-toity and elegant. Citified. Look at that greatcoat, with all that fur like a woman's. And the gloves, and the polished pointed boots, and that cane with the gold head. Yep, a bad-tempered cuss. And dark as if he'd worked in the fields. Thin as a fence rail. I suppose he thinks he's the fine elegant figure of a man, with his white hands with rings, and his high-toned way of talkin'. That color on his cheek-bones, too; water never put it there. I've seen drinkers in my time.

Jerome was gazing somberly at the fire. He did not turn his head, but said quietly, "I hope you like what you see, my man."

The stationmaster flushed and stared. Jim, at the stove, chuckled with hoarse malice. "I'm sorry, sir," stammered the stationmaster. "I was just curious ——"

"Well, look, and satisfy your curiosity."

Jerome rose and walked over to a window. The stationmaster observed that he had the slightest limp in his right leg. Wasn't there some story that he'd been an officer in the war, and got wounded? Yep, he walked like a soldier, and had shoulders like one. *Must've been a devil with his men, by the looks of him. A bad 'un.*

Jerome was peering through the window, rubbing a hole in the frost. He began to whistle, tonelessly, and returned to the bench. He crossed his knees and favored the stationmaster with a friendly smile.

"You live in Riversend?" Jerome asked.

"Yes, sir."

Jerome shook his head. "I've been away a long time. Funny I don't remember you."

"Oh, I lived in Thorntonville until my uncle died."

The name struck at Jerome's memory. "Thorntonville." He paused. "Then you must know Miss Maxwell, the young lady who is to marry my cousin, Mr. Alfred Lindsey?"

The stationmaster drew nearer. "Indeed I do, sir. A handsome young lady, much admired." His voice had a note of familiarity in it which caused Jerome to scowl briefly. He averted his head, pursed his lips and whistled tonelessly again.

There was a bustle at the door, which burst open violently. A burly farmer, in cap and coat, entered, swearing, brushing his snow-covered arms. Charlie set up a furious barking.

THE stationmaster turned to the newcomer. "Oh, there you are, Bill! Look'ee, are you goin' back up to the farm tonight?"

Bill Watson was staring frankly at the strangers. "Yeh. Got to. Old woman's down with the rheumatism and can't milk in the mornin'."

"Well, these gentlemen want to go up to Hilltop. They was to be met, but no one came. You've got a place for them in the wagon?"

Bill shook his head. "They couldn't stand it, open like it is. Best wait for morning, and a rig or sleigh."

Jerome stood up. "We'll go with you, Bill, if you don't mind."

It was a world of hellish and bellowing darkness through which the open wagon heaved and groaned. The three wretched passengers huddled close together. The horses panted as they struggled through the valley, and their smoking breath blew backward along their haunches. Sheltered by Jerome's coat, Charlie, the dog, whimpered and burrowed against his master. The luggage jolted and rolled in the rear of the wagon.

Conversation was impossible. Jerome cursed softly to himself. What a fool he had been to undergo this! He would have lung fever before morning, if he was lucky enough to arrive at Hilltop and was not lost in the drifts.

Bill Watson cracked his whip, shouting, suffering with his horses. He had informed Jerome that he would not attempt to climb up to Hilltop. Ice was thick under the snow. The wagon would never negotiate that long steep slope. The two passengers must walk up the hill.

Jerome had not been in Riversend since he had been invalided home from the war over five years ago. In conversations with friends he was fond of saying that Riversend was the dullest spot imaginable. In over thirty years it had less than doubled its population. Yet villages within a day's radius had become small cities.

WHAT was wrong with Riversend? Jerome did not know. Perhaps the reason lay in the fact that its middle class was stupid and stuffy, hating change. Certainly it discouraged enterprise. For instance, during the war a "foreign" concern wished to build a mill for the manufacture of Army blankets. After long discussion among the local gentry, a site for building the factory was refused. Jerome's family's bank took an active part in this refusal. The reason, Jerome believed, was that the locally powerful were afraid that farm labor and village labor might get "ideas" brought on by good wages, and thus inconvenience local employers.

The feudal air of the village and the farms delighted the residents of fat estates. Lying snugly in its level valley, protected by the high foothills, Riversend seemed destined to pass its life in a dream. It had only one anxiety: the younger folk showed a disquieting tendency to leave the farms for distant towns and cities. This was the fault of the new railroad, of course. The owners of Riversend had fought despairingly to prevent the coming of the branch line, and success was apparently theirs until the incredible day when the "old gentleman," Mr. William Lindsey, suddenly demanded that the line be allowed to enter the village. This stunned his friends. For years he had delegated all authority to his adopted son, Alfred. Yet on this occasion his frail voice was heard. William Lindsey would not explain, nor discuss the matter. After that one intrusion into the affairs of the bank, he retired into arthritic silence again.

Jerome had been at Hilltop during this controversy and had enjoyed it immensely. He loved to see his adopted brother thwarted, though Alfred was not of the character to express his disappointment with any vehemence, and was the soul of filial respect and obedience. Alfred, however, was no fool. He suspected, and with considerable shrewdness, that Jerome had had some influence in bringing the railroad to Riversend. The old gentleman loved his son, and though Alfred would have been the last to deplore this, he regretted that his cousin possessed such power over his father. It was not a power for good, Alfred was convinced. What good could such as Jerome Lindsey possess? He was profligate, dissipated, egotistic and selfish. Alfred firmly believed that Jerome did not care a snap of his fingers for local welfare. It was all done in a spirit of mischief. Unfortunately, Alfred was correct in his gloomy surmises.

As he precariously clung to his seat in the wagon, Jerome began to think of all these things. All at once the wagon lurched and rocked and stopped.

The farmer shouted, "Here we are at the foot of the hill! Can't go no farther."

Jim, the English servant, looked about him incredulously. But the darkness was

(Continued on Page 51)

One day a young man came in great perplexity to the clergyman, Dwight L. Moody, and said, "Mr. Moody, I want to reform and lead a better life. But I don't know how I can give up my undesirable companions."

"That's not difficult, young man," replied the revivalist, smiling sympathetically upon his visitor. "Just live a good life and your undesirable companions will give you up." The Christian Science Monitor.

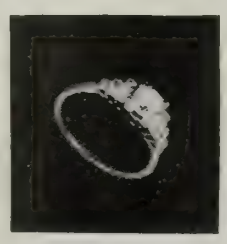


AFTER A YEAR AT OUR LONDON EMBASSY—Mary Anne Braswell shares a "reunion-cake" back in the U.S.A. with three British airmen. Soon after graduating from the University of Georgia she received her Diplomatic Corps assignment. Her work at the American Embassy was largely a military secret—"fascinating and exacting," she says. Air raids, celebrities, robot bombs—and "getting engaged" to an American officer from Boston were all part of her London adventure.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!



She's delightfully poised—with glinty-chestnut hair, alabaster-smooth skin



HER RING
3 steps of diamonds flank each side of the handsome center diamond. The band is platinum.

Mary Anne Braswell to wed Edwin P. Cushman, U.S. Army Officer

She is the daughter of the well-known Mr. and Mrs. Earl Braswell of Athens, Georgia

The very first day that Mary Anne was in London she met her officer fiancé-to-be . . . at a luncheon club near the Embassy!

Mary Anne is *another* engaged girl with that winsome "soft-smooth" Pond's look!

"I surely do depend on Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "it has the nicest way of making your face feel *especially* soft and clean. I wouldn't be without my Pond's for anything."

Twice every day Mary Anne beauty-creams her lovely complexion with Pond's—using it like this—

She *smooths* the silky-soft cream well over her face and throat and pats rapidly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues it all off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream, plying her white covered fingertips round her face in quick little circles. Tissues off. This is "extra-care," she says, for extra cleansing, extra softening.

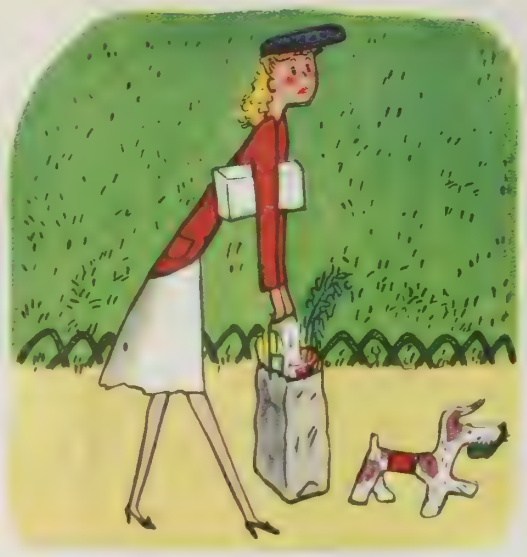
Use Pond's Cold Cream her way, every morning, every evening, for in-between clean-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big luxury jar today!*



A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont · The Lady Morris Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · Lady Louis Mountbatten · Mrs. George J. Gould, Jr. · Princess Xenia



1. Time was when you could pile your shelves with different soaps for this and that. And if you ran short of any special *one-purpose* soap, you'd whisk down and buy some more.



2. But look ...shopping is mighty different now! So you gotta be *smart* when you buy soap these days ...



3. That's why clever housewives stick to SWAN ... *one* wonderful, *all-purpose* soap that behaves like *four*. With Swan in the house you're set for practically every washing job.



4. Swan is ideal for baby!

Pure as fine castiles. Mild and gentle to baby's delicate skin. It "babies" mama's complexion, too!



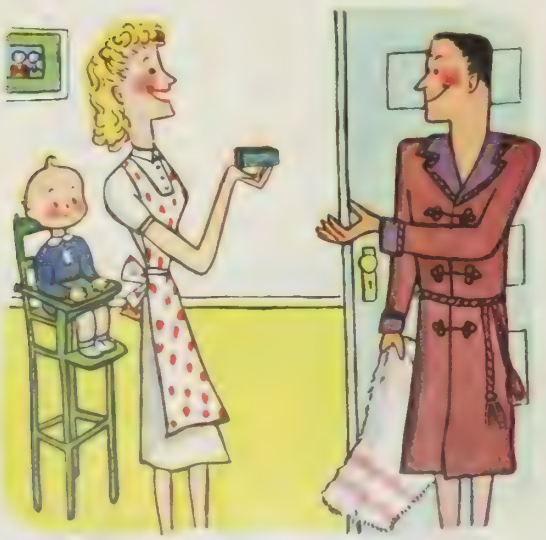
5. Swan is a whiz for dishes!

Swan swishes into *suds faster* than other floating soaps! Swan's easy on hands, too, 'cause it's baby-mild. And so firm! It lasts 'n lasts.



6. Swan is a peach for duds!

Baby-gentle Swan helps keep the family's bright cottons like new! Those mild, quick suds are swell for almost everything.



7. Swan is perfect for bath!

What *gorgeous* lather...rich and creamy! And how those May-mild suds agree with your skin!

Swan is 4 swell soaps in one



Tune in: The Joan Davis Show, with Andy Russell, CBS, Monday Nights



UNCLE SAM SAYS: DON'T WASTE SOAP

1. Don't leave Swan in water.
2. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.
3. Wipe off grease, rinse dishes *before* washing.
4. Save Swan slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly; use for dishes, shampoo, etc.

(Continued from Page 48)

still thick, and the snow heavier than ever. Far up, in the direction of the sky, a few yellow lights twinkled. Jerome was bestirring himself, swearing. Jim forced himself to climb from the wagon. He reached in the darkness for the bags, heard Charlie's faint whimpering. Then he heard the rattle and lurching of the wagon as it went on in the night.

"Follow me!" shouted Jerome. "Put your arm against mine. Curse those bags, anyway." He took one from the hand of his servant.

Jim never forgot that climb through snow. He floundered in drifts over his knees; sometimes he slipped and fell. Slowly, however, the lights above brightened, came closer. At length a dark bulk loomed above them. They staggered through smoother drifts over what was evidently the walk. Panting, slipping, cursing, the two men pushed their way toward a great arched door. Then Jerome was beating upon it and shouting.

There was a sound of bolts being drawn. The door opened cautiously and a young woman's face appeared.

Jerome addressed her: "Open up, for heaven's sake. I'm Mr. Lindsey." He pushed the door rudely and the servant girl fell back.

Jim saw a great paneled hall with a tiled red floor, an immense grandfather clock glimmering in warm lamplight, and an oaken staircase. *Just like the old country*, he thought, pleased and surprised. He put down the bags.

Jerome was shaking his coat, stamping snow from his feet. "Where is my father?" he demanded.

The girl silently fled. Jerome moved to the fire, and Jim followed eagerly. Charlie rushed about the hall, sniffing suspiciously.

A door to the right opened, and Jerome turned, thinking to greet his father. But a young woman stepped into the hall, then stopped short with an exclamation. Jerome stood in silence, staring at her.

"Oh," she said, "you must be Jerome. We didn't expect you until tomorrow. Does Mr. Lindsey know you are here?"

Jerome did not answer her.

She smiled, and her white teeth flashed. "I'm sorry. I'm Amalie Maxwell."

JEROME bowed ironically. Then he lifted his head and stared at her full and derisively. The firelight flared up, revealing Amalie Maxwell fully. Jerome's contempt faded. Amalie was tall—so tall, indeed, that her eyes were almost on a level with Jerome's. She had the most superb figure, slender yet swelling, and cunningly set off by a bustled and draped gown of gray velvet, touched at the throat and wrist with bright coral. She was smiling now, and the smile was dark and knowing. Her eyes were large and of a deep purplish tinge, vivid and flashing—not in the least soft and tender, as women's eyes ought to be. They were set in thick short lashes, very black and heavy. Above them was a low white forehead, a pair of satiny black eyebrows. The nose was short and straight, the mouth below it rather too wide and moistly red. Despite this, however, it was a somewhat hard mouth, too firm for a woman. Jerome, studying her as openly as though she were a work of art, surveyed the lines of her face critically. It was all strong angles and planes. It was the face of a fighter, for all its amazing beauty.

He decided that, though she was admirable and astonishing, he did not like her. In fact, he hated her on sight. Oh, he knew all about such trollops! Women cast adrift, unprotected, forced to fight for themselves, and expecting and giving no quarter. He had seen them in London, New York and Paris, hard strumpets who knew what they wanted, and took it ruthlessly. He had never admired them, though he had enjoyed them frequently, and appreciated their natural wit and knowingness and lack of illusion. A man would never be bored with them, and a clever man could always conquer them. They were exciting, amusing. But a man of the world never married them.

THE door at the left opened suddenly and Alfred appeared, advancing with outstretched hand. "Jerome! Your telegram said Tuesday. Was it an error? How did you get here in this storm?"

Jerome turned to him, smiling easily. The same old Alfred, carefully effusive on the proper occasion, forthright and simple! He was somewhat taller than Jerome, but appeared shorter, because his body, though straight and firm, was of a larger frame. The stiff white linen and wide black cravat seemed slightly too tight for his powerful neck. He wore discreet black broadcloth, expertly tailored and fastidious. He had a broad but angular face, completely colorless, but firm and resolved and open. It took a perceptive observer to discover that it was also narrowly relentless of expression. There was a cold dignity about the man, an unshakable strength.

He took Jerome's hand with enthusiasm. "Let me look at you," he said. "How did you get here?"

"On an open farm wagon," replied Jerome easily. "No matter," he added, as Alfred uttered a word of consternation.

Alfred immediately subsided into polite and sedate competence. "Amalie, my love, this is my cousin, Jerome Lindsey."

"We've introduced ourselves, Alfred."

"Miss Maxwell, my fiancée," added Alfred, and his pale cheek flushed. "Amalie, will you summon a servant and order Jerome's man, and the bags, conducted to the prepared rooms?"

Amalie moved toward the door. Jerome was annoyed. These two already were assuming the roles of master and mistress of the old mansion. Well, he would soon alter that.

"Would you care to go to your room, also, and change clothing?" asked Alfred.

Jerome looked down at his wet boots. He said, "No. I want to see my father." He threw his hat and coat toward Jim, who caught them deftly. Then he turned toward the library door.

The immense room was warm and dim, with here and there a lamp burning on ancient dark oak. Books completely covered the high old walls. Jerome's feet pressed deep into dark red carpeting. Before the enormous black marble fireplace were grouped several leather chairs, with footstools. The wide windows were completely covered, now, with crimson damask curtains. Over the fireplace was the portrait of Jerome's great-grandmother. It was an austere but inviting room, full of peace and dignity, and this atmosphere was enhanced by the glow of a log fire.

Two people were seated before the fire. One was a tall, very thin and quite elderly

Evensong

BY NATHANIEL BURT

Let me sing a prayer of peace,
A small white chorale
Which has somewhere lost in it,
Mistily, the thought of stars
Through an open window,
In a dark room,
And dreams coming in
Just as the eyes are closed.
Let there be no rhyme or motion in it;
Only few and slender things;
Not quite yet nightfall,
And the light from the Milky Way
That makes no shadow,
But still a gray faint glow coming through the window.
Let there be also, as there must be somewhere,
The great, kind, thoughtful feel of God,
And knowledge as you go to sleep
Somehow that things are good.



FASTER, EASIER CLEANING

Reported by Impartial Housewives!



"Old Dutch Cleanser CLEANED FASTER AND EASIER than any other leading cleanser"*

MRS. RUSSELL HOWARD, Art League, LA GRANGE, ILL.
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gentleman. The other was so small as to appear to be a very young child, but, as he stood up, it was to be seen that he was a humpback, about fourteen years of age.

The elderly man was visibly excited. He exclaimed, "Jerome! Jerome, my boy!"

Jerome went to him quickly, bent over his father and kissed the thin, sunken cheek. "Papa," he said. The two looked at each other steadily, smiling, their hands tightening together.

Mr. Lindsey said, "My dear, dear boy. How glad I am to see you again! Sit near me, please. I want to look at you."

Jerome looked about for a chair, then encountered the dark eyes of young Philip Lindsey, Alfred's son. He paused. "You're growing up, Phil," he said, forcing friendliness into his voice. He had no antagonism in him for the boy, but only an uneasy pity and aversion. Once someone had told him that Philip resembled him, and he had been outraged. Where was the resemblance in that white small face, so sunken, so attenuated? Perhaps the eyes were similar, and Jerome egotistically conceded that, for they were large and black and brilliant, quite overshadowing the delicate features below them. Too, Philip's hair was thick and dark and curling, like Jerome's. But beyond these, surely there was no resemblance! Jerome always resolutely averted his gaze from the large hump on the boy's back and, as if in careless apology, assumed a jocund affability when conversing with Philip.

Now Jerome pulled a chair close to his father and sat down, immediately forgetting the boy's presence. Philip moved away and sat down in the shadowy distance.

Mr. Lindsey studied his son's face, sighed at its bad color and at the marks of dissipation under the bold hard eyes. He said gently, "You are well, Jerome?"

"Oh, I'm always well," replied Jerome, with lightness. "And you, sir?"

Mr. Lindsey looked down at his hands, knotted with arthritis, and glanced at his crippled legs. He said, "It does not bother me much, or often. But it makes it difficult to get about." He smiled at Jerome. There was no resemblance between the two. Mr. Lindsey had the spare, pale countenance of the New Englander, reserved, dignified, with light blue eyes full of astute gentleness and aristocracy. His white hair lay sleekly on his bony skull. "I am glad you are home, Jerome," he said softly.

One word of command from me is obeyed by millions . . . but I cannot get my three daughters, Pamela, Felicity and Joan, to come down to breakfast on time.
—VISCOUNT WAVELL, Viceroy of India.

He took misfortune like a man—blamed it on his wife.
—BRIGID DE VINE: In The Universe.

HOME. Jerome looked at the fire. How he had always hated the peace and tranquillity of this isolated big house, the order that prevailed in it. It had suffocated him. He wondered at this vaguely now. At this moment, at least, it was warm and secure for him, dignified and welcoming.

His father was regarding him steadfastly. He said, "How is the painting, Jerome?"

Jerome smiled with an effort. "Doing well. I don't sell any, as you know. I won't sell them. I give them to my friends. By the way, I've brought one home for you. You'll see it later."

The door opened, and Alfred and Amalie entered. Jerome rose with deliberate hesitation and offered Miss Maxwell a chair. She sat down gracefully, acknowledging his politeness, but she did not look at him.

Alfred said, "I have just heard that you've not dined, Jerome, so I've ordered a small collation to be brought here to you."

"Thoughtful of you," commented Jerome politely. "But I'd prefer a whisky and soda."

Amalie said idly, without moving her head, "Philip, isn't it time for your bed?"

They had all forgotten Philip, lurking in the half-darkness. But, at Amalie's question, he rose and came toward the group at the fire. He bowed to Mr. Lindsey and to Jerome, then to his father and Amalie. "Good night, grandfather. Good night, Uncle Jerome, papa, Miss Maxwell."

Jerome smiled irrepressibly at the order of the names, and looked at Philip with more interest. Did the poor humpback, then, resent this woman also? But, to his surprise, Philip was gazing at Amalie with a curious expression, softened, eager. She lifted her hand and touched his arm, and instinctively he moved closer to her.

"Good night, dear Philip," she said very gently. She drew him to her then, with natural affection, and kissed his transparent cheek. He leaned against her shoulder for a brief shy moment, then, bowing again to them all, drifted silently from the room. Amalie watched him go, with an unreadable thoughtfulness.

Jerome suddenly remembered someone else. "Where is my sister, Dorothea?"

Mr. Lindsey replied, "Dorothea is confined to her bed with a cold, I am sorry to say. Doubtless she will be anxious to see you."

"I have sent word to Dorothea," said Alfred. "She asked to see Jerome after he has dined."

A SERVANT brought in a silver tray on which steamed a pot of tea, sugar and thick cream, and a rich meat pie. Jerome spread a napkin on his knee and began to eat with candid appetite, laughing and talking inconsequentially to his father as he did so. Satisfied at length, he allowed the tray to be taken from him. He asked for whisky, and Alfred, with no comment, ordered it brought.

Jerome poured a small glassful from the decanter, whisked soda into the amber fluid. Then he paused. "Will no one join me?"

To his incredulous surprise, Amalie said tranquilly, "I will, thank you."

Jerome looked from her to Alfred with an unpleasant grin. Alfred had colored, his dry skin suffused. "With pleasure," said Jerome. He filled another glass. She took it from him with a polite acknowledgment, and put the glass to her lips. She sipped appreciatively.

Jerome glanced up at Alfred with a virulent smile. But Alfred, in his chair, did not move or speak. His face was averted. Jerome leaned back in an attitude of enjoyment.

"Excellent whisky," he commented. "You miss a great deal, Alfred, in your teetotalism."

"I miss many other things too," replied Alfred stiffly. His voice sounded muffled.

"And all of them pleasant," said Jerome. He paused. "Is that not so, Miss Maxwell?"

She looked at him directly. "Yes, indeed," she said.

Had she no discretion? Jerome asked himself. Had no one ever informed her that ladies did not drink spirits in the presence of gentlemen? What sort of creature was this, utterly without refinement and decency? She was worse than an open trollop, for a trollop at least pretended to some manners and proper deportment.

"You find whisky a stomachic, Miss Amalie?" he asked with deep politeness. He felt, rather than saw, Alfred's sudden suppressed movement.

"A most efficacious one," she agreed.

"It makes life bearable," Jerome suggested.

"Almost endurable," she answered in his own tone.

"But it must be taken regularly, for that salubrious effect," went on Jerome malevolently.

She withdrew the glass from her lips and turned the full purple blaze of her eyes upon him, and he saw understanding contempt in them.

"I would not know that," she said quietly. "But doubtless you could tell me."

Mr. Lindsey raised his head and looked slowly from his son to the young woman. His thin white brows drew together just slightly.

Jerome said, "Then you do not need to escape from the exigencies of life very often, Miss Amalie?"

New, modern way to make rooms gay

DEX

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She regarded him in silence, and her lip curled. "I am no coward," she said. "But there are others who must escape constantly; is that not so, Mr. Lindsey?"

Jerome did not answer. He turned the glass about in his fingers. Then he looked at Alfred and, meeting the latter's distressed eye, he laughed. Alfred pulled himself upright in his chair; his eye narrowed upon Jerome, and one suddenly saw that he could become coldly violent and ruthless when necessary.

Damn you, thought Jerome, not shrinking from that look, but returning it with one of virulent disdain, *I am not gratuitously insulting your love. I am only trying to reveal to your stupidity the extent of her shamelessness.*

Mr. Lindsey said quietly, "I have never subscribed to the foolish belief that females are different from the other half of humanity. Woman begotten of man shares his proclivities. And man is born of woman. If Miss Amalie wishes a glass of whisky occasionally, that is entirely her own affair, and I wish her enjoyment. I have changed my mind, Jerome. I believe I will join you and Miss Amalie in a toast to the coming wedding."

His manner was stern and imperative. He looked at Jerome fixedly, then slowly turned his full blue eyes upon Alfred, and all his manner was implicit with aristocratic censoriousness. Jerome, in the sudden silence, filled a glass for his father, extended it to him with an elaborate bow. But Mr. Lindsey was not to be placated. His breath came a little faster. He held the glass high.

"To my dear son, Alfred, and to a very charming lady," he said. He inclined his head to Amalie.

"To a very happy marriage," said Jerome gallantly, smiling full at the young woman, and then at his father. He and his father drank the whisky.

Alfred said, in a strained voice, "Father, you know your physician has forbidden spirits."

Mr. Lindsey replied composedly, "There are times when a man must drink for the sake of his soul, and for the sake of other equally important things."

Jerome rose, and bowed deeply to all of them. "Now, if you will excuse me, I think I shall run up to see my sister. After all, we have not seen each other for a long time."

Amalie held her glass near her lips. Her eyes were almost black in the lamplight. "Give her my regards, please," she said. "And tell her that I wish her much pleasure—in your discussions."

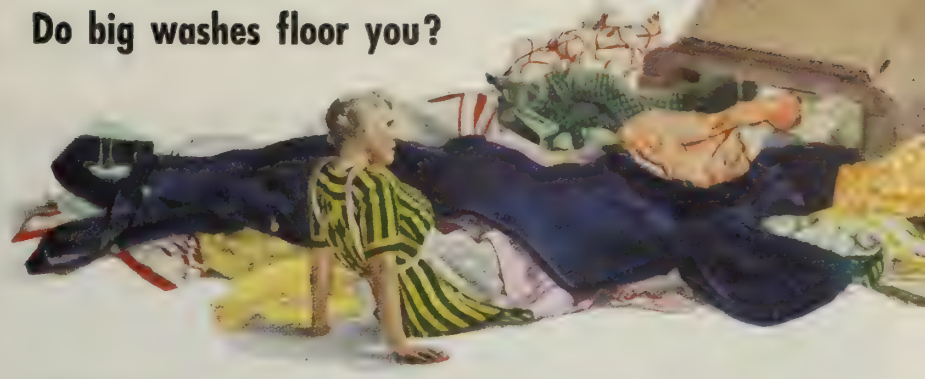
Jerome went up the great staircase, whistling softly. He walked down the corridor, with its thick dark-red carpet, and came to Dorothea's door, knocked and heard her voice telling him to enter. He opened the door and stepped across the threshold.

The room was hot and almost dark. Only the firelight and one feeble lamp made anything visible. The odors of vinegar and mustard filled the stifling air. Massive black walnut furniture lurked about on the heavy green carpet; green velvet draperies were drawn tightly across the windows. In the middle of the room stood Dorothea's enormous canopied bed, the curtains looped back to show her sitting high on her pillows.

"Well, Jerome," she said, in her domineering voice. "Do come in and shut the door. There is such a draft." She began to cough, painfully and hoarsely, putting her white kerchief to her lips. "And do not sit too near me. It is nonsense, of course, but Doctor Hawley insists that feverish colds are infectious, and, while I disagree, I must obey his orders. There, between me and the fire, please, so I can see you." Brother and sister had not seen each other for five years, but Dorothea's manner and voice would never have suggested it.

She wore a dressing gown of red wool over her ruffled linen nightdress, whose collar was tied high over her throat. A gray woolen shawl huddled in folds about her shoulders. On her dark straight masses of hair was her ruffled nightcap, tied under the chin. Her complexion, like Jerome's, was dark, and her

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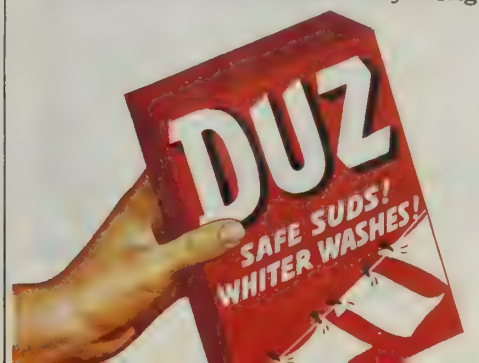
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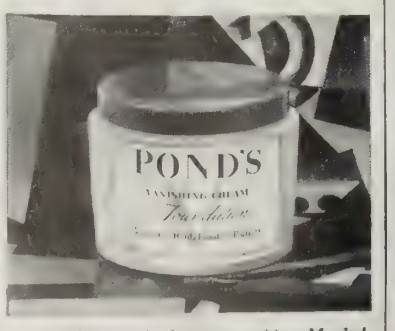
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eyes were dark also, but somewhat small, and harsh of expression. Her nose was long, thin, quite aquiline. Her mouth, without the slightest feminine softness, had a rigorous look. Everything about her was gaunt and repellent, yet she had a high dignity, and always commanded fear and respect. Even her father, to whom she was devoted, lived in quiet awe of her, and though it was not possible for him to displease her (for she loved him so) he always tried never to disagree with her.

Jerome had always been her curse and her cross. From earliest childhood he had opposed her, had laughed at her. She had never understood him; and because she had never been able to dominate or intimidate him, her bafflement had attained the heights of unacknowledged hate.

They looked at each other across the dimly flickering path of light from the fire. Dorothea saw his faintly smiling scrutiny, and lifted her head with hauteur.

She said, "You seem well, Jerome. I am glad to see you home again."

"And I," he said gently, "am glad to be home."

She narrowed her eyes suspiciously. Then a flash of surprise appeared on her face, as she saw that he was not lying. She fumbled for her handkerchief and blew her nose. She said, "You ought to have come home before. I—I've needed you."

Jerome regarded her in intent silence. Feeling it, she looked up quickly. He said, "Yes. Yes, I know. You are right, Dotty."

They looked at each other again in a long silence. Then Dorothea whispered hoarsely, "After all, you are my brother, and I am your sister. Who else is there, especially in times of trouble?"

Poor old girl, Jerome thought, with unusual understanding and pity. It surprised him that he could feel compassion for Dorothea. *But,* he reflected wryly, *it is amazing how much sympathy we can feel for an old enemy who is about to become an ally. There is nothing like a common threat, and a common hatred, to stimulate sentiments of brotherly love between foes.*

But, he saw with shrewdness, Dorothea was not Alfred's enemy; at least, not yet. Both knew that Dorothea had firmly believed that Alfred might come to love her, and both knew that she had lived for this.

Jerome wondered why Alfred had never discerned that Dorothea was the perfect wife for him. They were a pair. Yet Alfred had gone skittering after innocent little Martha, from Saratoga. One could understand that, in a measure. Martha was an heiress, and Alfred loved money. Had he loved the small and fragile creature too? Yes, it was possible. Certainly he had been stricken for years over her death, and had forgiven her the crippled Philip. But why this terrible passion for that strumpet who was penniless, and of an unsavory reputation to boot?

Jerome waited for Dorothea to speak again. All at once he was overwhelmed by a sudden and nameless desolation, an aching unappeased hunger. He was amazed at this, forgetting his sister. What was wrong with him? He could feel his misery sharp within him, like an evil, ripping tooth. This was new in his experience. He said again, to himself, *What is wrong with me?*

Dorothea was speaking. "Have you seen that—that woman, Jerome?"

"Yes."

She leaned toward him. "Am I right, Jerome? Was I unjust about her?"

He thought, *Am I sickening with something? Was that ride in the wagon too much for me?* He stood up, with his back to the fire, his head bent. He said, "You weren't unjust." He stared at the vague pattern of the carpet. "We've got to stop it."

"But how? What can we do?"

He said, in a loud and angry voice, "I don't know! Why haven't you and papa done anything before this?"

She spoke almost apologetically. "Perhaps I was a little obtuse. But how was I to dream? Whoever would have thought poor

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Alfred to be so lacking in judgment? Certainly papa could not know either."

"So Alfred's a sly devil after all."

"Oh, no, no! I beg of you, Jerome, to withhold your condemnation! It is unfair to Alfred. You see, she didn't actually appeal to him for money for herself. She was boarding with a farmer's family. Their name is Hobson. Worthless people, doubtless, for they could not meet the payments on the mortgage held by our bank. Hobson had appealed to poor Alfred before. There were so many children, he pleaded. But Alfred had a duty to his depositors, and he knew his duty. He informed the farmer that the bank must foreclose. But he was generous too. The bank would not foreclose until the harvest was in ——"

"So, the bank 'would not foreclose until the harvest was in!' How very, very generous of dear Alfred!"

Dorothea's harsh face flushed. "I don't understand your tone, Jerome. After all, as I have said, Alfred had a duty to his depositors, and the harvest appeared very promising. It was only right that the abominable man bring in the harvest and pay something on his indebtedness. He owed the bank over three hundred dollars. The man had the effrontery to suggest to Alfred that he be allowed to remain as a tenant, working the farm on a share basis. But Alfred already had a buyer for the farm. He saw his duty."

Jerome said softly, "So Miss Amalie came to Alfred and begged for mercy."

"How did you know?" asked Dorothea, with ingenuous surprise.

Jerome laughed. "Oh, I'm very astute. What interests me now is this: did Alfred thaw out and extend the mercy?"

Dorothea's face changed, became thinly violent. "Yes! You can see how he is in her power. How she flattered and deceived and influenced him. That is what is so terrible. He permitted the farmer to remain, after her blandishments. Not only that—and I do not expect you to believe me, Jerome—he extended the mortgage, actually gave Hobson money for his sick wife and children, and sent them a physician, our own Doctor Hawley! Does it seem incredible to you?"

"Yes," said Jerome very quietly, "it does seem incredible to me."

Dorothea was more and more excited. "Not only that, Jerome! But it seems that that woman was very sly indeed. She informed Alfred that she was ill, that she had spent many nights in tending the farmer's disgustingly ailing family. What does the infatuated man do then, pray? As head of the school board, he ordered the creature to rest, and forced the board to continue to pay her salary."

"Was she ill, really?"

Dorothea stared at him, frowning. She said harshly, "That is what she told Alfred. I think she was merely indolent. After all, she is a strapping creature." She paused. "Alfred tried to interest me in the family, and to please him I visited them. We found Amalie in bed. She must have had a slight cold; I must be just. She did appear ill, but doubtless it was affectation. The family appeared devoted to her, but you know how that class dissembles."

"How long was she ill?"

"From Christmas until spring. She never returned to the school, except for the last month."

Jerome began to walk slowly up and down the room. "She has forgotten her old Hobson family, I presume?"

Dorothea was again excited. "Indeed not, and that is another evidence of her low instincts! She visits them at least once a week, with baskets."

"So she and Alfred are now the guardian angels of the Hobsons?" Jerome's voice was bitterly amused.

"Yes! Is it not intolerable? You can see how infatuated he is."

Jerome continued his restless pacing up and down the room. "We must look at this

(Continued on Page 57)





"Maybe red, rough hands are a little thing, but I noticed a funny look on John's face when he looked at my hands. It was as if I had hurt his pride in me."

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(Continued from Page 55)

reasonably," he said. "The problem would not be settled by disposing of Miss Amalie. Alfred wants to marry. I doubt very much that we could disentangle him from this woman. But—if we did, he would find someone else."

"Yes," murmured Dorothea, and her gaunt cheeks flushed.

Jerome paused and regarded her levelly. "It might be you, eh, Dotty? Especially if you gave him a hint."

Dorothea colored. She said coldly, "Females do not 'hint,' as you say, Jerome."

"No? I've found them excellent hinters. You might try it, Dotty. Or I might. I'm surprised at papa; he understands everything, yet he has done nothing to influence Alfred."

"You have no delicacy, Jerome!" cried Dorothea, moving vehemently on her pillows.

"Who was ever delicate about money? Only hypocrites, or those who have more than enough."

"You wouldn't be so presumptuous as to—interfere!" Dorothea's words and manner were indignant, but Jerome detected the faintest pleading, the faintest hope, in her voice.

He laughed. "I might! I really might! I am, perhaps, prejudiced against Alfred. He is not good enough for you, Dotty. I can't imagine why you are so fond of him."

Involuntarily, she extended her hand to him, and he went to her bedside and took it. It was hot and parched, and again he felt that unfamiliar compassion for her.

He pressed her hand. "Dotty, I've really been very fond of you, in my own peculiar way." He dropped her hand. "But let's get down to business. When Alfred remarries, he will naturally live in this house, and fill it with his brats. You will remain as housekeeper, a kind of respected upper servant, under the thumb of the new mistress."

Dorothea uttered a despairing cry. "I cannot bear it. Oh, Jerome, to be subservient to that dreadful creature!" She covered her face with her hands and sobbed. "How can papa be so oblivious to what this means to his children—to me, his daughter!"

Jerome moistened his lips. He waited until Dorothea was quiet again. Then, very softly, he asked, "You know nothing of papa's will?"

In more guarded moments, Dorothea would have withdrawn indignantly, would have repelled her brother's curiosity out of loyalty to her father. But now she had lost control of herself. Speaking from behind her trembling hands, she said, "Only a little. Alfred is to have this house, and all that is in it. I am to have one third from the bank, for life. If I die, without marriage, my income reverts to the estate and to Alfred. Alfred is to become president of the bank. It is very involved."

"And I, darling Dotty?" asked Jerome even more softly.

Dorothea wiped her eyes. "Papa knows it is useless to try to interest you in the bank, Jerome. Oh, when he explained to me, I believed it just! Why do I no longer believe it just?" She gazed at Jerome. "You are to be paid three thousand dollars a year for life."

Jerome stood up abruptly. "Three thousand dollars a year," he said. "I spend more than five times that now." His dark face became narrow, evil. "So, I am to have a loaf of bread, a jug of cheap wine, and one or two stinking rooms on a back street."

Something in his manner affrighted his sister. She caught at his hand. "Jerome! Do not look like that! Oh, I ought not to have told you." Her voice rose to a cry, and Jerome, apprehensive, glanced at the door. He sat down.

"There now, Dorothea, rest assured I shall not tell anyone what you have told me. Here is my handkerchief. Wipe your eyes. We aren't lost yet. We have things to do, together. The first step is to prevent Alfred's marriage to that strumpet."

"Oh, Jerome, is that possible?"

"I must think about it. When is the marriage to take place?"

"December twenty-eighth."

"There must be some way we can prevent it." He paused. "I must have a talk with darling papa. Tonight." He stood up, bent over and kissed her forehead. "Dear Dotty. Trust me. Leave it all to me."

William Lindsey was alone in the library, his head bent over a book, his tortured feet stretched out to the fire. Jerome paused on the threshold. He saw his father's frail profile outlined by the fire, and now it seemed no longer to be full of wise composure and aristocratic gentleness. Rather, to Jerome, it appeared of a Roman sternness and austerity, without pity. Jerome clenched his hands at his sides. The clock in the hall ticked loud in the stillness.

Mr. Lindsey quietly turned a page. Then he glanced up and saw his son in the doorway. "Jerome," he said. "I had been hoping we might have a talk together. That is why I have waited."

It was his old voice, affectionate and calm, and a surge, as of nostalgia, rushed through Jerome. He went toward the hearth, stood looking down at the fire.

Mr. Lindsey laid aside his book. "Sit down, Jerome," he said.

Jerome sat down. Mr. Lindsey scrutinized his son. His white brows drew together briefly.

He said, "Is Dorothea feeling better?"

Jerome shrugged slightly. "She is naturally upset about this—marriage."

"Oh," murmured Mr. Lindsey. He lay back in his chair. "Yes, she is inconsolable, poor girl. She always believed Alfred would marry her eventually."



"Then fold in two eggs and put in a quick oven."



No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS—but

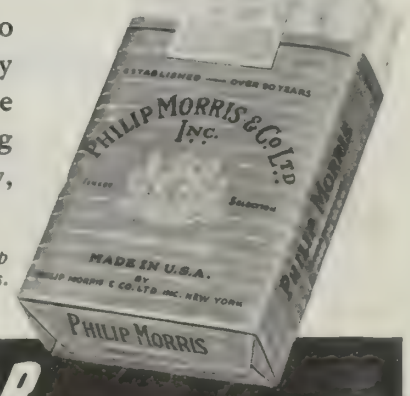
AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is worth a pound of cure

PHILIP MORRIS

are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

—from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.







For dinners that bring 'em zippity-zip...

SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD



Bake Swift's Brookfield Sausage in a hot oven (400°F.) about 30 min., in an open pan. Turn to brown evenly. Serve with broccoli, and seasoned mashed sweet potatoes baked in orange shells in same oven as sausage for about 20 min. Top with cherries if desired.

A Martha Logan recipe

The sausage with the Just-right Seasoning!

No one who's tasted Swift's Brookfield is surprised to hear it's AMERICA'S FAVORITE pure pork sausage. For Swift uses *selected cuts* and the seasoning is PERFECT! Not too spicy, not too mild, here's a blend that millions call "JUST RIGHT". So look for the package with the red-plaid ends; ask for *Swift's Brookfield* Sausage. A high-quality PROTEIN food, it's fine for *dinner* dishes.

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

Keep your War Bonds and BUY VICTORY BONDS!

Jerome took a long time to light a cheroot; he clipped the end, stood up, lifted a wax taper from the mantelpiece, lit it, puffed at the cheroot experimentally, then sat down.

"Ah, well," sighed Mr. Lindsey, "man proposes, and then his passion disposes. We mustn't condemn Alfred."

"No," said Jerome, and now he spoke in his hard and cynical voice. "We must always remember that Alfred is a fool, in spite of that granite and reasonable exterior." He pointed at the book near his father's hand. "Rochefoucauld again? Well, I can quote from that, too, and it is pertinent for Alfred. 'Some people with great merit are disgusting.'"

"You find Alfred disgusting?"

"Yes, I always have. But that isn't news to you, father. However, I confess that even I am surprised at this new folly of his. I never believed him fatuous; I always thought he had an eye out for what was prudent."

MR. LINDSEY stirred in his chair. "You do not think Miss Amalie a prudent choice for Alfred? How can you tell? You have scarcely seen her."

Jerome laughed, and it was an ugly sound. "Father, I am not a child. I have seen hundreds of women like this. Paris, London, New York are full of such women."

Mr. Lindsey said, "Jerome, look at me. You've been avoiding that ever since you entered the room."

Jerome turned his eyes reluctantly to his father, and flushed darkly. The other man passed a lean white finger over his lips. He sat upright in his chair.

"Jerome, you might be mistaken, you know. I have had occasion to study Miss Amalie for the past three weeks, since she came to live with us, on my invitation."

Jerome smiled. "And you are satisfied? You approve of the marriage? Or, perhaps, you think a strumpet would enliven this genteel and refined atmosphere?"

Mr. Lindsey's voice was louder. "It is ungentlemanly to use that abominable word. I believed I had instilled in you some measure of respect for every woman."

"Not for strumpets." Jerome looked fully at his father now, and it was an alien and derisive look.

"Jerome!" Mr. Lindsey's tone was stern. "I must forbid you to apply that word to Miss Amalie again in this house, and in my hearing."

Jerome did not speak, but his fixed and evil smile did not disappear as he stared at his father. At last he said softly, "I will not apply it again. Forgive me. But that does not change my opinion." He stood up. "Do you actually believe this is a love match on her side?"

To his surprise, his father responded evenly, "No. She told me frankly that she has only the mildest fondness for Alfred, but considerable respect. She also told me that she was marrying him for what he represented: security, money, position. She also told me, and I believe her, that she had been equally frank with Alfred. From that moment I knew Miss Amalie to be an honest and fearless woman, incapable of deceit. That was when I accepted her and consented to the marriage."

Jerome said, "You do not find her admissions repugnant?"

Mr. Lindsey laughed softly. "I find them refreshing, and reassuring. Thousands of respectable young ladies make such marriages every day, but are less honest in their avowed reasons."

"And may I ask what our friends think of the matter?"

Mr. Lindsey, disregarding Jerome's sneers, replied composedly, "Our friends are astounded, to say the least. Of course their opinions are colored by the fact that they have eligible daughters who would make Alfred acceptable wives. Many, I have heard, have vowed not to accept her. I hope that the disagreeableness will not endure long. Not that Miss Amalie would be devastated. The whole thing amuses her. A sense of humor is very strong in her—and a most intelligent and discerning mind."

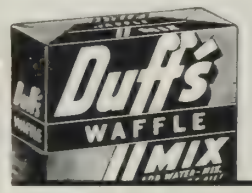


Perfect party dessert

☆ *Using Duff's Waffle Mix, bake the waffles a bit crisper than usual. Serve generous portions of vanilla or mint ice cream on top and pour on plenty of chocolate or butterscotch sauce!*

There are dozens of other Perfect Party Desserts you can make with creamy-crisp waffles . . . *fancy* desserts, delicious to eat and so easy to make with Duff's.

For example, add chopped figs or dates, chocolate bits or nut meats to waffle batter before baking. Or top with fruit and whipped cream.



JUST ADD *Water* —*that's all!*



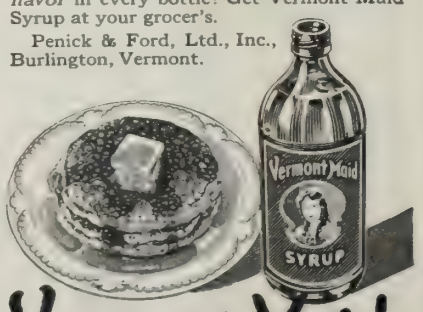
The Indians taught maple-sugar making to the French settlers who, in return, furnished fine metal kettles to replace crude Indian utensils.

Hankering for real maple sugar flavor?

The Indians were the first to discover that syrup could be made from the sap of maple trees. But their crude methods could not match the flavor of our Vermont Maid Syrup.

Our way is to select maple sugar that's especially full flavored; then blend it with cane and other sugars. This enhances the maple flavor—makes it richer, more delicious. You get the same *real maple sugar flavor* in every bottle! Get Vermont Maid Syrup at your grocer's.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.



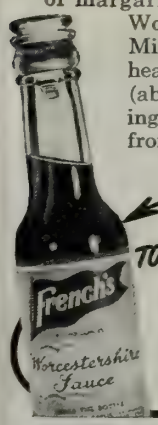
Vermont Maid Syrup

"COMPANY MEAL" FROM leftovers!



FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE DOES THE TRICK!

MONDAY NIGHT SPECIAL . . . 2 cups cooked brown rice, 1 cup diced left-over roast pork, lamb or beef, 1 small onion chopped fine, 2 tablesp. butter or margarine, 3 tablesp. French's Worcestershire, salt, pepper. Mix ingredients, fry over slow heat until heated through (about 15 min.). Add cooking fat if necessary to keep from sticking. Serves 3.



TOP-NOTCH QUALITY AT half the price

WELCOME HOME!

These Rival originals are being "Welcomed Home" by housewives from coast to coast.

Juice-O-Mat

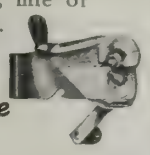
The Juicer that gets ALL the juice, without rind-oil, pulp or seeds.





Ice-O-Mat

Easily crushes cubes or lumps, fine or coarse.



New Rival De Luxe CAN OPENER

Opens cans of all shapes and sizes, leaving smooth beveled edges.

Broil-O-Mat

For steaks, chops, fish or fowl. Only electric adjustable broiler made.



ORIGINALISTS in KITCHENEERING

Rival MANUFACTURING CO. KANSAS CITY, MO.

"You think these make up for all the other things?"

Mr. Lindsey moved in his chair. He said, as if in wonderment, "Strange to confess, they do. Miss Amalie is not such a young female as I knew in my youth. There is strength in her, and fearlessness, as well as honesty. She does not simper; she never has the vapors. There is a clarity and a forthrightness in her mind which is like an open wind." He was silent a moment, then said softly, "If I were a young man, I could not resist her. She is a woman." He looked up, seemed about to speak, then was silent.

The young man leaned against the mantelpiece, half turned from his father. He said, "I hoped that you would be agreeable if I did all I could to prevent this marriage."

Mr. Lindsey was so perturbed by the glimpse he had had of his son's face that he did not immediately answer. Then his voice was disturbed and impatient. "What can you do, Jerome? There are things which must be accepted."

Jerome did not turn. He said, "If you forbade the marriage, Alfred would obey you."

Mr. Lindsey's fingers stroked one another slowly, over and over. He said to himself, *There is fear in this room, and danger. What is it? What has happened? Yes, I feel violence too. Does it come from Jerome? What does he care whom Alfred marries? Is it money? Yes, perhaps, it is money.*

He said, "I will not compel obedience. Alfred is not a young man. It is his life to live. Jerome, will you please sit down?"

Jerome dropped into his chair again. His profile was dark and intent, and unreadable.

Mr. Lindsey said, "I trust you are to remain with us for a while, after the wedding?

Luxury is an ancient notion. There was once a Chinese mandarin who had himself wakened three times every morning simply for the pleasure of being told it was not yet time to get up. —ARGOSY.

It has been a long time since you were home, my boy."

Jerome said, from behind the shelter of his hand, "Would you care if I remained—indefinitely?"

Mr. Lindsey sat upright in his chair. "Would I care? Jerome, are you serious?"

Jerome dropped his hand. "Yes, I am serious." He hesitated. "I think I am a little tired of a foot-loose life ——"

"Jerome! If I could believe that! It is what I have always hoped, but in the past years, since the war, I have given up hope."

Jerome watched his father. "I have considered asking you to place me in the bank," he said evenly.

Mr. Lindsey frankly stared. Then, all at once, his face slowly closed, withdrew. He said, "Jerome, what is behind this?"

"I thought I was clear, father. I'm tired of a foot-loose existence. I think I might like the bank, if I tried it."

"Is that not a peculiar, and sudden, decision?"

Jerome smiled. "Perhaps, to you. But, on the way here, I did some thinking. Perhaps, unconsciously, I have been doing some thinking for the past year. It is probable that I have been homesick and never knew it." His eyes were candid on the surface, but Mr. Lindsey thought that something murky moved under all that clarity.

"You are not frank with me, Jerome."

"I am frank! Is it so strange that a prodigal wishes to return home?"

"But you have not exactly eaten husks or lain with the swine and the oxen, to continue with the parable."

Jerome's smile grew wider. "How could you know, father?"

Mr. Lindsey did not return that smile. Instead, he became stern and reflective. "Jerome, I have never reproached you for anything. Perhaps I was wrong. Remembering my stern parents, I decided that no child of mine should be restricted, or be



Home they march, these hale and hearty denizens of the deep! Home to the range —your *kitchen* range, of course.

Some of these Birds Eye hearties are here now. Not in any staggering numbers and varieties. But keep your eye peeled on that Birds Eye case! For Fish Dinners



are in the cards. We suggest Birds Eye Cod.

Not the smoked, salted, or dried cod most folks know. But real "ocean-fresh" cod—known to trawlermen as "king of the sea!"

Ocean freshness captured!

Birds Eye Cod Fillets are *truly* ocean-fresh. We swear it! Why, listen . . .

We nab our cod in the cold North Atlantic, speed them to port. Within 4 hours, they're cleaned, boned, washed, filleted—and Quick-Frozen! And since WE do all the work, you merely *enjoy* the succulent fillets.



Lady, these fillets are SOMETHING! Brimful of that "just-caught" tang of the sea . . . *ocean-fresh* as all get out!

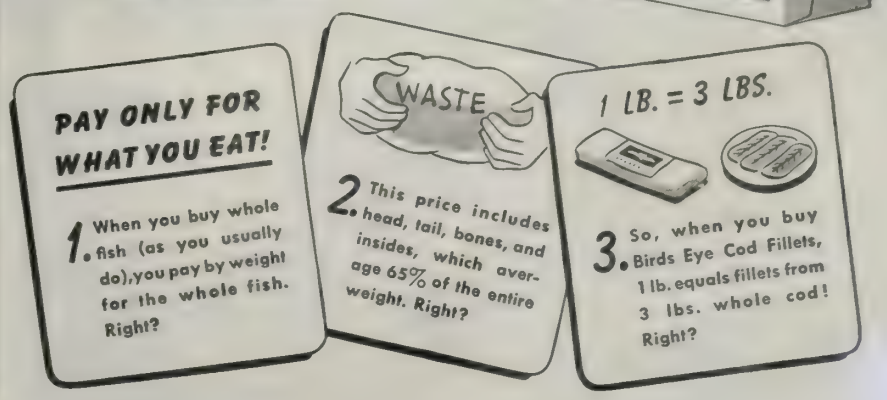
You eat ALL you buy!

Just unwrap 'em, cook, serve. Birds Eye Cod Fillets are thrifty, too. For in them is NO WASTE—you eat *everything!* So look sharp at your Birds Eye Store for Cod Fillets—and other delicious Birds Eye Fish! You'll love 'em!

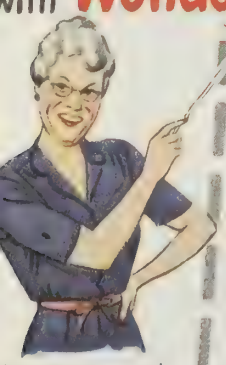
BIRDS EYE FROSTED FOODS

Product of General Foods





Magic Treats for Thanksgiving with Wonder-Working Spry recipes



WORK WONDERS WITHOUT A BIT OF SUGAR!

YOUR holiday company will say you're a marvelous cook when they taste this fruit-sweet, spicy, home-made mince pie with its mouth-melting Spry pastry. And how thankful *you'll* be to use no sugar.

Whirligig Mince Pie: Combine in saucepan: 1 pkg. dry MINCEMEAT, 1½ cups APPLE JUICE or CIDER, 2 cups chopped APPLES, and ¼ teaspoon SALT. Boil rapidly 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool.

Make Spry pastry dough. Roll ½ of dough ⅛ inch thick and line a 9-inch pie pan. Fill with mincemeat mixture. Roll remaining dough; cut into ½-inch strips. Twist strips, make a spiral on pie, starting at center. Brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 40-50 minutes, until browned.

Flaky Spry Pastry: Mix 2 cups sifted ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR and 1 teaspoon SALT. Measure ⅔ cup SPRY; divide into two equal parts. (It's so easy to measure creamy Spry.)

STEP 1 for Tenderness: Cut in first half of Spry until as fine as meal. Cuts in so easy!

STEP 2 for Flakiness: Cut in remaining Spry until size of large peas. Add 4 tablespoons cold WATER, mixing thoroughly into a dough.

WHIRLIGIG MINCE PIE



YOU can be a Better Cook in spite of shortages and marketing headaches. Just count on Spry's help!

You can be sure of lighter, more delicious cakes with Spry and its easy One-Bowl Method. Foods fried the Spry way taste grand, are *so* digestible! The wonderful pancakes, waffles, tea cakes you can get with Spry are ideal for sugar-saving desserts. Yes—there's Magic in Spry!



WORK WONDERS WITH CHICKEN!

NO one will sigh for turkey who tastes this delicious Holiday Chicken Pie with its tender, flaky, golden-brown Spry crust—so easy to make the Spry way.

4-pound fowl, cut in pieces
4 teaspoons salt
6 peppercorns
2 stalks celery, cut in pieces
3 sprigs parsley
1 small onion
1 bay leaf
2 quarts boiling water
⅔ cup flour
1 teaspoon paprika
⅔ cup top milk
1 recipe Flaky Spry Pastry (see recipe above)

STEW chicken with seasonings in boiling water to nearly cover until tender (about 2 hours). Cut chicken in large pieces, removing bones and skin. Strain stock, and add water to make 4 cups. Make a smooth mixture of flour, paprika and top milk; add to broth. Bring to boil; stir until well blended. Add chicken; pour into 12 x 8 x 2-inch baking dish.

Roll about ⅔ of dough into 12 x 8-inch oblong ¼ inch thick; prick many times to allow steam to escape. Roll remaining dough ⅛ inch thick. Make one large or 8 small pastry chickens and arrange on top of pie. Cut remaining dough into ¾-inch strips. Twist strips, place around edge of pie. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 40-50 minutes. Serves 8.

HOLIDAY CHICKEN PIE

forced to fit any preconceived pattern. Perhaps I was wrong in giving you your way. Certainly it has not proved eminently successful. You have no respect for money, and I am not speaking of its grosser values. You have no respect for it as a symbol of man's time and effort. To you, it was only a means for the purchase of pleasures and follies."

"You have a low opinion of me, father."

"Jerome, have you a better?"

Jerome was silent.

Mr. Lindsey resumed, almost compassionately: "I have no quarrel with pleasure. I had too little in my own youth. I wanted you to see the world, and enjoy it. I did not believe that you would waste your entire fortune in sensual pursuits. I believed that you had some sense of proportion. Perhaps, though, I am wrong. Perhaps you will have something more joyous to remember in your old age than balanced ledgers. Perhaps it is the better part."

Jerome said, "I am coming to doubt it is 'the better part,' father. I would be a sentimental fool if I said the pleasures were 'empty.' They weren't. They gave me considerable satisfaction. However, even champagne and caviar and dancing can become tiresome. I'd like to try to be a solid citizen, for a change."

"Your only excursion into the realms of banking, Jerome, was when you induced me to help bring the railroad to Riversend. I must admit I was surprised and gratified at your vision."

"Then try me with other visions!" His tone was light and facetious.

"Jerome, banking is not to be treated as a game," Mr. Lindsey told him. "There is too much at stake, too many human lives involved. Nothing is certain in this world; mistakes are made in banking. But too many mistakes result in ruined lives and misery. We cannot take that chance."

"Does Alfred understand these things?" asked Jerome, fixing his father with his hard, shrewd look.

Mr. Lindsey hesitated. "Not always. Alfred has a reverence for money as a thing in itself. But it is a good quality, after all, a protection for those who depend upon us. It is better to lack imagination in banking than to have too much."

"And I have too much?"

Mr. Lindsey looked at him steadily. "Yes, perhaps. And too much irresponsibility."

Jerome said, "Suppose you give me a chance. After all, as a neophyte in the business I could not do much harm. Alfred probably keeps the keys on a chain around his neck."

MR. LINDSEY lay in his chair and closed his eyes. He seemed to drowse. The fire crackled, shot up flames. The gale no longer pounded the windows. The house was still, and the clock struck eleven, one slow and ponderous stroke after another.

Then Mr. Lindsey spoke. "You and Alfred have never been very congenial. That is your fault, Jerome. However, congeniality is not an absolute necessity in business. It is not that that worries me—at least, it doesn't worry me as much as something else."

"Yes, father?"

Mr. Lindsey still spoke as if out of a deep sleep. "I don't know what it is that lies behind this decision of yours. I do not fully believe it is homesickness, or weariness with sensuality and thoughtless living, though they perhaps have a share in your decision." He opened his eyes. "What is it, Jerome?"

It had always been a rare occasion when his father had looked at him like this, and always it had intimidated Jerome. He stood up involuntarily at his father's words. He could not look away from the inexorable blue of his father's eyes.

Examine yourself whether you wish to be rich or to be happy. If you wish to be rich, you should know that it is neither a good thing nor at all in your power; but if you wish to be happy, you should know that it is both a good thing and in your power, for the one is a temporary loan of fortune, and happiness comes from the will.

—EPICTETUS.

"Do you think to usurp Alfred's place?" asked Mr. Lindsey, almost pityingly. "Let me assure you that Alfred's position is impregnable. I have taken care of that matter, and nothing will induce me to change my mind. You cannot hurt Alfred, Jerome."

Jerome said, in a muffled voice, "I don't think I want to hurt him. Why should I?"

"Then what is it?"

Jerome's hands, suddenly cold, fastened themselves on the edge of the mantelpiece. "I don't know," he said, as if speaking without volition. "I only know I want to stay, that I wish to have a part in the bank."

"You would not care to remain here—without a part in the bank?"

"No," Jerome told him. "I must have occupation."

Mr. Lindsey closed his eyes again. "My instinct, against all my reason and my affection for you, urges me to ask you to go away."

JEROME said, somewhat hoarsely, "If you wish me to leave, I will go. But I'll never come back. I swear it. You will never see me after I leave."

"Why not? Have I offended you so, Jerome?"

"I don't know why I should never return. I only know that I would not. I could not endure it."

There was a long silence in the room.

Then Jerome whispered, "Don't send me away, sir."

Mr. Lindsey stirred. He said, "Give me my cane, Jerome. Thank you. Your arm, please. I'm not what I used to be."

They faced each other on the hearth.

"Stay, Jerome," said Mr. Lindsey. "Stay. There is a place for you in the bank."

Jerome forced himself to smile. "Thank you, sir. You won't regret it."

Mr. Lindsey put his hand to his forehead. "I am getting fanciful, perhaps, and a little feverish. But something tells me that I shall do more than regret it. No, please, do not go with me. I can find my way alone. Good night, Jerome."

It was late, but Jerome Lindsey could not go to bed. The profound silence which had followed the storm enhanced, rather than decreased, his restlessness. He stood by the window and looked out upon a brilliant black-and-white world under a blazing moon flung, like an enormous silver coin, through the black sky. There was nothing static in this scene, in spite of the midnight silence. It was all white-and-black fire. The argent grounds flowed down a gentle slope to the black copse of pines below. A huge elm stood halfway down; its shadow lay like a stiff black web on the smooth snow, sharp and intricate and minutely detailed. Spruces were scattered about, each loaded with a weight of shining alabaster, each casting a reflection on the snow like deep black ink.

Jerome thought, *I should like to paint this!*

He saw a shadow gliding over the snow below his window. Incredulous, he pressed his face to the pane. The shadow lengthened, became clearer. Someone was walking down there. It was Amalie Maxwell. She wore a short jacket of fur, and her hands were in a muff. But her head was uncovered. Jerome could clearly see the black shadow of her hair falling down below her shoulders. She stood below his window, her profile to him. Then she turned, walking down the slope toward the pines.

Without thinking, Jerome rushed to his wardrobe, pulled out his coat and flung it over his shoulders. He ran down the dark warm well of the stairway. The bolt had been drawn, and he opened the door without a creak, pulled it closed behind him.

The pure and sterile air of the snowy night flowed all about him. It was cold, but exhilarating. He felt the bounding of his

(Continued on Page 62)

Another quickie! Another lovely! ANOTHER Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cake

Maybe you've been drowsing through the excitement about Swans Down and the new "Mix-Easy" cakes.

If so, now's a good time to wake up and join in the fun. Because this new "Mix-Easy" cake is simply superb, and it's a real sugar-saver, too.

Of course, all Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cakes are like falling off a log to make. No creaming! Beating cut in half! The whole job streamlined. Yet they taste richer, keep fresh longer!

And in spite of their speed, they all have that true Swans Down tenderness and soft "downy" feel that top-notch cakemakers know so well. You just can't make a Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cake without Swans Down.

So don't mislay this recipe—cut it out and try Autumn Spice Cake soon . . . you'll love it! Swans Down guarantees it—*but not with any other flour.*



"Beating cut in half!"
"No creaming!"
"Fewer dishes to wash!"
"Richer taste!"
"Keeps fresh longer!"



AUTUMN SPICE CAKE... A LUXURY CAKE—BUT SUGAR-SAVING!

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Grease two 9-inch layer pans, line bottoms with waxed paper, and grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (*All measurements are level.*)

Measure into sifter:
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon allspice
1 cup sugar

Measure into bowl: ½ cup vegetable shortening

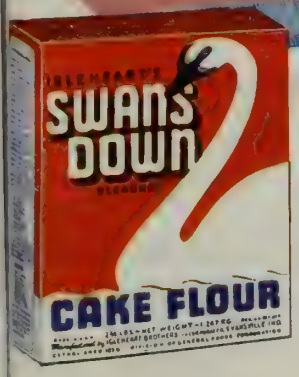
Have ready:
⅓ cup milk
¼ cup molasses
2 eggs, unbeaten
½ cup milk

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!
(Mix by hand or electric beater at low speed.) Stir or mix shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add ⅓ cup milk, molasses, and the eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; then *beat 1 minute.* Add ½ cup milk, blend, and *beat 2 minutes* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow 100 to 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.)

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 20 minutes, or until done. Spread Fig Filling between layers and Harvest Fluff Frosting on top. Sprinkle chopped nut meats around edge of frosting.

Fig Filling. Simmer 12 dried figs in 1 cup water 10 minutes; drain, reserving fig liquor. Cool and chop. Add ⅛ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ¼ cup dark corn syrup, and enough fig liquor to moisten. Mix well.

Harvest Fluff Frosting. Beat 1 egg white with dash of salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Add ⅓ cup dark corn syrup gradually, beating constantly. Continue beating until frosting will hold its shape. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla.



Double cost of your ingredients back... If you don't think your Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cake is better than any similar cake you've baked with any other flour, simply write us enclosing the guarantee insert from your Swans Down package, and we'll send you double the cost of your ingredients! . . . Swans Down itself has not changed—you can still use all your old favorite recipes. Swans Down has made supremely fine cakes for 50 years . . . and it's still the overwhelming choice of good cakemakers.

Watch for New "Mix-Easy" Recipes in your Swans Down box!

New "Mix-Easy" recipes . . . developed, tested in Swans Down kitchens at General Foods . . . are constantly appearing in Swans Down packages.

Bake a better cake with Swans Down



No rubber bands or string needed . . . no washing out or scalding

Now! **Make your own bowl covers with Cut-Rite**

TEAR OFF TO SIZE . . .
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(Continued from Page 60)

heart. In his haste, he had twisted his injured leg slightly. It was throbbing. Yet that very throbbing excited him.

The snow crunched crisply under his feet as he moved along the front of the house. He could see Amalie's footprints, small, firm, wide apart. He walked close to the house, but he knew that he was clearly revealed to Amalie in the shadow of the pines. He was sure she was still there, facing him, that she had not moved. She would be watching him as alertly as any wild animal come upon unexpectedly. She would not move until he went away.

The utter frozen silence of the night was unbroken. Not a twig cracked, not a tree groaned. He followed her footprints down the slope. Then he stopped suddenly. Perhaps she was meeting someone in those shadows. Perhaps this was a midnight rendezvous. For the first time he was conscious of the bitter cold.

WITH less caution and more speed, he went down the slope. The pines appeared to move toward him, like a black and advancing wall. He stopped again. He could see the glimmer of Amalie's white face below the pines. She was alone.

He took a few more steps. He said, in a low voice, "Is it you, there?"

For a long moment there was no reply. Then her voice came to him, softly and coldly: "Yes. I am here." She was standing straight and tall in the darkness. He saw the diffused dark caverns which were her eyes, and the molded outlines of her lips.

"What on earth are you doing out here?" he said, keeping his voice hushed.

"Why did you follow me?"

"Follow you?" He tried to make his tone light.

But she went on quickly, contemptuously: "You did, didn't you? How could you know I was here, unless you saw me from your windows?"

"Perhaps I wanted a breath of fresh air. Perhaps I saw your prints in the snow, when I came out."

"Perhaps," she replied. And then she laughed disdainfully.

"What makes you think that I should care to follow you?"

He felt, rather than saw, that she shrugged. "That is what I am wondering," she said. "Perhaps you can enlighten me. I am very curious."

He knew that her eyes were mocking him. A dozen replies came into his mind, and all of them were absurd. He said, "Yes, I admit I saw you. And followed you."

"Why?"

"Perhaps I wanted to talk to you."

"Why?"

He felt his face burning. "Is it odd that I might want that?"

She stirred. She was moving through the thicket. He followed her. They emerged on the other side, and below them was only the continuation of the slope, steeper, dropping down toward the valley.

She said quietly, "Well, what have you to say to me?"

Snow from the pines had fallen in silver stars on her bare head, and glittered on her shoulders. She stood, tall and straight, beside Jerome, her profile, calm and moon-bright, turned toward him.

"You are not polite," he said, and knew his words were foolish. "After all, you are going to be a relative of mine, and I might like to know you better."

She turned quickly, yet without agitation. "You have never wanted to know anyone 'better,' have you? You have only wanted to know others 'worse.'"

He kept his temper, though he felt the blood rush to his face. "I still maintain that you are not polite. Where did you learn your manners, Miss Amalie?"

"In a harder school than yours," she told him.

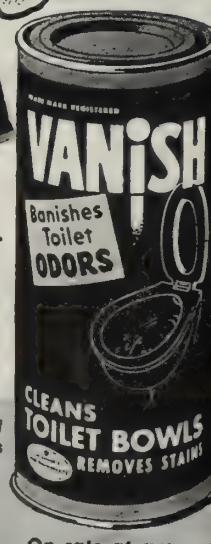
"Doubtless," he said, with slow, soft insult. "I do not question that in the least."

She drew a deep breath. "I, for myself, have nothing to say to you, Mr. Lindsey. I came out because I love such nights. You

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will be doing me a kindness, and be exhibiting your faultless manners, if you go away."

"I am sorry to disturb your pleasure," he said. "It is indeed a lovely night. We are alone. What better opportunity for a talk?"

"I am all attention, Mr. Lindsey. The fact that my feet and knees are turning slowly to ice will not disturb you in the least, I know."

"Do ladies have knees, Miss Amalie? I did not think the subject of female knees was mentioned in conversations between ladies and gentlemen."

Her teeth flashed brightly. "But you are not a gentleman, Mr. Lindsey, and I am not a lady. I have very real knees, sir. And at the present time they are becoming quite numb. So pray make your conversation brief and to the point."

"I shall, indeed," he said seriously. "May I ask you a blunt question, now it is settled that we are not genteel?"

"Do, sir."

"Why are you marrying my cousin, Alfred Lindsey?"

She regarded him quietly. Then she said, "I could evade that question. I could tell you that you are a boor. I could leave you abruptly. That would reveal to you that I have some knowledge of proper conduct, and you might have a better opinion of me. But I am not concerned with your opinion. So I will answer your question. I am marrying your cousin for what he can give me."

He lifted his hand as if in shrinking protest. "Oh, Miss Amalie! How excessively crude! I did, indeed, believe you had acquired some polish, under the tutelage of my sister. I am mistaken, it seems. So the adage is true, that you ——"

Mark Twain went to lunch with me in Hartford. At the table he said, "Yes, I'll have some mince pie. When a thing don't agree with me I keep at it until one or the other of us gets the best of the argument."

—IRVING BACHELLER:
From Stores of Memory.
(Farrar & Rinehart, Copyright 1938.)

"Cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," she interrupted tranquilly.

He bowed. "Thank you."

She began to laugh. "How ridiculous you are, sir! You believe you are quite charming and irresistible? Not to me. I find you absurd. I do not know why you followed me, but it was certainly not to catechize me on my reasons for marrying Alfred Lindsey. And so, I am curious again. I am still waiting for enlightenment."

He felt the sudden aroused drumming of his blood. He moved closer to her. He said thickly, "How much will you take to leave here and never return?"

He saw the widening of her eyes, and the shadow of her lashes on her white cheek. Her mouth was dark and full, and very still. She said softly, "You do not possess enough, Mr. Lindsey, to bribe me to leave."

"I might be able to get enough."

He knew she was studying him calmly. She moved back a step. He followed. The scene was darkening, dimming. She continued to retreat. Then she stopped abruptly, prevented from moving by the trunk of a pine. He could hear her breath again, quick, uneven.

She cried out in a shaken voice, "Go away! Let me alone!"

She lifted her muff before her breast, like a shield. He knew she was trembling. He put out his hand and caught her arm. His fingers pressed through the fur, and he felt the stiffening of her flesh, its quick tremors.

The moon had gone suddenly. Clouds had mushroomed into the burning sky. All at once the gale rushed out of space upon the earth. The quiet snow began to fume, to smoke, filling the air with stinging particles. But it was very still, as yet, among the pines.

The man and woman did not move. Their breath mingled, rising in pale vapor between them. Now he could feel the beating of her blood in the flesh under his fingers. He pulled her roughly to him, so that her face

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was only a few inches from his own. She lifted her muff higher. With his free hand he dashed it out of her grasp.

"Amalie," he whispered.

She did not struggle. She seemed numb and without any volition of her own. Even when he pressed his mouth to hers, she did not move. Her lips were cold and smooth under his own. He kissed her again and again, with slow and delirious deliberation. He held her to him, and felt the warmth of her body. Her eyes were closed. Then a long shiver ran over her. With amazing strength, she pushed him from her. Caught off balance, he fell back a step or two. She caught up her skirts and muff, swung about, and ran. He heard the crunching of the snow under her feet, the rustle of the evergreens as she rushed between them.

He followed, pushing aside the weighted branches. He reached the other side in time to see her flying figure approaching the house. She ran along the wall, disappeared beyond its angle. He was alone, now, in the rising storm.

A CURTAIN of snow fell abruptly. The wind beat against his face. He felt the heavy pounding of his heart, and put his hand against a rough trunk to steady himself. His injured leg was on fire. He was exhausted. He climbed toward the house slowly.

He awoke to the sound of faint laughter below his windows, and the shrill barking of the dog, Charlie. The sun was finding narrow entrances through the draperies. Long fingers of light lay on the carpet.

The door opened and the gnomelike face of Jim pushed itself into the room. "Ah, sir, you are awake at last." The valet entered, a silver tray carried high in his hand. He beamed. "Coffee, sir, and muffins, and eggs and bacon, the like I've never seed in the city." He set down the tray, went briskly across the room to the windows and drew aside the draperies.

Jerome pulled a pillow over his eyes. "Shut out that light!" he shouted. "And I don't want breakfast. I want a drink."

Jim subdued the light. He came to the bed anxiously, and stood looking down at his master. "You don't want a drink, Mr. Jerome," he said in a wheedling voice. "Doctor's orders, y'know. Thought we'd gone past that."

"I want a drink," said Jerome. His face was gray and haggard. "Be quick about it."

Jim said coaxingly, "Just try the coffee, sir."

Jerome flung aside the bedclothes, sat up furiously. "I said a drink, blast you! Do I have to get it myself?"

Jim said, "You wouldn't want the old gentleman to smell it on you so early in the mornin'? And the ladies?"

Jerome stared at him, enraged. But before he could speak, Jim continued hastily:

"You're not lookin' yerself, sir. Drink'll make it worse. Try the coffee. Then the drink. You don't want the old sickness back, sir?"

Jerome opened his mouth to swear. Then he began to smile. "All right, I'll have the coffee." There were tremulous threads about his mouth. "But I'll have a drink afterward." He blinked his eyes; the rims felt raw and sore. He yawned, winced away from the light.

Jim hastily brought a silver bowl and towel to the bed. Jerome splashed his hands impatiently. He looked with repugnance at the tray which Jim set upon his knees. Then Jim poured the coffee.

Jerome hardly touched the food, but he drank a second cup of coffee. Then he leaned back against the pillows, motioned toward his case of cheroots. Jim leaped to the table, struck a light for his master.

Jerome said, "Jim, how do you like the country?"

"Ah, sir, I loves it! Never saw snow like this."

"It's better in the summer." Jerome looked at the fire. "Would you like to live here, Jim?"

Jim was astounded. "Here, sir? For good?"

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"Yes. I'm thinking of going into my father's bank. Do you think you could stand it?"

Jim's eyes were sharp, searching. He said, "You're not serious, Mr. Jerome? You couldn't abide it!"

"I think I could. At least, I'm going to try it. Jim, if you feel you couldn't stand it, please be frank. I'll miss you, but I won't insist that you stay here and die of boredom."

Jim was still incredulous. The two regarded each other intently. Jim drew a deep breath. "I'll not leave you, sir. How could I? We've been together a long time—ever since the Army. Though I'm not a chap as bets, I think we won't be stayin' long."

Jerome smiled. "I shouldn't wonder if you were right. But a few weeks might set me up. Tell me, have you seen my father this morning?"

"No, sir. He had his breakfast in his room. And Miss Lindsey is still in bed, they say, with her cold. Mr. Alfred was gone early, to the bank. But Master Philip and Miss Maxwell—they're up and about, with the dog. Charlie's off his head, like, with the snow."

Jerome lifted his watch from the table and exclaimed, "Eleven o'clock! That's country air for you, Jim. Slept like the proverbial log. Now, then, please bring my clothes."

The air sparkled and glittered with sunlight. Chimney smoke arched and danced under a sky like a blue diamond. The large old house, impregnably built of its heavy gray stone, was festooned with icicles, all incandescent. It stood on its hilltop, surveying the valley below with amiable dignity and pride.

We are all being judged, and generally very unfavorably judged, on evidence which, if we knew it, would greatly astonish us. It might help us to be a little more charitable about those people next door if we occasionally remembered that we are those people next door ourselves.

—A. G. GARDINER:
Many Furrows. (Dent, Ltd.)

The stableboys had shoveled the flagged walks free of snow. The sleigh which had conveyed Alfred to the town below had carved sharp tracks in the shining virginity of the circling drive, and here the boys were again busy with their shovels. Beyond the gardens, the dark woods blurred massively against the sky, their tangled branches outlined with snow.

Jerome stood just outside the entrance of the house. He heard laughter and walked casually around the side of the house. Miss Maxwell and Philip were still playing with Charlie, beside himself with this strange white stuff that was so soft and yielding and cold. He kept hurling his taffy-colored body into the drifts, headfirst, then reappearing with a look of amazed bewilderment, his nose crowned with snow.

Charlie was first to detect Jerome. Barking excitedly, he flung himself upon his master. Jerome picked up the little dog. The others turned.

"Uncle Jerome!" exclaimed Philip shyly. His pale face had acquired some color, and his eyes were sparkling.

Amalie's face hardened, became frozen. She stood silently, looking at her enemy. She had tied a shawl over her head, and it hid all but a wing of her black hair, which lay on her white forehead. She was more beautiful in this sharp and brilliant light than she had been the night before. The cold had flushed her pale face, brightened her lips to pulsing color.

"Good morning," said Jerome affably, stroking the dog. "A glorious morning. I think Charlie is drunk with it."

Philip offered shyly, "He's such a nice little dog, so friendly."

"Is he? Hasn't he nipped you yet? He has a bad temper." Jerome smiled down at the boy. "Charlie, like his master, is famous for temperamental ugliness."



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Philip looked up with gentle seriousness. "Oh, no, Uncle Jerome. There is nothing ugly about you. Or about Charlie." He had spoken impulsively, and now colored with embarrassment. He turned to the woman. "We've been having such a nice time, haven't we, Miss Amalie?"

"We have been," she said pointedly.

Philip's acute sensitiveness caught something wrong in this situation. He looked timidly from Jerome to Amalie, and then back to Jerome. "Are you going in, Miss Amalie?" he asked. "Remember, you promised to walk down to the pines with me and throw some corn for the birds." He fumbled in his pockets and brought out a bag of grain.

"Shall we go, then?" asked Amalie, lifting her skirts.

Again Philip glanced from one to the other. "Will you come with us, Uncle Jerome?"

Jerome said, "Thank you. I will."

Amalie stiffened. But she smiled at Philip. "I have just remembered, my love, that I have some tasks to do. I know you will excuse me. You have your Uncle Jerome now." She paused, watching the pleasure fade from the boy's large dark eyes. "Tell me you do not mind, dear Philip."

"Oh, no," he replied, always eager not to hurt or offend. She bent and kissed his cheek and, without another glance at Jerome, disappeared around the angle of the house.

Jerome and the boy walked down the slope to the pines. Charlie struggled in Jerome's arms and he put him down.

Philip cleared a spot with his foot, and put the corn upon it. Charlie went to sniff, barked, retreated with disappointment.

THE man and boy stood side by side, looking down at the valley which curved below. They could hear the faint barking of another dog, disembodied and clear. Charlie pricked up his ears, then began to bark wildly, challenging the distant intruder.

Jerome laughed. "Charlie's such a fool," he commented. "He is delirious at discovering that there are others like himself in the world."

"I think it makes all of us delirious, when we find that out," said Philip.

"What?" said Jerome. He looked at Philip with sharp interest. What an odd thing for a boy of fourteen to say! "Who told you that, Philip?"

"Well, Miss Amalie and I have talked." Philip's sensitive color rose in his thin face. "We have such fine talks. She helps me with my music too."

"Indeed. Is she a musician?"

Philip dug his foot in the snow. "She can't read a note, she tells me. But she plays marvelously, and has the most excellent ear. Her criticisms are far better than Mr. Baxter's. Mr. Baxter is my teacher, you know."

"So, you quite approve of Miss Amalie as a new stepmamma, eh?"

PHILIP turned quickly, and again his eyes were alight. "Oh, so much, Uncle Jerome! She helps me with everything. She is a teacher, you know. She is so kind. I—I love her." His face turned scarlet, but his eyes did not waver. They gazed at Jerome proudly.

Kind, thought Jerome. *The poor deformed creature has had little experience with kindness, apparently.* Alfred would be scrupulously just to his son, of course. Dorothea would consider it her "duty" to care for Philip. Mr. Lindsey might be languidly amiable to the boy, provided Philip did not too often intrude upon his meditations. But tenderness—that would be too much for any of them. Yes, the baggage was shrewd, thought Jerome admiringly.

"Tell me more about Miss Amalie," he said. "You see, I know so little about her."

"She reads to me. We have developed a story of our own, and sometimes she tells me a chapter, and the next night I invent another. It is very amusing. She came to my room last night and had a new chapter. It was all about a new hero who has come into the story. He is a very blasé and worldly man, and thinks himself charming and so very witty, and all the time he is very comical. We laughed a great deal. Oh, it was so amusing, Uncle Jerome!"

Jerome whistled for Charlie, and the little dog came reluctantly. Jerome picked him up. "So we have a wit in the house," he said.

"It is better than a play to talk to Miss Amalie," Philip assured him artlessly, his eyes bright with reminiscence.

The sparrows had discovered the grain. They swarmed down in shrilling droves, and pecked, and whirred about. The man and the boy watched them. Philip was delighted. Jerome did not see the birds. His temples

(Continued on Page 69)



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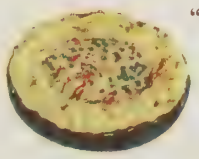
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Start off the meal with real old-fashioned noodle soup—Lipton's Noodle Soup. Rich and chickeny-tasting . . . just like grandma's own homemade chicken soup! And oodles of tender egg noodles swimming in its golden, parsley-flecked broth!

With Lipton's grand soup mix, you'll ladle out the steaming bowlfuls after just 7 minutes' cooking time! Thrifty? Why, a 10¢ package of Lipton's serves 4 to 6 people with the grandest, fresh-cooked noodle soup that ever hit your spoon!



"NEW-WAY-WITH-LEFTOVERS" LUNCH
Lipton's Noodle Soup
***Casserole of Mixed Vegetables au Gratin**
Assorted Relishes
Waldorf Salad in Apple Cups
Lipton Tea

***Casserole of Mixed Vegetables au Gratin.** (So good it'll get as many compliments as your first course of grand 'n glorious Lipton's!) Make 2 cups thin white sauce, using vegetable water for part of milk, and seasoning with 2 bouillon cubes, 1 tbs. Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup grated cheese, and 1 tbs. grated onion. Add 3 to 4 cups leftover vegetables (such as peas, carrots, corn, celery). Place in greased casserole and top with border of leftover mashed potatoes mixed with 1 tbs. chopped parsley. Brown in hot oven. Serves 4 to 6. Today—put Lipton's Noodle Soup on your grocery list so you'll be ready to use this bright lunch idea next time there are leftovers in your refrigerator.



10¢
ALSO IN THRIFTY 3 PACKAGE CARTON

LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP

Made by the makers of that brisk Lipton Tea

REFLECTED IN THE VIRTUES OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

(Continued from Page 66)

were pounding with mortification and hatred.

"I am afraid," he said indulgently, "that Miss Amalie is a poor judge of character."

Philip was baffled at this. Jerome turned to climb the slope again, and Philip followed. But now the boy was silent. There was something wrong again. He deeply admired Jerome, but was slightly afraid of him.

Upon reaching the house, Philip apologetically explained that he must now take his afternoon nap. Miss Amalie insisted upon it, and it had done him much good. Jerome dismissed him agreeably. He stood alone in the sun-filled hall. Then he lifted his head alertly.

The doors of the music room were folded together. But from behind them flowed strong and passionate music. His trained ear caught all the flaws in it, but what it lacked in finish was more than compensated for by vitality and unconventional beauty.

Jerome silently folded back the doors. The music rushed out like a great wind of unrestrained emotion. The room was empty, except for the young woman at the piano. Her profile was rapt and withdrawn, her lips parted, her eyes raised. From beneath her fingers poured the cataract of bewitching sound.

Jerome sat down upon one of the brocaded chairs. He stared at Amalie, who was oblivious of him. Suddenly the Gothic insurgence ended on a great swell, like a shout, and the silence that followed reverberated with remembered sound.

Amalie, still at the piano, started uncontrollably, for Jerome had begun to clap. She swung about and he saw her startled affront, her anger.

"Really, that was remarkable," he said. "I congratulate you on your teachers, Miss Amalie."

She stood up and closed the piano. "Why can't you leave me alone?"

He smiled meditatively. "Now that is a question I have been asking myself. Is it your wit, perhaps? Or your charm? Or your exquisite manners which so fascinate me? Doubtless it must be your manners. They are so—so extraordinary."

Her face turned scarlet with suppressed emotion. "Why can't you leave me alone?" she asked again, and her voice was low and hoarse. "What have I done to you?"

"You have done nothing to me, gracious lady," he told her. "But, now that we are so frank, let me say that perhaps I resent you here. I resent you on the stairway where my mother walked. I resent you at her piano. I find the idea insupportable that you will sit in her place at her table. You will forgive me, I know, for these ridiculous sentiments."

She had become quite white. "I think," she said, "that you might mention these things to Alfred."

He cocked an eyebrow. "Oh, no, indeed! A dog could not be persuaded to give up his luscious bone. Have you ever attempted to withdraw such a bone from a dog? One gets one's fingers nipped."

She ran her hand over the closed piano. "Let me warn you, Mr. Lindsey. You will indeed get your fingers nipped if you continue. But, again, I suggest you discuss these interesting matters with Alfred. Or have you tried?"

But he did not answer, only continuing to smile at her with deliberate and knowing insult.

Her voice became hurried. "You say you resent me here. Why? Because I am poor and not genteel? Because I have had to work for a living?"

He lifted an elegant hand languidly. "My dear Miss Amalie!" he protested. "You are accusing me of most undemocratic sentiments, and that is unfair! I do not resent you for your poverty, your lack of gentility, your ambiguous background. No, a thousand times no! Let us say that I resent you for what you are, what I know you are."

She looked at him silently, and he saw the bitter violet flash of her eyes. She asked, "What am I?"

He shrugged. "Miss Amalie, you are not talking to a naïve buffoon like Alfred, or a secluded country squire like my father. You are talking to a man who may be pardoned when he says that he knows something of the world, and something of the men and the women who inhabit it. I was always an admirer of the Cinderella theme. I find it charming. But I look at your feet, Miss Amalie. I do not see a slipper of pure and innocent glass. I see a slipper of ——"

"Of what?" she asked.

He shrugged again. "You would compel me to be unkind, and in that you shall never succeed. I am only advising you."

She deliberately lifted her skirts and revealed beautiful ankles and fine narrow feet. "My heels," she said, "are not worn down by trampling them on the necks of the defenseless. The toes are not scarred by kicking those who cannot kick back."

Jerome leaned forward. "Very pretty, very pretty indeed. I have not seen handsomer ankles even on the stages of New York. Thank you for the charming view."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Fifth Birthday Gift

BY MARJORIE LEDERER

What can I give you
  Who can feel
The breath of grass
  Beneath your heel;

String out the stars
  In magic strands
To sift and weave
  About your hands;

And taste upon
  A fairy spoon
The silver icing
  Of the moon?

What is there left
  Of worldly scheme
That you have not
  Possessed in dream?

What can I give you,
  What surprise—
To bring the wonder
  To your eyes?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

She dropped her skirts slowly. She stood straight and composed before him. "Mr. Lindsey, I am not going to waste any more time discussing myself with you. I am not going to quarrel with you. You are not worth my efforts. For the last time, I warn you. Let me alone. Don't address me except in the most casual manner, and then only when amongst others. For, my witty and debonair Mr. Lindsey, if you continue to annoy me, I shall have recourse to Alfred. I shall tell him that you follow and hound me. I shall tell him that last night you pursued me into the pine woods, and forced your repulsive attentions upon me."

Jerome smiled gently. "You would not dare."

"I would dare, Mr. Lindsey! In fact, only native charity, and a regard for your father and your cousin, prevented me from telling Alfred this morning. I am a woman of peace, sir. I prefer to remain at peace. You disturb my resolution at your own peril."

He took a step closer to her. She did not retreat. He could see the pounding pulse in her white throat, but she met him eye to eye. "The words of an adventuress," he said.

Her face changed. Then she smiled involuntarily. "Perhaps, Mr. Lindsey."

"I can't have an adventuress in my mother's place."

With immense courtesy she said, "I do not see how you are going to prevent it, sir."

He leaned his hand on a chair negligently and surveyed her with open insolence. "I admire you, Miss Amalie. I admire your fighting spirit. You ought to have been a man. I might have been your friend, for I admire ruthless creatures."

"I am ruthless because I have had to be ruthless," she said. "I did not choose my parents, my poverty, my life. But I shall not give up what I have attained. Nor shall I be compelled to."

She took a step and prepared to pass him. He caught her arm with a sudden rough movement. He expected her to struggle, but she did not. She merely looked at him contemptuously.

"Damn you," he said softly, "I can't leave you alone. Why, I don't know. Under other circumstances I could make a fool of myself over you." A dark stain of color washed up to his brows. "I might make you an interesting offer, Miss Amalie."

Her face turned extremely pale. "Mr. Lindsey," she said after a prolonged moment of silence, "this is very interesting. But I ask you to remember my warning."

"I shall never let you alone," he said, and his voice was thick. "I don't know whether I hate you, or —— But I'll find out. For, you see, I am never going away again."

An expression, perhaps of vivid despair, flashed over her eyes. "But you cannot remain here!" she said.

"And why not? This is my home."

She drew a deep breath. "It is impossible for you to remain here!"

"Why?" He drew closer to her.

She flung back her head and they looked into each other's eyes. "I couldn't endure it," she whispered.

He put his hand behind the back of her neck. He began to draw her to him. But, recovering herself, she flung him off, turned with a faint cry, gathered up her skirts and fled to the door. On the threshold she stopped abruptly. Jerome had neglected to close the doors behind him. Dorothea, ghastly and grim in her black bombazine, stood there.

Amalie retreated a step. Jerome, turning to follow her, stopped also. He looked at his sister, and she stared back at him, her eyes like stone. Amalie had recovered herself. She stepped aside, passed Dorothea without a word. They heard her steps running lightly up the stairs.

"Good evening, Dorothea," said Jerome.

"I heard everything," she replied, and her voice was loud and harsh. "Everything."

"Good," he said easily. "You see I am doing what I can."

"You wicked, abominable man."

"Oh, come now, that is ungrateful. You are drawing wrong conclusions." He smiled at her sardonically.

"So she has you too. I might have suspected it." Dorothea lifted her hand and pointed a lean finger at him. "Stay away from that woman! If you do not, I shall tell Alfred, and our father."

"Don't be a fool, Dotty," Jerome said. But he was inwardly alarmed. "Let us be reasonable. Do you wish me to desist from inducing the woman to leave?"

She shivered, and he saw he had not deceived her. He shrugged. She said in a loud whisper, "Unscrupulous, dishonorable man! You are a liar, a blackguard. I see now what you are trying to do. You would ruin Alfred and destroy what he believes is his happiness. If Alfred wishes to marry this woman, I shall not oppose the match further. Moreover, I will watch you constantly. You shall never injure him again!"

"Threats," he murmured abstractedly. "It seems to me I have heard nothing but threats since I returned to this house."

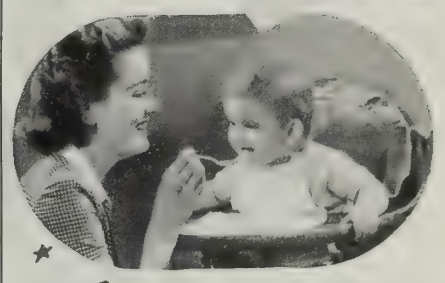
"Then go! Leave us in peace."

Jerome laughed, and his white teeth flashed. "You are a fool, Dotty," he said. "Don't believe you can frighten me. I intend to stay. I shall be very circumspect, but I shall stay."

It was she who was frightened now. She watched him go, and thought fearfully, *He is evil. There is something terrible about him, in spite of his smiles.*

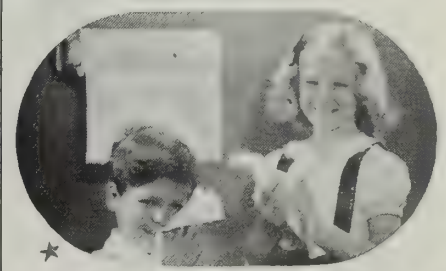
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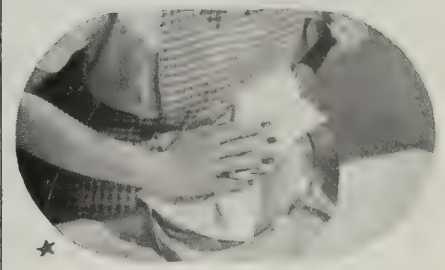
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LETTERS TO MY LOVES

(Continued from Page 23)

"Yes. Do that!" said Anthea, dewy-eyed, moving away at the second approach of Robert Dingley.

Anthea had, for the moment, so many problems on her mind that the stony silence of Robert, while whizzing her through the Bitter Sweet waltz, did not unduly disturb her.

How, being in love with Robert (if alternatively she was not in love with Angus), could she have felt as she did in the arms of Sergeant Blake? How, if she had fallen for Sergeant Blake, could she wish not to anger Robert? Or alternatively Angus, who, though at that moment in Dumfries or some place which Anthea could not, without the aid of the index, have found on the family Encyclopaedia Britannica map, would, any time now, be coming home on leave?

As soon as the music stopped, Robert Dingley, perhaps himself wishful to answer these questions, steered Anthea onto the veranda and started, savagely, to put matters to the test. Anthea was still wondering, and still being kissed, when a very loud throat clearing warned them of a third party's approach. And of course, as you have undoubtedly guessed, it was Sgt. Bill Blake.

Robert Dingley started to mutter angrily and pulled Anthea back onto the dance floor. Anthea, wary of words at this juncture, told Robert that she had gone and put her foot through the hem of her dress and must mend it, and moved off cloakroomward.

At the mirror, Anthea joined Betty Elsom, who, it seemed, had met a simply wonderful man whose name was Harry and for whom she was agitatedly powdering her nose. At nearly twenty-one, Betty, unfortunately for her, looked very much as she had at thirteen—forthright, efficient and reliable, and as if she was always on the lookout for a hockey ball to hit. Though she was not very good at managing her own affairs, she was expert at finding out all about other people's, and had managed to unearth the highly satisfactory information that Bill Blake was the brother of Mrs. Smithers, the town's most indefatigable WVS worker; and that, though he was stationed fifty miles away, he was likely to be over something like twice a month.

By the time Anthea had digested this delightful intelligence, the band had struck up the last dance, which got progressively louder and faster, so that she could not have heard what Robert was saying even if she had been listening. And as Betty Elsom had come partnerless to the dance and had, at the end, somehow missed Harry, she accompanied Robert and Anthea on their homeward walk, which therefore was also completed with no questions asked.

> **The wind usually blows one way or the other, and if it happens to be blowin' your way, that's luck. If it's blowin' against you, you tack. If it stops blowin', you wait until it starts again. But if you aren't out there trying, it won't make any difference which way it blows.**
>
> —EDGAR A. GUEST:
> Quoted in Your Personality.

Two days later, when Anthea came off afternoon shift, there were, as she expected, two letters waiting for her. The first was very long and illegible and angry and passionate and it came from Robert Dingley, who worked in the next town on a very hush-hush job connected with loud bangs—noises off, he called them. It said did Anthea think she could play fast and loose with him, did she love him or didn't she, what did she think he was made of, and a good deal more in that strain. Anthea mentally assigned him the "how could you" letter.

The second was from Bill Blake and was very short and succinct. It said: *I promised to write you a letter. This is it.*

Anthea was more than a little startled, but after a moment cheered up when realizing that the "I am too upset to write" letter would most adequately do the trick.

Twenty-four hours later the expected reply from Robert arrived. It covered two pages closely, and constantly reiterated the question that Anthea had asked him: How *could* he? He was an ungrateful brute; he did not know how to appreciate a girl like Anthea; he had not fully realized the profound difference between kissing and being kissed; he had been full of unworthy suspicions, he could only ask Anthea to forgive him, and so on and so on.

Though in Anthea's opinion and from a technical point of view a great deal too wordy, this letter was, Anthea felt, nevertheless all that could be desired.

There was no answer from Bill Blake.

The week progressed and Anthea could not keep her mind either on her work or on her letter writing. Now and again, lying awake in bed, she turned over in her mind the possibility of adding to her letter-writing manual an extra chapter entitled Answers to Difficult Communications—into which category undoubtedly came Bill Blake's note—but by Saturday she had not yet thought out any really constructive advice.

On Saturday afternoon Betty Elsom—who had come over, as she often did, to ask Anthea why it was that she, Betty, could not hold men; there had been no word from Harry—informed Anthea that that nice Sergeant Blake (did Anthea remember, who had been at the dance?) was staying overnight with his sister. Anthea flushed and then went pale. She did not speak.

"Anthea," Betty said plaintively, "did you hear what I said?"

Anthea assured Betty that she had not only heard what Betty said but was already trying to work out ways to rectify the unfortunate situation (she did not feel it necessary to state which situation, Betty's or Anthea's); and that when she had some really constructive advice to give Betty she would come over and tell her—meanwhile pushing Betty gently but firmly toward the front door.

In the Bascomb house, the telephone stood on a chest in the hall. It was public, but that could not be helped. Anthea sat down on the chest beside the telephone and started to chew her lip.

Letter B—better face the fact—had not had the result that Anthea had expected. Letter B had, in fact, not had any results at all. Bill Blake had been in Homerstown for hours without so much as even ringing her, and might, for all she knew, similarly go away.

Now how on earth ——

Anthea had an idea. It was not an idea to include in her letter-writing manual, but nevertheless it seemed to her that it should do the trick all right, and so she smiled.

She dialed Mrs. Smithers' number and asked for Sergeant Blake, and when Sergeant Blake said "Hullo," Anthea said that this was Anthea.

Sergeant Blake again said, not very much less noncommittally, "Hullo."

Whereupon Anthea took a deep breath and asked had he had her letter? She hadn't had any reply to it and the posts were so simply terrible these days that she couldn't help wondering whether he had received it.

No sound came from the other end of the wire.

Anthea asked *had* he?

Sergeant Blake said that the answer to that question was yes and no.

Anthea said that she did not quite understand.

Sergeant Blake replied that it was quite simple. He had had a—well, should he say a communication?—informing him that Anthea was too upset to write him a letter. So

(Continued on Page 72)



Why be a RUBBIT?

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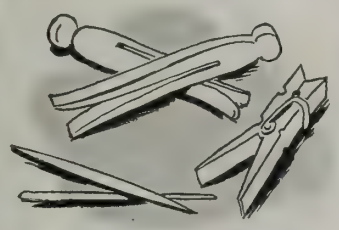
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Just for a second Anthea wished them miles away, for she wanted most fervently to explore further the strange, warm, comfortable and friendly feelings that Sergeant Blake had called up; but the next second she could not help being a little bit pleased at the turn things had taken, for Sergeant Blake had—no good blinking the fact—become master of the situation, and this might put him in his place. (See Letters to My Loves: Chapter 5, The Distant Tone.)

Robert and Angus were already glowering most satisfactorily at each other, and when she led them into the sitting room and introduced them to Sergeant Blake, they glowered even more satisfactorily at him.

For a few moments Anthea sat smiling sweetly from one to another, the exact degrees of sweetness being most meticulously calculated, and then she left them, saying that she would make the coffee. She was a long time making the coffee. First, she wanted it to be especially good coffee; second, she could not find where mother had hidden the biscuits; and third, she could not decide whether Bill—or, naturally, Robert or Angus—would consider mother's last Christmas-present frilly organdy apron a bit overdone. Eventually she decided against the apron after some rude remarks from her brother Henry, and sailed back into the sitting room all set to bask in the grand sweet glower.

But neither Bill nor Robert nor Angus was glowering. All three of them stood in the middle of the room talking very loudly and fast about—as far as Anthea could make out—fire power.

"You really have a wonderful collection of books," complimented the visitor; "but you should have more shelves."

"Yes," admitted his host, "I should really. But somehow I never have had the nerve to try to borrow shelves." —TATTLER.

"Coffee, Bill?" said Anthea sweetly.

"Thanks a lot," said Bill; adding with easy nonchalance, since he was in Tanks, "Now the trouble about cross fire is ——"

"Sugar, Robert?" said Anthea, even more sweetly.

"Yes, no, two," said Robert; adding very firmly, since he was a civilian, "But what counts is the ratio of fire power to average mobility ——"

"You like yours white, don't you, Angus?" said Anthea, in what she realized were positively saccharine tones.

"White? What? Oh!" said Angus; adding in the somewhat didactic voice which, since he was in Army Education, he sometimes considered proper, "But you're forgetting the little matter of gyroscopic control ——"

All three men drank their coffee at a gulp and did not even for one moment stop talking.

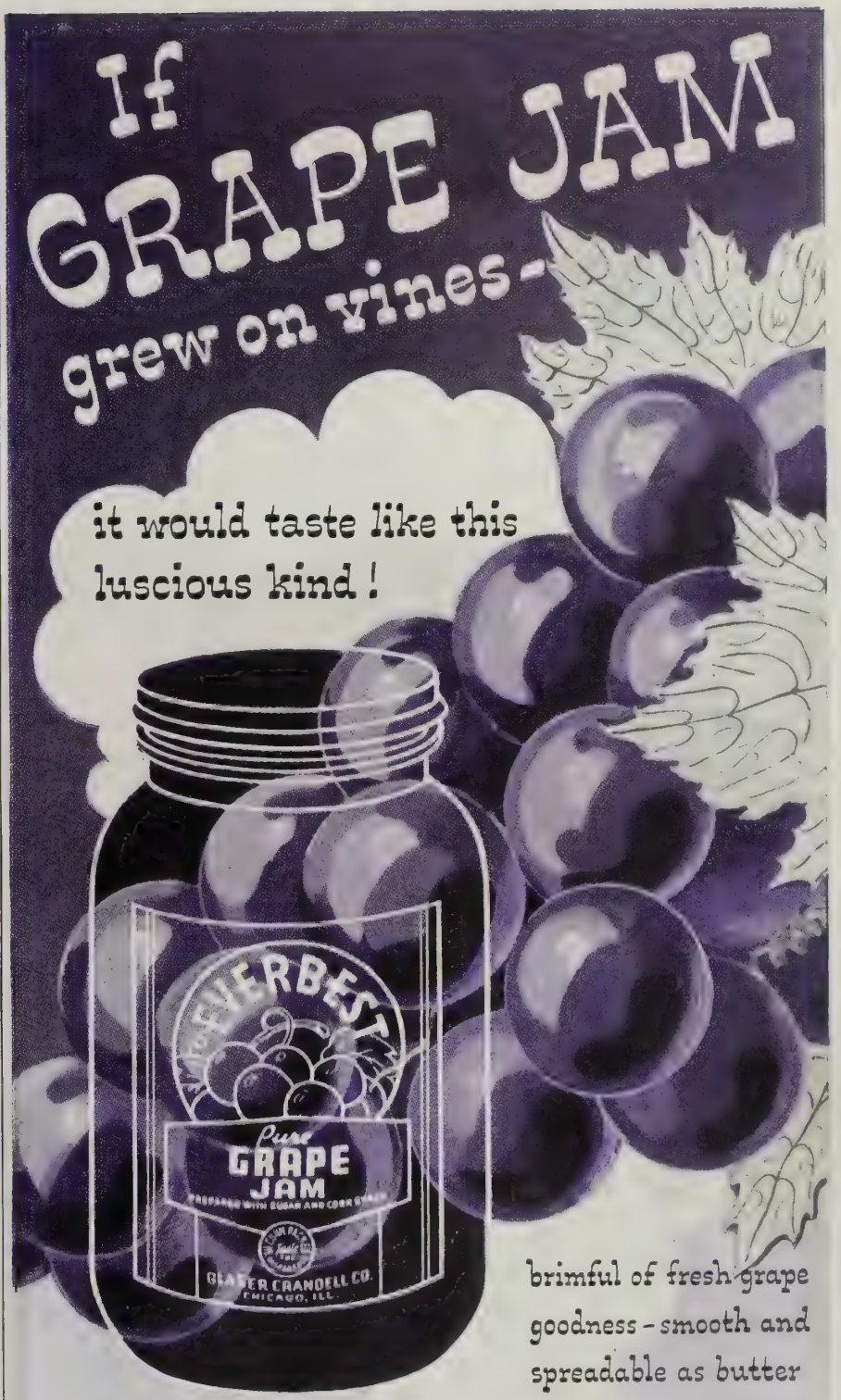
At ten o'clock, in spite of every conversation-turning tactic that Anthea had ever thought of, they were still talking fire power; so Anthea left them to it and went to bed.

For half an hour that night before she slept and for half an hour next morning after she woke, Anthea lay there raging: for she knew perfectly well that that hearty, excluding, masculine talk had been fixed to learn her and she knew perfectly well who had fixed it—Bill.

I will never, so she told herself, *speak to him again. If he rings me up I shall just slam down the receiver. If I ever see him again I shall spit in his eye.*

But after breakfast the telephone rang and it was Bill, who said that he and Harry were going for a walk this morning, and would Anthea come too? He said this in the most friendly possible tone, and Anthea, instead of slamming down the receiver, found herself inquiring, in an equally friendly tone, who was Harry?

(Continued on Page 75)



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SAVE TIN
Your empty cans are still needed!

LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION

(Continued from Page 73)

Bill said that Harry was a chap from his unit who was at that dance—now come off it, Anthea, she knew which dance—and whose home was such miles away that it was no good for short leaves, so that he was staying overnight with Bill's sister. Bill said, would Anthea bring a girl for Harry?

Anthea said she would and Bill said half an hour then, and before Anthea could say anything else he had rung off.

Harry—Harry—didn't that name ring a bell? Why, of course!

Anthea hared round to Betty's and banged on the front door, feeling stupidly and unaccountably happy, and in answer to Betty's had she had time to think over you-know-what replied yes she had, the thing was, Betty, not to let yourself appear anxious, and did Betty want to make up a foursome with her and Bill; Harry was the fourth?

Then Betty breathed hard through her nose and looked as if the whole world had changed into one great, beautiful hockey field, and when she could trust her voice said, "Anthea, you are wonderful. After this, I will always do everything that you say."

Looking back, Anthea could not decide why a day which had produced neither kiss, caress nor word of love should be so sweet to remember; but in fact it was.

She and Bill and Betty and Harry walked over Crowdown Hill and along the river to Blettsworthy. Betty had, at Anthea's behest, changed a frock of a peculiarly unhelpful shade of green for the sweater and skirt in which she looked her best, and Anthea wore a she-knew-why-now saved-up pinafore of chestnut brown with a lovely starchy sirup-and-brown striped blouse.

It was a bridal sort of day: the sun shone, the birds sang, everywhere seemed to be specially decked out in white—the wood edge with elder flowers, the fields fringed with cow parsley, the hedges starred with pink-blushing dog roses.

Anthea felt the sun on her neck and saw a leaf pattern dappling her dress; she heard the distant voices of Betty and Harry and did not at all mind that she and Bill, unlike them, stayed silent. When Bill suddenly said, in a new, elated voice that embraced the world, that summer was icumen in, loud sing cuckoo, Anthea murmured that that was a poem from school, wasn't it, and Bill replied yes, it was, but it was a poem just the same, and Anthea agreed, it was just as if somebody had started to play very beautiful and heart-melting music.

After all, Anthea sometimes read poetry, because she was a literary sort of person and meant after the war to be a newspaper correspondent like Dorothy Thompson, only more glamorous; but when you found your feelings reciprocated by a bloke who was in Tanks, that was something else again.

They had bread and cheese and shandy at the King's Arms in Blettsworthy, and tea at the Lilac Lady at home in High Street, and then Bill and Harry said they'd have to get going, and that was that.

Betty said, "Oh, Anthea, thank you! I did exactly what you said and it worked."

"What?" said Anthea.

"Not be anxious—it *worked!*" said Betty. "All I have to do in future is just what you say. Anthea, are you *listening?*"

For Anthea had replied, she herself realized idiotically, in a sort of ecstatic chant, "Loud sing cuckoo!"

She could not understand why she did not mind Bill making it a foursome and not being, so far as she could see, mad with love for her; but she didn't and there it was.

Bill did not come again for two weeks. Betty mooned about at home completely happy because Harry was sending her such wonderful letters, and Anthea went out to dinner with Angus because it was his leave and she had promised; but she could not keep her mind on things. *Everything*, she thought to herself as she ate, *is dust and ashes with Bill away;* and when Angus asked her solicitously how was her sweet she found herself replying, "Dust and ashes," which Angus did not think at all a funny joke.

Also, Robert grew more and more savage and accused her of never listening to a word he said; which was true.

For the first time in her life Anthea had ears for nothing but the telephone bell.

When eventually it rang to precede Bill's voice, Anthea could say nothing but "yes." She said yes, it was Anthea; yes, she was glad it was Bill; and yes, she would be here waiting if he came round; yes, now. At which point Bill rang off.

They went by Crowdown Hill again and along the river's edge to Blettsworthy. Only this time it was different. It was night and moonlight, and Anthea did not fool herself for one moment that what she felt for Bill was mere friendliness—though there was that too. The elder flowers distilled a secret, strange scent, the cow parsley at the field's rim was like foam on the sea of night, and where the dog roses—cool and soft like her own face—ringed them about, she and Bill kissed.

And as far as she could remember afterward, the only thing that she said to Bill all that evening was "yes." It had seemed silly to waste time thinking, or in words.

Bill had to go right back that night, but he wrote her. It was a short letter and businesslike, about licenses, relations, insurance policies, did Anthea want a white wedding, and he thought he could probably get leave next month.

Which brought Anthea up with a start. Of course she wanted to marry Bill, but next month was practically tomorrow; she remembered her coffee party and did not fool herself for one moment that Bill was anything but in complete command of the situation. It had to be decided once and for all who was going to be master—or should she say mistress?—in their house. If there was to be any managing she proposed to do it; you had to begin as you meant to go on.

So she sent him Letter J. *But darling, we hardly know each other!* it said.

Bill's reply was short and sweet. Not, she was bound to admit, a superfluous word. *I know you, and I still want to marry you.*

Anthea had taken his letter out to the hammock, so that she could lie and swing and dream and smile and think how cleverly she had managed Bill while she read it—when she read it.

Not You Only

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

I have this to say: I swear again
That though he wore another mask than one
He showed you, Death has on my shoulder lain
Gauntleted hand, and blotted out the sun.
His cloak was near me as I read on square
And folded sheet that you were still unfound;
I saw his shape writ on the dusty air,
I heard his step across the arid ground.
And now, with you close by, I still can stand,
My back no longer pressed against the rock,
Feeling your pulse beneath my steady hand,
Knowing the night shut out beyond the lock,
Weeping at danger past, as women do,
Thinking, how frail the blade that fought for you!



BETTER LIKED BY 3 TO 1!

●Tender, flavorful beef has been added to Prem because American homemakers wanted it . . . by better than 3 to 1! From their own cooking experience, they knew that the combination of beef and pork produced a better-flavored loaf. So try Prem soon. See how different it is. See how much better you like it.



IT'S **Swift's** . . . SAY **Prem**!

For Better Spaghetti Sauce

try this tempting recipe made with

Heinz *Condensed** *Cream of Tomato* Soup

* One tin of soup plus one tin of milk or water makes four portions delicious soup



RECIPE

• Sauté ½ cup chopped onion in 3 tablespoons bacon drippings. Add ½ lb. ground beef and brown. Add an 11-oz. tin Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup, 1½ cups water, 1½ teaspoons salt, dash pepper. Cover. Simmer 30 minutes. Serve over ½ lb. spaghetti, cooked and drained. Sprinkle with sharp cheese. Serves 8.

A dish by itself.. Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup is delicious

No, really, it was a bit much, he was getting above himself. You had to be careful with men not to let a man get the upper hand. What you had to do was ——

"Is that you, Anthea?" Betty's voice came over the garden wall.

"Well, it is, but ——"

"I'm in terrible trouble."

"Come on over!" Anthea said.

Betty came on over.

She had had a letter from Harry—the cruelest and coldest letter. She had only written to tell him just by the way how she had happened to meet Robert Dingley and had tea with him (she had met him absolutely by chance and all he had done, anyway, was talk about Anthea) just to make Harry the smallest bit jealous, and now look at the letter he had written her.

Anthea went through the motions of looking, though in fact she saw very little on account of her own preoccupations.

"It's all your fault, telling me not to be anxious!" Betty accused. "I wasn't anxious enough!"

"Oh, pooh and again pah!" said Anthea impatiently. "Don't be such an ass, Betty; you stand up to him, and you'll have him eating out of your hand before you know where you are."

"I only met him by accident. Quite by accident," Betty reiterated miserably. "Surely if I explain to Harry how it was absolutely by accident ——"

"Now look, Betty," said Anthea firmly if absently, "did you or did you not get Harry to fall for you in the first place by taking my advice?"

"Yes," Betty said, "but ——"

"Very well, then!" said Anthea, wishing that Betty would go away so that she could decide just exactly what biting phrase to use in reply to Bill.

"Well, what shall I say then, Anthea?"

Anthea saw nothing but Bill's face, which had suddenly appeared to her out of the twilight, very square and determined and farseeing and not nearly respectful enough.

"Just a phrase—no more," Anthea said dreamily. "Like in the letter manual—short and sweet; not a superfluous word. *How could you?* Yes, that's it—Letter A. *How COULD you?* Yes, that's it!"

Letter A! Anthea took a deep breath and swung out of the hammock and rushed indoors and wrote it, very black on very blue note paper, and sealed it down and dashed out to the post before she should weaken.

No reply came the first day. Well, of course there wasn't time for Bill to have written; but he might have wired. No reply came the second day. *Bill*, Anthea told herself complacently, *is going to have quite a bit of trouble thinking up an answer to that.* The third day Anthea came home firm in the knowledge that a letter from Bill would be waiting for her, propped up against the sitting-room clock.

She flung open the door and there it was—Bill's thin gray envelope, Bill's tiny, meticulous writing. With a triumphant smile, Anthea advanced, took the envelope in her hand, and saw that it was addressed to the Misses Anthea Bascomb and Elizabeth Elsom. Anthea blinked. She began to feel a little peculiar. She slipped a thumb automatically under the flap and then automatically withdrew it. She walked out into the garden and shouted over the wall for Betty in what she herself recognized as a rather hollow voice.

Betty and she sat on the hammock together, and Anthea opened the letter, and they read:

Dear Anthea (or alternatively Betty),
In reply to your letter (s): How indeed?
Yours,
Bill (or alternatively Harry).

A long silence fell in the garden.

"He shall chew mud for this!" Anthea said at last through her teeth.

"Bill must have gone and shown Harry your letter!" breathed Betty.

"Bill would never do such a thing—why on earth should Bill show Harry my letter?" asked Anthea tartly. "Harry must have gone and shown Bill yours!"

"Well, why on earth should Harry go and show Bill ——"

"After all," said Anthea with unanswerable logic, "you showed me Harry's."

Whereupon Betty shot out of the hammock and stood gazing at Anthea furiously. "You and your letters!" she cried. "You and your managing! You think you know everything, Anthea Bascomb, but you don't know anything. You can't even manage your own boy friend, let alone mine. Telling me not to be anxious—I wasn't anxious enough! I'm going to write straight off to Harry and tell him I love him, that's what I'm going to do!"

Just for a moment, in the rose scent, in the bee music, Anthea was tempted to do likewise. But if she did she knew that there would never be any holding Bill, ever again.

So she went upstairs and got out her writing pad and unscrewed her fountain pen. First she explained that if she had given Betty figurative advice it could hardly be held to be her fault when Betty took it literally, could it? If the behavior of Harry and Bill was equally and identically unkind and unimaginative, they could hardly be surprised if they received somewhat similar letters, could they? And you were always hearing about girls showing each other their love letters, but when it came to men ——

With one short, sweet, succinct paragraph in best letter-manual style, Anthea felt that she had positively annihilated Bill.

Then Anthea's pen started to run away with her. Of course she loved Bill as she believed Bill loved her, but marriage was a serious business, and as for getting married before they had been around or seen people or had any of the fun of being engaged—well, Bill must see that they were both of them awfully young, you were only young once, and—surely Bill got her point?—Anthea didn't propose to be done out of that fun.

Off she went and posted the letter. It fell into the box with a resounding plop. Anthea stood by the pillar box, feeling suddenly cold. Maybe it was the wind getting up; maybe it was just night coming on—even a summer night could be treacherous—maybe . . . maybe —— Three pages of crazily unconsidered letter not in the manual. Anthea knew, now it was too late, that she must have been mad.

Short and sweet. Not a superfluous word. Why not Letter D: *Darling, you just don't understand.* Or Letter F: *I can't BELIEVE it was you writing.* Or better still, Letter G: *Let's just wait and talk it over.*

If a girl can't take her own advice, what can she take? Anthea whispered, under the whispering trees.

Cold and sick at heart, Anthea crawled home.

Sergeant Blake's letter came two days later. She took it out to the hammock, but this time, though she had longed for it as she had never believed it possible to long for anything—dear Bill, dear darling Bill—she dared not open it.

It would be furious. Or worse, it would be cold. It would be formal. Or worse, it would be intimate—past tense. And she knew she would never again be able to love anyone as she had loved Bill.

Over the garden wall came Betty's voice: "Anthea, are you there?"

"Go away," Anthea said.

But Betty did not hear, or did not register. She swung onto the wall with athletic precision and sat there kicking her legs and looking positively pretty, the expression on her face as ecstatic as if hockey balls were coming at her very fast, from all directions.

"I heard from Harry. He loves me! It's all right. I wasn't too anxious. It worked," Betty said all in one breath, adding, "Did you hear from Bill?"

"Yes. Go away!" Anthea said. For she knew with absolute clarity that if Betty's letter had worked, then hers couldn't have.

And now Betty put her head on one side with the ineffable superiority of girls whose love affairs are going right to girls whose love affairs have gone wrong. "The trouble with you, Anthea," Betty said weightily, "is that you just don't *realize*. The fact is that anybody can manage a man when she doesn't care whether or not she manages him, but when it comes to a man you love ——"

"Go *away!*" Anthea said.

Betty went.

It was bad enough to be told about life by Betty, but when you knew beyond doubt that Betty was right —— Of course managing was the sort of thing you shouldn't even

(Continued on Page 78)



". . . and then I'd take her in my arms, stroke her hair gently, kiss her softly on the forehead, and say, 'Let's have steak for dinner tonight.'"



Can a child's breakfast help him to think faster?

You know, of course, that when a child is well nourished he is better equipped to use his body.

But did you also know that he is better able to use his *mind* when he gets a steady supply of good, wholesome food?

Actually, the mind and the body are so closely related that your child's school record can be affected by the way you feed him.

The trouble is, so often the most nourishing foods ...d will eat only if

...ave to argue with ...rt. You may have ... is just about the ...day. Medical and ...hat children get ...*urishment at the*

... out of breakfast, ... the nourishment ...ost's Grape-Nuts

...ereal tastes won- ... for nourishment.

You see, Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal has been left as nature intended wheat should be. Every bowlful of Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal that your children eat has the vitamins, minerals, and rich food value that nature develops in wheat in such abundance.



Yes, nature has done everything necessary to make this cereal nourishing—so we *enriched the flavor!* We added a golden-sweet syrup to the already luscious taste of the sun-ripened wheat.

When the wheat and the syrup are roasted and toasted together, their flavors mingle and produce a new and wonderful flavor that not only little folks—but big folks, too—find specially good to eat.

Another nice thing about this hearty, nut-brown cereal—it takes only *three minutes to cook it.*

Why don't you buy a package of Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal when you go to your grocer's today?



For small babies, too . . . Many baby specialists now recommend a heartier, livelier-tasting cereal, such as Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, for very young children. They also suggest a *brown* cereal, such as Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, for the pleasing contrast it makes with the milk.

...LD OR ADULT—THE MIND WORKS BEST WHEN THE BODY IS WELL NOURISHED

Say Shefford for fine cheese



Shefford and Fruit

When the tang of Shefford Cheese meets the cool zest of ripe fruit—what a real top-off to the meal!

It's sophisticated, as well as a nutritious and delicious answer for dessert.

Whether it's Shefford American, Pimiento, Chevelle* all-purpose cheese food, or any Shefford "slicer" or "spreader," people who know cheese will respect your judgment.

We look a little harder for finer cheese ingredients and work a little more carefully to make Shefford Cheese foods come out a little righter– to make those good proteins of cheese a bit more appetizing.

It won't cost you any more to get a truly fine name in cheese when you buy, so remember always to "Say Shefford."

SHEFFORD CHEESE CO., INC.
Green Bay, Wisconsin

*Chevelle is a trade-mark owned by Shefford Cheese Co., Inc.



(Continued from Page 76)

try with someone you loved; and of course—of *course!*—one of the reasons why Anthea loved Bill was that any time she started to manage him, Bill would call her bluff.

The roses suddenly seemed to hang heavy on their stems, the sun was brassy, even the cuckoos calling from wood to wood had an autumnal sound. This was the end.

Slowly, slowly Anthea slit the letter and opened it and started to read. First she started to cry. Then she started to laugh. Then she did both at once. Then she ran through the gate and all the way to the post office, as she ran consigning the as-yet-unwritten letter manual to mental flames.

For the first time in her life she considered a letter inadequate to the occasion. "I want to send a wire—quick!" Anthea said to Miss Bland at the post office. "Quick—absolutely this minute. Here's the name—here's the address. Short and sweet, Miss Bland. Not a superfluous word. In fact, only one word, Miss Bland—*yes!*"

Bill had written: *Do you or do you not consider that being married to me will be fun?*

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR

(Continued from Page 45)

SWEET POTATOES GLAZED WITH ORANGE MARMALADE

Scrub and boil 6 sweet potatoes. Cool and peel. If sweet potatoes are large, cut into 3 lengthwise slices. Otherwise cut into halves. Put a 1-pound jar of orange marmalade in a large spider. Add 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine and ¼ cup of water. Break up the marmalade if it is fairly stiff and bring the mixture to a boil. Put in the sweet potatoes and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Cook over medium heat until nicely glazed. Turn potatoes frequently as they cook. And watch them.

Something pretty fancy. If you have never tamed or been tamed by an artichoke, don't give up. In the cutest little jars you ever saw, artichoke hearts come all baptized in true immersion fashion, in good, honest, pure olive oil. They are delicious. And guaranteed without trace of barbed wire such as the fresh artichoke conceals in its deceitful bosom. And now here is one thing to do with them. (By the way, they are divine in a green salad. Try that one of these days. And fried in batter—well!)

ARTICHOKES IN TOMATO ASPIC

Drain 2 small jars of artichoke hearts packed in olive oil. (Save the oil from the jar for making French dressing.) Rinse first with hot water, then cold. (Oil won't help an aspic to set—in fact, it prevents it.) Drain on absorbent paper. For the aspic, simmer 6 cups of tomato juice—or two thirds canned vegetable-juice cocktail and one third tomato juice—about fifteen minutes with 2 or 3 slices of lemon, a few slices of onion, a bay leaf and a handful of celery tops. Strain and add 4 envelopes of unflavored gelatin softened in ½ cup of cold water. Stir until dissolved and season with 1½ teaspoons of salt, 1 tablespoon of grated horse-radish and a little pepper. Chill until sirupy and just beginning to thicken. Put a thin layer of aspic in the bottom of the ring mold or in individual molds. Cut artichoke hearts into halves lengthwise and arrange neatly in the "jelly." When set, cover with more of the aspic and more slices of artichoke hearts. Repeat until everything is used up. Chill until firm. Might as well make this a day ahead. Serve with any favorite dressing—boiled mustard dressing or mayonnaise, or a combination of the two is good. But I guess it's better to stick to mayonnaise.

Pie—an institution. I suppose we eat more pie than any other people in the world. The British have their jelly tarts and a thing called a "pastry," but for the good old institution of pie as pie and no fooling, it belongs to us.

Even chicken pies and oyster pies reach their finest flowering here. And the custard pie, so seldom seen nowadays, is a confection no foreign agency can achieve. Oh, well, why did I get on to the subject of pie again? Probably because I had it in mind to do a little explaining about the pie in our picture.

Mince and pumpkin. Instead of the regulation two-crust mince and one-crust pumpkin, the old reliables are hitched up in double harness. And both of them open-faced as a little boy playing hooky. And that, my dears, as you know, is open-faced indeed.

You simply cut your pies in the regular pieces—wedge-shaped, you know—and put the pieces together, first a mince, then a pumpkin, until you have a whole nice round pie—and quite an idea, don't you think? You really get two pies from the making of one crust. And it can be done with any combination of pies you want. Cranberry and apple would be first-rate and look good too.

A few chopped candied or maraschino cherries went into the mincemeat here. Don't have your filling too dry. Add some cider or whatever liquid you like to the mincemeat, and serve your pie very hot.

PUMPKIN PIE

Make the flakiest pastry you know how and line a deep pie plate, fluting the edge so it comes up over the rim of the plate. Brush the crust with a beaten egg white. Put the crust in the refrigerator for an hour or more before you bake it.

The Pumpkin Filling

For the filling, take 1½ cups of pumpkin and add ⅔ cup of brown sugar, ½ teaspoon of ginger, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon, salt to taste, and a very little nutmeg. Add 2 cups of scalded light cream, or half top milk and half cream. It ought to be fairly rich. Mix well and add 4 eggs, beaten, but not too much. Pour into the unbaked pie shell and bake in a hot oven, 450° F., fifteen minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., and bake until set—about twenty-five minutes.

Surprise package. Up where I came from they used to make, and I guess they still do, a sage cheese. There's a cheese "factory" there, and it used to be a fascinating business for a little girl in a gingham frock and copper-toed shoes to stand around watching the mysterious processes of cheese making, country style. Somewhere among my treasures I have a cheese basket. You know they put the great round cheeses, fragrant of country cream and great handfuls of fresh-gathered sage, in these loosely woven baskets. And they were kept on the dim shelves and turned and turned every day, and aged for months. And when they're *cut*, oh my, oh my! Shall I see those days again? The question is purely academic.

Here's a cheese of another color, and one you can blend and dream over all by yourselves. I assure you that it will strengthen the heart and madden the imagination and be to all cheese lovers a revelation and a charm.



stroke her hair gently, kiss her ave steak for dinner tonight.'"



Fried Shrimp

1 pound cooked shrimp
1 egg, beaten
1 cup milk
Mazola
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup sifted flour

Rinse shrimp in cold water after removing black vein. Soak in Mazola Marinade* 20-30 minutes. Combine egg, milk and 1 tablespoon Mazola; add to salt and flour sifted together; beat with rotary egg beater until smooth and well blended.

Drain shrimp, dip in batter and fry in Mazola (about ¼ inch deep in pan) until golden brown. Serves 6.

Fillets of sole (other fresh or frozen fillets too) are also delicious marinated, dipped in batter and fried in Mazola.

***Mazola Marinade:** Mix ½ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ½ cup Mazola.*

Dinner Music in the key of "high sea"



A chorus of praise greets every fish dinner . . . when it's prepared with Mazola. This pure, clear oil adds flavor and food value to all kinds of sea food. Clean and convenient to use, Mazola is as perfect for cooking as it is for making fresh, delicious salad dressings. Delight your family with these simple recipes . . . all grocers sell Mazola.



© Corn Products Sales Co.

Broiled Salmon Steak

WITH HOT CUCUMBER SAUCE

1 cup diced cucumber
2 tablespoons chopped onion
⅓ cup vinegar OR ½ cup lemon juice
¼ cup chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 slightly beaten egg yolks
⅓ cup Mazola
¾ cup milk
2 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoons dry mustard
1 tablespoon sugar

Combine first six ingredients; let stand 20 minutes. Combine remaining ingredients in top of double boiler; beat until well blended. Cook over boiling water 10 minutes or until thickened. Add cucumber mixture; continue cooking for 2 minutes. Serve hot. Serves 6.

Mazola Broiled Fish: **Before broiling, soak fish for 20 minutes in Mazola Marinade (given for Fried Shrimp).**

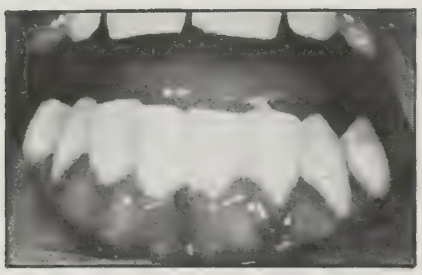


Baked Whole Fish

6 whole small fish
½ cup Mazola
¾ cup lemon juice
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups bread and celery stuffing

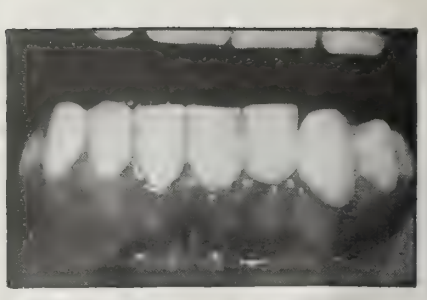
Have fish cleaned, trimmed, but not split. Rinse fish in cold water, and soak ½ hour in Marinade of Mazola, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Remove from marinade (reserve for basting), stuff fish and close opening with skewers. Place in shallow baking dish; pour ½ cup of marinade over fish; bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 30-40 minutes, or until tender, basting several times during baking period. Serves 6.

Mazola Stuffing: **Dip bread cubes in Garlic Mazola (½ tsp. garlic to ½ cup Mazola) and brown in the oven before mixing with celery.**



"TISSUE STARVATION"—ADVANCED STAGE

MARKED SWELLING and soreness of the gingival, or gum, tissue resulting from a severe and long-lasting "Tissue Starvation." An advanced case—very rare in this country.



"TISSUE STARVATION"—EARLY STAGE

CHRONIC DEFICIENCIES of certain vitamins in the body tissues—even though comparatively mild—may bring about minor but visible swelling along the gums.

Gums can manifest Early and Advanced Signs of

"TISSUE STARVATION"

"TISSUE STARVATION" is producible by a lack of vitamins in the living cells of your body



THE SIGNS OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY OFTEN APPEAR FIRST IN EYES, SKIN, TONGUE AND MOUTH

MOST Americans are badly misinformed on the subject of vitamins.

In contrast to widespread belief, vitamins are more than merely elements in our food. Vitamins are part and parcel of every body tissue. If you haven't enough of them, signs of your shortage may appear in these tissues themselves.

You can have a "Tissue Starvation" even if you are overweight! Advanced medical opinion says, in fact, that many Americans DO carry marks of "Tissue Starvation"—producible by vitamin deficiencies.

To prevent misunderstanding—the picture to the left above depicts a degree of "Tissue Starvation" seldom seen in America. It is an advanced and abnormal example of "Tissue Starvation."

But the "Early" condition shown above is by no means uncommon, nor are such signs of vitamin deficiency as cloudy eyes, rough places on the skin, and lesions of lips and tongue. These signs, of course, may result from such conditions as irritation, infection or other malnutrition, but "Tissue Starvation" due to vitamin deficiency is a frequent and *basic* cause.

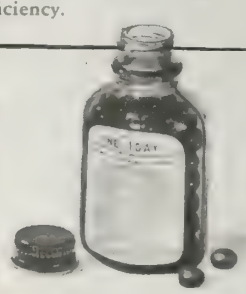
Under usual circumstances, the way to guard against "Tissue Starvation" is to take ALL the vitamins doctors tell us *everybody* needs. You get them all in One-A-Day Brand Multiple Vitamins. Yes, One-A-Day Brand Multiple Vitamins bring you all the known needed vitamins—A, B_1, B_2, C and D, plus Niacin Amide, Calcium Pantothenate and B_6. At all drugstores.

THE MILES PLAN FOR MORE ABUNDANT HEALTH

1. **PROPER DIET.** Vitamin deficiencies may accrue gradually in the body tissues throughout your entire life. So try to eat a balanced diet *every* day from now on.
2. **PROTECTIVE VITAMIN THERAPY.** Take one capsule of One-A-Day Multiple Vitamins every day.
3. **CONDITIONING FACTORS.** If certain conditions (diarrhea, overindulgence, etc.) raise vitamin needs, take extra vitamins.
4. **SEE YOUR DOCTOR**—if you have lesions—as above—that indicate vitamin deficiency.

ONE A DAY

MULTIPLE VITAMIN CAPSULES



Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

THIS WORLD WILL BE MINE

(Continued from Page 26)

"This is my suite," she said, "and beyond are the guest rooms. Upstairs are the servants' quarters. There's a small pantry down there where you'll always find milk and cookies."

The chauffeur had brought in the carpetbag and set it down. Helen snatched at it and curtsied again.

"Thank you, mum," she said and, feeling she was dismissed, started upstairs.

"Where are you going?" asked Myra.

"Upstairs, mum, to my quarters."

"But you're down here," said Mrs. van Vleet. "You're next to me; didn't I explain?"

"But you said the 'elp lives upstairs."

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. van Vleet, "you're my guest; don't you understand? You're not working here."

Helen's lips parted slightly, revealing two crooked front teeth. "But—but why?"

"Because," said Mrs. van Vleet, "because, my dear, this is a democracy." It was the only thing she could think of at the time. It was a mystery to the fourteen-year-old English girl, who went dutifully to her room.

A fire was burning brightly in a marble frame. There were chrysanthemums in a vase on the desk, and she sat on a pale blue satin quilt, on an old canopied bed, hung with damask and gold tassels.

Her hands touched the satin quilt, and she suddenly jumped up, realizing the violation of sitting on such a beautiful thing. She smoothed out the bed and walked slowly across the large room. A door was ajar, and she peered into a dignified tiled bathroom, with a gigantic tub and a washbasin set in a marble table top.

She heard a knock on the door, and before she could answer an elderly maid came in. The latter smiled. "Hello," she said. "Do you want a bath?"

"No, thanks," said Helen. "I 'ad me barth on Saturday."

The maid looked a little surprised, and then said gently, "Perhaps another would warm you." She went to the bath and turned on both the taps.

"What's your name?" asked Helen.

"I'm Jenny," said the woman.

"My name's 'Elen," said the English girl.

"Oh!" said the maid. "I thought it was Helen."

"It *is*," said the girl. "'Elen 'Utchinson."

"That's strange," said the maid. "When we spell it *H-e-l-e-n*, we pronounce it Helen. There's another name, Ellen; which is it?"

"Ho, then, Ellen," said the child, feeling rebuked again.

She walked to the window and looked out upon a sloping hillside, down to the open sea. It made her sad, and she went back to take off her clothes and slip into the steaming, enormous tub. She must unpack alone, she thought. She wouldn't want Jenny to see the black uniform and white pinafores which ma had packed for her service as underhousemaid.

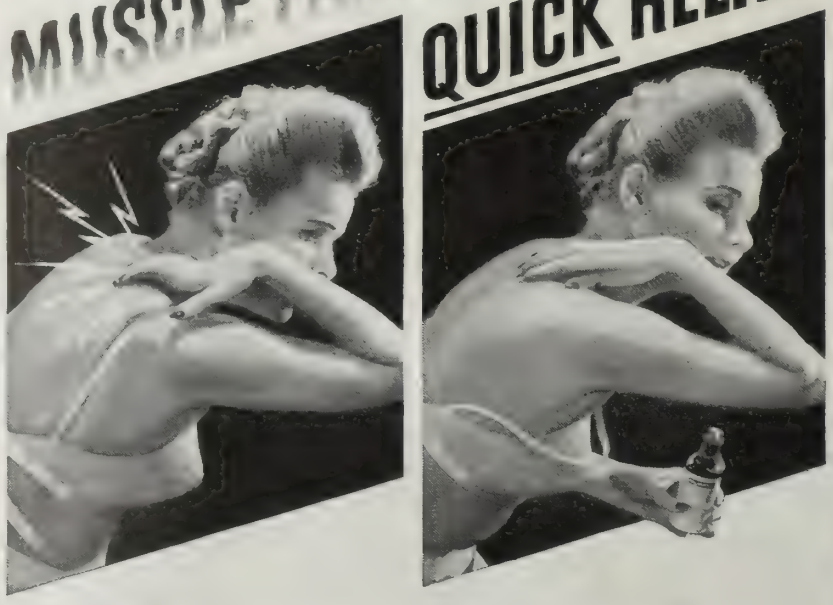
Whatever will I do? she wondered, rubbing a rose-embroidered chenille washcloth over the back of her neck, and sniffing the rose-scented soap. *Whatever will I do with my time?* She was miserable. *It's all the fault of that there democracy*, she mused, as she lifted her foot up and scrubbed between her toes.

II

So Helen became Ellen. And the cheap alpaca maid's dress and the white pinafores were carefully hidden in her closet.

Ellen kept her wide eyes open and listened to Mrs. van Vleet. After the brace on her teeth was installed, she lisped a little, but that didn't stop her from practicing her guardian's every intonation. She learned that the very rich could afford to use simple words. They didn't bother with trying to be elegant.

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RUB IN ABSORBINE Jr.

There was plenty for her to do. Tony de Celles didn't interest her. He was a born bookworm, who talked always about books.

"He reminds me of my dear Henry," said Mrs. van Vleet; then she would tell how Henry used to read, and how clever he was in asking other people questions. "That, my dear, is a great secret of success: being interested in what others have to say, and finding out what they know."

Ellen remembered that.

She discovered that Tony had read a book she was using in the Carrington High School. She asked him what he thought, and in a few minutes he digested the book for her. She was given an excellent mark for her mature outlook on the subject.

Mrs. van Vleet took Ellen to New York, and they shopped. Ellen had been poring over a fashion magazine, and decided she wanted to wear navy blue and white, with a touch of scarlet.

"That's very intelligent of you," said Mrs. van Vleet.

"And furthermore," said Ellen, who had been watching the girls of her age, "I think I'll 'ave my 'air cut."

"Have, dear," said Mrs. van Vleet. "It's a good idea."

So Ellen had her hair bobbed at shoulder length, and parted, to hang straight in its light brown waveless pattern. But it had a certain style, and Ellen tossed her head back, and felt she was very smart in her navy blue.

The braces hurt like misery, but that meant the teeth must be moving. Every week she came in to the orthodontist, and he adjusted them with a little screw, which tightened the imprisoning golden bands.

"Tighter, make it tighter," she'd say.

"Now, now," replied Doctor Bolton, "I can't make them tighter, Ellen, or you won't be able to eat. Don't worry, you'll have them off in sixteen months, and wear retainers at night for a year, and then you'll be fixed for life."

School at Carrington was a mixed affair. Some of the pupils were children of the laborers on the Carrington Dairy Farm. Some were children of overseers and other townfolk. There was a small group of children from the fashionable houses near by, whose families proudly believed that children should mix with all sorts.

The first day, Ellen saw that the children of the help at the Rookery were at the bottom of the social heap. And the obvious leader of the school, its bright boy and shining star, was Cornelius van Vleet, the nephew of Mrs. van Vleet. He was a year older than Ellen.

"My aunt told me to say hello," he said. "Gee, you're from London, aren't you? I always wanted to go there. It was all set, but this darned old war came along, and I didn't get to go. Just my luck."

Out of the corner of her eye, Ellen saw Cynthia Creel and Georgiana Foster, two girls from good families, watching her. Just what her position was at the Rookery had not yet been determined. They all knew that Tony de Celles' mother was a Belgian countess, and maybe this English girl had folks who mattered in England.

"Oh, yes, London . . . London," Ellen said, and then drew in her breath. She tried not to think of Whitechapel, and her mother's dingy flat, which always smelled of stale beer and dampness. "London," she said. "It's lovely."

Her expression tried to conjure up marble halls, afternoon tea and an open fire, and all the things she knew these other children would have known if they had been in London, where none of them would ever have seen such a place as the Whitechapel flat.

She was afraid that Neal van Vleet might break off the conversation and leave her standing, and the girls might laugh, so she suddenly turned away from him and walked across the schoolyard, as if she were overcome by memory.

Georgiana and Cynthia were impressed and said hello to her next morning in an easy and friendly way. After all, that dull old Tony wasn't much good to talk to, and they





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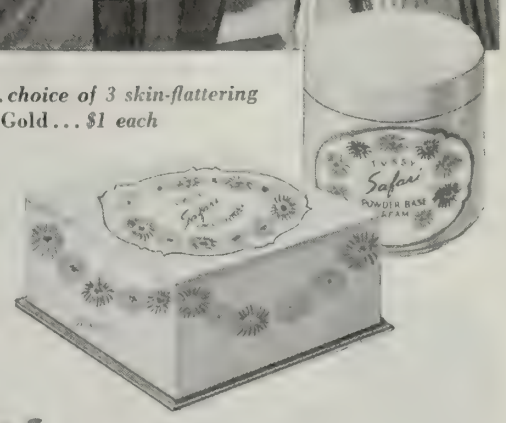


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Maybe you feel as I do about most "crisp" cereals They look so good, until you pour on the milk or cream. And then what happens? They fold up, like ...well, like my accordion.

But not Shredded Ralston! Here's one cereal that stays crisp and stays with you! No all-gone feeling when the morning's half-gone!

And flavor? Say! Shredded Ralston really hits the jackpot...and I'll write that with Eversharp!

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might get a glimpse of London society through this other foreigner's eyes.

Ellen made friends with the maid, Jenny. "I'm so lonesome, Jenny," she said. "It's 'ard to be away from your ma—mother."

Jenny was touched. "Yes, but you're lucky to land in this soft spot. I hope you have enough sense to take advantage of it."

"I know," said Ellen. "You're so right, but it's 'ard for me alone here. And at 'ome—things was different before, when I was very little. But the war ——"

Jenny left the room wondering if Ellen hadn't been something more than she had thought. These English—one never knew; there were always poor branches to good families. Well, Ellen was a pale, skinny little kid, but nice.

So it was Jenny who told her that Neal van Vleet was coming to dinner on Saturday. "Has to come when Mrs. van Vleet invites him," she said. "He's the sole heir to all the Carrington money."

That was a challenge. Neal was coming to dinner. He had to come. If he saw there wasn't really much connection between her and Mrs. van Vleet, his whole attitude and that of the school would change. Ellen wondered how much Mrs. van Vleet had said about her. She looked forward to the Saturday night with agony and hope. The picture of her mother coming home from work in the early morning, with her hat on a little crooked, and that awful shawl, which no one could get her to discard, was shocking to her mind. And the beery breath, and, worst of all, those hard, seamy hands: hands cracked and hardened with cheap soap and endless nightly cleaning of Cadwallader, Cadwallader and Sons' offices for these past twelve years, since pa fell off a suburban train near Vauxhall, swinging his brakeman's lantern in a fog. No, no! These people mustn't guess about ma and pa. This was her opportunity and she must handle it right. So she worked hard for a week in her arts-and-crafts class to finish a knitting bag with the initials M.V.V.

Saturday morning she carried Mrs. van Vleet's breakfast tray in herself. Mrs. van Vleet, in a pink marabou bed jacket, looked up in surprise.

"Oh, my dear Ellen, you shouldn't do that. I've told you, you're a guest."

Ellen put the little enameled tray across the bed and sat disconsolately on a chair. Then she burst into tears.

"What *is* the matter?" asked Myra.

"Oh, please excuse me," said Ellen. "I know I'm ungrateful to cry, after you've been so good to me. But, Mrs. van Vleet, I am so miserable and lonesome. My mother and I 'ave always been so close. It isn't that you 'aven't been just simply wonderful. And my little room at 'ome is nothing, compared to the lovely one you've given me."

ELLEN'S heart gave a thud against her ribs. Her mother slept in a let-down bed, she herself had only a lumpy sofa. They had a boarder in the one bedroom, Mrs. Floyd, an old lady, who made it possible for them to keep the flat.

Mrs. van Vleet clucked, "You poor child, I thought you were happy here."

"Oh, but I am," said Ellen. "You've been wonderful, but if I only 'ad—I mean *had* a feeling of family. If I could only call you aunt." The word barely came out of Ellen's lips. Perhaps she had gone too far.

But Mrs. van Vleet looked brightly up across her silver and china. "Why, you dear little thing," she said, tears gushing to her eyes.

Ellen bent over the bed, holding the package wrapped in tissue. "I made this for you," she said timidly. "I do 'ope—I mean *hope*—you like it."

Mrs. van Vleet tore the paper loose, and the purple-and-red bag fell on the bed. "Why, Ellen, this is lovely. How sweet of you! And you made it yourself!"

Ellen stood by the bed and Mrs. van Vleet flung up her arms. Ellen fell into them.

"If it would make you happy, darling, you may call me Aunt Myra."

SO at dinner on Saturday night, young Neal was somewhat surprised when his Aunt Myra entered on Ellen's arm, and Ellen called her "Aunt Myra" too.

After dinner they sat in the trophy room, bright with firelight and old silver and the famous ragged chrysanthemums of the Rookery hothouses. Carl, the old butler, carried in two silver candlesticks, and set them on the mantel. Ellen gave a little cry.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. van Vleet.

"Oh, they're almost exactly like—they reminded me of home," said Ellen. She had caught a faintly incredulous look on Mrs. van Vleet's face. *I've gone too far*, the girl thought. *She knows better.* Hastily she added, "I don't mean *ours*, of course; after all, things aren't the way they used to be with us—the war, and dear papa's death. But I mean they reminded me of holidays, at the Cadwalladers' house. They've a pair almost identical, as I remember."

Mrs. van Vleet was impressed. Her correspondence with Ronald Cadwallader had been mostly about his little Ronnie, who never crossed the Atlantic, but went to Scotland instead. Ellen had been a sort of postscript to all that; her mother, the lady remembered, had been some sort of retainer of the Cadwalladers, perhaps a secretary or something—broken-down aristocracy, perhaps. This child did have a wide-eyed, intelligent face and a gentle manner. And she was losing her Cockney quickly. As she studied Ellen, with her straight hair falling over her pale fine English face, and then looked at blond Neal, with his square Dutch-American face, she thought of Ellen as her protégée, and liked having these two young people together at her hearthside.

Neal, fifteen, little interested in girls, went rushing off as soon as decently possible. "Have to practice basketball in the school gym," he said. "Thanks, Aunt Myra; so long, Ellen. See you at school."

But Ellen knew she had made him aware of her somehow. That night, as she lay in bed, a wave of guilt swept over her for a moment. She remembered the scrawny, pig-tailed little brat, in a line of a hundred other Cockney waifs, standing to receive an orange, a sack of hard candy and a sweater at the annual Christmas charity party given by the Cadwalladers. Ma had stood with other parents beyond the eggnog bowl, while Mr. Cadwallader, slim and elegant, toasted the New Year with his faithful employees. Ma had an extra guinea in her pay check. The child, as they went home on the bus, had still been blinded by the gleam of the silver candlesticks and looked forward to the next year.

The legend grew at Carrington school that Ellen was related to a famous family in

(Continued on Page 81)

Next Month

There were questions that hung like shadows over her life: Why did she look so much like little Miss Lucy that she had to be kept out of sight? Why was the big house forbidden to her—the big house where Miss Em lived, too poor to pay for her wash? And why couldn't she love a man like Chester? Pinkey grows up to learn the answers, in this challenging novel which asks what is the meaning of

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Which means that when they *do* appear, they surely ought to be made to go far and look beautiful!

Jade Ring Salad... Dissolve Lime Jell-O in 2 cups hot water. Pour ½ cup into mold; chill. Whip remainder, blend with 1 cup seasoned vegetables, 1 cup cottage cheese, ½ cup mayonnaise, and let set on firm clear layer. Mm – m – that tangy "locked-in" Jell-O taste!





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When the sugar shortage eases up, the makers of Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings will once more be able to make all that folks want. And meanwhile—the cue for each of us is: when any food is scarce—*share and play square.*

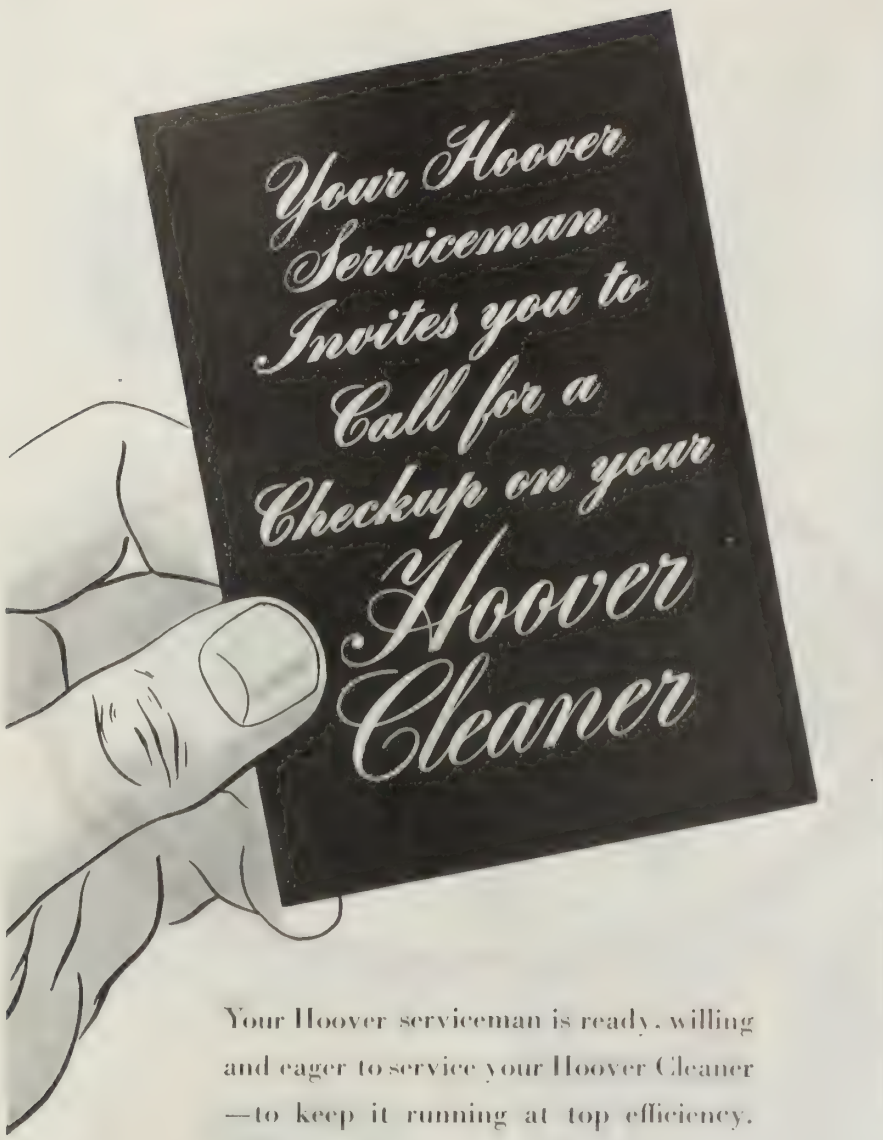
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(Continued from Page 82)

England. Her own reticence about the subject made everyone more certain. Cynthia Creel and Georgiana Foster invited her to their boating parties and wienie bakes, and Ellen was careful to mention her November birthday well in advance, so Aunt Myra gave her a party at the Rookery. She was shrewd enough to invite everyone in her class, which included the cook's child, and a niece of Jenny's. That endeared her to the servants, who said that she certainly was a lady; no little nobody would have done such a thoughtful thing.

Neal came with five other boys, a little against their will, but Ellen told them the motor launch was at their disposal, even if it was too late in the season, so they all had a rip-roaring good time, and the party was a great success.

Ellen sat down dutifully at ten o'clock, when they'd all gone home, and wrote to her mother that now she was fifteen, and growing up, and in a year the braces would be off her teeth, and she was happy, and it was a dream. She hoped everything was all right at home, and that ma was safe and well and not working too hard, and that the flat was not damaged by the blitz.

And, please, dear ma [she wrote], will you get the idea out of your head that I'm in service here. I tell you, I'm not; I'm a guest, and do you mind, when you write me, I sent some fancy envelopes, please address the letter in *ink*, not in pencil, your loving child,

HELEN.

p.s. I've changed my name to Ellen, like it better.

No one could say that Ellen wasn't a dutiful child. She sent her mother regular food packages and, when Aunt Myra asked her what she wanted for Christmas, she said a warm coat for mamma and a muffler if possible. "The poor darling must be working at a canteen late at night; she writes she's connected with a fire-fighting squadron."

Of all the people in the world today, not more than one third eat with knife and fork. Another third use chopsticks, and the remaining third eat with their fingers.

Mrs. van Vleet was so touched that she not only sent Mrs. Hutchinson a wool coat, but also included mufflers, sweaters, woolen stockings and a fur-lined hood.

"I want to wrap the package myself," said Ellen. She slipped in a card, wishing her mother a Merry, Merry Christmas, and sending her all love. And underneath it was a little note:

Ma, darling, Mrs. van Vleet is a real swell, and customs are different here. I'm enclosing a typical American thank-you note. Now copy it word for word as I've written it, and do it *in ink*, please, on the paper I sent you, and right away. Much love,

ELLEN.

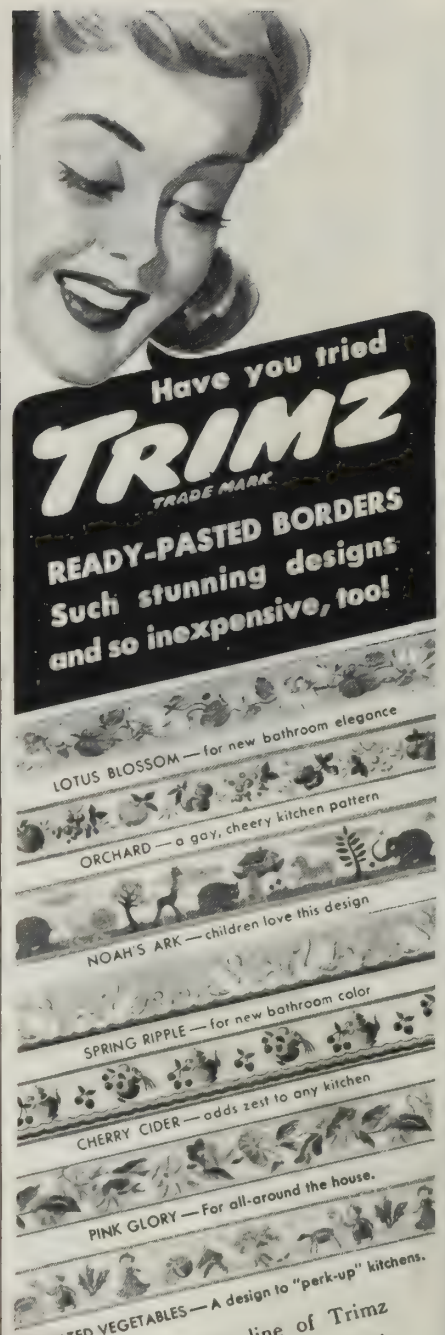
She sighed with relief. *That's taken care of; she won't try her original spelling, or go into that old routine of hers about being a poor charwoman and grateful.* But she was tense with nervousness all the same.

When the letter came, Mrs. van Vleet called her in. Ma, thank heaven, had copied her Emily Post thank-you note to the letter—painstakingly, too, Ellen noted—and it really looked as if an overworked lady might have written it.

"Poor thing," sighed Ellen. "Look how shaky her hand is. You can see what she's been through!"

Mrs. van Vleet was touched again. And on Christmas Ellen found under the tree a large box from an exclusive shop. She opened it to see what appeared to be a stout navy coat, with a simple turnback collar; but as she lifted it, it fell open and was lined with gray squirrel.

Late that night, with the coat on her bed, opened out so that she could touch the softness of the lining, she awoke crying out in

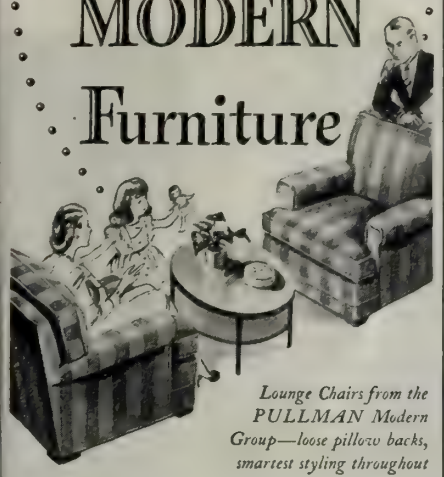


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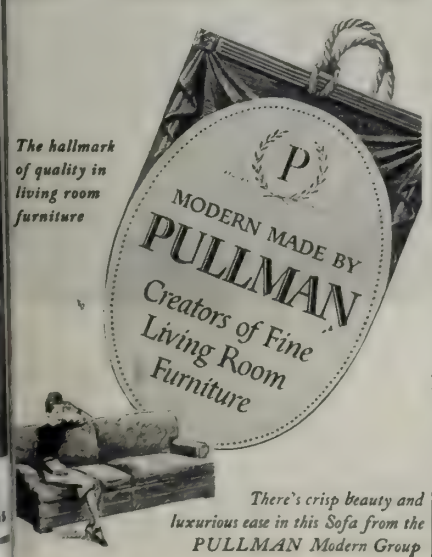
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There's crisp beauty and luxurious ease in this Sofa from the PULLMAN Modern Group

anguish, for she dreamed she was a little girl standing in an endless line at the Cadwalladers', waiting for an orange, and a sack of hard candy, and a machine-knit sweater.

In the morning she awoke, tired and unhappy, and it took a hot bath to warm her inner chill. She wondered what her mother was doing on Christmas. Probably hanging out with her cronies at the pub on the corner, and drinking Christmas gin, and eating the Christmas free snack of brown bread and sausage, and bloaters, if they had them.

Jenny came in with her tray.

"I think I'll have it in Aunt Myra's room. Is she awake?"

"Yes," said Jenny, "and thanks for the scarf, Miss Ellen; that was real sweet."

It was only when Ellen was putting honey on her thin rye toast, and admiring the pink bed jacket she had knitted for Mrs. van Vleet, that she realized Jenny, for the first time, had called her "miss." That, and the fur-lined coat, made her Christmas.

III

ELLEN bent close to the mirror, drew her lips back and stared in satisfaction at her white, level teeth, newly freed from their imprisoning gold bands. She took her hand mirror and looked at her face, front profile and three quarters. It had been sixteen months of agony wearing them; the ridge they made hadn't shown her, even when her teeth had straightened, how she would look when she was rid of them. Her face seemed more oval and less round. Her teeth were beautiful. The doctor's bill had run into figures which would have absorbed her mother's whole salary for several years. It was wonderful, and she was deeply grateful.

Today was her sixteenth birthday. She wore her first long frock, a pink-and-white candy-stripe taffeta, and Aunt Myra had allowed her to have her hair waved for this one event, dressed in a pompadour. She felt very much a young lady as she walked down the corridor.

The most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not. —HUXLEY.

In honor of her birthday, Ethel Mason was coming to dinner, with a major of some sort, and of course Tony de Celles would be there. Neal, she knew, would come and, as usual, hurry out for basketball practice.

The fourth man would be Mr. Jennings, Aunt Myra's lawyer. Georgiana Foster was invited, having become her best chum. Cynthia had been heard to remark that she didn't think Ellen was all she was cracked up to be; she had been in England as a child, and somehow she didn't think Ellen talked like the children of Lady Ann, her godmother. After this rebuke, there was nothing Ellen could do but drop her coolly.

As she entered the drawing room Ethel Mason said pleasantly, "Well, well, Myra, my dear, your primrose has blossomed indeed. Congratulations. Let's see the unveiling of the teeth, Ellen."

Ellen smiled, embarrassed and pleased at the same moment. She felt at ease, and very much a part of this world of sophisticated people.

"Oh, darling," said Myra, "this is Major Clinton. One of your own countrymen. Ellen is a friend of the Cadwalladers."

Ellen looked up quickly, and smiled into the eyes of a tall, thin man, who wore the insignia of the 45th Fighter Squadron. His angular face was tanned, with surprisingly blue eyes which seemed to squint a little. He had dark hair and a thin, well-groomed mustache, and, as he put his hand forward to shake hers, she knew this was a real gentleman—the sort she had seen from the other side of the Christmas tree at the Cadwalladers'.

Of a sudden her knees seemed fluid at the back, and her hands began to perspire and

(Continued on Page 87)



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Some lucky Santas

CAN GIVE TELECHRON
ELECTRIC CLOCKS THIS CHRISTMAS

Maybe, if you drop the hint, *you* can get one, too. For each week, we're making an increasing number of Telechron electric clocks. There's the trustworthy, giftworthy "Telalarm" shown here, for instance. It's an exciting present, because alarm clocks are on most every one's wish list, and the Telalarm will give years of accurate time. Its chime-tone alarm is as pleasant as a sleighbell—and effective, too—for it won't stop ringing until you shut it off. And, there's no winding, or oiling, or regulating . . . the accurate, self-starting Telechron motor is famous for trouble-free service.

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Smartly styled with ivory-colored plastic case and with luminous dial and hands..... $4.95

Telechron
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

Just You and I... in all Chicago

"May be here 3 months," you wrote. "Come and be with me?" Darling, of course! Where else would your wife be, but with you? "This big town feels like home since you're here," you said. You squeezed my hands. "Such soft little hands," you whispered. I thought thankfully of Jergens Lotion. Jergens supplies the beautifying moisture that helps keep my hands soft.



In our tiny room—how wonderful to be with you again! "*Your soft hands are made for love,*" you said. How much I owe to Jergens Lotion, for helping to keep my hands precious to you!





We'd meet at the Pump Room Saturdays, for dinner. "*I know these soft, smooth hands,*" you'd say. How could I ever let my hands feel rough—with Jergens Lotion care so easy!

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For the Softes
Adorable Hands, Us

JERGENS LOTIO

(Continued from Page 85)

turn cold. Here was the real article in front of her for the first time, who would talk to her, who would listen to her and know. She was as frightened as if she had found herself at the Met, facing a full house, with the orchestra leading up to her first solo.

I must be American, she thought, *that's the only way to throw him off the track.* So she tried to talk exactly like Aunt Myra.

"I'm so thrilled you could come to my party," she said, and turned immediately to greet the others. She kissed Myra to establish her intimacy immediately. "Aunt Myra, thank you again for everything. Hello, Miss Mason; greetings, Tony; nice you're here, Mr. Jennings. Hello, Neal."

Everyone watched her as she made her rounds, and finally sat herself down for security between her admiring girl friend and Aunt Myra.

"You look terrif!" said Neal. "Didn't you do something a bit different to your hair?"

"Of course, silly," said Ellen, feeling pleased with herself. Even Tony, she noticed, eyed her with admiration, and Aunt Myra had an almost fatuous look of pride. She was changing an ugly duckling into a lovely swan. In another year or two, Ellen would be a beauty.

Ellen managed to keep away from the major until dinner was served. It wasn't hard, because Neal almost monopolized him.

"Say, I've been reading about you," Neal told the major. "That is, if you're the famous John Clinton of the air battle over Croydon in September, nineteen-forty."

Ellen watched with admiration as the major looked at the boy. He didn't play shy, or deny it, or boast in the least. "That was a real dog fight," he said, "but I got more credit than I deserved. There were other men there who did more, but didn't live to tell about it. That's the bad thing about war: the heroes aren't there to get the medals."

"Gee whiz," cried Neal excitedly, "that's what I want to try for—the Air Corps."

"How old are you?" asked the major.

"Only seventeen, sir, but I'll finish high next year, and be eighteen two months later; then I can start training."

"Good for you," said the major. "Wish you could be in my squadron. Your country and mine may be working pretty close by then."

Neal felt himself almost promoted to equal manhood with this fine-looking, famous man.

So when Ellen found that Aunt Myra had seated the major next to her, with Neal on the other side, instead of feeling trapped, she began to wonder if she didn't have everything in perfect control. Neal would cast admiring eyes in her direction if she could captivate his hero, and if that really happened, the gossip of Cynthia Creel would be hushed for good. After all, Neal was captain of the basketball team.

"I suppose you're going back to England when you're a little older," said the major.

"Why—yes," said Ellen, "of course." The thought staggered her. The war was difficult, and all that, but the thought of its ending and her going home had been like a nightmare terror in her mind before.

"You ought to train for the Wrens," he continued, "by getting a good basic education in something."

"What, for example?" asked Ellen. "My dear mamma has been working in a canteen; I thought I might perhaps help her." She tried to make it sound as if her mother owned and ran the particular canteen in question.

"That's for old ladies," said the major. "I mean a full-time job. Learn to be a good secretary; they're badly needed at home."

"That's a good idea," said Ellen. "I must write to mamma."

The major looked at her, curious. She spoke almost like an American, but there was a slight, breathless quality in her voice which echoed in his memory. The Clinton family had tenants on its London property, and from them and in the country places he had heard a variety of accents. But this girl's was strange to him, and he found it difficult to place her.

The pink-and-white cake came, and Ellen blew out the sixteen candles, and made a wish, and cut it, and Neal toasted her sixteenth birthday. Then she stood up sweetly, and toasted:

"To Aunt Myra, who, instead of making me a war orphan, has made a new life for me."

This touched everyone, and they all drank her health, and she sat down, giddy, with tears in her eyes. Here she was, like a daughter in this house, braces off her teeth, being admired; she couldn't be happier.

"Here's to your mother," said the major.

With a flush, Ellen realized she hadn't once thought of her mother; worse, she had pushed the thought away from her all day. Last week she had received a parcel from England. It was a hideous photograph in a gilt frame. The old woman had had it taken, and tinted with monstrous colors, at a little shop on Ludgate Hill. It was exactly like her, as she was, that posed little picture, with the hair parted at an angle on one side, the blowzy, beery face, and the best dress with its machine-made lace collar. Ellen had hidden it up high on the cupboard in her bedroom, beside her maid's dress and pinafores.

But she thanked the major for his kind thought, and she was glad again people couldn't read minds. While she sat here, ma was probably finishing up her scrubbing of the Cadwallader office, or on her way home, sitting in a weary bus, or maybe even afoot, trudging across blacked-out London.

"What did you say your name was again?" asked the major.

She looked up at him, with the thought of London still in her mind, and it slipped out. "'Elen 'Utchinson," she said, then sat stiff and miserable. She saw awareness come over his face, and twinkle for a moment in his eyes, and in the corner of his mouth, then vanish with his innate sense of courtesy. He didn't utter a word, but when they went into the trophy room for coffee, he sat next to her, to the pretended indignation of Ethel Mason, and watched admiringly by Neal, who, strangely, didn't think of basketball practice this evening.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Madrigal of Marital Felicity

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

Who could bear to lead an humbled life
Cursed by that veriest plague, a faultless wife? —Juvenal.

What heart so stout could abide a woman
Without one frailty to make her human,
Who never led through your major tenaces,
Scowled on your female friends as menaces,
Botched a checkbook or crimped a fender,
Chided you for a two-week bender,
Or mooched your half of the dressing closet—
Of every virtue a bright composite?
The doughtiest lad whose blood is reddest'll
Wilt if chained to a marble pedestal;
And, my sweet, you're no weak-kneed spirit
To brook perfection, or anything near it!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Ellen was almost tongue-tied.

"Darling, you're so silent," said Myra.

"The excitement went to my head," she replied. "If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go out in the air for a moment."

She rose and walked out of the drawing room onto the terrace, and took a deep breath of air. Why did this have to happen? No one had heard her but the major, but somehow she wished the whole room had heard her instead. He was quality, and he was English. If only—instead of this—she could have been a lady for him!

As she stood there, a voice came out of the darkness. "Don't be embarrassed, little Helen," said the major.

She turned around, and he came up to her. There was no amusement in his face, only concern for her. "I'm sorry," she said. "I did want you to think I was—something you know I'm not. To think me a lady." She was very close to tears.

"It's pretty old-fashioned to want to be a lady," he smiled. "I know a lot of ladies who aren't such noble people, and I know a lot of others all through London and England, and the world, with whom I'd rather spend my time. I don't blame you for doing the best you can, but don't pretend to be a lady, Helen. I think you're a real person. You're growing up now. Be yourself."

"Thanks," she said. But a tear welled down her cheek.

He took his handkerchief and wiped it away. "Sixteen!" he said. "Ever been kissed?"

She shook her head.

He put his hands on her shoulders, bent forward and kissed her softly on the lips. "Well, you can't say that any more," he said. "Now you'd better go back in or your boy friend will be jealous."

Ellen was even more giddy than before. This great man of the world, this hero, had given her her first kiss. "He's not my boy friend," she said. "He's just ——"

"Well, he's probably going to be," said the major, putting his handkerchief back in his pocket. "Now, Helen, do you feel better?" Suddenly he was laughing.

"Please don't call me Helen," she said. "My name is Ellen."

"You'll always be Helen Hutchinson to me," he teased as they walked back into the trophy room.

She was furious and pleased and bewildered all at once. When she got in the room she said she felt much better, but she noticed that Neal looked at her in a new way, as if she had suddenly turned into a *femme fatale* to him.

IV

CHRISTMAS wasn't the gala occasion Ellen had expected. Bombs falling on Pearl Harbor had changed that. In an hour, America became more electrified than by two years of watching the havoc of Europe.

The boys around Neal's age were, of course, all eager to go to war, discussing which branch of the service to join, waiting for that eighteenth birthday, with their parents in a panic. Suddenly every young man almost ready to enter college became, in the eyes of his doting mother, "just a child."

Mrs. van Vleet immediately installed the local chapter of the Red Cross in the closed wing of the Rookery. "Heaven blessed me with you, dear," she said to Ellen. "I'll need your strong young hands and clever mind to help me work out all my plans."

Ellen spent her seventeenth birthday in the ballroom at the Rookery. But it was not the gay party she had hoped for. Instead, she was checking out yarn to the women of Carrington, while the younger girls folded bandages and took courses in first aid.

To Mrs. van Vleet, it was heaven to have the old mansion so important again. She worked as hard as she knew how; her only weakness was a flutterbrained inability to delegate authority. Ellen had to untangle all the unfinished chores she left in her excitement, and get them straightened out and completed.



Beautiful MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT says:

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Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, one of America's great beauties, adores Pond's new "sheer-gauge" powder! "It gives my skin lovely color smoothness!" she says.

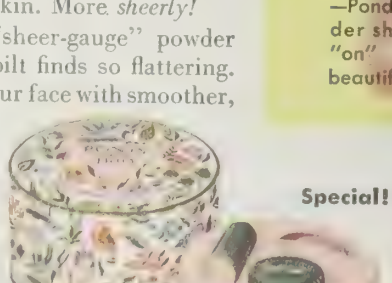
A new *suffusing* ingredient makes Pond's powder "sheer-gauge." It spreads the myriad particles of soft color more *evenly* over your skin. More *sheerly!*

Try this new "sheer-gauge" powder that Mrs. Vanderbilt finds so flattering. Watch it suffuse your face with smoother, clearer, more glamorous color! 6 luscious shades at beauty counters everywhere.



"Sheer-gauge" means smoother color for your face, too!

Two stockings—exactly the same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Now—Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so beautifully "sheer-gauge"!



POND'S Dreamflower Powder

—made "sheer-gauge" by *experts* in beauty

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A lovely big box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder, with *matching* Pond's "Lips" and Pond's "Cheeks." It's a $1 value for only 79¢ plus tax. Get your Pond's Make-up Trio *today*—this offer is limited!

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PHOENIX

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PHOENIX hosiery

FAMOUS HOSIERY AT ITS BEST!

Tea and chocolate and cookies were served the afternoon to the workers, and little little Ellen became the daughter of the use in the minds of the several hundred ople who came in and out of the Rookery. The war work had given her a standing d security in the community that she ver would have had, she realized, under her conditions, when she would have been he English child" staying with Mrs. van eet.

The night of her seventeenth birthday, len went to sleep with mixed feelings. nder her pillow was a long letter from Neal, w in the Air Corps; he was working day d night at a field near Miami, and hoped be assigned soon to the Southwest Pacific. sent her a pair of miniature silver wings d told her to wear them on her lapel and nk of him.

There was a brief note from Tony de lles, now also gone to work, in the decod- office of the State Department; he sent Seversky's Victory Through Air Power. *st like him*, she thought, but it said "Love m Tony" on the front page, and might ne in handy sometime to impress Neal.

Ellen looked forward to a dull winter in Rookery. It began to look a little like a son to her. Perhaps the war would go on ever, and she would be closed in there as a er-nursemaid to Mrs. van Vleet. Perhaps time she would grow to be like her, and youth would be spent with no chance to w the world.

All the young men were going off in differ- directions. Tony was doing everything his power to be transferred to London. wanted to work on decoding for the Free nch.

Neal came home for Ellen's graduation. was June and Aunt Myra let her have a ty. "After all, you're almost eighteen," said, "and you've worked very hard, dear."

All the girls wore their pastel graduation ns, and many of the boys were in uni- n. Neal's hair had grown from his boy-hood crew cut and was wavy and blond and his shoulders seemed inches wider in his uniform. He and Ellen danced together, and everyone admired them. Aunt Myra kept dabbing at her eyes sentimentally with a lace handkerchief.

Mr. Jennings, her lawyer, was by her side. "You've raised her to be a lady," he said. "What is she going to do when she has to go back and face life?"

"I don't know what I'll do," said Myra. "Don't you think I could adopt her?"

"And take her away from her mother, who has given her up this long? Never. You might even have a lawsuit on your hands. Besides, you can't keep her here always. She'll be wanting to have her own life, and perhaps marry."

"I hope so," said Aunt Myra, "and I wish it would be to Nealy-boy. If they married, she could stay on with me while the war lasted."

But Cynthia Creel had some ideas of her own. She thought she had never seen anyone look so simply divine as Neal in his uniform. So she treated Ellen as if she were Neal's dear relative, and flirted, apparently with her approval, over Ellen's head.

Ellen stood it as long as she could, and then spoke to him as they were doing a turn in a waltz. "Really, Neal, Cynthia seems to think you're her property. I hope I'm not interfering; after all, we're practically relatives, you know, you and I."

"We certainly aren't," said Neal. "I'll never think of you as a relative, Ellen!"

They danced a little closer, but this was far from Ellen's idea of the end of the conversation. Why wouldn't Neal propose, or ask her to be his girl, or make some promise for the future?

But he was not quite nineteen, and at the moment his main love was his P-38 and the possibility that any minute he was going to get into action.

"Let's go outside," said Ellen. She led him out onto the same terrace where she had stood with Major Clinton. She smiled a

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My "orphan" sheets to mate
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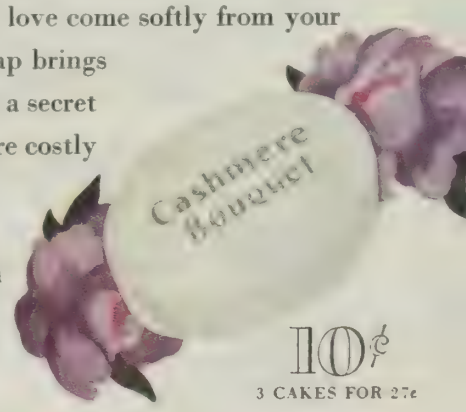
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You don't attach it—just set it on when wanted. Juices oranges, lemons in a jiffy and strains juice for you.

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Pull trigger and lift off motor-and-beaters for use right at the stove if desired.



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little as she thought of it: how naïve and childish she had been.

Neal put his hand lightly on her shoulder and looked down at her. "You certainly are pretty tonight, Ellen. I suppose one of these days I'll fly back and find you've gone."

"What do you mean?" asked Ellen.

"Well, I suppose you'll be going home to your own family, and your own home."

"Oh!" said Ellen. "Yes—yes, of course. I'll be eighteen pretty soon."

"I'll come find you, wherever you are."

Here it comes, thought Ellen. She put her hand against the warm stone of the balustrade, and looked out over the darkened Sound. *One word*, she thought, *and this world will be mine. One word.* Then the terrace door burst open and Cynthia came gushing out, with layers of pink tulle floating about her. "There you are, Neal," she said. "This is my dance, or did you forget?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Neal, looking down at Ellen.

But the spell was broken, and they all went inside. Tony de Celles stepped on her feet during the whole endless dance, and Aunt Myra monopolized her with affection afterward.

"Darling, Mr. Jennings thinks you should do something about preparing yourself, in case—well, in case the war should go on, and you go home. The minute it's all over, I'm going to beg you to come back and visit me, but we know you must be longing for your home."

Ellen took her hand firmly. "It's been the only thought which has kept me from being completely happy," she said. "I think I should take a secretarial course."

So, in the morning, Ellen enrolled in the Carrington secretarial school. It gave her an excuse to unload the morning Red Cross shift on Cynthia. A leisurely three hours a day would take her at least a year to get through, but no one could say she wasn't working at it. The afternoons she devoted to the Red Cross, and studied and read novels in the evenings. There were occasional parties, but mostly dull, with younger boys or strange young men in uniform, relatives, friends and friends' friends. No one, Ellen thought, who was worth interfering with her routine. No one worth Neal and what he stood for.

They had new neighbors and the wife was much interested in them. In a few days she reported, "They seem a devoted couple. He kisses her every time he goes out, and even waves kisses to her from the sidewalk. Why don't you do that?"

"Good heavens!" replied the husband. "I don't even know her yet!"

THE morning of her eighteenth birthday, she awoke with a grouch, went off to her shorthand classes, then back to the Red Cross, and thought for a while that the day had been forgotten. But she dressed for dinner just the same, and walked into the drawing room to find Ethel Mason, Mr. Jennings, Georgiana, Tony and a man whose back was turned. He wheeled around and she saw it was Major Clinton.

"Well!" she cried. "What is this!"

"Surprise, dear!" said Aunt Myra.

Ellen walked about, giving each one a kiss, and, as she reached her face upward, John Clinton murmured, before kissing her cheek, "History repeats itself!"

"You leave my favorite boy alone, you vamp!" said Ethel, laughing. "I remember how you snatched him away on your sixteenth birthday."

Aunt Myra seated him next to her again. "We miss dear Neal," said Myra. "He tried to get leave, but couldn't, and of course you can't send greeting wires these days."

Ellen puffed out the candles, cut the cake, and wondered whether or not the major would kiss her again.

"How does it happen you're here?" she asked.

"Haven't you heard about me?" he answered. "Demoted with my promotion. First they made me a colonel. Then they practically grounded me. An old man for combat flying, so I've been hopping back and forth on purchasing-commission stuff. Wondered when our paths would meet, but didn't expect an anniversary." Ellen looke down at this. "What are your plans?"

"I took your advice," she said. "I'm goin to secretarial school in the mornings. C course, I'm terribly busy with the Red Cros I'll be ready to get back home in a year."

"Taking your time," he said. "I told yo that Red Cross stuff was for old ladies." H turned to talk to Ethel Mason.

During an interminable demitasse Elle wondered how women got men out ont terraces in life as they do in books. Sh hadn't very good luck at it. *Most me must be allergic to terraces*, she thought; *the never seem to think of it themselves.* But, course, last time, Major Clinton had fe embarrassed at what he had discovere about her. He had meant the whole thin including the kiss, as a sort of apology. No there was nothing to apologize for.

"How about a stroll on the terrace?" h said.

She looked up; this must be her imagina tion playing tricks. "I beg your pardon!

HE took her by the hand and led her ou side. It was a little chill, but he put his ar through hers and walked, she thought, rath fast.

"I met your mother in London," he sai "and she's well and fine."

Ellen pulled her arm away from his, ar stood a moment, astonished. "You *what*

"I was interested," he said, "so I went Ronald Cadwallader, an old friend, ar asked for her. It was easy. I just droppe in the office one evening late while she w working and we had a little talk."

Ellen faced hin furious. "Why, yo sneak — you dirt sneak! Who asked yo to look into my bus ness? How dare you! In her rage, sh clenched her fists.

He took hold both her wrists, an stepped close, his ey peering into hers.

"You little hyp crite!" he said. "Quee ing it here. You should have stayed a waited on your mother. She hasn't miss one night scrubbing, even during the wor of the blitz. On her knees every night. A working later with the fire brigade. Do y know she's had a citation for saving five pe ple from burning wreckage? Do you kno she comes home, dead tired in the mornin sometimes walking across blacked-out Lo don, and cooks her own food, if there's ga I brought her a little canned-heat set to co on. No one had thought of that. I took h to a pub, and she talked so proudly of y that I wanted to bash your vain little he in. That's why I came here tonight. wanted to look over your progress and a speed you on your way home."

"Well, you have!" Ellen said. "Now w don't you go in and tell on me?"

"You've got a lot to learn," said Clinto "and I hope you learn it the hard way!"

She fled from the terrace. Agitated, s hurried back into the trophy room. Her fa was pale.

"Darling, what's the matter?" cried Myr

Colonel Clinton followed right after h "You'll have to forgive her," he said, "but met her mother in London."

Ellen threw her head back, and her ey were like those of a frightened horse.

"She's a little upset," he said, "becau I've been telling her the facts of life. seems she's too much sheltered here. H mother's been in grave danger, and done remarkable job. I imagine it's a shock."

"Oh, you poor child!" said Myra. "De we understand! You look so pale!"

"Give her a brandy," said the colon "She's going back to England sooner th she thought. She's a big girl now."

V

IT was a raw English spring when the co voy steamed slowly up the Mersey to Liv pool's shattered docks. As her ship was ma

(Continued on Page 92)

"It's a Gift!

a great idea for the holidays



For very personal presents, the kind that says your heart's really in the giv
my mom makes these Karo goodies. 'N then she wraps 'em up with holi
papers and ribbon. You will make anybody happy with a gift like this—ev
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self; something money can't buy.

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FRUIT MERINGUE COOKIES

2 egg whites
⅔ cup Karo
⅓ cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon vanilla
½ cup raisins
½ cup chopped maraschino cherries, well drained
½ cup chopped nut meats
2 cups ready-to-eat cereal flakes (wheat, rice or corn)

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add Karo (Red or Blue Label) 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together flour, salt and cinnamon. Fold into beaten egg whites, then fold in vanilla, fruit, nut meats, and cereal. Drop from a tablespoon onto a greased baking sheet, and bake in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees F.) 25-30 minutes. Makes 40-50 small cookies.



GLAZE FOR FRUIT CAKE

Heat ⅔ cup Karo to boiling point and brush or spread immediately on a baked fruit cake. To vary the glaze, add 2 tablespoons brandy or orange juice to ½ cup Karo; heat to boiling, and continue cooking slowly for 2 to 3 minutes. We suggest Blue Label Karo for dark and Red Label Karo for light fruit cake. Will glaze one large cake or 15 to 18 small cakes.

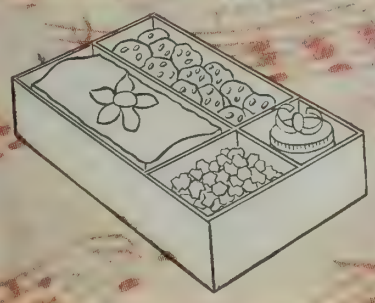
DECORATION FOR FRUIT CAKE: Cut candied or maraschino cherries in half. Slice citron very thin, and cut into strips. Before glaze cools and becomes firm, arrange almonds as petals on cake, and place a half cherry in center..Use citron to make stems and leaves.



NUT AND CEREAL BITS

1 cup Karo
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup chopped nuts
¾ cup puffed ready-to-eat cereal (wheat or rice)

Combine Karo (Blue or Red Label), water, and salt in a saucepan, bring to boiling, and cook over moderately low heat until syrup forms a soft ball when a small amount is dropped into cold water (230° F.). Add butter, and continue cooking until a very hard brittle ball is formed when a small amount is dropped into cold water (285° F.). Stir frequently. Add vanilla, nuts, and cereal. Spread thinly as possible onto a well greased baking sheet. Break into pieces when cool. Makes about 1 pound brittle.



Here's a nice way to gift-package the four Karo goodies. Then wrap in holiday paper and tie with a bright ribbon.

Paper by Norcross



AMBER MARMALADE

Peel 1 large orange, 1 large lemon, 1 large grapefruit. Slice peel paper thin. Cut pulp in small pieces. Measure pulp and peel separately. Measure twice as much water as total; add to peel only. Cook uncovered, 15 minutes. Drain. Add same amount of water; cook 20 minutes; add pulp, cook 10 minutes more. Continue as follows: Combine in deep, broad pan: 3c. cooked mixture, 1c. Red Label Karo, 2c. sugar. Cook rapidly, stir often until mixture "sheets" (when small amount is poured from spoon, two drops will come together and break from side); cook 2 minutes more. Stir, pour into hot, sterilized glasses, seal with paraffin. Cook rest of fruit same way. Makes ten 6-oz. glasses.



Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh.

Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.



MOST FASCINATING AND INTRIGUING...TUNE IN "DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY," WED. NIGHTS, 10 E.T., AMERICAN (BLUE) NETWORK

(Continued from Page 90)

fast to the makeshift landing stage, Ellen had to wrap the collar of her mink coat high about her ears. She also had a woolen scarf wrapped over her head, and little pony boots lined with fleece. The farewell present of the mink coat had brought a deluge of real tears to both her and Aunt Myra: Myra heartbroken that her darling must leave her, Ellen deeply touched, crying partly with rage that she had to go away from the world she loved to go back to the ugliness of a sordid childhood, made harsher by the misery of war.

Waiting impatiently on the cold deck, Ellen clenched her fists and hoped desperately again that her mother's flat had been blown into infinity. She knew that her mother was safe; she had received a cable from her shortly before leaving. But the flat—that could well have been blitzed while ma was scrubbing away at the Cadwallader offices. And as for poor old Mrs. Floyd, the lodger, Ellen knew there wasn't much to lose if she had been peacefully asleep when and if the blitz had erased the flat on Little Bing Street.

Her deepest rage concentrated on Col. John Clinton, wishing him bad cess wherever he was. He had certainly speeded her homeward. Before he left America, he drew up a full course of secretarial studies for her to complete in six months. He convinced Mrs. van Vleet that it was her duty as a guardian to send the child home with a solid basis for earning her own living. Clinton even hurried her passage at the last minute, on a ten-thousand-ton freighter in a cargo convoy.

Ellen had written desperately to Neal. He must come home before she left; she missed him dreadfully. But he was shipped off to somewhere, perhaps Iceland or North Africa, where mail was very slow, and Ellen went away without having heard from him for two months.

Never be boastful: someone may come along who knew you as a child. —CHINESE PROVERB.

"Nealy will be sure to see you in London one fine day," said Aunt Myra hopefully. "And, darling, when this dreadful thing is over, promise you'll come back and visit me! We'll have a real victory celebration, all in your honor."

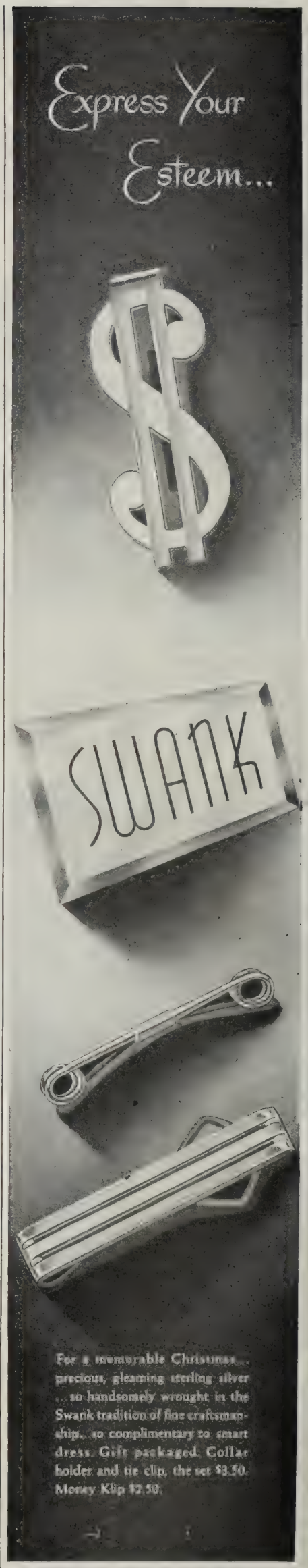
Heartened by such dreams, and a trunk and hand luggage full of the best clothes that New York could provide, Ellen faced her journey more hopefully. But she was horrified by the destruction of Liverpool, a pitted, pock-marked city, torn by war, its naked ruins melted during the winters; but, like denizens of an anthill which has been stepped on by the heel of a giant, its inhabitants rushed about with incredible activity.

She went quickly through the customs, where a tired but polite official laughed to find she had an orange or a lemon in every pocket, and shortly before noon she found herself in a day coach bound for London. There were no reserved seats, no food.

As the train creaked through the shattered streets, Ellen thought with agony that no one would meet her; no one even knew she was coming. Her mother, of course, expected her, but was not certain of her arrival; at the rate the train was going, it would probably take five hours to get to London—ma might even be at work.

She had put off thinking of home and what her next move must be, but now she knew she must act, and act fast, or she'd find herself lost in a line of uniformed women, going through the Spartan rigors of training, shoved back into something worse than life as a civilian. At least she had the advantage of a wonderful wardrobe and a solid training, her executive work with the Red Cross, and a patrician background—for the past few years.

If she could only get out of compulsory service somehow, she might get a good position, find a decent flat, get ma away from her charwoman's work, and make a better





Buy Victory Bonds . . . and Keep Them

Our Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda. You can use it with full confidence in its purity and efficacy in the treatment of any condition for which that essential remedy has been prescribed; for hyperacid types of indigestion, to ease the pain of minor scalds and burns, or as a cleansing gargle.



★ ★ ★

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA



OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA



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Here's another use for good old Baking Soda. It's an excellent tooth cleanser. Use it regularly and notice how soon it helps to brighten your teeth to their natural color, how delightful its after-taste. It's economical, too. For convenience, keep an extra package of our Baking Soda in the medicine cabinet.



CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., 10 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK 5, N.Y.

life for them both. Something seemed to linger in the back of her mind, flashing her a warning. It was the thought of John Clinton. He probably had destined her already for a job in the Wafs or Wrens. Well, she'd just have to outsmart him, somehow.

The train pulled into Euston Station at four-thirty. Ellen arranged for her trunk and large handbag to be sent to Little Bing Street in Whitechapel; she was embarrassed to give the address, but the man paid no attention. There were no lights yet in the station, and it seemed strangely dark until Ellen looked up and saw that instead of the glass roof there was a low ceiling of white canvas through whose gaps she noted torn girders and shattered framework up above.

Struggling with her overnight bag, hatbox, purse and a small suitcase, she managed to hail a taxi. A sailor with a young girl and a baby crawled in with her. The usual bundle of diapers, milk bottles, tinned milk and odds and ends of infant clothes and assorted luggage was with them.

"Sorry, miss," said the taxi driver. "Yer'll 'ave to 'old this on yer lap, but it's light."

So Ellen caught her first glimpse of London over a pile of soiled laundry. She felt the taxi skirt bumps over filled-in bomb craters one moment, then pass several blocks which seemed almost undamaged.

Trafalgar Square, mostly unharmed, then, far away in the distance, St. Paul's, standing strangely off by itself against the rosy sky. Ludgate Hill in ruins, the old City of London ashes and rubble traps. As they approached Whitechapel she strained forward, excited, sickened. The rows of cheap tenements she remembered were flattened, pulverized. Her heart beat. Perhaps she should have gone to Cadwallader's office instead.

A nation's morals are like its teeth: the worse they are decayed, the more it hurts to touch them. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Doing things by halves is worthless, because it may be the other half that counts.

It began to grow dark. Finally the driver rounded a corner and pulled his wheezing vehicle to a stop. "'Ere yer are, miss."

Ellen, as she paid the driver her share and got her luggage adjusted, looked upward. There it was, No. 23 Little Bing Street, right next to a wide acre of brick, where surrounding houses had stood. Her mother's home had escaped by a miracle. Some front windows were shattered and had been boarded over. One crack was stuffed with newspaper. It was shabbier, dirtier than before. There was no light burning in the front hallway as she shoved the creaking door open.

She groped her way up into the darkness, found the familiar door and knocked. There was no answer, but the door opened when she turned the knob. She found the light switch. The same old lamp with its familiar shade lit the room with a yellow glow.

The reality of the room was more sickening than she had imagined it. It was twice as small as she remembered. The lumpy sofa was there, with its drab green covering, four years older and dirtier. The mirror, designed as panel for the let-down bed, was crisscrossed with cracks from bomb shocks. On a hook above it hung a woolen wrapper, greasy and pulled out at the armpits. It took Ellen a moment to recognize it as the handsome pale blue garment she had sent her mother two years ago. Now it was gray.

The two rocking chairs, the teakwood table from India, the upholstered leather chair which had been pa's, with a spring poking desolately from one arm and horsehair oozing out of every seam, the carpet—all were the same, only they had aged.

Then Ellen saw a note under the lamp, and noticed beside it a milk bottle, filled with primroses:

Helen, darling, in case you come, wellcom home, I been waiting for you all day. I am of

(Continued on Page 95)

Give your face and neck this *COMPLETE* 'BEAUTY-LIFT'

Treatment takes only 8 minutes



Famous *Homogenized* Facial Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Fresher, Smoother—With Each Application

After the ravages of summer sun and wind—your skin deserves *special* attention. And you'll be delighted to learn that now, in the privacy of your own home, you can give your face and neck a remarkable 'beauty-lift' which works *wonders* for skin that appears dry, coarse-textured, tired and faded.

All you need for this treatment is this *one* de luxe cream—Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream! It's famous for its *super-lubricating* qualities. It's one of the most beautifying creams in cosmetic history.

Directions So Easy! Results So Divine!

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck always using upward, outward strokes. (Follow arrows in diagram.) Leave on for about 8 minutes. Or overnight if you prefer.

Notice how Hopper's leaves your skin feeling so *satin-smooth.* Notice how your skin appears firmer, so *delicately textured* with almost a *baby-freshness.*

The reason a Hopper's Facial is so ACTIVE and lubricates the skin so EXPERTLY is because it's *homogenized!* Use nightly to help maintain exquisitely lovely *natural* skin beauty thruout the years. Hopper's Facial Cream is also an unsurpassed powder base for dry, contrary skin. Be sure to buy *your* jar today. Any cosmetic counter.



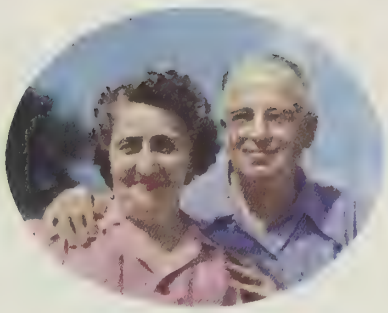
For Enlarged Pore Openings and To Help Loosen Blackheads

You'll find HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK very effective for this purpose. It's also marvelous to help clear away faded dried-up 'TOP-SKIN' cells.

Edna Wallace

HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

Important: For free advice on care of your skin—write Beauty Consultant, Room 2214 c/o Affiliated Products, Inc., 22 East 40th St., New York 17, N. Y.



Through 16 years of refrigeration . . .

"Perfect Service--never any trouble!"

Some G-E Refrigerators have served so long that even the owners have forgotten exactly *how* long! This unsolicited letter from Mr. George Bauer, of Pattenburg, New Jersey, is typical of many others:

"My wife and I . . . have a G-E Refrigerator, 2 Door, which has given us perfect service . . . never any trouble whatsoever . . .

". . . but we don't agree on the length of time. She claims 20 years. I claim 19 years. Would ask you to kindly advise who is correct?"

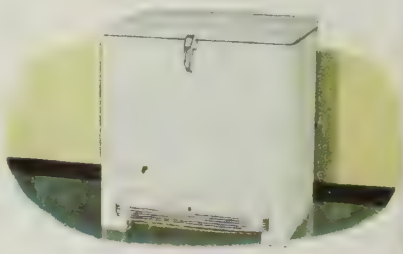


The Bauers' 1929 G-E Refrigerator. Even in 1929 –because a refrigerator must be on the job *consistently*, instead of once or twice each day or week — General Electric had the unique "sealed-in-steel" refrigerating unit. It's *permanently* sealed in a bath of oil within an airtight, welded case.



Your *postwar* G-E Refrigerator will be far lovelier—and packed with features undreamed-o in 1929. But, *most* important, it will be built around the hermetically sealed G-E Unit—f years of trouble-free *service!* The model above, in a G-E All-Electric Kitchen, is only one *many* new models.

For better postwar living—this G-E Home Freezer, to keep delicacies summer-fresh all year 'round! Because it holds so *much* food, dependability counts for even *more* than in a refrigerator. That's why G-E Home Freezers, too, are built around the famous sealed-in-steel Refrigerating Unit!



"Sealed-in-steel" year after year!

To answer Mr. and Mrs. Bauer's question, their G-E Refrigerator is actually 16 years old. But it will probably last a lot longer.

For even in 1929, when this refrigerator was bought, G.E. had already pioneered a unique invention—the G-E "sealed-in-steel" refrigerator mechanism.

This was the world's first attention-free refrigerating unit. It was *permanently* sealed in an airtight case, operating in a perpetually dust-free bath of oil.

The "heart" of your refrigerator

This radical new principle in the Bauers' 1929 G-E is the heart of *every* G-E Refrigerator. It is the reason why *more than a million G-E Refrigerators* in service *for more than ten years* are faithfully serving today!

Remember this when you buy your *new* refrigerator. G.E.'s coming models will be finer than ever, packed with conveniences. But, most important, they will be built around the "sealed-in-steel" unit—*today's* unit, now far more compact, far more efficient, and, of course, concealed under the cabinet.

Remember this—for a refrigerator's *first* job is *to preserve food efficiently*. Day after day after day. Year after year after year. It's one of the very few machines that must serve you continuously. The G-E Refrigerator is built to do just that. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GE Refrigerators

A MILLION IN SERVICE TEN YEARS OR LONGE

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Par" afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E. W. T., CBS. "The G-E All-Gi tra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monde Friday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS. **Keep on Buying and Holding W**

(Continued from Page 93)

to work and then to the Fire brigade. If alls well I will be home about midnight. There's food in the kitchen and tea in the cannester. Your loveing ma.

Suddenly from the other room a weak voice called out, "'Azel, 'Azel, is that you?"

Ellen recognized the voice of the boarder, Mrs. Floyd, only it sounded much weaker and older. She opened the door and saw the woman lying on a disordered bed, an electric-light bulb hung from a gas jet over her head. She was thin, and looked like a corpse. She rolled her head toward Ellen.

"'Azel, 'and me the pot," she said.

Ellen reached into the cabinet by the bed and got the chamber out as the old lady struggled up. She didn't seem to know the difference between Ellen and her mother.

Afterward, Ellen helped her back into bed and then she closed the door and came back into the living room. She still wore her mink coat, and white suède gloves were still on her hands. She sat down in the rocking chair and burst into tears.

Time passed with infinite slowness. Once she looked at her watch; it was half past ten. She had been here less than six hours, yet it seemed a whole night. She lay down on the sofa and tried to sleep, but it was too short for her now and lumpier than ever. The old woman called for water and Ellen got up and gave it to her.

The silence was nerve-racking—no sirens, no explosions, no excitement in the lonely darkness. Perhaps if she took a bath—after that she might sleep. But there was no hot water and the flaked tin tub was grimy. She thought, *I'll take a sponge bath,* and she set some water to heat on the electric plate. There was no gas to heat the rusty stove.

The water warmed slowly, then the current failed and the lights went out. Ellen lit a candle stub and was searching for the canned-heat set of which Clinton had spoken, when the lights came on again. She blew out the candle and found the outfit just as the lights went out a second time. She lit the canned heat and the candle and moved the kettle. Sometime it might boil. *Oh,* she thought, *this is awful. Will mother never come?* It was only eleven-thirty.

Ellen opened the wardrobe door and saw that her mother had pushed her own clothes to one side of the rack, leaving three wooden hangers for her daughter's use. The girl hung up her mink coat, then took from her suitcase a tweed suit and two silk dresses, and another light wool dress, and hung them up with the woolen suit she had been wearing. She put on a warm bathrobe trimmed with satin, and fur slippers, then stacked her new shoes and sheer hose on the bureau. What would she do when the rest of her baggage came?

She riffled the tissues of her hatbox and looked at the delicate hats that Aunt Myra had bought her, saying, "You must always be gay, dear Ellen. I remember what you told me when the war began, and you, too, must keep up our custom of dressing for dinner. I shall do the same."

Ellen laughed bitterly. That was funny indeed. To think she'd been in England barely twelve hours and was too deeply unhappy, too sick at heart for food.

Suddenly the door burst open and a stout figure hurled itself across the room. "'Elen, darling," she cried, "you're 'ere at lahst." She held out her arms and Ellen put her arm about her.

"Oh, ma," she said, "I've been waiting here so long!"

The older woman staggered back and looked at her with awe-struck incredulity. "Tell me it's you," she cried. "I never would 'ave believed ——"

"Ma," said Ellen, embarrassed, "you look—simply . . . fine," she finished lamely.

On ma's head was a dun-colored helmet, from which wisps of gray hair stood out at the sides. She wore her best dress with the Nottingham-lace collar, a scarf which Ellen had sent her and the thick woolen overcoat of Mrs. van Vleet's first Christmas generosity, now torn at one shoulder, stained, and lumpy where the padding had shifted. Ma was further adorned by a Florentine silver chain, a necklace of round red beads and a brass identity tag attached to a velvet ribbon.

"Ow, now, you ain't my child. Yer all chynged. 'Oo'd 'a' thort ——"

"No, no, ma, I'm real and—home."

"Even yer tork's all diff'runt," wailed her mother. "Gawd 'elp us, I've lost me bybee." She began to sniffle.

"For heaven's sake," said Ellen, "don't make a scene like this, mother. Pull yourself together. There's a lot to be done."

Mrs. Hutchinson turned to the table, where Ellen's bath water now was boiling. "'Ow thortful," she said. "A spot of tea for yer old ma. 'Ave yer 'ad supper already, or were yer waitin' fer me? I gotcher a Swiss roll from the bakery with real jam. Lahst one there was. Mr. Buxton saved it up fer me fer yer 'ome-comin', bless 'im. Dearie, 'ow smart yer look. I can 'ardly take me eyes off yer."

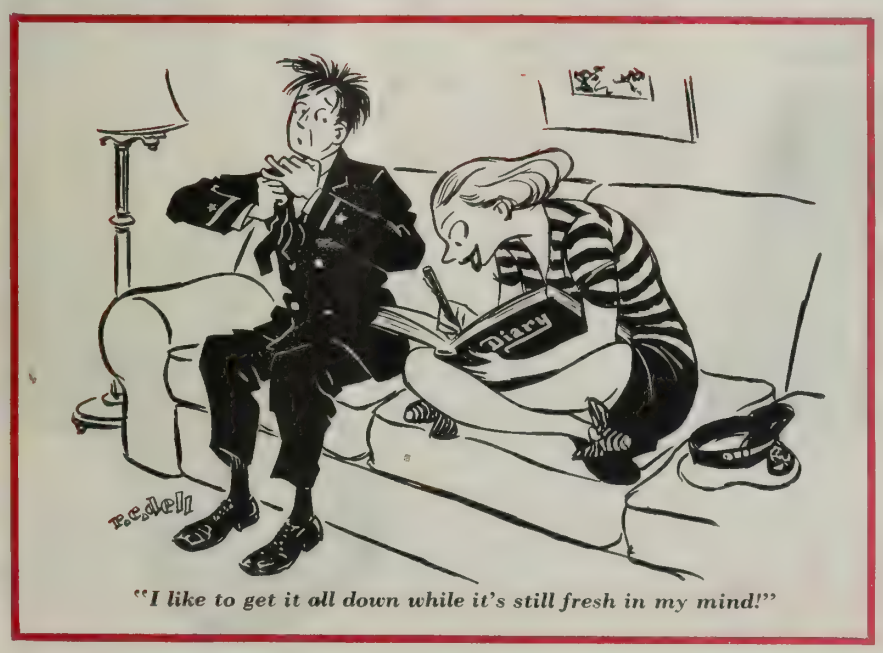
She bustled around the kitchen. Ellen joined her in search for the tea. No sponge bath for her tonight.

Ma held out a platter of cold veal loaf she had taken from the cupboard. "Not 'alf bad," she said, putting it on the table. "'Appen yer ain't had supper, or were yer waitin' fer me? Don't always get meat like this, but I tyke care of me own!"—she winked roguishly and took two thick plates from the cupboard.

Ellen brewed the tea and tried to swallow the lump of misery rising in her throat.

"And 'ow about that fine gentleman, Colonel Clinton?" asked ma, as she wolfed down the meat. "Always comin' 'ere and leavin' me some trinket. 'As 'is heyes on our 'Elen, a little bird tells me. Yer must 'ave led a 'igh life there. 'E's comin' by in the mornin', 'opes of yer bein' in. Wouldn't be

(Continued on Page 97)



"I like to get it all down while it's still fresh in my mind!"



Notice how the lady shudders!
She's just learned that Sewer Germs breed in her sink drain...
Two inches from where she washes silver, dishes, food!



Now—notice how the lady smiles!
She's just learned DRĀNO boils out Sewer Germs—makes her sink safe, sanitary.



Why don't *you* use Drāno to boil out Sewer Germs that breed in every drain? (Survey by Molnar Laboratories, N. Y. C.) And Drāno opens clogged drains. Use Drāno regularly—keep your drains free-running, free of Sewer Germs. Drāno makes septic tanks work better—cuts down odor.

Never over 25¢

Drāno
OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS
CLEARS OUT SEWER GERMS



Trade-mark registered U.S. Patent Office by The Drackett Co.

Make a party out of plain foods? SURE!

Having fish, eggs, hamburger?
Give 'em class — give 'em looks — give 'em flavor.
It's easy, whenever your grocer has Del Monte Brand Peas!

Surprise the family! Dress up thrifty main courses!

Fish, eggs, cheese, utility meats—all your standbys look and taste twice their price, served with Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas.

Next time you have the chance, open a can—see why! Del Monte eliminates all over-size, starchy peas—all the immature ones, too—then selects the best of the rest—blends them together for finer flavor.

So, if it's kippered fish you want to glorify, put Del Monte Peas to work in

FISH SUPPER, DUCHESSE

2 lbs. kippered cod or finnan haddie
½ cup hot water
4 med. size potatoes
1 tsp. salt
2 tbsps. butter
1 cup rich milk
1 egg, beaten
1 No. 2 can Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas

Choose a 2-lb. center cut of kippered cod or finnan haddie. Rinse fish lightly in cold water, dry, remove skin of cod. Place fish on buttered oven platter, dot with butter, add ½ cup hot water. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 25 min. or until fish is nicely done but not brown. Meanwhile, boil potatoes until done, drain and mash well. Add salt, butter, milk, and beaten egg. Whip until fluffy. Drain liquid from baked fish, then with fork or pastry bag arrange potatoes as shown. Brush potatoes with melted butter if desired. Slip platter under broiler flame. Broil until potatoes and fish are lightly browned. Heat Del Monte Brand Peas, drain. Caution: Heat these peas gently. Low fire—no stirring! Never cook them—Del Monte does that just right to keep their fine garden goodness. Overcooking destroys Del Monte's special natural flavor and texture. Arrange peas on platter, season to taste. Serves 4 to 5. Also illustrated: Peas with creamed eggs (above), with meat loaf (below).

Remember! Del Monte puts

flavor first

- ✓ In Growing
- ✓ In Picking
- ✓ In Packing
- ✓ In Testing

OPEN A CAN
SEE AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE YOURSELF



Del Monte Early Garden PEAS

(Continued from Page 95)

surprised if 'e didn't 'ave a naice job
ly fer yer!"
When's he coming?" asked Ellen, jump-
up, cup in hand.
My, but ye're elegant!" said the old
nan. "I'm still feastin' me heyes. Ye're
' to get those 'an'some white fur slippers
y, though, in this old flat. But 'ere now,
me the troof; are yer 'appy to be 'ome?"
here was a tender, almost wistful note
ier rough voice, as she looked at this
ant little stranger who seemed to be so
ote from her, yet was her own flesh and
d. *Pore kid, she's 'ad it soft,* ma thought,
must be 'ard for 'er. For her too. It
ldn't be easy, and she wished she'd
ped at the pub for a little drink of gin
even a pint of bitters. But that would
er do; henceforth she'd have to live up to
fine young lady, perhaps even be a tee-
ler—anyway, just at first. She sighed
vily and said in a tone of false brightness:
'Ow do yer like me 'elmet? Ain't many
raids now, but I wear it outa 'abit. After
pin' at the fire
ade, that's only
t and reggiler, but
fer two ticks on
iet night like this.
ngs is diffrunt
. We 'ave jerry on
'op, but 'e kept
ppin' two er three
's ago."
Mother, do stop
tering," cried El-
exasperated.
hen is he com-
"
Ow, it's like that!
l, dearie, yer'll
ter wyte. 'E
't be 'ere till ten
ck termorrer."
Well, *I* won't be
," said Ellen.
Why not? Yer've
ter thank 'im
'said Mrs. Hutch-
n.
I have to attend
me very impor-
business first,"
Ellen. "You can
Colonel Clinton
be home in the
noon."
rs. Hutchinson
d hardly believe
eyes, next morn-
when Ellen was
sed and ready to
e. She was wear-
a soft tweed suit
Angora sweater,
carried a black lizard-skin bag and um-
a in a sheath of lizard, with slender
ps to match. A little felt hat with a
nutive brim was set on her smooth
d hair, worn with an air Mrs. Hutchin-
had never seen on anyone. Her mink
was tossed carelessly over the whole
g like a cape.
Lawks!" ma said. "Yer ain't my flesh
blood. I wish yer pa could see you!"
began to cry.
Mother!" said Ellen. "Stop the water-
s. My trunk and other clothes may
e. Here are the stubs. And give this to
man." She handed her a ten-shilling
and rushed out the door.
What!" said Mrs. Hutchinson. "You
n you got *more* clothes!"
it Ellen was running down the stairs.
was taking no chances of meeting John
on until she had taken a few steps for
lf.

VI

as not quite nine when Ellen reached
ffices of Cadwallader, Cadwallader and
, on Howard Street, near the Strand.
ld man she remembered from childhood
polishing the brass doorplates. He held
loor open for her and tipped his cap.
e waiting room resembled a library in
d-fashioned London house, as Ellen had
n it the few times she had come to the office, literally clinging to her mother's skirts.

Now as she entered, a switchboard operator, a woman of about forty-five, stood by a closet door, taking off her hat and coat. "Good morning, ma'am," she said. "It's rather early."

"Yes," said Ellen. "But I'm anxious to see Mr. Ronald Cadwallader." As she spoke, she peeled off one of the immaculate chamois gloves, and this gesture overwhelmed the woman.

"To tell you the truth, he's already in," she sighed. "Work piles up so these days, the poor old gentleman is really exhausted. His grandson, you know—Dunkirk. It's been very difficult. And his son somewhere in Africa. Things have changed. But you wouldn't know, miss; I think you're an American. Am I right?"

Ellen smiled. "Reared in America."

"I'll get you right in, Miss—Miss ——"

"Hutchinson," said Ellen. "Tell him it's Miss Ellen Blount Hutchinson."

There was no expression save that of a subservient smile as the woman went in to Mr. Cadwallader's office. *That middle name ought to do it,* thought Ellen.

The telephone operator had indiscreetly left the door open, for a volley of excited words flowed out to the anteroom.

"Where is that letter?" asked a loud and querulous voice. "Does it take a half hour to find a single piece of correspondence? Miss Eames, Miss Grant, you've been here long enough —— What? Who? Tell her to wait. Where is that letter from Cairo—Major David Griswold, that's the name. It came in last week, and you must find it . . . *at once!*"

The woman came back. "I'm sorry, miss, you'll have to wait. Things are so muddled."

Ellen walked calmly through the door. She passed through an anteroom full of correspondence files, with stacks of paper loaded on top of them; two harassed-looking middle-aged women were opening and slamming them. One, in a fit of abstraction was busily searching in *M* for "Major."

"Look," said Ellen, "I heard him say it came in last week. Did you look up Griswold or Cairo? Maybe someone made a mistake and filed it under 'David.'"

The elder of the ladies tried the *D* file. "No," she whispered, "not there."

"I know," whispered Ellen. "Look up 'Egypt.'"

Miss Eames fumbled in the *E*'s and uttered a triumphant, "Glory be. Thank you, miss, very much."

"I'll take it in," said Ellen, lifting it from the old woman's surprised grasp. She walked into the great office of Mr. Cadwallader. The old gentleman looked transparent and very tired, as he stooped over his desk.

This will have to be a whirlwind, thought Ellen, *but I've got this far all right.* Without waiting to introduce herself, she swept up to Mr. Cadwallader and put the letter in his hand. "Here's your letter," she smiled. "Forgive me for helping to find it, but, really, you do need order."

"Thank you. That's splendid!" he cried. "I knew it was there and ——" He checked

(Continued on Page 99)

Prayer

BY JEHANNE DE MARE

Let me return again when life is sped,
Return with gentle hands and happy eyes
Cleansed of the secret yearnings, and the cries
Of anguished bitterness. Cleansed of the red
Authority of blood, the flame that fed
A thousand dreams, a thousand futile minutes
Peopled with pain, mute as the crippled linnet's
Song is dumb after the careless lead.
Let me return and greet you with wise words;
Let me be strong and bright and sure and proud,
Let me find gifts to make you cry aloud
As I have wept because of singing birds.
Let me return as I would wish to be,
Pure as the waters in a secret sea.

Dreamy Bran Muffins fine as cake



Sugarless Muffins

NABISCO BRAN DATE MUFFINS

1 cup Nabisco 100% Bran	1 cup sifted all-purpose flour	¾ tsp. salt
1 cup milk	¼ tsp. baking soda	¼ cup shortening
1 egg	2 tsps. baking powder	½ cup chopped dates
¼ cup dark corn syrup		6 dates, halved

Combine bran and milk; let stand 5 minutes. Beat egg; add with corn syrup to bran mixture. Sift dry ingredients; add to bran mixture. Melt shortening, quickly stir in. Add chopped dates. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Place half date on each muffin. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°F., 30 minutes. Makes 12 rich, luscious muffins, *fine-textured as cake*—because they're made with Nabisco 100% Bran, the *finer-milled bran* that makes better-baking better-tasting! (Gives you food-bulk, too, to help relieve constipation caused by insufficient bulk in your diet.)

a dish that's a joy to eat



Cereals

NABISCO BRAN BANANA SPLIT

Look! A delicious fall breakfast dish, full of real food value. For Nabisco 100% Bran contains important iron, phosphorus, Vitamin B_1. Serve with fruit—or plain—with sugar and top milk. Most important, Nabisco 100% Bran is an *easy, palatable* way to help relieve constipation due to lack of bulk. *Finer-milled,* it's mild and gentle in action. Try it! Nabisco 100% Bran is always of superior quality because Nabisco uses only the best bran, produced in its own flour mills.

Eat Nabisco 100% Bran regularly. See your physician if your condition isn't helped soon.

Grand for both because it's finer-milled

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

NABISCO

How MEAT helps restore our convalescent fighters



Meat
3 times a day—
Week's assortment: fresh pork, beef, lamb, ham, bacon, liver, frankfurters and cold cuts.

Meat for a Man for a Week

Who deserves more of everything than the convalescent fighter—whether he serves in the air, on the ground or on the high seas?

Here is a typical week's supply of meat as served to patients at the AAF San Antonio Convalescent Hospital—one of 12 such hospitals maintained in the United States by the Army Air Forces. Our sick and wounded in all branches of the service are being helped back to health with "high protein" diets.

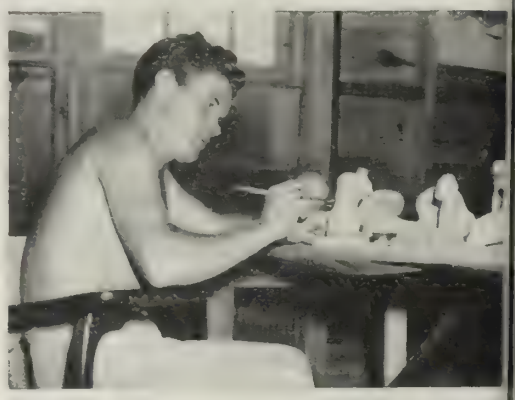
PHOTOS BY PFC. J. M. CONRAD, SAD, AAF, PDC



While receiving heat therapy, Pfc. Delbert Scott, Dover, Delaware, moves in on a lunch built around country fried steak and gravy. A protein-rich diet (which calls for a lot of meat) helps speed recovery from injuries—and can't we be thankful that these men are getting it!



Convalescent muscles need retraining through normal exercise as well as rebuilding through such foods as protein-rich meat. That's why these Air Force returnees get opportunities for their favorite sports as well as for their favorite foods.



Three hours every day are required of each convales for congenial activity. The purpose is to provide in esting activity for mind and muscle—to make men tired enough for restful sleep. Sergeant Edward Rose, Seminole, Oklahoma, is shown modeling in c



Lieut. Lucinda E. Hughes, Chief Dietitian, and Lieut. E. J. Scheaffer, Chief Mess Officer, AAF Convalescent Hospital, San Antonio, check the day's meat supply at the PDC Coolers. It's up to them to plan three meat meals a day for 2500 patients.

Our men in convalescent hospitals are being rebuilt to health with a speed never before known in war. An excellent example of this is the farsighted program of the Personnel Distribution Command of the Army Air Forces, headed by Major General Ralph Royce.

One of the ways in which the recovery of these men is hastened is by feeding them generous quantities of meat three times a day. This is not just to spur their appetites, but to put into their bodies the protein substances (amino acids) which they have lost.

When the body loses protein excessively (as wounds, severe burns and infections) or wh the diet is lacking in protein (as with starv prisoners) the body literally "eats itself."

Meat has the right kind of protein to ma up these losses. It contains all ten of the ess tial amino acids needed to maintain and build the body.

This emphasizes anew the rightness of age-old liking for meat.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods and Nutrition

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago . . . Members throughout the U. S.

(Continued from Page 97)

himself and looked at her in surprise as she swung to look over the room, deliberately letting her mink coat slip off her shoulders onto the floor.

He stepped round his desk and picked it up, but, before he could say a word, she continued quickly, "Look, you have a dictation machine. Why don't you use it, so they can type your letters when there's nothing else to do?"

The old man eyed the machine as if he had never seen it. "Never learned how to use the thing," he said. "I had retired when my son went to war."

Ellen lifted the cover, turned the switch and held the microphone to her lips. "Memo to Mr. Cadwallader, May nineteenth, nineteen forty-four. Why don't you use the dictation machine for timesaving reasons; also cross-file, as lost letters in these busy days may cost your firm thousands of dol— pounds. Index under name and subject and keep lists of dates received. All materials should be duplicated and kept in two different locations in times of war."

He opened his mouth to reply when she turned another switch and played it back.

"Just like that," she said. "It's easy. You must forgive me, Mr. Cadwallader, but you see I only landed yesterday from America. I've been doing a lot of Red Cross executive work, and—like you—I admire efficiency."

"I didn't catch your name," he said. "But I wish I had someone like you here."

"Why not?" she said. "But I fear—that is, I expect to take an important executive job in the Wafs or Wrens, most likely; that's what I've been trained for."

"Our firm does a lot of government work," said Mr. Cadwallader. "I'd pay a good executive secretary five hundred pounds a year. I dare say you don't need the money, but if it's a question of patriotism—helping in the war effort—we are doing a great deal of government work."

"I was planning on working with the armed forces."

"We do Army and Navy and the Air Force contract work. And I'm desperate."

"That's different," she said, smiling. "In that case, I might consider —— But how about compulsory service?"

The old man laughed. "I have priorities on service. I can arrange that immediately; but I didn't catch your name, Miss—er ——"

FROM now on she would have to play it cleverly, she knew. She looked him in the face. "Mr. Cadwallader, don't you really know who I am?"

He looked at her, puzzled. "Somehow, I feel that we have met, but I can't quite place you in my mind."

She walked across the room and closed the door. "If I'm to have an executive position here, no one else should know. I'm little 'Elen 'Utchinson." She mimicked the Cockney accent, then began to smile shyly.

"Good heavens!" was all he could say. Her mink coat still on his arm, he took her hands in his. "I can't believe it, Helen!" he said with admiring eyes.

"Ellen now, Mr. Cadwallader," she corrected, with perfect inflection.

After Ellen left, Ma Hutchinson took her own clothes out of the wardrobe, put them away on top of the kitchen cupboard. Then she began to unpack Ellen's hatbox. She marveled at the hats and scarfs, the sachet which scented the tissues, and she wondered how this changeling would ever stay with her here.

When she unpacked the hatbox, there was a flat parcel at the bottom, carefully tied. She opened it. It was the last thing Ellen had stuffed in when she discovered it, forgotten on the top of her closet shelf at the Rookery. There ma found her picture, in a gilt frame—the one taken at Ludgate Hill—rolled up in the little black frock and pinafores she had thoughtfully packed for Helen's service in America. Until this morning, she never fully realized that her daughter had been raised to be a lady.

Her own picture hidden with the service aprons—both to be forgotten. She started to sniffle. Her child must be ashamed of her. It was probably awful for her to be back again. And there was nothing she could offer her. *I'll keep off the liquor, though,* she thought. *She won't be able to look down on me for that.* She stood up to stretch. Her back ached something awful, but she must heat some broth for poor old Mrs. Floyd.

THERE was a knock at the door, and she let in Colonel Clinton. He had a bouquet of flowers in his hand. "Where's Helen?" he asked. "What's this, Mrs. H.? You've been crying." He handed her the armful of blossoms and lifted up her chin. "What's wrong?"

"Ow, nothin'. Just memories, I guess. 'Elen's gone, but she said she'd 'urry back."

"You must be tired and excited, getting her back like this. Probably talked all night. Luckily, everything was quiet. But you mustn't neglect your rest, so I'll take her off your hands and show her something of London. We might lunch at the Savoy. Do you think she'd like that?"

"Ow, sir, wouldn't she just! But 'eavens, I'd never 'ave thort —— What a fine lydy she is. 'Ow's she gointer fit in 'ere?"

"She did it before," said the colonel. "Besides, she'll have to work hard to catch up with your record. I'm going to introduce her to some people who will help her to get a useful job in one of the women's services."

Woman begins by resisting man's advances and ends by blocking his retreat.

—OSCAR WILDE.

What thou doest for a woman, she may forget, but what thou hast failed to do, that will she always remember.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hutchinson. "She must want to do 'er bit to 'ave come back to this 'ere 'ole, seein' 'ow well she lived in the Stytes."

"We'll fix her," said the colonel. "Don't you worry. Now let's have a cup of tea."

Ellen came in to find the colonel and her mother sitting together like old friends—or fellow conspirators, she thought. Just what she expected. "Hello, colonel," she said lightly. "Mother said that you'd be here, but I ——"

"'E brought you flowers," said ma.

"No such thing," said the colonel. "I brought them for you, Mrs. H. Well, Helen, I'm glad you're back. How'd you like to have lunch with me at the Savoy?"

"That would be wonderful," said Ellen. "Let me freshen up."

She washed her face and rummaged about for some fresh gloves. Suddenly she saw the old picture and aprons that her mother had left on the table when she went to answer the door. Oh, dear, why hadn't she ditched that package? Uneasily she turned, and saw her mother looking at her, an appealing, mute expression on her face. She was apologizing for her discovery.

"Mother," she said, "why didn't you let me unpack my own things?"

"I only wanted to 'elp, ducky."

Overcome with embarrassment, Ellen left as soon as possible, giving her mother a peck on the cheek.

At the Monument, they climbed on top of a double-deck bus. Clinton couldn't help admiring her as they drove toward the Strand.

"You look wonderful, Helen," he said.

"Please!" she interrupted. "Can't I make you call me Ellen?"

"If you behave yourself," he said, "I'll call you Ellen. Anyway, you look lovely and your manners are perfect. You'll do all right, little chick. I'm going to introduce you to a few people and help you over the first bumps, because I know it takes guts to do what you have to do. . . . Look! There's St. Paul's!"

Ellen gazed at the great church towering above a vast space of flattened ruins.

"It's strange," the man said. "That was Christopher Wren's dream—to have it as





his perfect monument, dominating his new London, rebuilt after the great fire. But tenements and the growth of an ill-planned city choked it up. Now after this is over, when we build up our new city, St. Paul's will stay like that, alone and beautiful, with fine housing projects for people like—well, like you and your mother to live in."

"Thank you very much," said Ellen, tossing her head.

"Listen, Miss Rich," he said, "you'd better face the present. Nobody's living in comfort now. But everyone's going to live better after this is over."

"That's very fine for you to say," said Ellen. "You and the Cadwalladers and your sort. You give a Christmas party and hand out hard candy and machine-made sweaters. And you visit your tenants twice a year and act the fine gentleman and sit down for a cup of tea. But what if you had to live that way!" Her eyes filled with angry tears. "What if you had to sleep on a lumpy sofa and never have a hot bath—and look after a sick old woman in a stuffy bedroom—and eat cold veal loaf if you're lucky? You'd soon change your tune." She pulled a handkerchief out of her purse and blew her nose.

For a moment the man next to her was silent. Then he spoke to her softly. "Maybe you're right," he said. "Thank God, most of my tenements have burned. And model ones are going up as soon as we can build." He motioned out to the east—toward Europe. "A hundred miles, as a bomber flies, nobody has a lumpy sofa to sleep on; nobody has a hot or cold bath; very few sick old women have anyone to look after them. And I bet not many are eating cold veal loaf."

It was Ellen's turn to be silent.

"Anyway," he continued, "I'm going to help you all I can. The nursing homes are pretty full of returned soldiers, but your mother is awfully tired, and I think we can get Mrs. Floyd off to some country sanitarium. Then you'll have a room for yourself. That is, if you're lucky enough to be able to stay in London. I hardly know where I'll be the next day—Africa, America, or even out over Europe. But, believe me, one gets so one doesn't care."

"I'm sorry," said Ellen slowly. "We don't seem to get along very well."

"I wouldn't say that. I think we've more than gotten along since we first met!"

Ellen looked up at him questioningly, but he was lighting a cigarette. She felt a strange beat in her pulse and suddenly realized that this man at noon, on a bus, was as exciting and disturbing to her as he had been on a starlit terrace in Long Island.

He ordered smoked salmon and dark bread for her. And afterward, a dish of chicken à la king.

He introduced her to Claude Hall, who was in his purchasing office, and to an old gentleman, James Dolan. "If you ever need a good lawyer, see Jim," he joked. "This little lady will be in the service soon. She just came back from America."

"You come see me anyway, my dear," said the old gentleman. "I'll steal you away from John. When are you enlisting?"

"I'm taking her around to the recruiting office right after lunch," said Clinton.

Ellen smiled up sweetly. "Oh, that's very nice, but I guess I forgot to tell you. I already have a job." She turned to Mr. Dolan. "With a competitor of yours, Mr. Dolan. I'm Ronald Cadwallader's new executive secretary."

Clinton set his fork down. "So that's where you were this morning! I should have known it. How about compulsory service?"

"All arranged," she smiled, enjoying his angry surprise.

"Well, I'll be running along," said Dolan, taking a look at Clinton's face.

"So long, Jim," said Clinton, not taking his eyes from Ellen. Then he burst out, "You double-crossing little brat! I should have met you at the boat."

"It's none of your business!" she retorted. "I'll thank you, as I have said before, to stay out of my life!"

"You're too late!" said John. "Because I'm in it. Not because of you, but because

As important as the fabric itself!

You know how much good workmanship and fine details add to a dress. So be sure to choose Talon slide fasteners every time! That's the way to get a special fastener for each different closing need. And each one works like a charm for the life of the garment!



IN THE BLUE PACKAGE . . . the supple, easy-to-drape Talon placket fastener. Has a patented bridge top-stop to prevent slipping open or sticking at top.



IN THE ROSE PACKAGE . . . the sturdy Talon skirt fastener. Specially designed to withstand waistline strain. Features an automatic self-lock so it won't open accidentally.



IN THE ORANGE PACKAGE . . . the neat, dainty Talon neckline fastener. Fits beautifully. So convenient.



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The Dependable Slide Fastener

Easy-to-follow instructions in every package.

AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



JOAN BLONDELL

Famous Hollywood Screen Star says:

"You bet I use Arrid! Some people may not like to talk about underarm perspiration, but it's lots worse to neglect it. So I unhesitatingly shout the praises of Arrid."

New Cream Deodorant *Safely*

Stops Perspiration

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus tax Also 59¢ size

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

ARRID

THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

SANFORD'S LIBRARY PASTE

PASTE IT QUICKLY
DO IT NEATLY

Easy to spread . . . sticks permanently in eight seconds . . . does not stain. The only genuine Library Paste. 10¢ a jar.

SANFORD INK COMPANY



large blemish? use Covermark

small blemish? use Spot-Stik

● Covermark, in cream or stick, conceals all skin discolorations—completely, beautifully! Add powder, lipstick, and you are all set for a personal appearance—flawless, lovely.

Covermark, all shades 1.35, 3.00
Spot-Stik, five shades 1.25

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NOW 39¢*
REG. 59¢
(DURING OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER ONLY)

Get gentle relief from ordinary constipation with Nujol . . . the mild, effective mineral oil that meets all U. S. P. requirements. Buy this "easy-action" laxative, today . . . while you can save 20¢ on every pint-size bottle!



*During October and November only, the minimum price of the Nujol pint size is reduced from 59¢ to 39¢ in states having Fair Trade laws.

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E-A-S-E CORNS Away

Get Greater Relief



You'll say it's wonderful how corns are eased away. Blue-Jay's *exclusive* Nupercaine stops that torturing surface pain of corns. Soft Dura-felt pad *instantly* relieves nagging shoe pressure, while gentle medication loosens corn; you soon lift it out!

Only New BLUE-JAY Has Pain-Curbing NUPERCAINE

Now, Blue-Jay in Standard and *specially designed* Little Toe sizes. Both are flesh-colored, inconspicuous. Don't suffer another day. Buy at drug or toilet goods counter.

BLUE JAY Corn Plasters

A product of (BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

of your mother. I've *never* been so irritated by selfishness as by yours. And I promise you one thing, young woman. If you don't stick by your mother and behave decently, I'll give you the spanking you've been needing since you were fifteen!"

Ellen looked down at her cup. She mustn't have an open scene with anyone at the Savoy, especially with the one man she knew in London who could take her to the Savoy.

"Please understand," she said. "I'm doing the best I can to raise ma's standard of living. Mr. Cadwallader practically insisted that I work for him. He's desperate, he told me. Everything's in confusion, and they're doing a great deal of nationally important work. I'm needed there. Go see him if you don't believe me. It was his idea."

"Waiter, check please!" said Clinton.

He took her back home, and she talked most of the way. By the time they reached Little Bing Street, he was almost placated.

"If you really think so badly of me," she said at the end, "I don't blame you if you never see me again. But thank you for what you've done for mother."

"Well, you stick by her," he replied. "If I hear of you pulling any double cross on her—or moving out—there'll be the devil to pay!"

VII

ELLEN had an instinct for important moments. She dramatized every possible move and planned never to be taken unawares if anything decisive should occur. Thus far she had been able to practice her talents on only a comparatively few people. Mr. Ronald Cadwallader belonged in the same category in her mind as Mrs. van Vleet. He was a brilliant lawyer; but despite that he, too, was lonely and old and a little befuddled at times. He was a willing victim to her plans, provided once he could learn to trust her

Just before Ralph Waldo Emerson's third birthday, his father wrote, "He does not *read* very well!"
—KATHLEEN MASTERSON: In This Week

So she developed her usual technique of endearing herself to the office staff to make her position more sure. No older woman was allowed to lift anything heavy. When Ellen had a suggestion to make, she would always ask them if they didn't think it was the right thing to do, and then give them the credit for the inception of the idea. This served a double purpose. If there was any slip-up, she wouldn't be solely to blame.

"Miss Eames, don't you think if you merely wrote the lists of these Christmas cards down, we could keep the records in a smaller space?"

"That's a wonderful idea," Miss Eames would beam.

And while she was busy on this harmless labor, Ellen would rip out an old file by the roots, reclassify the papers, throw out half the dead stuff, and get Miss Grant to go through the boredom of cross-indexing.

"Now, ma," she said when she broke the news about her job, "I'm going to be an executive secretary. If everyone knew who I was, it might be thought that I was let into the firm by special favor. So for now, let's keep it a secret. As soon as we find out how it's going to succeed, you can quit your work, take it easy and keep house for us."

"Never," said ma. "Never, while this 'ere war's on, will I quit my job. For one thing, we're frozen to our jobs. For another, I'm an old reggiler—got a big bonus last Christmas—and I ain't quittin'."

As the days went by, Mr. Cadwallader couldn't believe his luck. Ellen was on hand with everything as soon as he wanted it. The Cadwallader offices became a byword of efficiency. At first the rest of the staff were frightened and but for her whirlwind tactics might have revolted. But they found they had much more time and ease with the new system and set to work to co-operate with this young woman, who had wound Ronald Cadwallader around her little finger.

(Continued on Page 103)

"It's EASY and it's FUN!"

—says Mrs. Lois Clarke of St. Paul, Minn.

Wife and mother tells how she lost 53 pounds and "that middle-aged look."

"If only I had known how easily I could become slender," says Mrs. Lois Clarke, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. I read again and again about women who had taken the DuBarry Success Course, but I felt that somehow they must be different. So I went on—tired, irritable, overweight. Self-conscious about my looks, I dropped out of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Red Cross—just stayed home.

"At last, finding myself so out of proportion that I had to buy matronly dresses in size 42, I desperately decided to *do something.* That was when my mother, worried about my health, gave me the DuBarry Success Course. With her encouragement and my husband's tongue-in-cheek approval, I sailed in—went through the Course twice. Results: Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That 'middle-aged look' is gone. My skin is fine and clear, and my hair, once so stringy, is now truly lovely."



Before



After

Above, a snap-shot of Mrs. Clarke when starting her Course. At right, the lovely Lois Clarke of today, looking far younger than her 35 years.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Haven't you wished that *you* might be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings to you right in your own home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. More than 225,000 women and girls of all ages from 12 to 60 have found it a way to beauty and vitality.

The Course is intensely practical. It fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour, look better, feel better—be at your best.

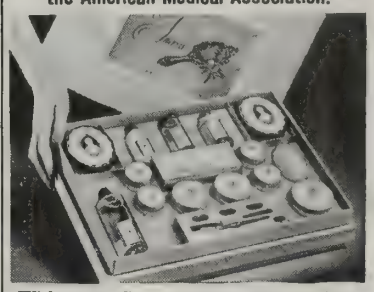
Why not use the coupon to find out what the Success Course can do for you?

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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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Mrs. _____

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Think of it! This luscious vegetable dinner ... a pick o' the harvest ... costs less than 38 cents a serving! And don't be surprised! It's easy to serve thrifty, appetizing meals when you do a little planning and market regularly at your A&P Super Market.

Visit your A&P "Super." Get all your needs for every meal under one roof. Prices are always modest ... because these big food department stores sell hundreds upon hundreds of fine foods ... and so much of them ... that they can afford to take small profit on each sale.

Join the millions who agree ... for good eating at modest cost, it's hard to beat A&P!

FOR GOOD EATING AT MODEST COST ... TURN TO A&P

MENU

Spiced Cider Cocktail
Stuffed Eggplant‡
Green Beans and Celery Whipped Yellow Turnips
Oven Fried Potatoes Cornbread Squares Spread
Cabbage & Green Pepper Salad
Pumpkin Pie Coffee Milk

‡STUFFED EGGPLANT

1 large (2-pound) eggplant
½ cup chopped onion
¾ to 1 cup diced celery
¾ to ¾ cup diced carrots
1 bouillon cube
1½ cups soft bread crumbs
½ cup cucumber, diced (optional)
¾ teaspoon salt
Pepper
½ cup crushed cornflakes
1 teaspoon salad dressing

Cut eggplant lengthwise about 2 inches from edge; scoop out meat to within half an inch of outer skin. Cook onion, celery, carrots and bouillon cube in water about 10 minutes. Add coarsely cut eggplant pulp and cook until vegetables are tender. Drain; add bread crumbs, cucumber, salt and pepper. Fill eggplant shell and sprinkle top with cornflakes which have been tossed with salad dressing. Bake in moderate oven, 375° F., for 20 minutes or until heated through. Serve with thin strips pimiento. 6 servings.

Menu and recipe tested and priced by The A&P Kitchen

A&P TESTED





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Your A&P Super Market is headquarters for fresh foods ... for roaster-fresh coffees ... oven-fresh baked goods ... and for dairy products rushed from source to you to guard fine quality. Yes, if it's truly fresh foods you want, turn to A&P!

**Cost based on average prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.*

(Continued from Page 101)

Ellen dressed smartly, but she was wise enough, in this environment, to underdress.

"I don't know why yer don't wear yer fine silk dresses," said ma. "Must yer always put on them two tweed suits to yer work?"

"Mother," said Ellen, "it isn't patriotic to dress up during war. I'll save them for better times."

The old woman gazed at her with wonder. How she buffed her nails, and did her hair, and kept her clothes in perfect order! *She must be patriotic*, thought the old lady, *but where's her heart? It never shows.*

John Clinton dropped in to see Ronald Cadwallader. "How's Helen doing?" he asked, but it was an idle question. Ellen's smiling face, as he entered, told him she had nothing to fear from her employer.

"I don't know how that slip of a girl does it," Mr. Cadwallader said. "She's here before me, and she gets me into my overcoat when I leave at night. Everything is fine and she has them all eating out of her hand."

"Sure she's not putting something over on you?" asked Clinton, lifting an eyebrow.

"Look for yourself," said the old man. "We've taken on more work from the War Office; if she were a man, she'd be an officer."

"Well, I'm going to take your little general out to dinner tonight," said Clinton. "When will she be ready?"

"Don't ask me," said Cadwallader, laughing. "She's *my* boss. She leaves when she gets through with her work."

Clinton waited for her in the reception room. At six-thirty, she got Ronald Cadwallader into his greatcoat. "Wait," she said. "You'd better put on your rubbers. It's foggy."

The old man turned to Clinton. "You see what I mean. Now, Ellen, don't keep the Air Force waiting."

He left, and in a few moments her mother came in. She took off her coat and helmet and hung them in the cupboard, put on an apron and tucked a strand of her hair back, then saw Clinton sitting in the lamplight.

"'Ullo, colonel!" she said. "You scared me. Didn't know yer was there! Takin' me girl out, I suppose."

"Yes. How's she behaving these days?"

"NOBLE," said the old woman, "downright noble. 'Elps her old ma, 'elps feed Mrs. Floyd. She bought new curtains and slip covers; you wouldn't know that old sittin' room of ours. She's a fine girl!"

"You always give her the breaks, Mrs. H.," said John.

"And why not? She's me child, and I'm proud of 'er!" Mrs. Hutchinson went to fetch her bucket.

Ellen came out, smart in her mink coat, a little silk turban matching her checked blouse. Smart and cool and Bond Street, thought Clinton; what a world.

"Good-by, ma," she said. "Be home early and get some rest!"

"So long, Mrs. H.," he said, as they went out. . . . "Well, tonight, if I can find it, you're going to have champagne."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because tonight you're Ellen."

"Oh, I see, I'm a good girl."

"Yes, you seem to be making the grade."

"I'm not as awful as you think," she said.

They danced at Ciro's to one of the best bands in London, snatching a few happy hours away from the harsh realities of life, as others were doing about them. It may have been the wine, or the new admiration John had for her as a person, a relaxing of his suspicion that she was likely to attempt some trick. He held her close as they danced, and she eased against his chest and laid her cheek against his chin, and suddenly the two of them seemed to melt together; dancing became a personal experience, not a mutual exercise. This feeling, which had been in her since he had kissed her at sixteen, suddenly burst into an emotion that was overpowering. And when they sat at the dimly lit table, while a waltz was playing, he took her thin hand in his, looked at it, and into her face.

"YOU'RE just a baby," he said. "I don't know why I feel this way. Much too young for me. I've been through infinities of war while you were growing up."

"I'm not young," she said. "If war and change make people grow quickly, then I've had my chance to grow too."

"That's not true, Ellen. You've really had things pretty soft. But there's something about you that tears at me, even when we're apart."

She looked across the table at him, her eyes glowing.

"No," he said, "it's not the star dust in your eyes. I've seen that in other people before. It has to do with ambition, and youth, and unfulfillment. You're making a new life for yourself with your work—and doing well. When you realize that isn't everything, the gleam may go away. You aren't very grown-up yet and, when you come of age one day, you may be just like other girls one sees. But I don't think so. It's a more personal thing. I saw it in you even when you were putting on your act at Mrs. van Vleet's. It's you. Why do you think you're trying so hard to lift yourself up by your bootstraps?"

A faint, puzzled line appeared briefly between Ellen's eyes. Then a stubborn expression crossed her lips. "Why do you have to ask me these things?" she said. "Just when we were getting on so well. How do I know? I'm just like everyone else. I want to improve my life. I want to make every moment count. I want to be the best I can."

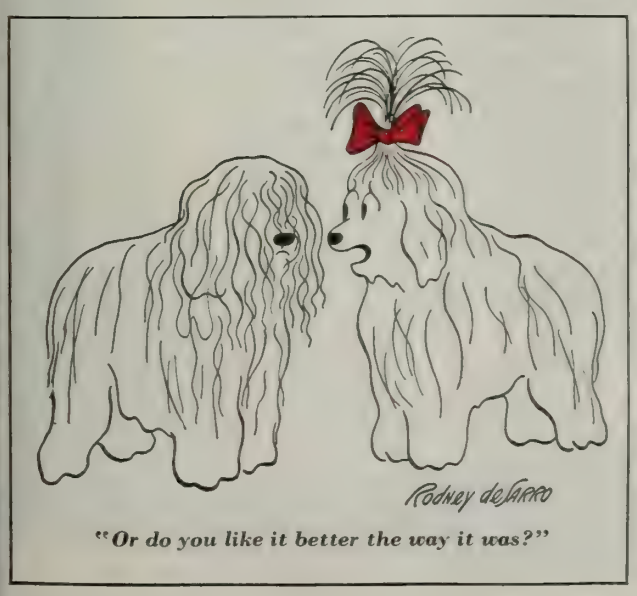
John laughed. "Calm your sharp Cockney temper!" he said. She drew her hand away, but he stood up, and again they were on the dance floor. He sensed the indignation of her body in every step they took, but she finally let herself forget again as they danced. And when he felt she was composed and his again, he looked down at her; and in spite of herself, she found herself smiling.

"Oh—you!" was all she could say. And then her face touched his again.

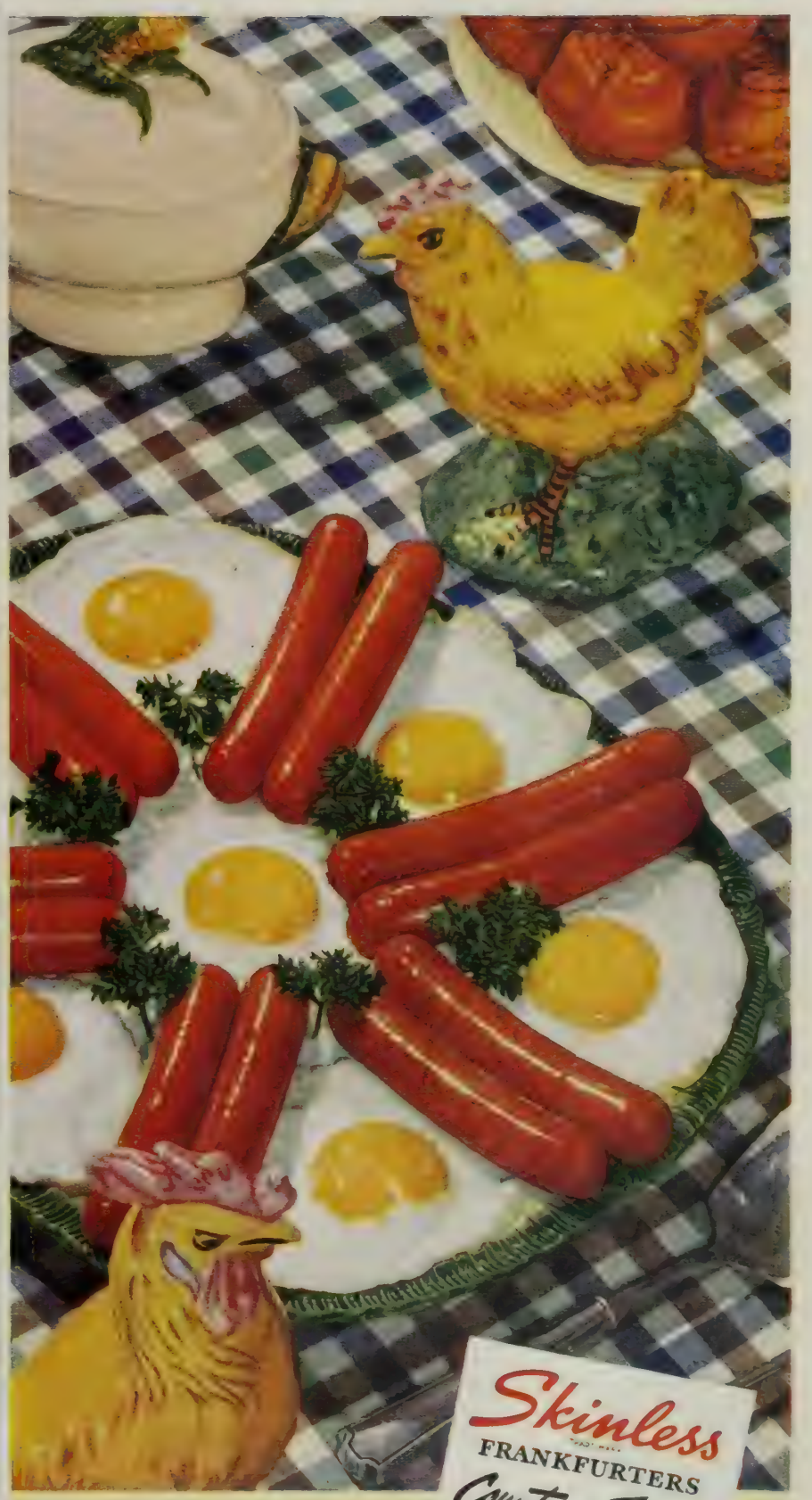
"When you put all that drive and ambition into something greater than your vanity," he said, "I'm sure you'll begin to know what life is about."

What am I doing? he thought, as he held her close. *Getting in deep with this kid. What's the matter with me? I've known cleverer, brighter and prettier women—but this one's got me somehow. And she doesn't even know herself yet.* Then he stopped thinking and only enjoyed being with her and holding her in his arms.

"Let's get out of here," he said.



"Or do you like it better the way it was?"



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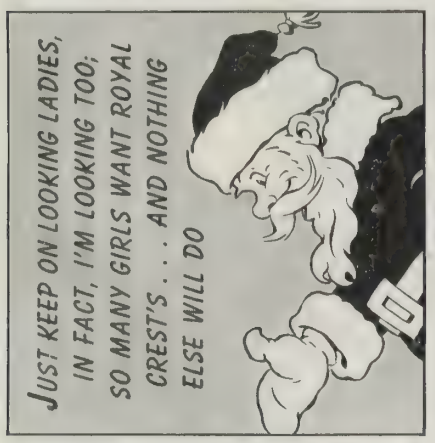
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As they moved through the warm night of early June down a street which, because it had been blasted two years before, was empty, their steps suddenly slowed and they faced each other. Then John Clinton stopped thinking altogether and folded his arms about her. She looked up at him, and they kissed with a long, hard hungriness which grew, until the years between them, and the miles of city streets between her Whitechapel flat and his Half Moon Street house, were all forgotten and gone.

Ellen said good night to him in a dream. It was hard to part, and she was deeply stirred by the first great emotion of her life. She wanted to pour out all her love and affection. She didn't want to be separated from him—ever. He, too, was strongly affected. He almost ran from her after one last kiss.

As she walked up the stairs, she paused a moment to realize the difference between the kisses of this evening and the first kiss of her life, which this man had given her, and which she had thought was such a wonderful thing. Her knees weakened, and she leaned against the wall overcome by sentiments she hardly understood—which promised more than she had known.

She walked in, pulling off her hat. Ma was sitting up in the let-down bed, magazine in hand.

"Did yer 'ave a good time, dearie?" she asked. "It's hawful late!"

Ellen sat down on the edge of her mother's bed. She could hardly realize what had happened.

"Hi say now!" said ma. "Snap out of the trance!"

"I don't want to," replied Ellen.

Ma put down her magazine and reached her hands out for her daughter's. "'E's been kissin' yer, ain't 'e?"

"Yes," said Ellen, looking down.

"Hi ain't no detective," said Mrs. Hutchinson. "It's only that wot little lipstick yer 'ave is a bit hoff center."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Ellen, reaching in her pocket.

"Don't be sorry with me, 'Elen," said ma. "But on the hother 'and, I don't want yer to be sorry with 'im, either."

Ellen looked up. "What do you mean?"

"I 'ate ter go into it," she said. "But it's me duty as a mother. And Hi always aimed, since yer was little, I'd face these things square and not beat about the bush. Yer know, I married late, and Hi was thirty-six before yer came. And Hi love yer deep. It wuz 'ard fer me to leave yer go to another country just when yer was a little bud. It's 'ard fer me to reach across that gap, but I gotta speak, 'Elen, darlin'. Bein' a 'ouse guest in America don't make yer no Van Vleet, in spite of yer fine manners an' clothes. Yer still little 'Elen 'Utchinson. And 'e's still a swell from 'Alf Moon Street; and besides, 'e ain't the marryin' kind."

Ellen jumped up. "How can you say that!" she cried. "He knows who I am. He's democratic, and understands."

MA looked up with her wise face. "Did 'e—arsk yer?"

There was a silence. "But—but it's too new," answered Ellen.

"I may be wrong, and old-fashioned," said ma. "Gawd knows, yer fine enough a lydy fer anybody, but, darlin', now yer've hopened the gates. 'E knows what yer feel fer 'im; it showed in yer heyes like a lamp when yer came in. The next move is up to 'im. 'Old yer ground, and see."

"It's all very, very soon," said Ellen. "I didn't know, nor did he, till tonight."

She was sure John loved her. A man like that doesn't break down so completely. His affection had made her forget that she was eighteen, and he was thirty-eight. Full of conflicting thoughts and emotions, she pulled the rose chintz off her day bed and crawled in.

The next day there was no call from him.

Three days later, his friend, Claude Hall, telephoned Ellen's office to say that Colonel Clinton had been called away, and would let her know when he got back.

He didn't even care enough to speak to me himself, she thought. The memories of that evening began to change in her mind. Perhaps she had been used; he had mentioned seeing starlight in the eyes of other women. Maybe he had played a cat-and-mouse game, and she was just something new. In her grief, she thought, *I made myself too easy.*

VIII

ELLEN was close to tears when she went to bed the night after her phone call from Claude Hall. It seemed that, endlessly, she had been jostling her way home through countless lines of lorries, jeeps and soldiers. The monotony of the office work, John's absence and her new need for him filled her with a heartsickening heaviness—something new to her, for she had never before been so concerned with anything but herself, and had managed to create enough petty drama to keep herself interested.

The next morning she came to the office to find that the invasion had begun. The hordes of men who had filled the crooked streets of London were now across the Channel, assailing the unknown Nazi strongholds of the French coast.

All-Around Thanksgiving

BY ELAINE V. EMANS

I said, "I'll make
No thank-you prayer
For my dark hours—
Only the fair."

But oh, the rain
Was purifying,
The difficult
Times, and the trying,

Were Your especial
Way to keep
Me growing, Lord.
So hear my deep

Thanksgiving now
For these together:
Blue-gold, and all
Inclement weather.

It was incredible to feel, as one seemed to hear the din of battle, that young men were establishing beachheads, as John would have said, "a hundred miles as a bomber flies," or even less, from where she worked. She tried to keep her mind on her filing, the important Army work Mr. Cadwallader had put on her shoulders.

But she beat back the thoughts from her pounding head. That was why John had gone away. He had probably been sent on some mission connected with the big push, and hadn't been able to let her know. Then she began to worry, desperately, as most every woman did in England. Where was he, what was he doing, what could be happening to him, and the thousands of others with him? She would hold a letter in her hand, and instead she would see a sandy stretch of beach, and imagine John trying to land on it, or on a hastily constructed airport, and always the thought of blood seeping into the wet sand would make her shudder, and force her to work harder.

Then, one morning, she received a cable at the office. Neal was in Iceland, and expected to see her soon. A month ago, it would have seemed the most important message she could have received. Now it was just another event.

"Ma, Neal van Vleet is coming to London. He's Mrs. van Vleet's nephew. He cabled me today."

"Ain't that nice?" said Mrs. Hutchinson. "I'll be anxious to meet the young feller. Yer always wrote about 'im in yer letters." She beamed proudly. "It's a good thing we redone the room."

Ellen looked at her pitiful attempt to brighten the shabby room. But the ugly wiring and gas-jet chandeliers, the cracks in the wall, and above all the musty smell which penetrated throughout the whole building from the other tenants' cooking of cabbage and turnips, could not be overcome.

She wondered how to face this new problem. Part of her trouble with John Clinton was because he knew the fact of her being little 'Elen 'Utchinson, but she was determined to keep ma from meeting Neal. Neal had quite a different picture of her background.

THEN one night, at midnight, there was a knock on the door. Ma rose and switched on the light. Ellen sat up on her couch, slipping her negligee over her shoulders. John Clinton almost fell into the room. He was wearing a stained and crumpled uniform and needed a shave.

"Lawks, colonel!" said ma. "Sit yerself down. Yer need a drink!"

She went into the kitchen to fish about in the cupboard for a reserve bottle she had hidden, while Ellen got up and threw the cover over her bed.

"What's happened!" cried Ellen. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," he said, "but I'm awfully tired. Came here straight from the airport. Wanted to see you, Ellen."

Ellen smiled and set him down in the leather chair. He put his arms about her, so exhausted that he was almost a dead weight. "Oh, you poor darling!" she said. "It must have been terrible."

Ma came running with the bottle, and poured him a stiff drink.

"Thanks, Mrs. H.," he said, tossing it down in one gulp. He put his head back on the high leather edge of the chair, and stared at them both with half-open eyes. "Well, it came at last," he said, "the show we've been waiting for. It's going to be slow, but sure." The glass fell from his nerveless hands, and his head pitched forward as he fell asleep.

"Is he ill?" cried Ellen.

Mrs. Hutchinson laughed. "I keep fergettin' yer ain't seen much. No, he's just hexhausted. Poor lad, yer couldn't move 'im with a derrick! Prob'ly the first sleep 'e's had for a week." She peeled the blanket off her bed and tucked it round him, propping his feet up on an ottoman.

"He can't sleep that way!" said Ellen.

Her mother looked at her. "Just watch 'im," she said.

After the light was switched out, Ellen lay in the dark, listening to John's steady weary breathing, mingled with the deep snores of her mother. *At least*, she thought, *he doesn't snore.* She smiled to herself; he had come running here—he'd been in France, that was obvious, fighting—and he'd come like a flash to her flat. She smiled again. Ma was all wrong; everything was going to work out as she wished.

The next morning she awoke, slipped into the bathroom and dressed, and saw that he was still asleep, twisted into a different position, but completely relaxed. And ma, for her part, was also a lumpy shape on the let-down bed.

A fine thing! Ellen thought with disgust, as she neatly pulled on her gloves and tiptoed out of the room.

She worked all day. About six, as she expected, John came into the office. He looked like a different man, changed into a fresh uniform, shaved, smelling of face lotion and tobacco, with a large roll of papers under his arm.

"I must have been an attractive house guest," he said, "but I had to come. I had something on my mind, then never got it out!" He looked at her with that piercing glance which she had never been able to forget since she first saw him. "Can you listen to a lot of talk?" he asked.

She nodded, smiling. Well, this was it. She began to feel as she had when Neal had been talking to her on the terrace of the

(Continued on Page 106)

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Community

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(Continued from Page 104)

Rookery. *Let him say the right words*, she thought, *then—no more Whitechapel, no struggle.* She felt the innate good taste of all the fittings in the Cadwallader office: old paintings, the finest of leathers and books, the gleam of silver on the old man's desk. John's background would make even this seem nothing.

He led her through the crowded streets to a little chophouse near Covent Garden. They sat in a booth at the back.

"I'm still tired," he said, "and it'll take a while to pull myself together. But I did a lot of thinking while we were—over there. I've been on other sorties as tough as this; but the vast numbers and furious activity of all those troops—if you could have seen it by air! It was so gigantic that it made me see my own position—in a mammoth ant heap. And I thought of the things I had left undone."

He looked at her across the table, and again took her hand in his. Again she felt a wave of emotion and weakness overpower her. *No, no*, she thought, *I won't be as blind as I was before. I won't be so defenseless.*

"You're so awfully young, Ellen," he told her. "Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"I think so," said Ellen, meeting his eyes happily. Soon he would say it, and she must do all she could to make him feel she was in harmony with him.

"It was the longest time in my life, the rest of my mission," he continued. "I thought, 'Here I am, myself and a million like me. We're settling, so we think, the future of the world. We're doing it with our own blood and guts, for ideals which have inspired us to face death.'"

The intensity in his face and his deep passion frightened Ellen. This didn't seem so personal, and the distress of his experience made her feel young and dismayed her. "You mean you were afraid?" she asked.

"I was afraid," he answered slowly. "I was afraid because of what I had left undone. In battle, I was just another pilot. That was the best I could be. That, and this one mediocre brain of mine, which can help plan airfields, and get them installed in a minimum of time. All those things are replaceable."

"No," said Ellen. "Perhaps in a military way, but *you're* not replaceable, because you're John Clinton. You're you. To me, no one could take your place."

He took her hands in his, and said, "I could and will kiss you for that, Ellen. But that isn't what I mean. I'm trying to speak impersonally."

She listened, tense, trying to forget herself in the wave of distress which was sweeping over John. This must be war nerves; this must be what women had to face when their men came home. She would try to understand. They had to talk it out.

"What am I, aside from being a pilot? I am a man, not young, not old, with no responsibilities. None." He smashed his fist down on the table. "No one to depend on me. Yet there I was, in one of the most important and dangerous military maneuvers in history. And I had thousands of pounds in the bank, and blocks of tenements in London. I flew off, to face probable death, death for an ideal. I was willing to risk my life, ready to die, if need be. But there was no connection between that and what I stand for in the abstract. Or any real plan to make this world a better place to live in, if I have to die to help bring it about." He clutched Ellen's hand with desperation, and said, "Ellen, darling, do you understand?"

"Yes," she lied.

"Good," he said. "I knew I was right. I couldn't wait to get back. I was afraid even after I landed that a lorry might mow me down in the dark, or that my pounding heart would choke me before I was able to get things straight. And when I came to your flat, I passed out from nerves and exhaustion."

He released Ellen's hands, and unrolled the papers he had been carrying.



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"I've spent the day with my attorneys. Now if I go down in a pillar of flame, I won't be just another pilot who gave up his life for a cause. I'll be a man who was able to leave something he believed in for the use of a lot of people."

Ellen looked at the plans which he had spread out in front of him.

"These are new housing projects," he said, "on my land. With my money to build them, when they can be built. I hope I'll be here to see it. To see a better London rise, like a phoenix, out of the ashes. But if I'm not, Ellen, you will."

He looked at her again, and she felt her heart sink back into her breast, after fluttering in her throat.

"You know what it means to live as you did as a child. These playgrounds and laundries and bright bathrooms and wide windows will mean something to you. You can understand. I've left one set with my lawyers, one set with my architects, and here's one set for you. I want you to study them, Ellen, and if you see anything that could improve them, let me or let the architect know."

The waiter brought two bowls of soup and set them down, shoving the blueprints aside. John rolled them up and gave them to her.

"There's no use to go into them now," he said, "but at least you can have them. And can help carry them out when the time comes. I've talked myself hoarse. But now I can relax."

John ate as one famished, and as she toyed with her food she realized that he had said his piece and was done with it, and it wasn't the piece she had expected.

After the meal was finished, John was able to commandeer a taxi, and took her home. "Wait!" he said to the cab. He turned to Ellen in the doorway. "I have to go back. I'm not a very good companion these days. God knows where I'll be, or when I'll be able to see you or talk to you again. Thanks for listening. And keep these, and study them once in a while, if you have time. Show 'em to your ma. She's got good common sense."

He opened the door to the hall, then quickly took her in his arms and kissed her, with a longing deeper and more fierce than at any time before, with an almost desperate need. And as suddenly let her go, and looked down into her puzzled, glowing face.

"You're such a baby!" he said.

She walked up the stairs and, much to her annoyance, her mother was in. She looked up shrewdly.

"I know," she said. She put out her hand and took Ellen's. "As if I couldn't tell from yer fyce!"

Ellen put her free hand up to her mouth.

"Aw," said ma, "don't try to 'ide things from yer own ma; wot d'yer think I'm for?"

Ellen hurled the blueprints across the room, onto her bed, and threw herself down after them.

"Come, now," said Mrs. Hutchinson, "'e ain't worth it. After all, yer young, and this is yer first experience. And it 'ad better be fine and good, or gentleman or not, I'll bash 'is 'ead in. 'Oo does 'e think 'e is!"

"Oh, mother, leave me alone!" said Ellen. "There's nothing wrong. It's just this darned war! It mixes everybody up so!"

The old woman looked at her. "'E ain't arsked yer, that's plain."

I've got to get out of here, thought Ellen, *or I'll lose my mind. What chance do I have with this old millstone around my neck?*

IX

If Ellen could have lived in a room alone at night, she thought, things would have been better. But to come home exhausted from work and face her mother, and to have to do little menial tasks for Mrs. Floyd, was almost too much to bear.

No matter what ma did, it was wrong. If she was gentle and kind, then in Ellen's mind she was pitying her, and such a thing was more than Ellen could take; it enraged her. If she asked where John was, or if Ellen had seen him, Ellen accused her of prying



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ADD ZEST TO SOUPS & STEWS

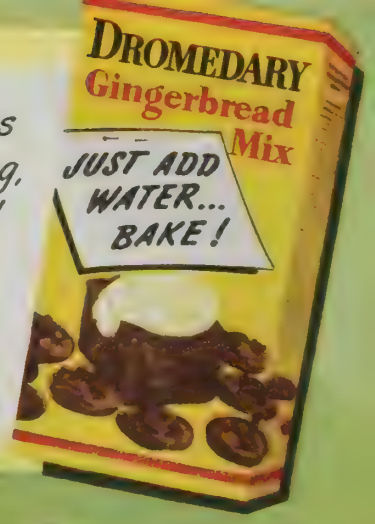
TRY IT IN YOUR NAVY BEANS OR SPAGHETTI



M-M-M!... and takes No Sugar, Shortening, Points . . . or Work!

Dromedary Gingerbread

WORLD'S FINEST!



Try the "Doily Trick" on Luscious Hot Dromedary Gingerbread

Actually such tender, flavory gingerbread *needs* no decoration! "As is" it's the *best* gingerbread anyone ever ate . . . *Washington's mother's own recipe!* Simply add water, bake. Serve warm. *(Perfect with apples!)*

To look like the picture, sift a little fine sugar through a paper doily. Remove doily carefully. *Package serves 8.*

Dromedary Fruit Strips Yummy . . . and they Keep!

All you do is add ½ cup water to Dromedary Mix. Spread half the batter thinly in baking pan. Cover with chopped dates and nuts, or drained cooked prunes or other fruits. *(1 cup.)* Add balance of batter. Bake 25 minutes, 350°. Cool; cut in strips. Serve iced or plain. *Grand lunch-box treat!*

On their way to you,
more of the world's finest dates . . . the only dates pasteurized!

into her affairs. The old woman's often-repeated remark that he wasn't worth a hair on Ellen's head also annoyed her, because she knew that ma really adored John, and was hurt only because he wasn't there more often.

Then London was struck by the impact of the buzz bombs. These winged rocket bombs could be seen and heard coming. The RAF managed to wing many of them as they crossed the Channel. Many landed in the countryside. There were pictures in the papers of Winston Churchill and his daughter and a staff of military men sitting in a field watching the monsters pass overhead as they came from Northwest France.

Ellen left the office one evening, and was crossing the Strand, wondering as usual where John was, when she felt as if someone had dealt her a blow on the back of her head. She pitched forward, and then, as she pulled herself up, noticed that other people near her were also on their knees. Almost blinded, with her pulse pounding and an exploded feeling in her brain, she turned and saw an immense cloud of dust and debris where a moment before there had been a chemist's shop, with apartments above. Flickers of flame were sprouting from the top of the dust and, as she stood, stunned and stupid, a man rushed forward and took her by the arms.

"Get out of the way!" he cried. "Move!" He helped her to the sidewalk, where she leaned against a building and was very ill. She recovered herself, to see that other people were in the same wretched plight.

An ambulance came honking from a near-by station, and a fire-fighting truck wheeled around the corner. Men began to hand-pump the water into the blaze, and little people crawled through the ruins, bringing limp bodies out of the buildings. Some were laid out on the sidewalk.

Ellen looked up, to see a familiar figure race across the street. With a gasp, she realized it was ma. She had thrown on her coat and fireman's helmet, and the large dirty apron she scrubbed floors in was still hanging beneath the hem of her coat.

"Charlie!" she cried as she panted up to the fire truck. "I reckernized the siren of One-forty-three. Wot kin I do?"

"'Azel!" said the man. "We need ye; get down into the rail by the basement, there. Chemist's shop. Someone said some kids was in buyin' sweets."

The dust was clearing away, and Ellen saw her mother rush down the little passageway by the front entrance to the building.

"Move on!" said a policeman.

"I needs 'elp!" said a voice from below.

The policeman ran down after ma, and Ellen hung on the fringe of the crowd, watching Red Cross attendants, the fire brigade and the police at work. It seemed only a few moments before the still forms of three children were passed up through a hole in the rubble, to the ambulance above.

"Mrs. 'Utchinson's in there!" said the man named Charlie, to the man who was pumping the water hose. "Wouldn't yer know it!"

The policeman came into sight again. "All we could do! Clear out, you folks."

Ellen put her hand up to her face, as she got out of the way. Blood was streaming from her nose. She felt giddy and dazed; she must get home before she fainted. She tottered aboard a bus and managed to reach the flat, with a headache driving like nails into the back of her head. She staggered upstairs into the sitting room, and there was John reading a paper.

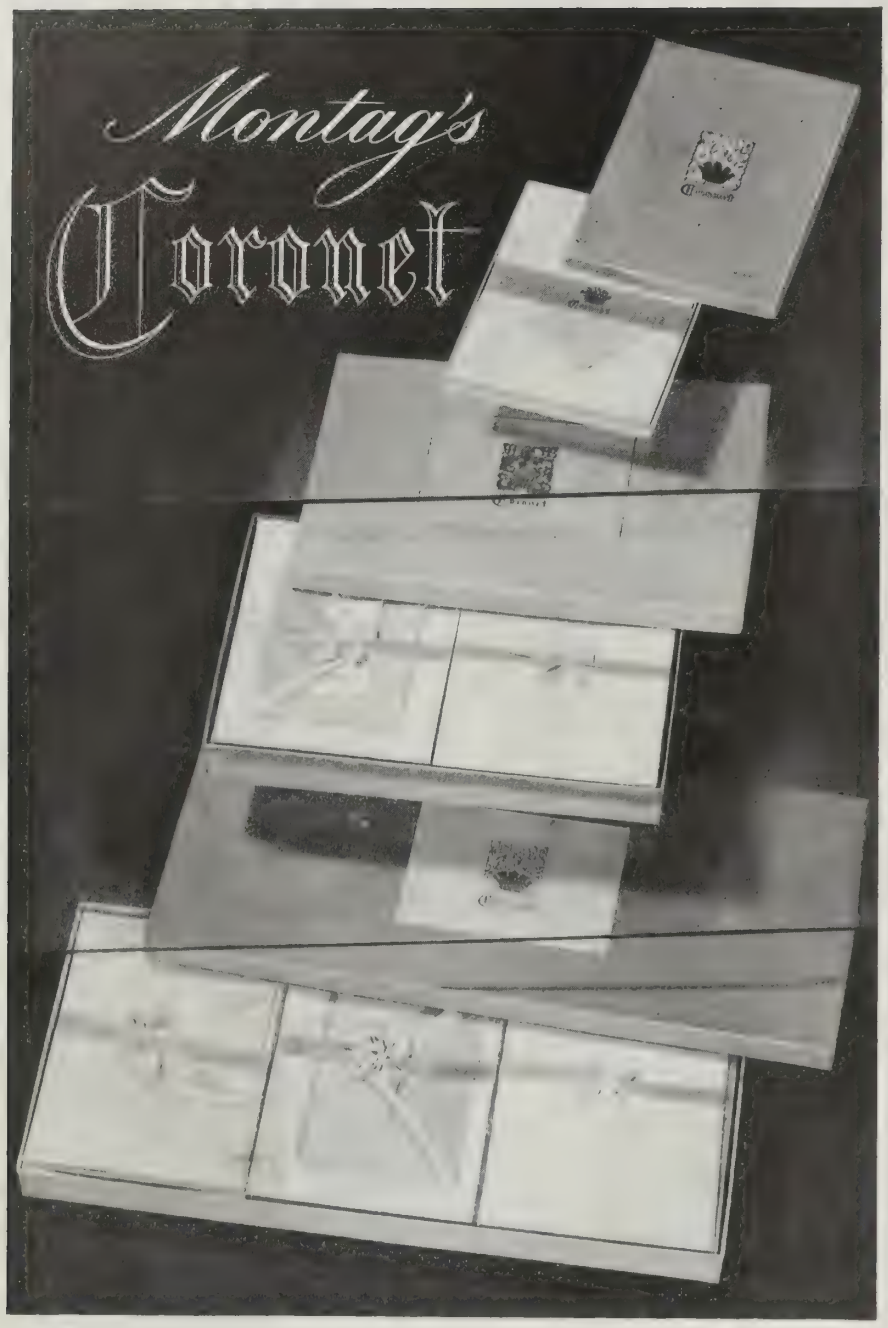
"John!" she gasped. "When did you ——"

He jumped up. "What's happened?"

"Nothing," she answered. "I almost mixed up with a buzz bomb. My head feels awful."

"Lie down," he said. "You'd better take it easy." He took off her coat and hat. The mink had a big rip down the back. "Oh, oh!" he said, as he saw it. He got a pan of water and a cloth, and washed her face.

Her eyes filled with tears. "It was horrible. I'll never be able to forget it!"



Crowning Glory of Your Letters

Everything about Montag's Coronet stationery makes you enjoy letter-writing! It's exquisite quality — extra 100% rag, made from new white rag . . . crisp, fine, with a unique weave design. Smart tints — flesh pink, Flemish blue, or pure white. *You'll write from the heart on Montag's Coronet!* Pound papers with envelopes to match; boxed combinations.

Coronet

MONTAG'S FASHIONABLE WRITING PAPERS
SHEERLITE LONDON CRUSHED BOND
Montag Bros., Inc. Atlanta 3, Ga. 230 Fifth Ave., New York

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION
SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES CHARLEY HORSE

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, *bronchial irritation* and simple sore throat.

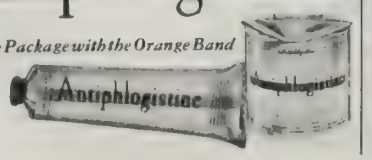
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The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to a simple sprain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

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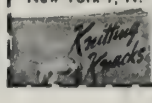
The White Package with the Orange Band





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A wonderful book of knitting information and instruction for experts as well as beginners. Send 25c to Bear Brand—Dept. L, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

"Oh, yes, you will, when you see something worse." He shook his head. "We're in for it again. Try to sleep. I'll stay with you till your mother gets home."

The next day there was an account in the Daily Mail about the bravery of Hazel Hutchinson, charwoman, who lived at 23 Little Bing Street, Whitechapel. She had crawled into a basement chemist's shop, and rescued four children. She was a civilian volunteer member of Fire Squadron 143.

Ellen was going to work, in spite of her headache. Ma was the same as usual in the morning. "I saw you," said Ellen.

"Why didn't yer yell?" asked ma.

"There was so much going on. And I felt ill," she said.

Ma looked up, embarrassed. "Yer must 'ave thort me a sight, rushin' out in me apron and 'elmet. But yer don't think of things at a moment like that. Anyway, thank God yer weren't 'urt!"

As she passed the spot, on the way to work, Ellen saw that already rubble was being cleared away, and the ruins would at least look neat and decent as soon as possible. She stood a moment, and the thought flashed through her mind that here again something better might be built.

She was working when she felt someone in the room, staring at her. She looked up, and saw it was John. He had a folded newspaper in his hand.

"I just dropped in to say good-by," he said in a very cool tone.

"Oh, John, you're leaving again!" she said. "Thanks for your first aid last night. I feel much better."

"By the way," he answered, "did you by any chance see your mother in that buzz-bomb incident last night?"

"Yes," said Ellen. "I saw her rush across the street and go down into the basement."

"And you didn't speak to her?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Ellen. "She was busy, and I felt ill, so I went home."

"You went home," said John, "and you didn't bother to mention the matter to me. It wasn't important. That is, compared with your headache."

"Must you always find fault?" she asked angrily. "Why do you have to be my conscience?"

"Because you haven't any!" he retorted. "I thought a taste of reality might help you a little, but you seem to be getting worse."

"If you don't like the way I behave, you don't have to be here!" she said.

He compressed his lips, threw the newspaper on her desk and walked out. She picked it up, and read the account of her mother's heroism. *Strange,* she thought, *I didn't realize it at the time. Why did they have to say "charwoman"?*

When she got home that evening there were a bouquet of roses and a box of American candy. *Heaven knows where John got them,* thought Ellen. They were obviously a tribute to her mother. He must have come to visit the old woman during the day, because some of the candy was gone, and two glasses and a half-empty bottle of gin were on the table. *This is the end,* she thought. *I'm not staying here when Neal comes!*

The next morning there was a cable at the office. Neal, at last, expected to arrive in London, and would call the firm the moment he got in.

Mr. Cadwallader was giving her an important letter when she put her hand to her head, and leaned against the desk. "What's the matter?" he said. "Are you ill?"

"It's since that buzz bomb," said Ellen. "I'll be all right in a moment. Getting back and forth across town is an awful strain."

"You poor child," said Mr. Cadwallader. "It's a pity you have to live in Whitechapel."

Ellen smiled. "We must make the best of things," she said. "But, Mr. Cadwallader, you have connections. There are these contracts to be done in a hurry for the Air Force; it's going to take at least a week of night work, and with these buzz bombs, and so on, don't you think you could get me a room at the Savoy?"

(Continued on Page 111)

Announcing

GAY-RED

Tangee's newest and most sensational lipstick shade



"Stimulating!"

says Mrs. Randolph Scott —lovely wife of the dashing screen star.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

Stimulating is just the word, Mrs. Scott, for there's never been a lipstick color like my new Gay-Red. Your lips look far lovelier... and *you* feel brighter, gayer—full of life and sparkle.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

MRS. SCOTT:

No wonder Gay-Red is the "hit-color" of Hollywood. It gives me a lift. Just putting Gay-Red on my lips puts me in a "party mood".

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And that explains why Gay-Red is sweeping the country. All over America, beautiful lips are going gay with Gay-Red... Other smart Tangee shades are Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Natural —all with Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish.

Use . . . **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

Help for DRY SKIN



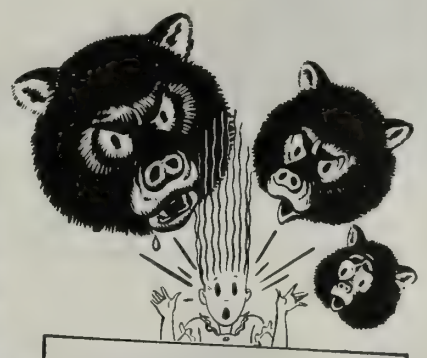
Miss Evelyn Byrd LaPrade *says: "Pond's rich Dry Skin Cream is a delightful softening help."*

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Lanolin—very like oil of skin
Homogenized—to soak in better
Special Emulsifier—extra softening aid

Dry, sensitive skin just seems to "eat up" this Pond's Dry Skin Cream, women say. It's *so extra-rich . . . soakier!* Not sticky, not heavy. Stroke this luscious cream on your face and throat. Hands like it, too! Leave it on 5 to 15 minutes or overnight. Use Pond's Dry Skin Cream daily. It is *special* help to make dry, roughish skin look softer, smoother, prettier! *You'll* love Pond's Dry Skin Cream! At beauty counters everywhere —ask for your jar today.

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* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our best to supply Sitroux Tissues. And, like all others, we are making the *finest* quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our thanks!



Say "SIT-TRUE"

Looks Good? THAT'S ONLY THE HALF OF IT!



Of *course* you like foods that *look* good to eat. But that's only part of the story. You want, also, to be sure of fine flavors—of vitamins and other nutritional values.

How *can* you be sure these precious qualities aren't "cooked away" before foods reach your table? Or that some of these values haven't been lost in storage or transit?

Modern food authorities* say: *Trust canned foods . . . and the pictures below explain why.*

*For example, see Aug. 10, 1944 "Journal of Nutrition"

What an appetizing array of good things to eat . . . ox-tail soup, salmon, peas, escalloped tomatoes, pumpkin for pie, coffee . . . "and they all came out of a can!"



"THE KITCHEN DRAIN is the best-fed mouth in many an American home"—say modern food scientists. "Home-cooked" vegetables, for instance, are often overcooked, or cooked uncovered, or cooked in too much water—which is then drained off, wasting precious vitamins, minerals, flavors.



AT THE CANNERY, fresh foods are received at the moment of perfection—and are then generally cooked by the "pressure" method *right in the can*, with a minimum of water, and all air excluded. In fact, each individual can is really a miniature "pressure cooker." Processed canned foods often reach your table actually higher in food and health values than foods bought in market and home cooked.



YOU *KNOW,* when you open a can, that the wholesomeness, the flavor, the nutritional values of the food inside have been protected from farm to table. For, the dependable steel-and-tin can preserves what nature puts in the food. Serve canned foods proudly, and thank the modern can for the safety, the convenience, and the economy that it brings into life today.

CANNED FOODS ARE

SAFE from dirt, germs, odors

SAFE from air, light, moisture

SAFE even after a can is opened —because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

The steel-and-tin can does such a dependable job of *protecting* that our armed forces get thousands of things packed in *billions* of cans. And, because the Japs cut off most of America's normal tin supply, it is still necessary for you to save all your food cans for tin salvage. For information, call your local Salvage Committee.

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

STEP ON IT SAVE TIN CANS

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 109)

"I don't know," said the old man. "But wait, the firm keeps a suite there for business associates. General Simms is using it now—but I believe he is flying to Cairo today."

"Just for a few days," said Ellen, "until I feel better, and get these contracts out."

He began to telephone, and at the end of the day Ellen rushed home to pack her things. She was glad that her mother was out. She left a note on the table:

Ma, darling, I have a lot of night work to do. Mr. Cadwallader has fixed me up at the Savoy for a few days. Can't stand the traveling back and forth after dark. See you at the office.

Love,
ELLEN.

She packed her best clothes in her suitcase. She looked at the rip in her mink coat. Well, she'd just have to mend it as best she could. The delicate hats, several evening frocks, all the lovely things she hadn't a chance to wear. And a suite at the Savoy, at the expense of Cadwallader!

The suite itself was a disappointment. The large sitting room had been used for meetings. But the bedroom was handsome and spacious, with a large bathroom and a fine porcelain tub. Over it hung a sign telling what hours, if possible, hot water was available. "Ring for the attendant for a pitcher of hot water between hours." Ellen was a little surprised. All London was roughing it.

She went to bed early. She wondered what ma was doing. Once, in the far distance, she heard a thudding sound, followed by the vibration that a buzz bomb often seemed to give, instead of actual sound. Her head began to throb painfully. Maybe ma would be rushing to that spot. The memory of what she had been through made her almost ill again. Who would be looking after Mrs. Floyd? Well, she had been alone a lot before Ellen came.

Perhaps by now John would have thought things over and realized how very ill she had been that night, which was why she hadn't mentioned ma's bravery. He'd called her his architectural adviser! That's what she was to him. A cross between a sweetheart and a secretary, and not the kind you marry. Ma kept trying to make her see the light of that. If she were only a Van Vleet, he'd sing a different tune.

She sat up in bed. *But I can be a Van Vleet. Neal hasn't seen me for a long time. I've grown up. I know London. I can show him around. We'll see who's good enough for who! What is it, who or whom?* she wondered, as she tried to sleep.

Just as she expected, Neal came into the office late one afternoon. She was smartly dressed, and she was running the office. Mr. Cadwallader had been prepared too. Neal suddenly walked in smiling, taller and blonder and even more handsome than she had remembered. His face was tanned and he seemed a little tired, a little older. That was good.

"Neal!" she said. "Darling, you look simply wonderful."

"ELLEN! Say, you've certainly grown up." He looked her over, from the carefully dressed blond hair to the trim sweater and skirt. Her English complexion, the wide-set eyes and mouth, etched now with lipstick; she was beautiful, and the shadows on her face and a frailness, which he hadn't seen before, made him realize that she worked hard and had a weight of responsibility on those slender shoulders.

"Come meet my boss," she said.

"I've been looking forward to this for several reasons," said Cadwallader, shaking Neal's hand warmly. "Partly because your Aunt Myra and I are old friends, but mostly because I've heard a lot about you from a certain young lady!" He laughed and Ellen looked down shyly.

Neal laughed too. "I've been looking forward to this meeting, too, sir."

"Now you young people go out and have a good time," said Cadwallader.

At the Savoy, Ellen asked, "You don't mind coming up while I powder my nose?" Neal sat uncomfortably in the sitting room, but was obviously impressed. As Ellen came out of her bedroom, she smiled apologetically. "You must forgive this place," she said. "Everything is such a shambles these days. I'm lucky to have even this."

"I'll say you are," said Neal. "I've lived pretty rough since I saw you. It doesn't seem possible that big barns like the Rookery exist, with all that space."

"How's Aunt Myra?" asked Ellen. "I heard from her a month ago."

"She's fine, I guess. Misses you."

AS they entered the dining room, Ellen took a look around and saw that John wasn't there. Of course, it would have impressed Neal, but she never felt safe around John. No telling what fiendish remark he'd make.

"I suppose you want to see London," she said.

"With you for a teacher, yes."

"You see," she said, as they walked hand in hand, after supper, "Trafalgar Square's mostly unharmed. If only we can stop those buzz bombs. And St. Paul's standing off by itself, just as Christopher Wren wanted it. A great architect's monument for everyone to see. We'll build an ideal city when this is finished."

Neal looked, struck by the beauty and desolation of the scene. "Your people are so brave!" he said. "In the middle of all this, planning for the future, as if it were here."

"Not every city has a chance to be what it should have been," said Ellen. "Old London's had her face lifted, and she's going to be lovely when it's repaired."

Neal laughed. "Well, we're going to have fun while I'm here and not think any more serious thoughts. Tomorrow I want you to put on your prettiest evening dress. We'll have a real party, birthday and Christmas and graduation and everything rolled into one, to make up for what we've missed."

"Wonderful!" said Ellen.

The next afternoon she got Mr. Cadwallader away early, then she slipped out of the office before her mother came. There was no use having a scene. She supposed ma was wondering what was going on. She hoped there was no possible way she could find out that Neal was in London, for if she did, her feelings would be hurt. She also hoped that John was away, that she'd not have to face him for the next few days. She might have something to say to him that would bowl him over, next time they met!

She dressed carefully, and the mirror told her that she looked lovely.

When Neal came for her, he whistled. "You're a dream, Ellen!" he said. "Aunt Myra would be proud of you tonight."

"She'd be proud of you," said Ellen. "You look pretty fine yourself."

He'd brought her two camellias. "Pin them on your hair," he suggested. She set them into the curls of her pompadour.

They went to Ciro's. They drank champagne. And the band played a waltz.

"Let's dance," said Ellen.

It was only after they were on the floor that she realized she was trying to recapture a moment. She was giddy; Neal was tall and handsome, her cheek fitted against his chin and the dim lights made the moment intimate. But it wasn't. The glowing, breathless feeling of dancing with John wasn't there. In defense, she nestled closer to Neal and noticed suddenly that his arms were holding her more tightly.

They went back to the table. Neal was flushed and beaming. "Having fun, Ellen?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I am." She reached her hand across the table, and Neal took it in his. "I'm so glad you're here, Neal," she said.

MOTHER: I don't think the man upstairs likes Johnnie to play on his drum.

FATHER: Why?

MOTHER: Well, this afternoon he gave Johnnie a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum.

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10,000 Jokes, Toasts and Stories.
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With its fresh, appetizing fragrance and its zesty, bracing flavor V-8* Cocktail is especially good as the opening delight of a pleasant breakfast. And it's *particularly* good too because its combined juices of the tastier fresh vegetables contain nutrients that are vitally important in food *every day*. So serve V-8 regularly for breakfast and be generous with it at other meals for its tingling, awakening flavor and its wealth of fresh vegetable goodness.

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REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!



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BESTFORM
means best form

He squeezed her hand and bent forward. There was blind adoration in his eyes—what she had wanted to see there—but she looked down instead of into his face.

"You're so beautiful," he said. "It's worth waiting for."

"Let's dance!" she cried, jumping up.

Neal held her tighter in his arms and kissed her softly on the cheek. She smiled up at him. "Let's get out of here," he said.

The same words, thought Ellen. And she knew now from experience what would happen. He wanted to be with her alone, he wanted to kiss her, and put his arms about her, and he would say—he would say the words which would make his world hers.

She stood up, smiling, and slipped into her mink coat, and Neal nervously held her elbow as they stepped into the street.

They walked slowly, looking in vain for a taxi. Neal was walking as if he were in a dream; they crossed the street and stood in a dark doorway, trying to decide what to do next, and where to go, when suddenly he threw his arms around her.

"I can't let you go!" he said. "I've been thinking of you, and now it's more than I thought. Ellen, I want you to marry me!"

She looked up at him, stunned. These were the words; this was it. Surprise and relief crossed her face in a faint smile, and he bent and kissed her, deeply, and with strength. Her lips did not cling to his; she allowed herself to be kissed, and savored the experience, waiting and wondering why the old feeling she expected didn't come over her. She would be a Van Vleet. She would have a wonderful life. What was the matter with her? And then he was looking down at her, a little puzzled.

"Ellen," he said, "you will, won't you?"

Her lips parted to answer, and there was a moment of silence, which was shattered by the terrible pressure of an explosion. The thunder of it and the blaze of light seemed to come a few seconds later, and Neal looked up into a sky that was rolling with smoke and flame, several blocks away. People came out of buildings. Some had fallen to their knees. One lay still in the street.

What a relief, thought Ellen, then realized what had happened. For a moment she clung dizzily to Neal's shoulder, but pulled herself together. "We must get over there!"

Together they ran to the scene of desolation before ambulance or fire squad had reached it. A whole block of buildings had been blown flat, and in the center of the rubble there were screams and cries. A fire was breaking out.

A few men had begun to work amid the ruins. Someone carried a woman out and laid her on the sidewalk. She was unconscious and her crushed arm was almost severed. From it poured a torrent of blood.

Ellen sprang forward, crying to Neal, "Give me a handkerchief!" She applied it as a tourniquet as she had learned in the Red Cross, but it wasn't enough. There was too much blood, and too much raw skin. She bent down and ripped at her dress, tore off a strip, twisted it round the woman's arm. A child was carried out next, and Ellen bandaged his forehead with another piece of her satin skirt.

Then the Red Cross came. "We'll take over. Thanks," said the nurse. "Was this wound sterilized?"

"I'm afraid not," said Ellen.

They took off her bandages and performed emergency treatment on the spot. Other victims were lined up. Those whose faces were covered were left alone; the living were tended to. There was plenty of aid now, no need for an amateur.

Ellen stood up in her ragged dress. Neal had been clawing through the ruins, but now

(Continued on Page 114)

GIFTS GALORE FROM JOURNAL PATTERNS



FIRST aid to frantic gift-givers—those who knit and those who crochet and those who wield a needle handily! Here are JOURNAL patterns for toys, caps, aprons, scarfs, bags, mittens, all with that inimitable JOURNAL touch. Order from the list below and end your preholiday worries.

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(Continued from Page 112)

volunteer squads, fire squads, organized units were there, and he met her on the sidewalk. He was smudged, and a streak of soot crossed his face.

A few blocks away there was a second explosion: another bomb had landed to the south. Its percussion struck again, like a wave, but not so strong as the first.

Ellen choked back the fear which was climbing into her throat. She mustn't give way to her nerves, as she had done before. "Take me home!" she said.

"Of course, darling," said Neal. He was dazed himself; this had been his first experience with a buzz bomb and he was more sickened than he would admit. He managed to find a taxi. "Savoy!" he said.

"No!" said Ellen. "Whitechapel. Twenty-three Little Bing Street."

"What do you mean?" asked Neal.

"That's where I live," said Ellen. "You're going to meet my mother. That is, if she isn't out somewhere fighting fires and rescuing people."

"Ellen," said Neal, "I'm taking you away from here. After we get married, you'll live with Aunt Myra till this is over."

"Oh, Neal!" said Ellen. "Please stop. I want to go home!"

Of course the poor kid was upset, thought Neal. He was stunned himself. He put his arm about her, but she pulled away. Things like this were tough on a sensitive girl.

They got out, and he followed her as she rushed from the taxi into a dingy old building. Everything was scrambled up these days in London. Small wonder!

But the taximan called after him, "'Ey, lieutenant, 'ow about me fare!"

One of the singular points about the Good Samaritan is that he doesn't seem to have given the man who fell among thieves any good advice. —ANON.

He ran back and paid the man.

Ellen raced up the stairs. She flung the door open. And there it was. Ma was sitting in a chair sniffling, with a glass in her hand. John was sprawled on the sofa, with his blueprints spread all over the place. He, too, had a glass in his hand.

"Well," said John, "walked out on your mother, I see, my fine young lady!"

"'Elen!" cried ma. "Yer dress! What's 'appened; did yer get mixed up with a buzz bomb again?" She wiped her eyes, then tried vainly to pull herself out of the chair. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I was so hawful worried. The colonel came and found me in the pub, downstairs, tryin' to drown me grief."

"I told you what I'd do," said John, "if ——"

Neal suddenly appeared at the open door. "Ellen, I couldn't find you. . . . Oh!"

"Neal, this is my—ma," said Ellen, "and you know Colonel Clinton; you met him at Aunt Myra's."

Neal stepped forward and shook ma's hand, and then turned to greet the colonel.

"Pardon our 'umble 'ome," said ma. "I'm just a poor ——"

"Everyone's making the best of things," interrupted Ellen, "but it's going to be different when this war is over. Isn't it, John?"

"Why, yes," said John, in a somewhat surprised tone.

"We've certainly been through something," said Neal. "I'll never forget it."

"'Ow about a pot of tea?" said ma.

She struggled up from the chair, and went into the kitchen. Ellen heard her rattling china, and turned in dismay to see what the men would do.

"Sit down, Neal," she said.

"These buzz bombs are something," said Neal, shaking his blond head. "Aren't you going to evacuate London?"

"You should have been here during the blitz," said John. "Certainly not. We'll get 'em on the run and stop 'em."

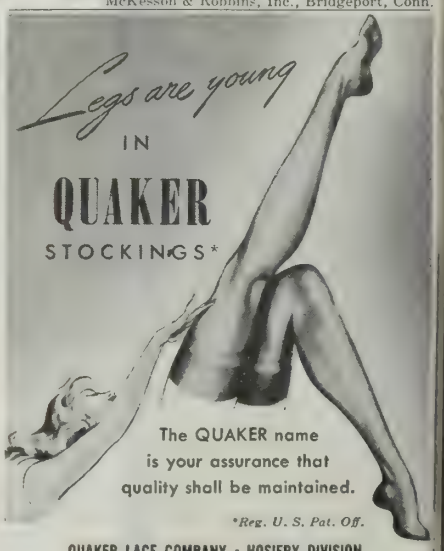


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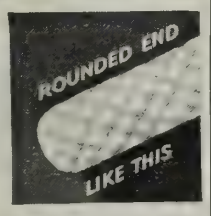
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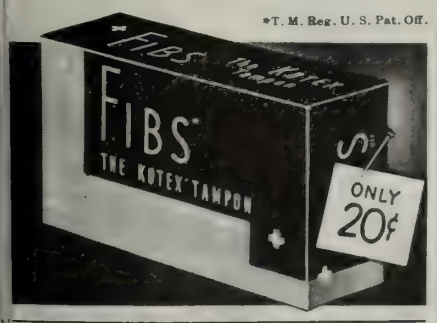


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"You'd better, pretty quick, or there won't be anything left."

"Well, if there isn't," said Ellen, "we'll just build it over again. Better."

"Well! Well!" said John. "Listen to our Ellen!" But he beamed at her.

There was an uncomfortable silence. Neal stared round the room.

"Yes," said Ellen, "it's pretty humble. Just as ma said. But it's our home. Neal, dear, I'll see you tomorrow at lunch, and we'll talk things over. Darling, please run along. I'm awfully tired. I hope you understand."

"But Ellen," he said, "I thought ——"

"Not now, Neal, please; go now. I'll go with you to the door."

Neal stood silent for a moment. "Good-by, sir," he said then, shaking hands with the colonel.

"I'll take you to the door," Ellen repeated, putting her arm in his. At the foot of the stairs, she turned to him earnestly. "Neal, darling, I was going to tell you. You wouldn't fit in here, and this is where I belong. I'm sticking it. And I'm wrong for you through and through. I'd just be acting a part if I tried to be a Van Vleet, or your loving wife, Neal. And you're much too good for that."

Neal stiffened. "That's just an alibi! If you really wanted to, you'd belong where I am."

"You're right," she said.

"It's Colonel Clinton," said Neal. "You've been crazy about him since ——"

"Yes," said Ellen, "since he kissed me on the terrace when I was sixteen! You're right again. Darling, have lunch with me tomorrow. I do want to talk to you. It'll make everything easier."

All women's dresses, in every age and country, are merely variations on the eternal struggle between the admitted desire to dress and the unadmitted desire to undress. —LIN YUTANG: Quoted in Vogue. (The Condé Nast Publications, Inc.)

Neal hung his head. "All right, Ellen," he said.

She reached up and kissed his cheek. "Be careful getting home."

He walked out slowly, and she watched him. *There goes my security*, she thought, *but I don't care!* She hurried up the stairs. John was pouring himself another drink.

"Well," he said, "where's love's young dream?"

"I just gave him the gate."

John came to her in two strides and took her in his arms. Once more she felt that same warm feeling flood over her. It didn't matter, they belonged together; no matter what, this was the man for her. She tried to keep from crying, but her cheeks were wet with tears.

"You forgot the blueprints when you moved out," he said. "Am I going to have to marry you, to get you to take care of my blueprints?"

"Yes," she said, sobbing, and looked up at him.

"You mean that you've accepted?" he asked.

Ellen's heart seemed to melt inside her. *This is it, now*, she thought, *and it couldn't be more natural. But I've tackled a big job. He's not going to be easy and there's so much work to be done.*

Ma shuffled in, carefully balancing a tray with the teapot and four cups and saucers. She saw them standing close together and looked away, embarrassed. "Well," she said, "Hi admit I'm a little bit tiddly, but where is the fourth? I've got four cups, but now there's only three of us."

Ellen took the tray away from her and put it down on the table, then turned and threw her arms around the old woman. "Pour out the tea, ma," she said. "From now on, three cups!"

(THE END)



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IF I WERE RUNNING MY HOUSE

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'd install every gadget and invention for the simplification of housework—from carrot shredding to silver polishing. I'd stock all the meal-in-a-package numbers, and confine my chefing to 'heating contents and seasoning to taste.'"

—Victor McLaglen.

"I'd enforce a rule that none of my clothes should be given away without my consent. It's ridiculous to say one can have too many neckties."

—Brock Pemberton.

"If I were running the house we'd have ice cream for every dessert. I'd be allowed to eat candy five minutes before meals. When I carefully cut the weekly radio list from the Sunday paper, it would stay on the radio—all week long. I'd never ask myself, right after breakfast, just what I'd like for dinner. I'd remember that time, tide and soufflés wait for no one—so I'd never have 'em. My shaving brush would stay on the sink until it was bone dry . . . all towels would be Turkish—and white . . . all soap would be supersized . . . and my pajamas would be hung on the bathroom door, and never tucked away in the closet."

—Arthur Murray.

"My first impulse, if faced with the responsibility of running my house, would be to cut my throat. On further consideration of the problem, a less drastic solution would, I think, be found and I would as speedily as possible dispose of the house and with two books and a handbag I would wander the earth until I had persuaded my wife to resume her Herculean domestic task, which she now accomplishes with such effortless ease. I have in my time commanded a six-gun battery of artillery, produced many elaborate stage productions and generally coped with masculine tasks of more than average complexity, but run a house, face ordering food, combat moths and rust and servants—oh, no, I just couldn't!"

—Raymond Massey.

"I don't live in my wife's house, but in our home; the house doesn't contain a room, or nook, or corner, that, on the assumption that I am a beast at bay, is to be termed a den. Our home, in everything that all-embracing word implies, is, to its minutest detail, exactly as I would have it be. It is, in that respect, a perfect expression of its mistress, with whom, some years ago, on the inspired realization that she was just like me and therefore of all beings the most lovable, I fell head over ears in love. If, to return to the question, I were running this house, which is my home, in place of my wife, the very first thing I would do would be to look for another woman exactly like herself to run it."

—Rockwell Kent.

"I'd install a very efficient filing system, with pots under *P*, towels under *T*, horse blankets under *H* (along with hats, hairbrushes, hand lotion, hams, hocks, halters, and so on.) Otherwise I wouldn't have the job at a million a year—tax-free! In my opinion it is the most thankless, interminable drudgery there is and ought to be abolished. Housewives should be allowed to retire after twenty years or so of service, presented with the usual gold watch and chain (with suitable attending ceremony), be wined, dined, danced, theatered, clubbed—and put back on the job again tomorrow!"

—Arthur M. Godfrey.

"I think the best thing for me to do would be to cut my throat. I can think of no improvements; and there is nothing about my house that does not completely satisfy me. My wife's chief complaint is that I am always wanting to stay home, but that is her fault because I know of no restaurant where the food is better or as good, and there is no place where I feel so comfortable and relaxed."

—Brooks Atkinson.



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"If I were running my house, I would tell the girl who cleans my room and my study not to be so neat. I'd tell her to leave my papers, books, magazines, loose photographs, scripts, pipes and recorded program transcriptions alone. I'd have her know that it might look neater to have everything in a place where she can find it, but that in effect, by taking me out of my own peculiar type of comfortable confusion, she's not making it easier for me to find things—in fact, she's practically hiding them from me. I look for a script that I started maybe ten days before and have a little time to finish, and it's her day off, and I have to phone her at her mother's to find out where I must search to continue my reading. I'd definitely make her understand that what's confusion to her is simplicity to me, and if she wants to be neat, let that apply to every other room of the house."

—Jack Benny.

"I'd have an ash tray within arm's reach of every chair. Great big ash trays, with ledges on the rim to hold the cigarette—not the kind in which a cigarette falls tip down and smothers itself. I would outlaw from my premises those atrocities known as bridge-club ash trays—those little gadgets no more than two inches in diameter, from which ashes drop constantly."

—Ted Collins.

"Our ancestors seem to have done better with the house, and with modes of living in it, than most present-day Americans do. In the first place, a house should be large; large enough for plenty of children, dogs, books (six thousand to ten thousand), fireplaces and guests. Second, a house should emphatically not be overheated; that is, should never be warmer than sixty-five degrees when the temperature is controllable. Third, the manner of living in the house should be informal. Friends should be welcome at almost any hour, but the hosts should be free to detach themselves for their own pursuits if necessary. The recent trend toward small houses and tiny apartments, without room for children, dogs, fireplaces and libraries of six thousand books upward; toward living quarters heated to seventy-five degrees; and toward a formalization of social relationships, is a degenerative trend. It is not a question of income; on the present-day market, large ill-heated houses come cheaper than small overheated ones. It is a question whether people want to live cramped, stuffy and stylized lives."

—Allan Nevins.

"The following ideas occur to me: 1—Plow up the garden, have a small cattle ranch, and live on beef. 2—Stop using dishes and eat from a wooden trough that could be wiped out now and again, when it really needed it. 3—Stop taking vitamins. 4—Stow away the rugs and drapes, and lay up the vacuum cleaner. 5—Never go to town, not even to have my hair cut."

—Charles Nordhoff.

"If I were running my house, I would save the energy and shoe leather of the waitresses and the time of the guests, by eliminating service plates that have to be removed, one by one, at the beginning of a meal. In fact, I would cut out the whole one-by-one business and serve all plates on one trip. I may as well confess that I feel very bitterly on this subject."

—Oscar Hammerstein.

"If I were running my house, my kids could have all the pillow fights they want—like the ones we used to have when we were kids. I'd have guests every night for dinner. There'd be none of those little aspic salads that are pretty to look at and about as tasty as the flap of an envelope. There'd always be salmon or trout in the refrigerator. I'd leave lights burning. I'd never light the furnace. Windows open wide, and I'd always leave the shades up. Suppose the neighbors do look in. We aren't hiding anything. I like that feeling of the whole world outside waiting. I'd keep my old fishing boots, my guns and my tackle all right in the closet of my bedroom where I could get to them at a moment's notice."

—Dennis Morgan.

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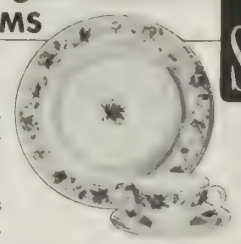
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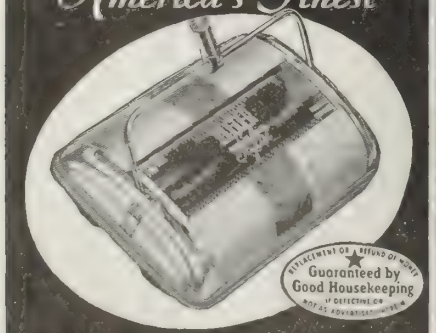


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DO YOU HAVE A WORD FOR IT?

By Norman Lewis

THE so-called weaker—but not less articulate—sex has always been known to have a marked affinity for the language arts. Men, on the average, score 10 to 15 per cent lower than women on language tests. Here is a quiz with which to test this general rule in your own family—men versus women.

Check the answer that seems correct to you. After you've made a choice in all twenty-five questions, refer to the answers on page 121. A correct choice counts 4 points. The average educated woman will score between 70 and 80; anything above indicates a particularly mature language sense. When you've figured your score, try the test on your husband or boy friend. A man's average is between 60 and 70. The probability is that you've topped his score by at least 10 points.

1. You and your husband are spending a "quiet evening at home," when you hear the characteristic sounds of another party in the next apartment. Partly from exasperation and partly out of envy, you remark: "Maizie Van Bibber is certainly the most *gregarious* female I have ever met!" And to prove that he knows the meaning of any big word you can spring on him, hubby would come right back with:
   a. "Yes, she's one little social climber."
   b. "You're right, that girl has plenty of oomph."
   c. "Maizie's not happy unless she has a lot of people around her."
   d. "Poor Martin. Terrible the way he has to sit and watch Maizie make eyes at all the men."

2. At the last meeting of the women's club, when Maizie Van Bibber called you *provincial*, you didn't know whether to kiss her or pull her hair. So you wasted no time looking the word up in your trusty dictionary. This is what you found:
   a. "Narrow in interests or sympathies."
   b. "Inclined to be neighborly and helpful."
   c. "Preferring rural life to a city atmosphere."
   d. "Flirtatious."

3. Maybe you don't clip as many as you used to, but at least you know that the correct pronunciation of *coupon* is:
   a. Kyoo'-pon.
   b. Koo'-pon.
   c. Koo-pon'.
   d. Kyoo-pon'.

4. In France the French Academy rules upon questions of correct speech, but here in America we place our trust in one unassailable criterion of good English:
   a. The latest edition of an authorized dictionary.
   b. The standard grammar texts.
   c. The rulings of the English department of Columbia University.
   d. The usage of educated people throughout the country.

5. Remember that time the brush man rang your bell? You stuck your head out of an upper window and yelled: "Sorry, but I can't see you now! I'm in *dishabille!*" Even though his French training had been somewhat neglected, the salesman rightly guessed that you meant:
   a. "I'm in my bath."
   b. "I'm overstocked with brushes."
   c. "I'm not dressed to speak to any strangers."
   d. "I'm in conference with my lawyers."

6. Your pronunciation of *aunt* usually depends on where you were born. what type of people you mix with, or how much you're trying to impress someone. But you have made it a point to discover that the latest edition of the authorized Webster dictionary now accepts:
   a. Only *ahnt* (to rhyme with *want*).
   b. Only *ant* (to rhyme with *slant*).
   c. Either *ahnt* or *ant*.

7. Having had a thorough grounding in grammar in high school, you will readily recognize that only one of the following sentences is considered good English:
   a. What was the affect of Hitlerism on the women of Germany?
   b. The prisoner was hung at daybreak.
   c. Remember that it is I who am your friend.
   d. Between you and I, I think Jennie gained at least ten pounds when she was in Florida.

8. That wife would aptly be called *querulous* who is:
   a. Always ready to find fault.
   b. Eager to start a quarrel on the slightest provocation.
   c. Excessively inquisitive as to how her husband spends his evenings when business takes him out of town.

9. If you're a stenographer or typist you'd better know which one of the following words is misspelled:
   a. Dumfound.
   b. Assassin.
   c. Ridiculous.
   d. Aerial.
   e. Irresistable.
   f. Disappear.

10. Sage advice to a timid swain from an authority on marriage: "If wedding bells are your goal, don't *procrastinate!*" This canny suggestion means:
   a. "Don't sow any wild oats."
   b. "Don't delay proposing to the girl of your choice."
   c. "Don't pay so much attention to other women."
   d. "Don't let your girl friend get the upper hand. Show her at once who's the boss."

11. If, when you move in the best society you wish to avoid raised eyebrows (and who doesn't?), make sure to accent *lamentable* on the:
   a. Lam.
   b. Ment.
   c. Able.

12. A large part of our vocabulary comes from the Latin. In fact, every word but one in the following list comes from the language of those doughty road builders of ancient times:
   a. Bona fide.
   b. Alibi.
   c. Alphabet.
   d. Manuscript.
   e. Bonus.
   f. Impetus.
   g. Item.
   h. Post-mortem.

13. A word that will give a continental flair to your conversation is *naïveté*. Don't stick your neck out, though, unless you know the correct pronunciation:
   a. Nave'-tee.
   b. Nay-vette'.
   c. Nah-eev-tay'.
   d. Nayv'-tay.
   e. Nah-eev-et'.

14. Probably not more than one person in a thousand always uses the words *lay* and *lie* correctly. If you're that one, you'll be able to pick out the one sentence that contains no error:
   a. Have you lain the baby in its bed?
   b. After her housework is done for the day Minnie lays down to take a nap.

(Continued on Page 120)



When praises mean raises...
serve
Nothing but the Finest

Finest

RECIPE FOR BARBECUE SAUCE

2 onions, chopped fine	1 tablesp. salt
2 tablesp. vinegar	¾ cup water
2 tablesp. Worcestershire Sauce	¼ teasp. pepper
	1 teasp. chili powder

¾ cup Stokely's *Finest* Catsup
or Chili Sauce

Mix all together. Simmer 45 min. Makes 1½ cups, enough for 4 lbs. spareribs. This, like every Stokely recipe, is tested to make sure it's fail-proof. Remember, however, there's no substitute for the *Finest*. Nothing can impart that rich, rare, he-man flavor but the *Finest!* And whether it's Catsup or Chili Sauce with flavor plus, that always calls for Stokely's *Finest*.

Finest

RECIPE FOR CREOLE CHILI SLAW

½ cup Stokely's *Finest* Chili Sauce	2 tablesp. sweet pickle vinegar
¾ teasp. salt	2½-lb. head cabbage
few grains pepper	1 cup diced celery
2 tablesp. salad oil	

½ cup cut-up Stokely's *Finest* Sweet Pickle Chips

Mix chili sauce, salt, pepper, oil, vinegar; chill. Chill cabbage, then hollow out, leaving ½-in. shell. Shred center to make 6 cups; mix with celery, pickles. Toss with dressing, refill cabbage shell. Serves 8 with a slaw that's temptingly crisp, teasingly tangy—slaw with a super something in the flavor department. And for added zest, extra taste-appeal... be sure to use *nothing but the Finest* Chili Sauce and Sweet Pickle Chips. Yes indeed, they're both Stokely's *Finest!*



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What you do: put in clothes, set a dial, add soap.

What the BENDIX does: fills itself, tumbles clothes clean, thoroughly triple rinses, dries clothes ready for the line or dryer, cleans and empties itself and shuts off—all automatically! Bendix takes only 4 sq. feet of floor space—fits perfectly in kitchen, bathroom, utility room or laundry.



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tumbles clothes through suds 60 times a minute, yet so gently that even fine fabrics launder beautifully.



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BENDIX automatic Home Laundry

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, INC., SOUTH BEND, INDIANA . . . PIONEERS AND PERFECTORS OF THE AUTOMATIC "WASHER"

(Continued from Page 118)

c. He lay asleep all yesterday morning.
d. The wounded man laid on the pavement until the ambulance arrived.

15. If you meet a *taxidermist* at the Van Bibbers' dinner next week, you will be making the proper remark when you say to him:

a. "Oh, doctor, I'm coming to see you next week. I have a terrible corn on my big toe."
b. "What treatment have you found most effective for acne, doctor?"
c. "My husband promised to shoot a moose on his next hunting trip. Could you mount the head for us?"
d. "Are they going to make any changes in the motor-vehicle laws this year?"
e. "I've just been dying to meet a man who knows all about poisons!"

16. Any high-school girl would immediately recognize that all the following words but one are misspelled:

a. Alright.
b. Dilemna.
c. Cooly.
d. Kidnaped.
e. Noticable.
f. Picnicing.

17. *Irrevocable* is correctly stressed on the:

a. Ir.
b. Rev.
c. Voc.

18. With one exception, each of the following sentences contains a misused pronoun:

a. Mrs. Van Bibber invited you and I to her reception.
b. Gary Cooper is taller than me.
c. Everyone but me enjoyed himself at the Van Bibber party.
d. It was not we who you spoke to.
e. She asked Charles and I to come early.

19. There is a doctor who believes in curing diseases by manipulating and massaging the bones of the body. He is:

a. A podiatrist.
b. A pediatrician.
c. An obstetrician.
d. An osteopath.
e. An orthodontist.
f. A psychiatrist.

20. There is a type of man who scoffs at marriage, family, church and other beliefs cherished by the greater part of humanity. He is called:

a. A jingoist.
b. An iconoclast.
c. An anarchist.
d. A stoic.
e. An atheist.

21. Your boss, who is a stickler for correct form, would consider only one of the following sentences correctly punctuated:

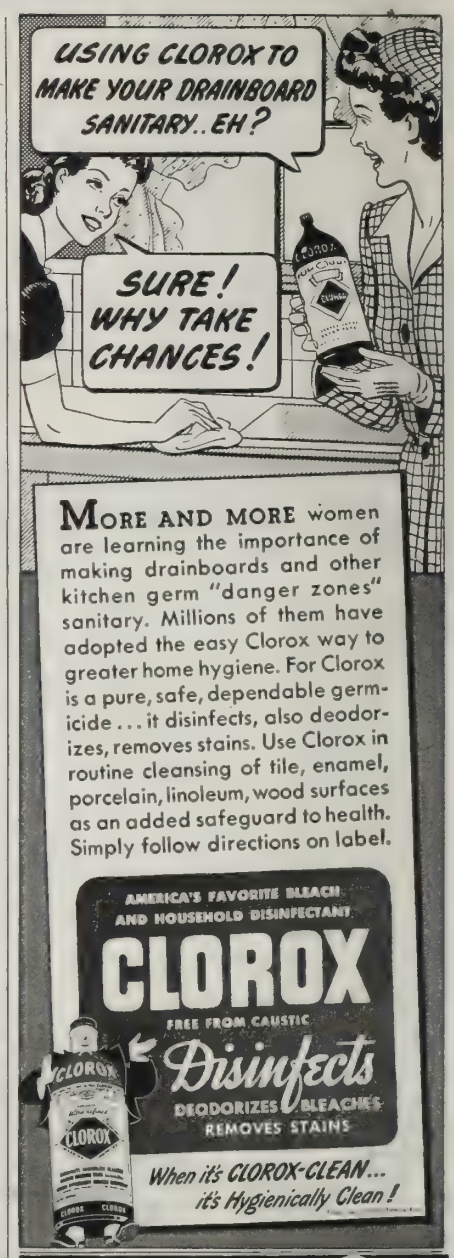
a. We have received your letter of the 1st of June, however we have no record of the shipment you describe.
b. We have received your letter of the 1st of June; however, we have no record of the shipment you describe.
c. We have received your letter of the 1st of June—however we have no record of the shipment you describe.
d. We have received your letter of the 1st of June however we have no record of the shipment you describe.

22. It is one of the characteristic tendencies of our language to form verbs from nouns. Many of these back-formations, however, never receive the full sanction of grammarians. Indeed, all the following but one are considered slang or, at best, colloquial:

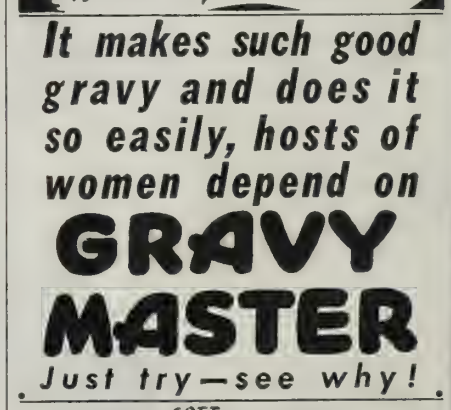
a. To ush (from usher).
b. To buttle (from butler).
c. To burgle (from burglar).
d. To sculp (from sculptor).
e. To emote (from emotion).
f. To enthuse (from enthusiasm).
g. To peddle (from peddler).

23. In English, *ch* has three sounds: *tch* as in *chair; sh* as in *champagne;* and *k* as in *chromium*. Which word below is in the wrong column?

tch (chair)	*sh (champagne)*
a. Chafe.	d. Chagrin.
b. Chimpanzee.	e. Chicanery.
c. Chiropodist.	f. Chivalry.











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k (chromium)
g. Chameleon.
h. Chiropractor.
i. Chasm.

24. In all instances but one, a singular is followed by its correct plural:

a. Murphy, Murphys.
b. heathen, heathen.
c. Alumnus, alumnae.
d. Die, dice.
e. Octopus, octopuses.
f. Basis, bases.

25. Every word below is followed by its opposite—in all but one case:

a. Affluent, destitute.
b. Concave, convex.
c. Exodus, influx.
d. Confident, diffident.
e. Parsimonious, acrimonious.

Answers to Questions on Page 118

1. c.

2. a.

3. b.

4. d. (The dictionary is not the *criterion* of correct speech, but only the recorder of what educated people are saying—usually in reference to pronunciation and meaning—at the time of its publication.)

5. c

6. c.

7. c. (In a, *affect* should be *effect;* in b, *hung* should be *hanged;* in d, the first *I* should be *me.)*

8. a.

9. e. *(irresistible).*

10. b.

11. a.

12. c. (from Greek.)

13. c.

14. c. (In a, *lain* should be *laid;* in b, *lays* should be *lies;* in d, *laid* should be *lay.)*

15. c. (If you checked a, you were thinking of a *chiropodist;* b, of a *dermatologist;* e, of a *toxicologist.)*

16. d. (The other words should be spelled: *all right, dilemma, coolly, noticeable, picnicking.* While *kidnapped* is also correct, *kidnaped* is the preferred spelling.)

17. b.

18. c. (In a, *I* should be *me;* in b, *me* should be *I;* in d, *who* should be *whom;* in e, *I* should be *me.)*

19. d. (a *podiatrist* is a foot doctor; a *pediatrician* is a baby-doctor; an *obstetrician* specializes in child-delivery; an *orthodontist* straightens teeth; a *psychiatrist* deals with mental diseases.)

20. b. (A *jingoist* is a warmonger; an *anarchist* believes all government is evil; a *stoic* bears pain unemotionally; an *atheist* does not believe in God.)

21. b.

22. g.

23. c. (belongs in *k* column.)

24. c. (Plural is *alumni; alumnae* is the plural of *alumna,* feminine of *alumnus.)*

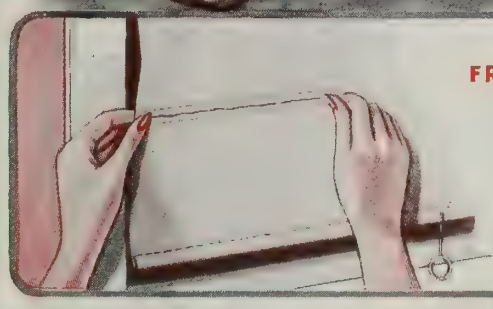
25. e. *(Parsimonious* means "stingy"; *acrimonious* means "bitter.")

A recipe for curing insomnia: try and think of all the good deeds you have done in your life, and it will be so difficult that you will fall asleep from exhaustion.
—ANON.

Must is a king's word.
Two persons never lit a fire without disagreeing.
Expectation is the fool's income.

"I'm in love with a STICK-UP GAL!"
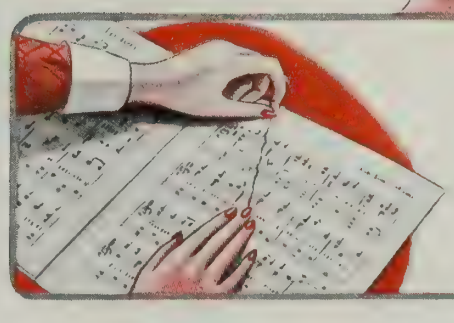




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is all in good shape, too. I mended all the torn sheet music with "Scotch" Tape.

Thank goodness I had a roll of "Scotch" Tape saved up...because you can't get any right now. But I hear there'll be some in the stores before long so I'm going to keep on the lookout for it.

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ONCE AT BELVIDERE PARK

(Continued from Page 43)

I was playing trapeze on the bull-rope swing and I fell off. It was a good thing my father was a doctor and at home. He set my leg while mamma cried and dropped the chloroform on a piece of cotton she held over my nose. Susie told me; she watched through the keyhole. And Mrs. Wigton let the roast burn and broke the Chinese bowl. When it was all over and my leg was in a splint and I was propped up on the couch, Susie began to cry.

Mamma said, "Susie, darling, you mustn't feel so terrible. It might have been much worse. Bea is very lucky. In a few weeks her leg will be all right again. But I hope she will have learned not to be a tomboy."

"I'm not crying about Bea," Susie said. "I'm crying because Thursday is my birthday and you promised me we could go to grandma's."

I remembered then that this was Tuesday and that Thursday we were to go to grandma's at Edgewood. Edgewood was only a short ride on the railroad, but it was all along the river, and very exciting to watch the coal barges and the packets and side-wheelers and the dam and the locks. And grandpa always met us at the station with the big red Pope Hartford. And there was the same playhouse on the side lawn that mamma had played in when she was a little girl. It had real glass windows and a porch. I began to cry too. And so did Lucy.

Papa said, "Hush! All three of you. There is no need for Susie's birthday to be spoiled nor your grandparents disappointed. Mamma and Susie and Lucy will go, and Beatrice will stay at home with me and Mrs. Wigton. And we will have fun too."

The others stopped crying, but I howled, "I don't want to stay at home. I'll go on crutches."

"Crutches!" papa roared. "Why, that leg won't be put down for weeks. But we'll have a wonderful time."

"How can we?" I choked. "You will be off seeing patients the same as always. It will be the same as when you promise mamma that you will take her to the theater, or be at home for company. Somebody will get sick."

Papa and mamma looked at each other and mamma's lips crinkled at the corners. "Well," she said, "what *will* you do for Bea, Charles?"

"I shall plan not to be away any more than I absolutely have to, and I'll buy her that big paintbox with the real camel's-hair brushes that she's been wanting," papa said.

"Oh," I gasped, "papa, will you really? The big one in Wheeler's window? Then I could paint all day. And mamma could bring me a big piece of the birthday cake."

MAMMA still seemed not quite sure. There were worry lines between her eyes. "Do you think it would be quite safe, Charles? Bea completely helpless like this? And only Mrs. Wigton to ——"

Papa looked stern. "Well now, Dot, you see why there should be a responsible person in the house. But this time it will be all right. We are not very busy at the hospital just now, and I can be here most of the time. If I should have to be away, I'll have Miss Carter send up one of the student nurses."

Mrs. Wigton knocked on the door. We knew who it was on account of the light taps.

Mamma said, "Come in, Mrs. Wigton." And when she came in, kind of twisting her hands in her apron always as if she were a little bit scared, mamma said, "Mrs. Wigton, do you think you could take care of Miss Bea all day Thursday if we went to Edgewood? You wouldn't be expected to do anything at all, understand, but stay with Miss Bea—never leave her."

"Oh, of course I wouldn't leave her, Mrs. Langford, but I'd have to get her lunch and dinner, wouldn't I?"

"We can manage that all right," papa said. "I'll be here some of the time to relieve Mrs. Wigton. And we'll carry Bea down to the sitting room, so that if Mrs. Wigton has something to do in the kitchen she can leave all the doors open, and the child will scarcely be out of her sight."

"And I'll tell you what, Miss Bea," Mrs. Wigton said kind of excitedly. "I'll make you Duck in the Pond for dessert. I always made it for my children when they were sick." She seemed very happy about making Duck in the Pond.

And so that is how I happened to be staying at home with Mrs. Wigton and papa the day that mamma and the girls went to grandma's—the day of the big storm.

It started to rain on Wednesday, and on Thursday it was still raining.

"Well," mamma said, "it simply can't rain much longer. We won't be outdoors and it must certainly clear up before noon."

So they went anyhow; but it rained all day, and every once in a while the sky got almost as black as night. But I didn't mind being at home very much, for I had the new paintbox and a whole pad of water-color paper. Mrs. Wigton even made me a little cake all my own, and brought the icing and pink coloring into the sitting room, so that I could decorate it myself. And she made the Duck in the Pond. She made it in a little green bowl, and there it was, the smooth yellow lake of cornstarch, with three fluffy little white-of-egg ducks swimming on top.

Papa came home early from the hospital, and in the afternoon he even came into the sitting room to see me, between patients. Mamma and the girls were to come in to the West Penn station at half past eight, and papa said he would have Sammy Bergson, who lived across the street and sometimes drove for us, meet them with our car. Papa was going to stay at home with me.

I guess it was about five o'clock when papa went off to make the call on Mr. Fink, who lived just at the bottom of the hill; for he had been gone quite a while and I was watching for him to come home, when the sky really got black as night, and the awful thunder and lightning started. I was suddenly scared. Mrs. Wigton came and sat close beside me, and began to tell me about once upon a time when she lived at Belvidere Park. It was while she was telling me that I looked out the window and saw that the sky was getting light in a big greenish streak above Bergsons' house.

I cried, "Oh, look, Mrs. Wigton, the sky is getting bright!"

Mrs. Wigton turned, and for a second she didn't speak. Then she said, "Why, my stars, yes, that will be wind—the wind to blow the storm away, most likely. And I guess it will take a pretty big wind to blow so many black clouds away."

"A cyclone!" I cried.

"A cyclone!" Mrs. Wigton laughed. "Whoever heard of a cyclone in this part of the country?" But her eyes kind of darted around like Rover's when he was trying to get away from the broom. Rover was terribly scared of the broom.

And then all at once the wind came. It came with a kind of roar and crash, and all the small trees bent double and leaves and twigs flew around everywhere and slapped against the windows. And the wind whistled under the doors and around the windows. Johnny Bergson had left his red wagon in the front yard, and I saw it fly over the fence. A big tree limb crashed down in the front yard.

Mrs. Wigton just kept saying, "Now don't you worry, pet. I've seen bigger winds than this right at Belvidere Park. And you won't

(Continued on Page 125)

Love is like war: you begin when you like and leave off when you can.

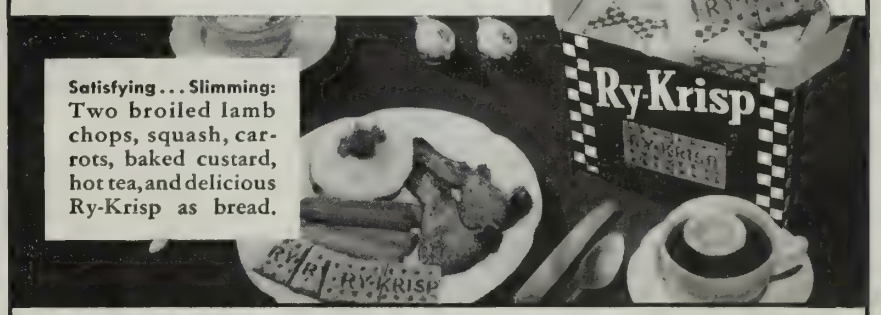
Good management is better than good income.

No wind is of service to him who is bound nowhere.

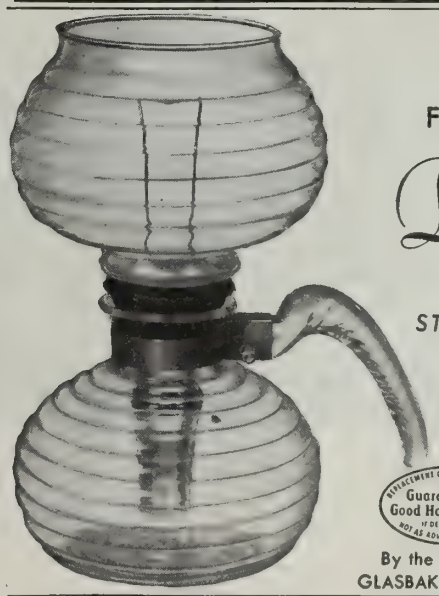


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Fatal Apple" new color by Revlon



Nail Enamel, Lipstick and Face Powder
of incomparable quality . . .
for American women of great chic!

1945 REVLON PRODUCTS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 123)

nt to believe it, but once a big wind like s blew down a tree limb with a bird's nest t. And there were eggs in the nest. But t tree limb was laid down so careful that an egg broke. That is the way the Lord es care of His little ones."

started to think about that bird's nest l wonder how even the Lord could do that hout breaking an egg, when all of a sud- the wind had almost stopped.

There," Mrs. Wigton said, "it's all over. it didn't quite blow the storm away, for s still raining."

t wasn't a bad rain after that, though. e rain just came down evenly, making e dots and splashes in the puddles on the walk. So we ate our supper and waited papa. I was worried about him on ac- nt of the storm, but Mrs. Wigton said t like as not he had had to go over to the pital to calm down the nervous patients r the storm. But the street lights came and it kept getting later, and I knew it getting near the time for Sammy to rt to the station to meet mamma and the s, and I couldn't help feeling scared. en all at once we saw our car coming up street and stopping at the gate. In the k we couldn't see very well, but we ught of course that it was papa who got . And it wasn't. It was Sammy Bergson. Mrs. Wigton let Sammy in, and I could him standing there in the hall, the rain pping off his mackintosh onto the carpet. But where is papa?" I cried. "Why n't papa come himself?"

Well," Sammy said, "your pa sent me ell you that he wouldn't be home for a e while, but for me to start to the station meet your ma and the e girls. Your pa couldn't ve the hospital just "

Mrs. Wigton was wrap- g and unwrapping her ds in her apron. "Is thingwrong, Sammy?" asked kind of quietly.

Well," Sammy said, e wind caved in some the roof at the mill, part of the big chimney toppled. A good ny got hurt, so doc is pretty busy."

Oh," Mrs. Wigton just said in a kind of e voice. "Well, it is certainly good that doctor is there to help them."

started to cry. "Maybe mamma and the s are in a train wreck—maybe the cyclone the train off the track."

T Mrs. Wigton said, "Nonsense, Miss , don't you know that when a wind is as as that, it blows only a little space— be less than a mile. Your mamma and girls were twenty miles away, where like ot it wasn't even raining." Then she said ammy, "Thank you for coming, Sammy, I guess you had better start for the sta- . But why didn't the doctor just tele- ne? I can get messages over the tele- ne now just as clear as if they were told by a human being."

The doctor did try, Mrs. Wigton, but the s are all down."

Well," Mrs. Wigton said, "I might have wn—all those thin little wires on those poles, trying to cope with the elements. ight, Sammy, you just bring Mrs. Lang- and the girls home safe, and tell them have a little lunch and some warm milk ing."

Sammy went to the station and Mrs. ton got me the Chatterbox, because I was l painting. Mrs. Wigton got out her ing basket and we sat there quiet and ing for a long time. At last I started to h out the window, hoping that papa id come. I had to press my face against glass and shut out the light with my l so that I could see into the dark. And is how I happened to see the man stag- g along in the rain, holding on to our e. I was awfully scared, for I knew it t be one of those terrible drunken for- ers from the mill. The men that scared ma. And Mrs. Wigton and I were alone. t once the house seemed terribly big and shadowy and empty. At first I didn't say anything to Mrs. Wigton. I just kept watching the man and holding my breath, waiting for him to pass our gate. But he didn't pass the gate. He just hung on to it for a minute and then he pushed it open and started up the path, and I called out to Mrs. Wigton:

"One of those terrible drunken foreigners is coming up the porch steps! What shall we do?"

We both listened and heard his steps, heavy and awful slow and kind of stumbling, but coming closer and closer to the door.

"Well, goodness gracious, Miss Bea, we've got all the doors locked, haven't we? We are as safe as two bugs in a rug. We just won't let him in. Don't you worry, pet."

BUT now the drunken man was ringing the doorbell, and when Mrs. Wigton didn't answer he started to beat against the glass. It was a queer beating, more like a big bird's wings than a man's fist pounding.

Mrs. Wigton said, "I won't open the door, Miss Bea, but I've got to try to make him go away before he breaks that glass." And she got up and went across the hall and cupped her hands against the glass and looked out at the man. Then she cried, "Why, Miss Bea, it isn't a drunken foreigner at all. It is only poor old Mr. Seitz. I'll bet his wife has had another spell."

She opened the door, and old Mr. Seitz kind of half fell into the hall. He seemed all out of breath as if he had been running, and he just sort of whispered, "My wife—the doctor. I tried to run." Then he leaned against the wall, breathing hard. His face was so white and funny I was almost more scared than if it had been a drunken foreigner. For I knew Mr. Seitz wasn't drunk, but sick, and papa wasn't home. He just kept standing there, staring at Mrs. Wigton, his mouth open, and breathing almost like Lucy when she had croup.

Mrs. Wigton was very little and thin, but she put her arms around Mr. Seitz and helped him over to the couch, across the room from the window where I sat with my broken leg. She kept saying, "You'll be all right, Mr. Seitz. You just lie down and I'll get you some black coffee, and the doctor'll be home soon."

And then Mr. Seitz was lying on the couch, breathing harder and harder and kind of choking. I was too scared to cry. I was scared of something I couldn't see or hear, but only feel. I shook and my teeth chattered and I was as cold as ice.

Mrs. Wigton bent over Mr. Seitz. She straightened up a couple of times and kind of turned around as if she were looking for someone. Then she got down on her knees beside the couch and took old Mr. Seitz's hand and talked soft to him. I heard Mr. Seitz take a long funny breath, and then he stopped making any noise at all. I felt as if my breath had stopped too. For a little while Mrs. Wigton just kept holding Mr. Seitz's hand. The hall clock ticked so loud that it sounded like a little hammer hitting one of mamma's thin china plates. Then Mrs. Wigton got up very slowly and pulled the afghan from the back of the sofa and put it over Mr. Seitz and kind of tucked it in so that I couldn't see his face at all. Then she walked back to where I was and picked up her darning basket and sat down.

"Poor old Mr. Seitz has gone to sleep," she said. "Now he will have a good rest and he will be all right. I guess he was always much sicker than his wife."

But I didn't look at Mrs. Wigton. I just kept staring at Mr. Seitz, lying there under the afghan so very still. And all at once I knew. I remembered Josephine the rabbit, and the little kitten that smothered.

I screamed, "He isn't breathing. He is dead."

Mrs. Wigton looked up at me as if nothing had happened, as if I hadn't screamed at all. "Why, yes," she said, "poor Mr. Seitz has found his rest at last. I guess I can't help feeling a little bit glad."

As grandma says, "Be in no hurry, deary: if you get a good husband at last, ye'll not have waited too long; and if ye get a bad one, ye'll wish you'd waited longer!"

—E. A. THURSTON.

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If my leg hadn't been broken I'd have jumped up and run out of the house, out into the dark night. I couldn't have been half as afraid of the night as of staying where I was. But I couldn't move. I just kept staring at the afghan and Mr. Seitz under it.

"I'm afraid," I said. "I'm afraid of dead people."

Mrs. Wigton looked up from her mending as if nothing were wrong at all. She hitched her chair around so that I couldn't see the couch.

"Well, for goodness' sake," she said, "what a silly way to talk, Miss Bea! As if dying were something terrible! When it's just as simple and natural as living. I always liked old Mr. Seitz. He had a very mean wife, always having spells and worrying him. Now he is rid of her and her spells; and he'll do no more worrying. He'll have a good rest. . . . I wonder how Lucy gets these big holes in the sides of her stocking."

"Mrs. Wigton," I whispered, "you can't just go on as if he weren't here—as if we weren't in the room with a dead man!"

Mrs. Wigton went on talking as if she hadn't heard me. "When the roses die and fall off the bush, you don't run away from them, do you, Miss Bea? You aren't upset by the flowers when they die. You aren't afraid of that big dead oak tree in the yard—the one that the ivy grows on, and the birds nest in."

"But Mr. Seitz is a man," I cried.

"And it is all quite the same," Mrs. Wigton said. And when she looked at me her face was quiet and even. "Quite the same," she said. "Next spring the rosebush will have new roses. And more ivy will grow on the oak tree, and more birds will come. And in a few years Mr. Seitz's grandchildren will be grown up and having children of their own. That's the way the world moves. That is how it is, Miss Bea, all natural-like. And good sensible people see it like that. And you and I are good sensible people. Mr. Seitz is just a kind old man, having his rest. Now I remember once when I was a little girl at Belvidere Park, we had an old dog named Vicky. She was really named after the Queen, and I guess we shouldn't have done it, but she was a fat old dog and a very good mother, so that she lived up to her name, you might say. You know, of course, about the Queen. Victoria, that was. One year Vicky had six puppies. Their father was a stable dog named Towser, not quite as pedigreed as Vicky, but very gentle and kind. Towser had one blue eye and one brown eye. Now in a human that is supposed to be lucky. And I wouldn't be surprised if it was, for I once knew a man with a blue eye and a brown eye and he won a lottery. Now some say a lottery is bad. But if I were to tell you what that old man did with the lottery money, you might not think so. But anyhow, we were talking about Vicky and her puppies, and one special puppy named Dolly that was very venturesome and forever getting lost. Well, one night Vicky kept crying and whining at the kitchen door and carrying on so that nothing would do but for us to follow her ——"

Just then we heard papa's step on the porch, and Mrs. Wigton stopped. But I knew that I was warm again and not afraid, and that I was not even thinking about Mr. Seitz.

Papa shouted, "Well, everybody all right?"

But before I could answer, Mrs. Wigton was out in the hall talking to him very fast and low so that I couldn't hear what she said. But I could see papa look sharp and worried, and he came into the room quickly and went right over to see Mr. Seitz. Then he put the afghan around Mr. Seitz and came over to me just the way Mrs. Wigton had done, his face even and smiling just a little.

"Well, chicken," he said, "I guess our first job is to carry you upstairs to bed. You steady the leg, Mrs. Wigton."

"But," I cried, "poor Mr. Seitz ——"

"Yes," papa said, "I know. And we'll see about taking Mr. Seitz home very soon. He has been sick a long time, Bea."

"Mrs. Wigton is glad he is getting his rest now," I said.

"That's right," papa said. Then he didn't speak at all. Not even when I was upstairs and in bed.

But all at once Mrs. Wigton's face seemed to crumple up and get very white, and she began to wrap and unwrap her hands in her apron, and she seemed very little and scared, looking up at papa. And her voice kind of shook when she said:

"Oh, doctor, I hope I've done no wrong. But you know I couldn't leave her—for once, when I was little, I was left. It was my grandmother. I think I never quite got over it."

Papa just said, "Bea will never know how much she owes you."

And I thought it very funny, for I didn't owe Mrs. Wigton anything.

And strangely, in the way sometimes the most important things are forgotten and the most trivial remembered through the years, it always seemed to me that the part I remembered most clearly of that whole evening was when mamma came upstairs with papa to kiss me good night. I can see them now standing beside my bed, papa's arm around mamma's shoulder, the gaslight from the chandelier making mamma's pompadour shine like gold. She had pink roses in her hat, and a gray feather boa around her neck. And I can hear her say:

"We were very lucky, Charles."

Then papa said, "Yes, we were—we were very lucky. And I guess you know it'll be a long time before I speak for one of those Schmitt girls."

And I knew that Mrs. Wigton was going to stay and I felt light and wonderful, for I wanted to hear more about Vicky and Dolly and Towser with the blue eye and the brown eye, and more about once upon a time in Belvidere Park.

That is why when Enid Carson was so worried about Jean's children I thought of Mrs. Wigton. I remembered papa saying, "Bea will never know how much she owes you." And I remembered, "You and I are sensible people, Miss Bea, and sensible people see it like that."

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

P. S. From Hitler

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

Dear Beatrice: So Bruce has been in China. One of my nicest memories is looking out of the porthole at dawn, and seeing all those little rocky islands, like cake crumbs shed by a giant, around Hong Kong.

The war still trips us up in most unexpected fashions, as yesterday. There is R. M. Tullett, the gardener, mowing the grass once more at a gallop, with the motor mower. All of a sudden there is a sinister explosion—and what can it be? Shrapnel, if you please. A large lump, still lying around from our local buzz bomb, to half wreck the lawn mower, with Hitler's love.

The car is on the road once more, looking sadly dilapidated. I have interviewed the local painter of cars, Mr. Cheeseman. He said hopelessly that he would certainly repaint the car. When I asked when—he said maybe in around six months. You have to have great faith in the future these days, and an immense expectation of life.

Yesterday I had a heart throb from my laundry. I love my laundry. Unlike some people and their laundries, there is no bitterness between us. When they don't send clothes back for three weeks, I know it is not nasty nature, it is because they can't. When they lose a tablecloth or shatter a sheet they write such a charming letter that I say, "Think nothing of it." My laundry now writes saying life is so difficult for them they simply don't know how to carry on. Labor gets scarcer and scarcer. Where *is* everyone? Work in a modern laundry is far from being the drudgery of old, but they will not.

Best love to you,
DOROTHY BLACK.

My dears: The other night we picnicked in Knightons Woods. The old picnicking place, with its brick stove, has been so grown in with trees and bracken that we can no longer use it. The last time we did was the night war was declared. But the silence and the sun remain there, and the bracken is still shoulder high, and all sorts of insolent birds hoot in the trees. We built a fire, and daughter June cooked sausages, bacon, eggs and tomatoes with great skill, while some of us sat and thought. And others just sat.

For me, memories crept around on tiptoe, but the sting has gone out of them, and most of their faces are now kind. I find middle age very peaceful and a nice rest. If one no longer has ravishing hopes, at least there are few terrors left. A great battle one has to fight, though, I find, is not to give good advice to the young. Let them go their three sides of a triangle. They won't thank us for pointing out the well-tried short cut.

Shall we get more petrol now? Will the shape of the stocking soon resemble the human, not the elephant, leg? Is there anything in the rumor that income tax is coming down? (Not much, but a bit, and dear knows every little helps!) And *what* will there be in the shops to buy with our measly donation of coupons? One thing is official: that we are to somehow struggle through the winter with 24 coupons for eight months!

The new coupon ration came as a bit of a shock. This treats us to one pair of stockings a month. Nothing more. So it will be, for a great many people, a matter of deciding which portion of the old body can best go nude! [It takes 26 coupons for a suit of clothes, 9 for a pair of shoes. Ed.]

We are having Mary's long-delayed wedding party on Saturday next. You might give Ann Batchelder a fond kiss from me, for oh, the hints I've had from the girl.

A party here bears a certain comic resemblance to greater events in the wide world. We cannot give it unless the Hon. Mrs. Cecil lends us her cups and plates. No one else has crockery on the scale of the Hon. Mrs. C. And she is terribly generous about it. We also borrow Mrs. Cecil's retired butler, who looks like, and should have been, an archbishop. There is a wing commander with a tin tummy (so he says) coming to put floodlights in the garden. I long to know how he got his tummy, but do not feel I know him well enough to inquire. As yet.

There is still a good bit of moaning over Lend-Lease coming to an end with a bang. Personally, I feel I could hardly expect the Hon. Mrs. Cecil to let me have her cups and plates and dishes for my party forever.

Love to you all,
DOROTHY.

English friends of the Journal have asked us to remind our readers that customs duty *and purchase tax* must be paid by the recipient of any gift parcel sent to the United Kingdom. There is no lack of appreciation, but the prohibitive cost of accepting gifts has caused some embarrassment. Readers are advised, therefore, to send no gifts without consulting the Foreign Economic Administration, 61 Broadway, New York City, or the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. ED.

It's Just Too Much

Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Dear Editors: I have been a subscriber for many years, but must confess that Mrs. Roosevelt's page so nauseates me that I have no stomach for the rest of the Journal.

I could never understand why some people consider so important her advice on everything under the sun. She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and has never experienced any part of the

(Continued on Page 128)

The party's on . . . Have a Coca-Cola



. . . or "Happy Birthday" to you

"And a good time was had by all," is just *one* way of saying that some long looked-forward-to occasion has turned out to be top-notch. And *one* way to make certain, of course, that all joyful events live up to happy expectations is to make guests feel pleasantly at home with delicious ice-cold Coca-Cola right out of the refrigerator. There's no better, quicker way to say *So glad you came, friend* . . . and put folks into a gay party mood . . . than to welcome them with that old familiar bid to hospitality, *Have a Coke.*



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LEAVES HAIR SOFTER . . . NOT "DRYING" . . . Helps make your hair feel surprisingly softer . . . look silkier. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

"MOUNTAINS" OF LATHER . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

A TRUE BEAUTY SHAMPOO . . . Brings out the natural beauty of your hair by revealing those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle.

PATENTED RINSING AGENT . . . Makes rinsing a simple, easy job. This special agent goes into action with the rinse water to help carry away remaining particles. No special after-rinse is required . . . hair and scalp are left sparkling, clean, refreshed.

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FOR DANDRUFF . . . Ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . . barber and beauty shops.

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WRITE FOR CIRCULAR 4

THE SAVOGRAN COMPANY, BOSTON 10, MASS.

(Continued from Page 126)

life of those she so glibly calls the "underprivileged." And when she tells us how to rear our children, that is just too much.

I would like very much to see the results of a poll of JOURNAL readers on this subject. Very truly yours,

MRS. S. C. CLOVER.

There have been polls, from time to time, which consistently put If You Ask Me very high on JOURNAL readers' lists. ED.

No More Banquets of Dregs

London, England.

Dear Miss Batchelder: Looking through my old letters, I came across one from you dated February 7, 1937, when Edward popped off the throne—remember?

I thought I'd write again to say how much the JOURNAL meant all during those drab war years—only one did not arrive—and I felt even in the darkest days things just couldn't be too bad if there was still transport for the JOURNAL.

Although you, madam, should be impeached for treason! Just when we were sitting down to a banquet of "dregs"—dried eggs to you—the JOURNAL would arrive. The adverts were bad enough, but your color spread just sabotaged the whole morale of this family.

But those advertisements for Cannon towels, Pequot sheets and undies—my, oh my! I've one sheet that isn't patched and about two towels that I could hand out to a visitor. At times it's really hard to know which hole to climb into in the undies.

So it's over at last and we can go to bed and hope to get up all of one piece, and I suppose we will soon be saying good-by to those handsome guys who in a few days have seen more of England than most of us in a lifetime. I did hope to be able to steal a pair of those glamorous pink dress pants before they all vanished. I'm sure they would make a wonderful skirt. But having been very strictly brought up ("never talk to strange men") I just couldn't get around to stealing those pants. Sincerely yours,

MRS. T. A. L.

I Married a Veteran Too

Vancouver B. C., Canada.

Dear Editor: Would it help the girls who have married today's servicemen—or who will marry tomorrow's veterans—to hear from the middle-aged? My veteran had nearly three years of trench warfare on the western front between his eighteenth and twenty-first birthdays. He was wounded twice, and his second wound was complicated by shell shock, which invalided him back to Canada.

During all this time it was not my story. Until six years after the war, Bill and I lived on opposite sides of the American continent, and we did not marry until 1927. Only a few symptoms of strain were evident then. Bill still had nightmares about the war. I was proud of the fact that after we were married the nightmares disappeared quickly. They have recurred only once—in 1939. In the first months of World War II, the old French place names came grimly back into the news, and the students in my husband's college classes were at once the lads to whom he must say good-by and the ghosts of himself and his friends—the freshmen of 1914. Bill had nightmares several times that fall.

A secondary symptom of those nerve-torn days has persisted. When Bill is annoyed he speaks with a cutting harshness which in my early married life really frightened me. I still don't like it. If you marry a veteran who has once known complete nervous exhaustion, perhaps you had better be prepared for the rest of your life to disregard his tone when he is angry. But I do not mean that he will be easily angered. Bill is ordinarily the sunniest and most even-tempered person.

Experiences which, ten years later, are still producing nervous symptoms have deep repercussions. Bill never wanted children. Our baby was the result of planned parenthood, but the decision was mine and the hardest hours of my married life were filled with the realization that one of my major experiences seemed to be separating me from Bill rather than drawing us more closely together. Of course I do not know whether the war brides of this generation will have to meet this



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problem. Nor would I suggest for a moment that the way to meet it is not to have the child. But if you find this attitude in your veteran, I think you should summon strength to accept it. And don't believe another woman who tells you that he will feel differently as soon as the baby is born. Perhaps he will. Bill didn't. He grew into the job and the delight of being a parent, but he certainly didn't change his attitude overnight. It seems to me that honesty and understanding are important here. It isn't fair to have a baby because you want one and then blame your husband for not having feelings he warned you he did not possess.

Bill's job survived the first two years of the depression and then sank without a trace. Fortunately, I had a job which would just support us if we lived rent-free in the top floor of his family's house so that his mother could look after our two-year-old boy.

The loss of the job which was not really suited to Bill's abilities was our beginning. Within three months he received the appointment he still holds and in which he has twice been promoted. But it has taken a long time to build up to this point, and our material security has by no means caught up with our spiritual satisfactions.

Twice in the memory of my generation our men have been asked to give very important years to the dangerous service of their country. But when there is living to be done, how could we be anywhere except beside them? Very sincerely,

(Name withheld by request.)

The Proof of the Pudding

Seattle, Washington.

Dear Miss Batchelder: Having taken a sudden domestic turn and finding a little time on my hands, I find myself not only gazing (with rapture, as you put it) at the pictures on your pages of the JOURNAL, but reading your column and your Line a Day word for word.

And, more, I like it! Me, who never knew a spatula from a potato masher. My husband is humbly grateful to you for miraculously changing me from a diner-outer to an oh-let's-stay-homer. And the money we are saving will soon buy me an Ann Batchelder fur coat.

But, in spite of my effusive gratitude, I do wonder about you. Where do you get your untiring *zest* for food? And, having it, how do you keep from going around looking like a stuffed green pepper? Do you actually taste and enjoy the dishes you write about? Even eggplant?

Sincerely,
MRS. W. R.

Miss Batchelder tastes and enjoys her JOURNAL dishes—even eggplant. But no stuffed pepper, Annie! ED.

No Tummyaches Allowed

Maracaibo, Venezuela.

Dear Editors: I am another subscriber whose mouth is made to water every month at the delectable dishes pictured in Ann Batchelder's department.

We live in an oil camp about fifty miles outside the city of Maracaibo, and the majority of our neighbors are Americans. We all have to do long-distance planning, as foreign leaves come every two years, and while we are home we have to purchase everything for twenty-four months—clothing, linens, electrical equipment, gadgets, and even Christmas presents for the next two visits of Santa Claus. We usually market once a week: beef or pork over a dollar a kilo (2.2 pounds); ham, $3.30 a kilo, uncooked; eggs, 30 cents for four; canned peaches or pears, $1.50 a can; cigarettes, 75 cents a pack; and everything else in proportion.

When I came down here as a bride I had learned to cook perfectly two items, one of which was a mousse containing shrimp, cream cheese and canned tomato soup; shrimp can be purchased at great intervals, but cream cheese practically never. As to the canned tomato soup, it is illegal to import it into this country—I was told that the former dictator, Gomez, once got a tummyache from a tainted can of tomato soup and had a law passed prohibiting its importation ever. That may not be a fact, but there is no canned tomato soup for sale anywhere in Venezuela as far as I know.

Very truly yours,
MRS. JOHN L. KRAEMER.

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We first became conscious of a new kind of comfort in a streamliner. Long train rides used to do things to us. Just anticipating the distance had us tired before we boarded the train. That's how we felt when we stepped aboard.

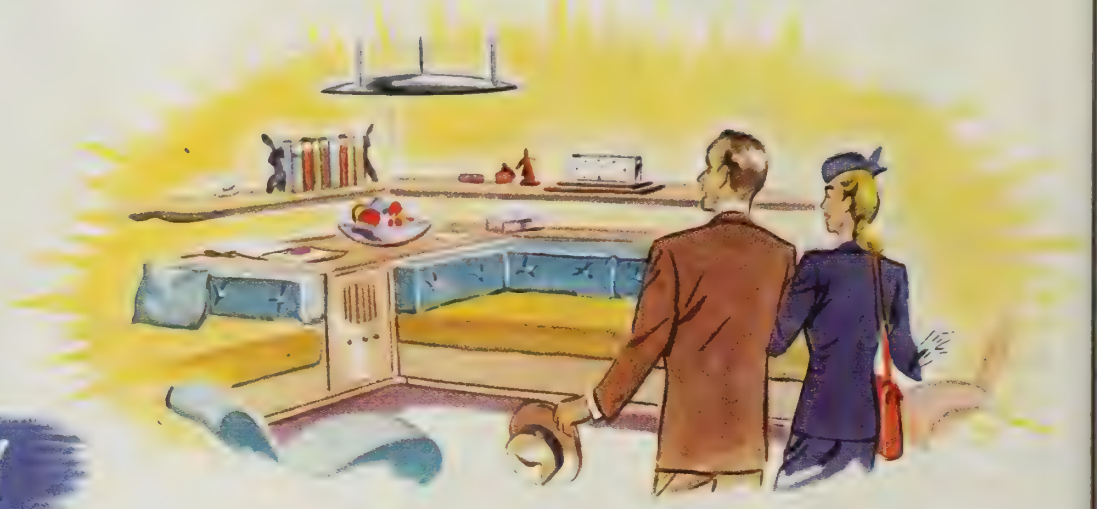
Ten years ago the Future Began





But we came to life with a zing when we took our seats! We always thought that cushioning should be as restful as this... but we didn't think it was possible.

Some friends of ours, who took roomettes, had the same kind of cushioning in their mattresses. They agreed they never slept so soundly or awoke feeling more refreshed. All of us really were sorry when the trip ended.



Naturally, we asked the porter about this wonderful cushioning material, and discovered it was "U.S." Koylon Foam. On that ride, our future living began. Soon, there's going to be lots of "U.S." Koylon Foam right in this home of ours.

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AN ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING

(Continued from Page 20)

drawl and big blue eyes offset practically any defect."

"Now, Helen, Johnny's old enough to take care of himself ——"

Without realizing it, Mrs. Simmons made a very astute reply. "No man is old enough to take care of himself around Donna Harden."

"Well, you must admit, Johnny's been taking care of himself in places a lot more dangerous than his own home town."

"Blondes," observed Artie from behind his book, "are apt to be more fatal than Japs."

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons exchanged glances.

"At my age," Mr. Simmons informed him dryly, "I am hardly interested in a dissertation from you concerning ——"

The telephone rang, cutting into his sentence.

"I'll answer it. I'm expecting a call from my science teacher," Artie said, unruffled.

He was getting used to small rebuffs like this from his family. Ever since they had visited that child psychologist who was helping them to *cope*, he had to watch his step around them.

He returned a minute later. "It's Donna. She wants to speak to Johnny." He raised his voice. "Hey, Johnny—your Southern belle is tinkling."

From the veranda they could hear every word of Johnny's conversation.

"Hello, angelpuss." Then, after a little pause, "Oh! Oh—yes, I see. Sure, that's O.K. Yeah—I understand. Sure, I can take on Artie—he needs exercising—getting fat as a house cat. What time'll you be back? How's about me calling you this evening?" Another significant pause. "*Oh!* Well, in that case, we'll play tomorrow afternoon. I'll give you a ring in the morning. 'By now."

He hung up the receiver slowly and they heard him place his racket on the hall table with undue care. Then he joined them on the veranda.

"The wench eludes me," he said, grinning and shrugging his broad shoulders with mock despair. "Guess I'll have to dispense my charm within the family circle this evening."

It was a good try, but it didn't fool anybody.

"Artie plays a very good game," consoled Mrs. Simmons brightly.

"Yeah, I know," Johnny grinned. "I hear he's been reading up on it."

"*A maximis ad minima*," murmured Artie.

Mrs. Simmons was vaguely distressed. "*A maximis*—uh, is that a nice word, Artie?" she asked.

Artie smiled slightly. "It's Latin, mother. Quite decent. Freely translated, it means 'but my name's not glammerpuss.'"

"Well, we still speak English around here, squirt, so you'd better confine yourself to the local jargon," observed Johnny, taking the encyclopedia away from him and pretending to stagger beneath its weight.

"Do you want to—uh, take me on?" asked Artie. He was wondering what he'd do about his science teacher and the special work they were preparing for the school rally.

Johnny's breeziness floated away. "Nope. I'll let you off this time." He grinned bleakly. "Reckon I'll stroll on downtown and catch a movie." He retreated before the sympathetic understanding reflected on their faces. "I'll be back before dinner. Stick my name in the pot."

They watched him go down the street, whistling with undeceiving gaiety, his shoulders back so determinedly that the effort was obvious.

"*She* was supposed to play tennis with him this afternoon," said Mrs. Simmons grimly. "She's stood him up *again*."

"He doesn't have to put up with it," observed Mr. Simmons truthfully. "But I'd like to wring her lovely neck, just the same."

They were all thinking the same thing. That in another few weeks Johnny would be back on a Pacific atoll fighting Japs.

"And the worst of it is," said Mrs. Simmons, her eyes filled with that dark look they'd had all the time Johnny was away, "we can't do a thing about it."

Artie frowned. You could always do something about anything. It said so, in all the science books. And he had read hundreds of them.

All at once he found himself contemplating Donna Harden with new interest. Heretofore, he had considered her a rather doll-like member of the human society who lived in the next block. And who, for some reason—probably glandular, he decided—seemed definitely attractive to males over fourteen. For some time he had been convinced that she was possessed of a child's mind.

Artie stiffened. His brain cells were in sudden turbulence. If Johnny needed Donna's presence and affection to make him happy — though heaven and the gland experts alone knew why—then there must be a way of bringing this about. Science had an answer for *everything*—even love.

Artie knew all about love and the emotions. He had as late as last week finished a thoroughgoing perusal of Freud and Havelock Ellis. It had required a heavy leaning on the dictionary, but he had managed it.

However, the information he needed would more likely be in that book on psychology which Doctor Harvey had given his parents after their visit to him. Artie knew exactly where they had hidden it. He had, in fact, already started reading it. He simply could not resist the printed word.

Excusing himself, he retired to the spot, and for the next hour and a half he pored over pages one hundred six to one hundred eighty. At the end of that time he arose, replaced the book carefully in its hiding place, mentally congratulated Doctor Harvey—although with reservations—and set forth for the schoolhouse and scientific research.

Shortly before six that evening, Artie's family, which was normally, of necessity, prepared for anything, received a resounding jolt. Artie invited Miss Amanda Craig to dinner. He, in fact, had her in tow when he rounded the corner just beyond the front steps.

Lonely Time

BY JESSE STUART

This is a lonely time to watch the leaves,
These many-colored deaths that come again,
While minutes ride upon the wind that grieves
Across the hollow, jutted cliff and glen.
Unlike prolific spring when life was here
Among these hills with growth in bud and leaf,
This early autumn's mood of death and fear
Makes me remember seasons are too brief.
Time is not long: "leave hours" too quickly pass,
Like these death-colored leaves that ride the wind;
Time is a speedy sand in this hourglass
Now that I leave this heritage behind.



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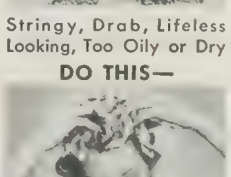
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From the veranda Johnny, whose vision was 20-20 in the raw, saw that Artie was convoying someone when he rounded the corner. And what a Someone! Johnny did a double-take.

She might have been designed by a master architect. That is, she went in just so far and out just so far. With the result that the structure was perfect and it would be a long time before anybody condemned it as unfit for use. This was topped off by a mop of waving red hair and that quality which brings out the famed, two-noted whistle from the men in our armed services.

Johnny blinked. "Good grief! We have underestimated our Artie. He *is* a genius! Who's *that?*"

Mrs. Simmons squinted, then broke into a pleased smile. "Why, I do declare, it's Miss Craig."

"Someone we should know, no doubt?" inquired Johnny hopefully.

"She's Artie's new general science teacher."

"They didn't," observed Mr. Simmons with simple sincerity, "have teachers like that when I was in school."

"Nor me," said Johnny, straightening his tie and rising. "No wonder Artie is so diligent. Ye-owie!"

Mrs. Simmons' face lighted up. So did Mr. Simmons'. Obviously, they both had the same thought at the same moment.

"Maybe she'll have dinner with us," Mrs. Simmons said, having no way of knowing that Artie had already taken care of all invitations.

The rest of the evening was spent watching Miss Amanda Craig annihilate the theory that schoolteachers are prim, bespectacled females alive only for the purpose of dispersing knowledge upon sorely tried youth.

> A Chinese boy once visited the United States and someone asked him what impressed him most about Americans. The lad thought long and hard, and then replied: "The peculiar slant of their eyes."
>
> —THE ROTARIAN.

By the time coffee was served, Johnny was so impressed that Artie was compelled to remind him that Miss Craig was, like himself, a servant of science and would he please let them get about serving same.

Johnny rose reluctantly. "When I was nine years old," he grumbled, "I was in bed by this hour."

Artie smiled tolerantly. "It's a matter of glands ——"

"I'll go quietly," interrupted Johnny, retreating hastily.

Amanda laughed, and reached for the general science textbook. But she didn't hurry, Johnny noticed. Encouraged, he paused near the door.

"You wouldn't care to drop a few nickels in Nick's juke box and split a soda or two with a lonely serviceman when you finish with the Brain, I don't suppose?"

"I'd love to," Amanda returned promptly. Her green eyes slanted up delightfully at the corners. "Maybe I should be subtle and pretend to hesitate with proper maidenly modesty, but I'm afraid you might retract your offer."

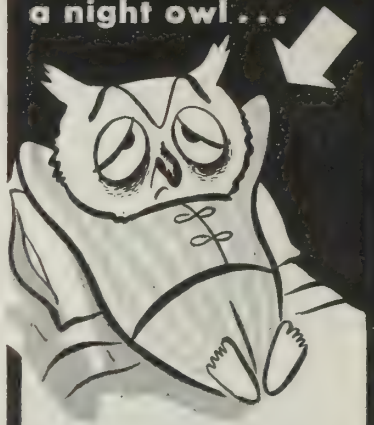
Johnny was puzzled. "Being in what passes for my right mind," he said, "that is most unlikely. Why?"

Amanda opened the general science book and made a little face at it. "I mean," she said, "you're a rarity in the life of a schoolmarm, corporal. At the normal there were only girls and the professors—and now at school there are only pupils."

"They're either too young or too old, eh?" Johnny smiled.

She nodded emphatically and laughed at Artie, who was taking in every word and looked offended. "Something like that. Now, if you'll just give Artie and me a chance to brush up on the *Latrodectus mactans* ——"

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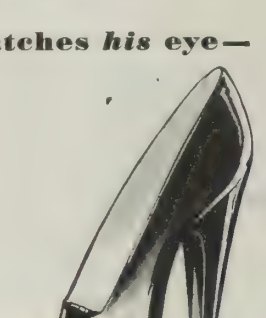
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Johnny shuddered. "Even without knowing what it means, I am revulsed."

"It means black widow," Artie supplied willingly. "Do you want me to tell you about them?"

"No thanks. My dreams are getting better all the time, and I wouldn't like to hear anything that might set them back." He edged toward the door. "I'd better warn you—after Artie, I'm afraid you're going to find me a trifle slow."

Amanda grinned. "I hope so! After Artie, I need someone a trifle slow."

"I can't guarantee to answer the sixty-four-dollar questions, but I can bring you up-to-date on Dick Tracy's activities," he told her.

"There are times, corporal," Amanda assured him darkly, "when a girl is more interested in Gravel Gertie than *Mme. Latrodectus Mactans*."

"But not right now," said Artie firmly, and closed the door.

He considered the first step of the experiment a success. If Donna wasn't at Nick's in person, some of her friends would be. She'd be sure to hear of this before noon tomorrow. Maybe old Harvey wasn't so dumb, after all.

The next afternoon was warm and sunny. It was the sort of April afternoon about which poets have been wont to rhyme with words like "love" and "romance" since man first noted the chemical reaction resulting from such climatic conditions.

It would not have been apparent at once to a casual observer that the barometer was falling steadily in the vicinity of the Simmons' tennis court. But it was.

The well of Providence is deep. It is the buckets we bring to it that are small. —MARY WEBB.

Don't be afraid to think big, so long as you don't think other people small. —SCOTT (Polar Explorer).

The tennis court had been temporarily converted into an arena in which Donna and Johnny were verbally sparring like two well-trained gladiators.

Donna was a delicate pink and gold ornament in blue shorts the exact color of her eyes. People, including Johnny, automatically fell back upon well-worn phrases like "Dresden doll" and "blond loveliness" when they described Donna. Her chief claim to athletic prowess lay in her undeniable ability to wear shorts to their ultimate advantage.

At the moment, however, her blond loveliness was marred by an expression of pained exasperation. "Well, you didn't have to take her to *Nick's*, of all places, did you?" she was saying. She had a trick of italicizing certain words in her sentences.

Johnny looked acutely uncomfortable, but at the same time pleased. Like a woman getting an old-fashioned permanent wave. "It warms the cockles of my heart, baby, to think that jealousy prompts your shrewish disposition this fair afternoon."

"I'm not jealous," said Donna, tossing her blond curls. "But, after *all*, Johnny, to *Nick's* ——"

"How did I know you'd be there? Your last communiqué indicated you were driving mamma like a dutiful daughter to a Red Cross meeting ——"

"I did. But we got back sooner than I expected."

Johnny addressed nobody in particular. "She gets back soon enough to call an ill-favored drip named Tony Evans, but not me. I don't get it."

Donna pouted prettily and flashed him a melting smile. "Now *Johnny*, don't be unreasonable. Could I help it if Tony just *happened* to be around when I got back?"

"Knowing you, glammerpuss, if this is a debate I take the affirmative."

(Continued on Page 135)



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Terminal Island, California



BUY EITHER BRAND of these FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS... the quality is the same

(Continued from Page 133)

"I think you're just being mean to excuse your own behavior," observed Donna, forgetting to italicize her words. "In fact, if you don't mind, I don't think I care to discuss the matter further."

It was at this crucial moment that Artie chose to invade the arena. This was amazing in the extreme for two reasons. The first being that Artie habitually eschewed all forms of physical endeavor whenever possible. Yet here he was, replete with striped jacket, racket and eyeshade! It was apparent that Artie was loaded for bear. The second cause for consternation was that he was escorting a lady. Miss Amanda Craig, to name names.

Miss Craig's red locks were swept back and held in place by a green scarf which matched her green play suit, the like of which had never before adorned a schoolmarm. After one comprehensive glance around, she looked more than a little embarrassed.

Artie made the introductions with bland assurance. Through his mind was traveling line six, page one hundred forty of Doctor Harvey's literary offering, to wit:

"If possible, it is advisable to press home as soon as possible any advantage once gained."

Donna's smile was as cold as the half-moon it resembled.

"Gosh, Johnny," said Artie, with spurious surprise. "I had forgotten you were playing this afternoon."

Miss Craig viewed Artie mistrustfully. "For one who only yesterday could quote little items like the exact date on which King Tut was interred, your memory seems to have failed you all at once."

"It comes and goes," admitted Artie good-naturedly.

"Weren't you," asked Donna with child-like guile that was out of keeping with the look she shot Johnny, "at Nick's last evening?"

"Why, yes," replied Amanda uncomfortably. "I ——"

"She went with Johnny," explained Artie, who liked to keep the record straight. "But this afternoon *I'm* her date."

It was difficult to tell if Donna were smiling to keep from gnashing her teeth, or if she really meant it.

"I knew Artie was precocious," she purred. "But this is a new high, even for him."

"Manpower shortage," laughed Amanda, but her green eyes glinted.

Artie, blissfully unaware of currents flowing swiftly over his head, chimed in: "Miss Craig's my science teacher. She knows all about worms and things."

Donna's blue eyes were little gimlets boring into the back of Johnny's averted head. "I don't doubt it."

"Would you like to hear about them?" asked Artie politely.

Amanda, still pink, turned to Johnny apologetically. "Please continue with your game, Corporal Simmons." She took Artie by the hand firmly. "Artie and I must go—we have a friend waiting for us at the house."

"A friend," echoed Artie blankly. "What friend?"

"*Mme. Latrodectus Mactans*," replied Amanda grimly. "She's not so bad either—comparatively speaking."

A wide grin broke over Johnny's freckled face. "You'll do nothing of the kind—we'll play doubles."

There was nothing to do but accept. Artie saw to that. It didn't, however, turn out to be the wonderful idea he might have hoped for. The girls didn't fight over Johnny. In fact, the conversation lagged dismally from the first, then broke down completely under the steady weight of Donna's frigid silence.

After one set, she made for the nearest lawn chair and refused to budge. "I'm tired," she announced flatly.

"O.K., I'll get out, too," Artie offered hastily, thankful for an opportunity to get into his favorite position, sitting.

Donna repaired the damage to her make-up and concentrated on the game taking place on the court. There was a look in her china-blue eyes which indicated she was having difficulty remaining fair-minded.

Amanda, however, did turn out to be a dark horse. Even Artie conceded that. She could drop a kill-shot over the net like a professional. Her wind would have been the envy of a Southern politician, and her energy denoted a superabundance of vitamin B.

She won the first set with ease, but somehow she contrived to make Johnny feel like a second Don Budge. Artie, taking in every detail from the side lines, decided that losing to Miss Craig did more for the morale than winning from anyone else.

Donna seemed aware of this, but whatever her private thoughts were, she kept them private.

At the end of the second set, Amanda called a halt.

"After all, corporal, *you've* been conditioned for commando warfare," she laughed, shaking hands with Johnny across the net. Her words gave the impression that he had chased her to a standstill. "I'd better get home and soak in liniment and hot water while I'm still able to navigate."

Johnny shook his head. "The kindness that kills," he said. "Lady, I've been chased, pounded and ignominiously defeated." He grinned. "No other marine can make that statement."

Amanda smiled briefly and looked down. She was replacing her racket in its frame.

"Aren't you going to stay for supper?" asked Artie, disappointed.

"Sorry, Artie," said Amanda, without stating why. "Not tonight."

"Fried chicken and homemade cake," tempted Johnny, smacking his lips and rolling his eyes.

"Sounds good," admitted Amanda. "Some other time." She turned to Donna. "It was nice meeting you, Miss Harden." She actually sounded as though she meant it.

Donna relaxed a trifle. "You must play with us again, Miss Craig." She patted Johnny's arm with just the proper touch of possessiveness. The gesture



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said plainer than any words, "POSTED—KEEP OFF."

It didn't miss Amanda, but she took it without batting a lash. "I do hope you'll excuse my barging in on your game—Artie's good impulses will be my undoing yet." She smiled at him, taking the sting out of her words. "See you tomorrow, Artie."

Johnny's appreciation of her retreating figure was interrupted.

"A *most* unusual schoolteacher," observed Donna.

"She's super," bragged Artie. "She knows all about worms an' bugs an' ——"

Johnny winced. "You're getting senile, squirt," he told his brother; "you're repeating yourself."

"If the shoe fits ——" began Donna archly, then, noting the expression on Johnny's face, she flashed her dimples unexpectedly. "I was joking. Where's all that chicken you were offering so lavishly to the public? I'm *starved*." She linked her arm through his and smiled up at him meltingly.

Johnny blushed and gulped. "Coming right up, angelpuss," he said, and led the way toward the house.

He turned to view the street down which Amanda had recently departed. There was a look of mixed anxiety and pleasure on his freckled countenance. But there was no denying that he looked happier than at any time since he arrived home on furlough.

It sure was working, all right, thought Artie, following them toward the house. He wouldn't be surprised if between Doctor Harvey and himself, they could probably solve a great many of this world's problems.

By nine o'clock the next morning two minor events of interest had taken place. During the night it had stormed, leaving in its wake a drippy, dreary day. And Miss Amanda Craig's heretofore reliable jalopy, left overnight in the rain, had developed unexpected temperament and refused to budge.

The net result of these mishaps was that by ten o'clock Cpl. Johnny Simmons could be seen piloting the Simmons chariot through the rain toward the high-school auditorium. Beside him rode Artie and Miss Amanda Craig.

"Lepidoptera, Hemiptera, Hymenoptera, Coleoptera," intoned Artie chantingly, peering with half-closed eyes at the dripping landscape sliding past.

Johnny viewed him skeptically. "More lingoes," he said. "What's he up to now?"

"He's reciting the scientific names of the insects," replied Amanda. "It helps him keep calm."

Johnny grinned. "Let me know when he gets around to me."

Amanda's eyes crinkled at the corners. "I will," she promised.

THE rally was a huge success. Artie paraded Johnny up and down the aisles and corridors with small-brother pride that had nothing to do with I.Q.'s or genius ratings.

Finally, Johnny balked in self-defense. "Remember me?" he protested wearily. "I'm a marine—not a foot soldier. And unless you navigate me to a folding position, I'm going to embarrass you by collapsing in front of your public."

"Sure," obliged Artie happily, and proceeded to direct him to the most prominent seat in the auditorium. A soft, comfortable one, right next to Miss Craig's. "I've got to get up on the stage now, anyway." He trotted off, then returned to squeeze Johnny's hand and look up at him, his eyes shining. "Gee, I'm glad you came along, Johnny," he said.

Johnny didn't look like a tough marine at all. "So'm I," he said. He cleared his throat and gave Artie a little shove. "Okay, Einstein, now let's see you go into this intelligentsia act I've been hearing about."

Artie surpassed even his own previous records. He felt a great glow of happiness as he jumped down off the stage, prize in hand, and headed for Johnny. He felt that he had done all right by Miss Craig too.

Another thing which pleased him was the new look of admiration in Johnny's eyes. At first Artie thought, naturally, that the look was for himself alone. He did, until he noticed that the look remained there even when Johnny's gaze shifted to Miss Craig, which was often. Miss Craig, thought Artie, experiencing a faint pang of jealousy, had certainly *contributed*. But by no means in direct proportion to the light in Johnny's eyes.

"A celebration for the victor," announced Johnny. So they departed for Nick's, to place their feet beneath one of his round tables and celebrate via malted milks and ice cream.

IT had stopped raining now, the sun threatening to show itself momentarily. It was all undeniably pleasant in a strangely unintellectual way, decided Artie. He sucked his milk up experimentally through the straw, trying to bring it exactly to the top and keep it there without moving in either direction. He wondered what Doctor Harvey would make of the way Miss Craig and Johnny were looking at each other.

Maybe he'd better consult Doctor Harvey's book regarding this unforeseen development when he got home. He was mentally fixing the task for himself when he glanced up to find Donna regarding the three of them with wide blue eyes that had acquired a flinty expression since last evening.

This jolted Artie out of his customary calm. "Man the guns," he said, *sotto voce*, and kicked Johnny gently on the shin. "Why—hell-o, Donna!"

Johnny sprang to his feet, looking as though he wished he were elsewhere. Even in a foxhole. "Hello," he echoed blankly.

Donna approached the table, her blue eyes giving off little sparks. "Don't let *me* break up your party," she said. "I was just passing by and saw your car outside, so I thought that I'd drop in."

Amanda nodded pleasantly, and shoved a chair toward Donna. "Hello, Miss Harden," she greeted her amiably. "We're celebrating Artie's victory over intellect. Have a malt with us?"

"No, thanks," refused Donna curtly, no trace of drawl or italics in her voice. She turned to Johnny. "Not that I'm hungry, but weren't we to have lunch together? Do you know what time it is?"

"It is exactly five and one quarter minutes past twelve noon," replied Artie politely, after a careful scrutiny of his watch.

Amanda gathered up her things quietly. "We seem to have our zones of occupation slightly mixed up," she commented dryly. She laid her hand briefly on Artie's shoulder. "I was proud of you today, Artie—truly proud." She turned back to Johnny and looked him squarely in the eyes without a single flutter. "Good-by, Corporal Johnny—and thanks for coming along today. It meant a lot to—to Artie."

Johnny stared after her as she went out the front door and across the street. A queer expression settled across his friendly, freckled face.

Donna raised her eyebrows skeptically. "Well, of all the nerve!" she said. "So it meant a lot to *Artie!*"

Johnny's gaze traveled across her delicate, Dresden-doll features as though he were seeing her for the first time. "Wait a minute, angelpuss—hold the presses! You've been tuned in on some phony propaganda."

Donna's lips compressed to a narrow line. "Of course, *my* time isn't valuable to anyone, but I don't see why *I* should be kept waiting ——"

(Continued on Page 138)

To talk freely, to eat well, to discuss abstract ideas, or go fishing when one wants to—in short, to enjoy good things—sounds easy, but we have learnt that it rests on a most complex and fragile structure in which are united tolerance, love of truth, and other qualities not to be found in primitive society.

—SIR KENNETH CLARK, In La France Libre.

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(Continued from Page 136)

"I'm sorry," Johnny apologized. "I didn't realize it was so late."

"You're not going to give me that one about she took your watch and you didn't know what time it was, are you?" asked Donna sweetly.

Johnny picked up his cap from the table. Then, calmly, he reached over and poured the remains of Artie's milkshake into a saucer and held it toward her. "I believe Artie would call that *Felis libyca domestica,*" he said.

Donna bristled. "It seems to me," she observed crisply, "that I have to listen to an awful lot of Artie's brilliant quotations. If you ask me, he's just a spoiled child who likes to show off."

"I didn't ask you," said Johnny pointedly. Then all at once his stern expression faded and he smiled at her in a kindly, almost brotherly manner. "Angelpuss, it looks like I've been operating behind a smoke screen lately, but I think I'm beginning to see the light. I vote we adjourn the meeting and dissolve the partnership."

Donna's shrug was a masterpiece of indifference. "That suits me just fine," she replied coolly. "It so happens that there are *some* people who consider my wishes first."

"Like Tony Evans, for example?"

Donna bit her lip, but didn't reply.

Johnny regarded her quietly. "Well, I guess that's O.K., too, baby. As Artie would say, I guess you and I just aren't psychologically harmonized."

"*Oh!* I suppose you and that schoolteacher are!"

"Now that you mention it," said Johnny slowly, "could be." A gleam of conviction stole into his blue eyes. "In fact, you're right over the target." He backed hurriedly toward the door. "Excuse me."

Donna glared at his departing back. "You—you ——"

"Wolf," supplied Artie obligingly. He licked the last trace of malted milk from Johnny's glass, and regarded Donna placidly. His faith in Doctor Harvey and his theory was as yet unshaken, so he added serenely: "Johnny's a wolf, for sure. An' what's more, I s'pect he's already worn out two sets of fangs." He cupped his hands around his mouth and made a sudden baying noise that echoed resoundingly in Nick's small place.

"*Brat!*" Donna glowered at him, then flung herself out of Nick's, a furious Dresden doll with flying blond curls.

Artie congratulated himself. That ought to really fix Johnny up if he needed more fixing than he had already had. Now Donna was good and jealous.

He caught up with Johnny and Amanda just in time to hear Johnny saying, "That loud noise you just heard, Miss Craig, was the 'posted—keep off' sign being torn from the back of Corporal J. Simmons."

Amanda's green eyes twinkled and she giggled in a most unschoolteacherish fashion. "According to certain authorities, I already seem to have my hunting license, corporal," she said. "So consider yourself at bay."

That was history of two weeks' vintage.

Artie consulted his wrist watch. It was time to leave for the nature lecture. He *still* didn't know to what stumbling block he and Doctor Harvey owed defeat. According to Doctor Harvey and logic, Donna and Johnny should now be calling each other sugar-wuggie and such. This was far from the case.

From the veranda Artie could hear his parents' voices clearly through the open window.

"I still don't know how it happened," said Mrs. Simmons. "But I'm certainly glad it did. I can't think of a girl I'd rather Johnny would like."

"Neither can I," agreed Mr. Simmons. "Amanda is a fine girl." He paused. "What puzzles me is Artie."

Artie, upon hearing his name mentioned, immediately pricked up his ears.

"Me, too," admitted Mrs. Simmons, lowering her voice so that Artie had to strain to catch what followed. "I've been watching him for almost two weeks now—and I can't understand it. *I* thought since he is so fond of Amanda himself, he'd be delighted that Johnny is fond of her too."

"And instead of that, he's acted almost queer about it."

"Queer is right—you'd think he didn't *want* Johnny to like Amanda. Still, I can't believe that, either."

"I don't know what to make of it," admitted Mr. Simmons.

"Maybe we'd better consult Doctor Harvey again," said Mrs. Simmons.

Artie choked indignantly.

Mr. Simmons spoke hesitantly. "Helen I've been thinking," he said. "Maybe it's time I had a talk with Artie."

"You mean," asked Mrs. Simmons amused, "about the birds and the bees?"

"I guess so."

Mrs. Simmons laughed. "You're a little late, Arthur—Artie's lecturing on them a the high-school auditorium this afternoon."

It was Mr. Simmons' turn to make a choking noise. "Well, I'll be ——" he exploded. Then he, too, laughed. "Get you hat, Helen. That's one lecture we're goin to—we might learn something!"

It didn't make sense to Artie. None of it He picked up his reference books wearily and descended the steps, headed for th auditorium. His faith in science and logi had been buffeted, but not battered. H squared his shoulders stubbornly.

"Coleoptera, Hemiptera, Hymenoptera Lepidoptera," he intoned firmly.

After all, according to the records down town, his *physical* age was only nine year eight months and four days.

ARE AMERICAN MOMS A MENACE?

(Continued from Page 36)

only woman he ever loved." She alone indulged his ambition to be an artist, at which he failed miserably; and, as in the case of many another mother's boy, the fact that Adolf expected continued coddling and admiration from the world, and was cold-shouldered instead, may explain his urge to destroy the existing scheme of things and make it over to suit himself. Had this one individual had a different mother, history might have taken another course.

In their relationships with women, many mother's boys continue the trend toward extremes. If successful in amours, they may become Don Juans and Lotharios, going from one romance to another in search of emotional satisfaction which the ever-present mother fixation keeps them from attaining. To quote Dr. Otto Fenichel, "The Don Juan seeks his mother in all women and cannot find her." However, if the mother's boy is not appealing to women or fears he won't be, or has an "incest" feeling regarding opposite-sex relations because of ide tification with his mother, he may shu women altogether and frequently turns homosexuality.

Reporting on the background of mar male homosexuals, Professors Lewis M. Te man and Catharine C. Miles say in the study, Sex and Personality, "The psych social formula for developing homosexuali in boys would seem to run somewhat as fo lows: too demonstrative affection from excessively emotional mother, especially the case of a first, last or only child; a fath who is unsympathetic, autocratic, brut much away from home, or deceased; trea ment of the child as a girl, coupled with la of encouragement or opportunity to ass ciate with boys and to take part in t rougher masculine activities; overempha of neatness, niceness and spirituality; lack vigilance against the danger of seduction older homosexual males."

(Continued on Page 140)

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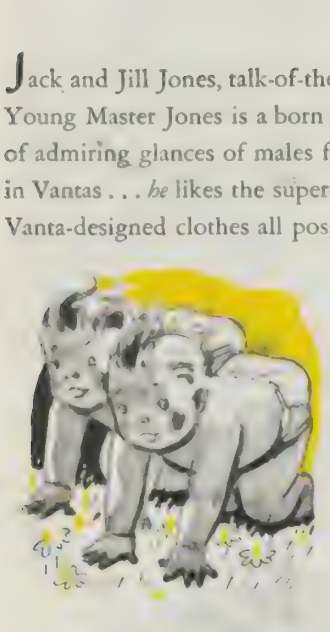
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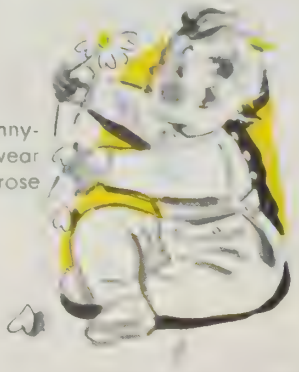
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(Continued from Page 138)

The formula need not always work, of course, for even from the environment described many boys grow up to make normal sexual adjustments. But in any event, the mother's boy may remain a bachelor for a long time or permanently. An Army psychologist told me, "We're afraid that a lot of unmarried G. I. Joe's who put their moms on pedestals may have developed mother fixations while overseas, and, now that they are coming back, they may have difficulty in finding wives who will measure up to their overidealized notions of womanhood."

In recent years, many factors have contributed to the overbalance of maternal influence in the American home. Where fathers have been away in service for prolonged periods, little boys are started off with a one-sided mother attachment, and if the father fails to return, the mother may seek to make up for the loss through her sons' affections. Apart from this, the trend toward more mother's boys has gained impetus from the decrease in family size, resulting in more only sons. Moreover, various changes in American life are tending to keep more fathers away from their homes and to leave young sons largely to the mothers, with nurses, domestics and women schoolteachers adding to the feminine atmosphere. Another factor has been the ever-higher survival rate of wives compared with husbands. This has led to an increasing number of widows, and hence to more control by mothers over the family purse strings and business interests, increasing their sons' dependence on them economically as well as emotionally.

One could live on next to nothing if one's friends could live on less.

He who stumbles and falls not quite, gains a step.

One seldom meets a lonely lie. —ANON.

The growing one-sided influence of American mothers is more than a matter of individual concern. It involves significant changes in our whole national culture and outlook, for, as authorities have pointed out, the thinking, the behavior and the achievements of nations can be molded by the relative degree of mother or father influence. As examples, the Irish, and other Catholic peoples generally, are strongly influenced by mothers, chiefly because of reverence for the Virgin Mary. The English and other Protestant nations tend largely toward father domination. The Germans in recent generations went to extremes in heightening the father influence and repudiating mother influence, and the viciousness and brutality of the Nazis reflected this. The Japs, too, have exalted the father influence and suppressed that of the mothers. Conversely, Chinese women have continued to be strongly influential, as revealed by the roles of Mme. Sun Yat-sen and her sisters. (Prof. Ray E. Baber reports with respect to the Chinese family, "In any dispute between a wife and his mother, a man was supposed to take the mother's side, on the grounds that he could get another wife but could never get another mother.") We might also note what happened when the Italians, a strongly mother-influenced people, tried to emulate—somewhat pathetically, it is true—their warlike forebears the Romans, a father-dominated people.

So it can be seen that unbalanced fathe influence, either in the individual family o the nation, can be as bad as too dominan mother influence. In this country, however the growing domination by American moth ers of the "mom" type is the more immedi ate menace to our security. Looking back ward, one could readily grant that a goo deal of the strength of America came fron the mothers who worked side by side wit their menfolk, created and managed home under innumerable hardships, gave of them selves unselfishly and reared their sons to as sume the responsibilities of men. It is o these women that the tradition of reverenc for the American mother has been built. N one would deny that a majority of America mothers today, adapting to the needs o changing times, are deserving of similar re spect and praise. But if we are to believe th psychologists, there is a very large numbe of mothers who have not earned the right t wear the laurels won by others, or to accep smugly homage for service they have no rendered.

If we have indeed gone too far in the direc tion of maternal conditioning, we must se that the psychological diet of our boys supplemented by more "masculine vit mins." American fathe must be impressed wit the need of greater pa ticipation in the rearing c their sons. Every mothe can agitate for more mal teachers in our elemer tary and high school and she can encourag manly activity for her bo through the Boy Scout other boys' groups an youngmen'sorganization Compulsory military service at the age eighteen would also help, some authoritie feel.

Strangely enough, it is in the more priv leged and enlightened groups that the sit ation needs most attention, for it is amon these that only sons are most common, tha psychological tension is apt to be greates that fathers are the most neglectful an mothers most inclined to be domineerin Prof. Arthur T. Jersild, child psychologi of Columbia University, told me, "Whe the more ordinary women take the rearin of their sons in stride, many so-called 's phisticated' mothers are so eager to do thorough job of mothering that they we themselves and their boys to frazzles." O as a highly neurotic man patient told o of my psychoanalyst friends, "My troub is my mother didn't mother me—she *smot ered* me."

The best way to avoid becoming a "mom or having a maladjusted son is to follow t ten don'ts that are listed below. And take easy. Boys will be boys—if you just l them be.

(The author's thanks for discussing with him vario phases of this article are extended to Professors Kimb Young, Gertrude P. Driscoll and Irving Lorge, a Doctors Fritz Wittels, Stella Chess, David B. Wechsl S. M. Small, Bernard Robbins and Harry M. Bakwi.

DON'TS FOR DOTING MOTHERS

*(If you want your boy to develop normally)**

1. Don't breast-feed or bottle-feed your boy any longer than absolutely necessary, and don't dress or bathe him beyond the time that he can care for himself.
2. Don't have him share your bed after he outgrows babyhood.
3. Don't treat your son like a lover. Avoid excessive fondling and kissing (particularly "mouth" kissing).
4. Don't get your son in the habit of letting you make his decisions for him.
5. Don't rear him in an exclusively female atmosphere (if there's no father on the scene), but see that he has plenty of opportunity to be with adult males as well as boys his age.
6. Don't force your son beyond his c pacities, or try to make his succe the compensation for your own fa ures.
7. Don't whine and complain (as l grows older) that he's neglecting yo or doesn't love you enough.
8. Don't make him feel you are jealo of his girl friends or that they're cor petitors of yours.
9. If you have a son and daughter, don show him favoritism at her expen
10. If you are widowed, or divorced, don try to turn your son into a substitu for your husband, or make him fe that he will be an ingrate if he ma ries and has a home of his own.

*Compiled from suggestions by various authorities

LET YOUR LOVE BE WISE... GUARD HIM FROM HIS GREATEST RISK *The "Family Cold"*



"The family cold" can be the start of a dread illness for the baby you hold so close.

AGAINST the common cold carelessly passed on by an older person, your little baby is helpless. His nasal passages are so tiny—his little lungs are so "new."

Only *your vigilance* can guard him from those respiratory infections and their frightening complications that actually cause more infant fatalities than any other illness.

The wisest, surest way to protect your baby from the "family cold" is to keep anyone who is suffering from even the slightest cold symptoms strictly out of the baby's room.

Reduce risk with a mask

If you yourself have a cold, and there is no one else you can call on to care for your baby, you can greatly reduce the danger of infection by wearing a tissue mask.

Wear it not only when you are in your baby's room, but when you are preparing his food or attending to his clothes. His little hands go from his bottle or his clothes right into his mouth.

Tissue Mask effective, easy to make

Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth and pin or tie at the back of your head. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs . . . greatly lessen the danger of contagion.

Don't be afraid of being called a fussy mother. The Mask-for-a-Cold rule is always a wise rule. And in a world where doctors and nurses are still a scarcity, this simple precaution against respiratory infection may be vital to your baby's safety.

THE CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE IS IMPORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And, with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

Trade Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Millions are Grateful for its Luxury Texture



"Now you may look— Happy Birthday!"

Happy surprise for a growing-up daughter—her room re-done! And a Fieldcrest Spread takes half the glory. Its prettiness of design and colors wins daughter over—presto! Mother appreciates its decorative charm, too, but she also realizes what a practical addition she has to the bedroom. Clear colors that keep their freshness, a cotton weave that resists wrinkling, a spread that will serve her well. A *real* find—at a very moderate price.

In better stores now. Every day now, the better stores have more and more of these Fieldcrest Bedspreads, alone or in ensembles with draperies, in an attractive selection of patterns and colors. Pleasant surprises for birthdays, for Christmas, for every member of the family!

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Makers of Fieldcrest Sheets, Towels, Blankets, Bedspreads • 88 Worth Street, New York 13

★ ★

JOB INSURANCE FOR JUNIORS

By Ellsworth Newcomb

FOURTEEN-year-old John Christian is production manager of a busy woodworking plant. Shirley Rappelt, at seventeen, edits a big-circulation fashion guide. Alvin Outcalt is just eighteen, yet he's president of a chemical company. Still another teen-ager, Jane Dowling, heads a manufacturing plant.

All these youngster-run enterprises are doing a booming business. They pay wages. They send dividends to stockholders. They invest profits in more equipment. Best of all, their young members are arming themselves for the day when they'll step over into the world of grown-up industry.

Amazing as it sounds, these girls and boys are typical of thousands between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one who own and operate their own companies throughout the United States. All are members of Junior Achievement, Incorporated. A national organization backed by industrial, labor and educational leaders, it is splendidly fulfilling its purpose of training future job holders by setting them up in businesses of their own *while they're still in school.*

• At Junior Achievement's headquarters in New York, a sprawling map is thickly dotted with green pins—each one representing a girl-or-boy-operated company with a story behind it that can't fail to make Americans proud of the initiative of their young people. Let's take a look:

In Pittsburgh a group of earnest boys busily turns out incubators for premature babies. When they learned of the need for additional, low-cost incubators, these lads—with the help of a medical authority—designed a glass-topped, electrically heated wooden box, got it approved, and now have a steady market for all they can produce. Already their device is credited with having saved the lives of thirty babies. With the know-how those boys are acquiring, they won't be turned down for lack of experience when the time comes for them to go job hunting.

IN Chicago a high-school girl saw the need for a shopping guide for girls and boys her own age. She talked it over with the local Junior Achievement field director. Then she rolled up her sweater sleeves and with his aid formed the Hi-Shopper Publishing Company. Now twelve girls, each week, get out a smartly written and gaily illustrated newspaper supplement for their 750,000 fans. Hi-Shopper functions entirely on its own. The staff, working only during after-school hours, writes its advertising copy and sells it at regular space rates; prepares its own layouts, art work and features. The girls "shop" the stores, arrange fashion shows and even produce a radio program on a major network. The shopping guide is a financial success. But far more important than the dividends it pays stockholders is the practical knowledge its staff is gaining. "We've had to learn," says its pretty Junior Miss boss, "the mechanics of make-up; to cope with dead lines, the fundamentals of advertising art and the eccentricities of people. And we're still learning." With such a backlog of training, those girls will do little pavement pounding when they're ready for full-time employment.

Besides getting out various publications, producing radio shows, running chemical plants, manufacturing garden stakes, clothesline reels, play pens, mailboxes, house signs and clothes hangers—just about everything from airplane-shipping blocks to toy zebras—many Junior Achievement companies provide services. Girls in some cities have established nurseries for the children of working mothers. In New York's Harlem, colored boys have organized to do bookkeeping for neighborhood merchants. Still other Lilliputian companies run printing presses, do photographic work, repair furniture and pianos and supply secretarial services. In all cases the youngsters start from scratch. Here's how a miniature company is formed:

Tommy Wells listened round-eyed when the president of his home town's furniture factory gave a talk about Junior Achievement at his school. It sounded fine. Kids no older than Tommy were running profitable businesses. It cost no money to become a Junior Achiever. It wouldn't interfere with schoolwork. Why couldn't he get a group together? Eagerly Tommy questioned the Junior Achievement field director who had come with the factory head. How many boys would it take to get a company started? What could they manufacture? Where would they work?

"COMPANIES are limited to fifteen members," the field man told Tommy. "You round up your friends while I find business, financial and technical advisers—one in each category—for you. Then we'll meet and talk about a product."

Tommy recruited a dozen enthusiasts among his pals. A vacant store was found for a workshop and, following the program's rule that everything must be paid for, rent was agreed on. Tommy's excitement ran high when his group met their advisers at their first company meeting. With strict adherence to parliamentary law, the boys elected their officers. They made Tommy president. But he would keep his title for only a year, for all jobs are rotated annually so that boys and girls get a chance to learn every angle of industry, from worker to boss.

Now came the big decision. What would the company make? After talking it over with their advisers, the boys decided they'd manufacture clothespins. That was something they could sell locally, and their mothers were always needing them. The budding industrialists named their firm the Junior Production Company. They estimated costs and selling prices, set a production goal and found they needed $100 of capital in order to buy and rent necessary machinery and equipment. Carefully they counted out stock certificates, printed their company's name on them and divided them up to sell. For the next few days bikes and brogans took a beating while Tommy and his friends marketed shares at twenty-five to fifty cents—five shares only to any one individual. Lists of Junior Achievement companies' stockholders, by the way, are often impressive. Former Gov. Charles Edison, of New Jersey, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker are among the many well-known persons to whom the juvenile industries pay modest dividends.

With funds finally raised and machinery installed, the toy-size company's lathes began to whir. Soon, finished, up-to-standard clothespins came off its production line. Like all Junior Achievement enterprises, Tommy's would operate only a limited number of hours each week in after-school shifts, and was on a scale so small it offered no threat to established concerns. Like its big-business brothers, it would suffer a variety of headaches. Material shortages, absenteeism, production and distribution problems would plague it. But when it struck a snag, one or more of its three advisers would be on hand to help iron out the trouble. Junior Achievement companies seldom fail. Youth and enthusiasm, plus the advice of experienced men and women, make an almost unbeatable combination.

Junior Achievement, Incorporated, was started soon after World War I when Hor-



"For me Mommy? Nice Nazareth panties?"

From hi-chair to hi-school, happy children wear comfortable, sturdy Nazareth underwear and sleepers. •Get to know Nazareth's *good quality, low price . . . and really save!*

Nazareth
A GRAND BRAND NAME
FOR 58 YEARS!

ace A. Moses, head of the Strathmore Paper Company, became concerned over the fact that young people applying for their first positions were often turned down because of lack of experience. Many school boys and girls worked hard to earn money in their spare time or during vacations. They ran errands, mowed lawns, minded neighbors' children. This was all helpful, but such odd jobs usually gave them only a limited knowledge of business methods and added up to little in terms of what their future employers required. Why not provide a down-to-earth training ground for future job holders? Why not arrange for teen-agers to set up actual companies modeled on adult lines?

Mr. Moses put his questions up to the late Theodore N. Vail, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He was enthusiastic over the idea, and together the two men inaugurated their unique learn-by-doing program.

At first functioning only in New England, Junior Achievement's membership skyrocketed when, in 1943, it was reorganized on a nation-wide basis. Now headed by S. Bayard Colgate, of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, and Charles R. Hook, of American Rolling Mill Company, Junior Achievement has field directors in more than seventy-five cities.

Parents who have observed Junior Achievement in action are heartily in favor of it. Janey's and Ben's school grades, they say, take an upward turn when their midget businesses prove the practicability of lessons. They are more co-operative at home, take better care of their things once they know the value of property and money. Many mothers and fathers say that Junior Achievement activities help their children in the choice of careers. Also high on the list of reasons for parental endorsement of Junior Achievement is the fact that it solves the spare-time problem. Teen-age workers have no time to waste or to get into trouble. And while in no sense is the organization an agency for reclaiming delinquents, it frequently does just that.

The value of Junior Achievement is stressed by educators, and there are now scholarships available to its members in every college and university in the country. Labor leaders, too, favor the program. A.F. of L. officials serve on its national board and on local committees. Many advisers hold cards in the locals, while parents of hundreds of Junior Achievers belong to labor organizations. Industrialists, finding that young people who have served apprenticeships under the plan make more capable job holders, are eagerly supporting it. Not only do their contributions finance the organization, but the long list of sponsoring companies which supply advisers to the tiny concerns is steadily growing. It is expected that the close of 1945 will see nearly a thousand juvenile industries going full tilt.

Two million American young people reach job age each year. Most of them have all the potentialities for success. The one thing they lack is the practical knowledge learned only in the school of experience. Spare time invested in these miniature companies is a form of job insurance that pays off—with jobs.

Parents
Girls and Boys 14–21

A letter addressed to Junior Achievement, Inc., 345 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York, will reach the field director at the branch nearest your home town. He will tell you how to help set up a company in your community.

A friend of mine walking down the street met a friend and said, "How are you this morning?"
The man said, "All right."
My friend answered, "Well, you ought to notify your face!"

—J. R. OZANNE:
In Illinois Journal of Commerce.



It costs so little to make "Mary and Her Little Lamb." And you'll have fun, too, making "Puss in Boots" . . . "Waggy the Pup" . . . or any one of Bucilla's cuddly Stuftoys. They're all stamped, ready to stitch and stuff. At all good stores.

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He does it for *your* children. And he's typical of the selected groups of 100 or more lively boys and girls who have been *Pre-Testing* Poll-Parrot Shoes *in actual wear,* winter and summer, for 17 years.

And what does this mean to *you?* It means *your* child gets Poll-Parrot Shoes with *extra reinforcements in vital parts.* New constructions, new materials, new lasts, new styles—*all* are *Pre-Tested* before they're approved for *your* child!

That's why Poll-Parrots fit so snug, wear so long, look so smart . . . why you'll be wise to *insist* on Poll-Parrots. They're *Pre-Tested* for *your* child's protection!

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EVERY IMPROVEMENT PRE-TESTED!

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What your Taste can't Measure

IT TAKES little more than a spoonful of the crisp flakes and tender raisins in Kellogg's Raisin 40% Bran Flakes to convince anyone this cereal is just about tops in taste.

But what even your taste can't measure—and what few folks realize—is how important this breakfast treat is as food.

Here at Kellogg's, Raisin 40% Bran Flakes are restored with important whole-grain food elements declared essential to human nutrition, in accordance with the U.S. Nutrition Program. They bring you not only superior flavor, but nutritious goodness!

Serve this delicious and different breakfast cereal in *your* home. Ask for Kellogg's Raisin 40% Bran Flakes—cereal and fruit right in the same package.

• • •

To satisfy everyone at your breakfast table, try all *the famous Kellogg cereals—Raisin 40% Bran Flakes, Corn Flakes, Pep, All-Bran, Shredded Wheat, Rice Krispies, 40% Bran Flakes, Krumbles.* All *good to eat. All good* for *you.*



"The Grains are Great Foods"—

W. K. Kellogg

★ ★

MY MOTHER IS A FEEDING PROBLEM

By Charlotte Himber

IF your child "doesn't eat," hang a mirror over the back of his chair and observe yourself for a day, as you feed him. In its reflection you will surprise yourself with an assortment of facial expressions typical of the Feeding Problem mother. You will see yourself as grim, intense, falsely smiling, frightened, stubborn, excited, defeated, prayerful, even hysterical. That is an assortment to make any child squirm.



If your healthy child won't eat, the answer may be here.

If you think you are one of a minority among mothers, listen to what a prominent New York pediatrician has to say about his experience: "Fifty per cent of the mothers complain that their child won't eat, although in less than ten per cent of these cases does the complaint have a basis in some physical condition."

Babies are innately hungry animals. Before they are a week old much of their crying is silenced by giving them sustenance. Every one of those complaining mothers has had the warm experience of being able to quiet her new infant with the loving offer of food. The infant, nursing contentedly, does not separate the affection from the food as he makes this response. But sometimes, in these early months, it happens that the infant is not hungry and refuses his meal. The mother is disappointed because she has come to think of his acceptance of the food as acceptance of the affection she offers with the meal. She feels his rejection as a refusal of her love. She becomes anxious as she attempts to feed him. The performance may be repeated many times. The mother finally turns for help to the baby's doctor. He usually finds that her baby is in good health, but although he attempts to reassure her, she continues to worry, because the doctor's findings do not help her to get over her feeling of rejection.

The real problem, of course, is the mother. If babies could be left to feed themselves, they would never lose the impulse to nourish themselves sufficiently. They would eat when eating gave them satisfaction. They would stop eating when their stomachs felt full. If they were too excited, or too tired, they would skip a meal. If they got bored with a certain type of food, they would give it up for a while. If they lacked appetite because of a cold or other illness coming on, they would let their stomachs rest. If they had a sudden craving for lots and lots of one kind of food, they would eat more of it at each meal, until the body had all it could handle, and then turn from it to other food that would fill up a temporary nutritional gap.

THINK what joy such eating could be for a child. Why do mothers persist in interfering with their children's appetites? No infant will starve itself. Scientists have experimented by letting infants choose their own meals from a healthful assortment of twenty-four basic simple foods. After six months of self-selection, all those babies who had shown symptoms of malnutrition had cured themselves. All the children, over a longer period, had nourished themselves well and were in excellent health.

But the reassuring proof of scientists falls on deaf ears. The reason for this is that the problem is not a child problem. It is, in four cases out of five, a problem of attitudes in the mother. She is the one who needs treatment, and she can administer it to herself if she will be courageous, honest and persevering.

What kind of mother is a feeding problem? Let us illustrate several of the numerous types. One is the compulsive type. She dusts her rooms on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. She will give up an opportunity to go to the theater at dusting time on Wednesday afternoon. She is inflexible. Babies resent inflexibility. When mother has laid out a meal of potatoes, meat and a vegetable, she cannot bear it that Susan happens to want nothing but milk and gelatin that day. Instead of trying to deal with her own problem of compulsiveness, she imposes it on the child.

There are reasons for her compulsiveness. Perhaps she was too sternly disciplined in her childhood. Perhaps she feels unsure of herself and uses the rigid routine as a prop to keep her steady. Even if she doesn't know why she is the way she is, she can recognize the trait and try not to injure her child.

SIMILAR to the compulsive type is the perfectionist. A child must neatly absorb its calories and vitamins. The baby who sticks his fingers into the new big jar of chopped carrots, to see how different it feels from the carrot purée, is instantly confronted with a "no." He looks up, startled. He had been making an interesting experiment. Now something about the atmosphere is uncomfortable. He pivots around on his high chair and tries to get out. His mother continues to feed him neatly. He has lost interest in eating, however. But wait, there are beets coming up. What a lovely color! Some of the juice drops on his tray. He rubs his fingers in it, writing curlicues all over the chair. His mother wipes it clean with a quick swish of a cloth. There it goes again—that puzzling interference. Who wants to bother with this business of eating anyway? "Let me out of here," he thinks, and refuses the rest of his lunch.

The aggressive type is hard to take. The baby wants his food, and would eat it gladly, but the way that spoon keeps jabbing into his busy, overburdened mouth is so trying. He'd love to take a minute to bite around the edge of that paper bottle cap first. But no, a hunk of pasty, dry potato has got in his way. He tries to pull his head away, but the potato follows menacingly. He is sick and tired of this Thing that is always coming between him and his desires. With a wild scream he arches his back, yanks the spoon out of his mother's hand and throws it against the opposite wall. That will fix her. Who cares about this old business of eating anyway? His mother starts the next meal off cautiously. Just as cautiously he repudiates her offer of the spoon. She shoves it at him a second time. And again. "My goodness," he thinks, stiffening impatiently, "does this go on forever?" This mother does not know that repeatedly offering the spoon is, in effect, forcing the

by to eat, because he feels her aggressive-
ss behind her gestures.
Sometimes a mother is unhappy about
w she has managed various matters in her
e that have nothing to do with her care of
e baby. She feels frustrated. She sits
wn to feed her baby with the attitude,
Vell, here is one thing that won't go
ong, anyway." Imagine how much the
by adds to her sense of frustration when
innocently withdraws from his cereal one
orning. Occasionally a child lacks appe-
e at breakfast. But mother needs to re-
ce her sense of frustration. If she man-
es to get her child to eat his cereal, she
s a feeling of accomplishment, although
e baby has lost some of
original joy in eating.
e next time he will care
s for cereal.
A very frequent feeding
oblem is the submissive
other. She is happy only
er she has created an is-
e and is then forced to
pitulate. Subconsciously
e sets the stage for this
d of yielding by first
iting and crossing a
rson, then punishing
rself by submission. To her baby she says,
Now you will get no dessert unless you
sh this last spoonful of egg." Baby makes
scene, having been through this sort of
earsal before. He persistently refuses his
.
Later in the afternoon he accompanies
mother on a trip to the bakery, where he
s for a cooky. His mother looks rueful
l says, "I shouldn't let you have it.
u're hungry because you didn't finish
ir egg." Then, "What kind do you want,
chocolate or the white one?" Once she
decided to yield, she goes the whole hog.
ck at home, she decides that baby might
well have a glass of milk to wash down
t cooky. The next time he is offered an
, he has an impression, fixed by the previous battle, that an egg is something to fight. An older child may even remember that his refusal is followed by an in-between meal of cookies and milk. He has learned to choose a battle instead of an egg.

Some mothers feel guilty because they are unable to give their youngsters all the time and loving care they believe that children should have, while others are of the smother-loving type. The former overcome their guilty feelings by too much attention to baby whenever they do happen to be around at mealtime. The latter tries to express her excessive love, which she concentrates on the one child, by stuffing him with more food than he can possibly handle.

Our exaggeration of these types has been deliberate. Rare is the human being who can go through life without at times feeling hostile, frustrated, insecure, submissive, aggressive, guilty, compulsive. But these and other types of unhealthy attitudes directed against an innocent baby can be disastrous. And since the first year or two of life with baby is largely a matter of feeding, he is apt to feel his mother's anxieties intensely. To him she is just a great big feeding problem.

There are extreme cases of emotional upset on a mother's part that need psychiatric care. Such help has resulted in the baby's improved eating. In most cases, if mothers will take the time to analyze their own anxieties and watch their behavior, they might temper their attitudes while feeding the baby. This should be the first step in trying to improve a baby's eating.

None of these types is mutually exclusive. They represent only a sample of the many kinds of emotional patterns that affect a child's eating. But there are bound to be emotional reactions on the part of babies

For his gallantry a Scottish soldier was given a decoration. A week or so later a pal asked him, "And what does the wife think of your medal, Sandy?"

"She doesna ken yet," was the reply. "It's no my turn to write." —TIT BITS.



"Gee, Gwendolyn, how ja like to have that slice of bread spread with delicious Peanut Crunch Peanut Butter!"

On *any* slice of bread Peanut Crunch Peanut Butter is a real treat. Those crisp, "chewy" bits of fresh roasted peanuts add so much flavor . . . are so delightful!

Take a "family vote" and you'll be convinced that Peanut Crunch is THE peanut butter for your pantry shelf!



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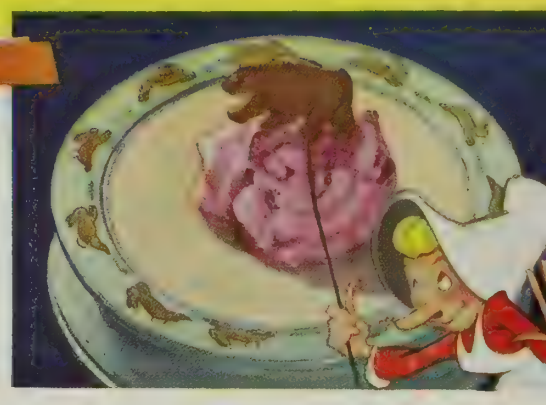
DESSERTS for tomorrow

—some to look forward to—some to try today!

CIRCUS RENNET-CUSTARD

Delightful way to make milk tempting to children! Rennet-custards are as easy to make as they are delicious—require no eggs, no cooking—and the rennet enzyme makes milk extra easy to digest. **You can buy plenty of**

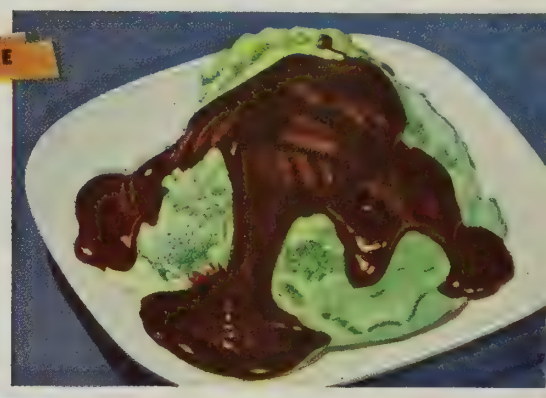
"JUNKET" RENNET TABLETS or POWDER



MINT ICE CREAM WITH FUDGE SAUCE

It's every bit as good as it looks—so smooth! so fine-flavored! and so easy to make in your automatic refrigerator! No beating—even with light cream! And—**even now you can sometimes get**

"JUNKET" FREEZING MIX



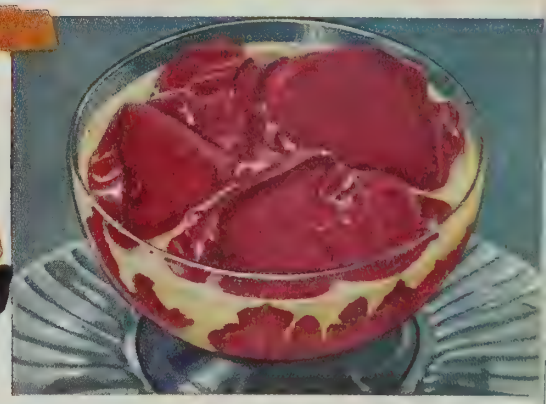
DANISH DESSERT

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Of course, we mean the nursery. For your baby is truly the master of your house. Your baby's well-being and happiness are paramount.

Much loving thought and care will go into the furnishings of this room.

You will surely want a crib and a chest such as those made by Whitney—well designed pieces, constructed with the same precision for which Whitney Baby Carriages are famous.

Other mothers have told us how much they appreciate the smart styling, the lovely finishes, and sturdy construction of these Whitney Cribs and Chests. They are enthusiastic over the special features of Whitney Cribs — the "no sag" Posture Spring which helps to make baby's back strong and straight — the four-level adjustable spring which makes it so much easier to care for the baby — the easy-working Trip Releases which hold the sides strongly, firmly, and out of the clutch of baby's fingers.

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The illustration shows Whitney Crib No. 5812 —with matching chest— finished in blond wood. Also available in maple or rustwood finish.

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and children that show up during mealtimes, no matter how well the mother has herself in hand. Eating, in infants and children, is not an isolated mechanical process. It is one of the ways of reacting emotionally to the child's world and to the whole mother-child relationship. There are fluctuations in the emotional development of a child. He learns many things the hard way during those early years. Frustrations make him angry, irritable, impatient with the world. He may use the process of eating as the means by which he reflects some emotional disturbance. His mother, who is a large part of his world, becomes the object of his attack. All that a mother can do when a child, for such reasons, refuses to eat, or eats capriciously, is to understand that his behavior is a natural phase of his development and make no fuss about the uneaten food.

Nature gives you the face you have at twenty; life models the face you have at thirty; but the face you have at fifty is the one you deserve.
—ANON.

True generosity is the ability to accept ingratitude.
—ANON.

If your baby "doesn't eat," try giving yourself this initial going over. Then check the baby's health with a pediatrician in whom you have confidence. If he finds the baby in good health, he will give you a list of the foods that are permissible. It is for you to arrange these foods in suitable menus that please your baby. Some babies take more kindly to a new food at the evening meal, some at the noon meal. Or if your baby would rather eat liver than cereal for breakfast, let him have it. He can easily get his carbohydrates during the rest of the day—in toast, potato, banana, puddings, and so on.

Make his food available to him, but do not make him take it. If he doesn't want vegetables for a while, he may want more fruit or strained vegetable soup. Let him go without anything he shows dislike for, and offer the rejected food some weeks later. Even milk can be passed by safely. You can put it in puddings, cereals, soups, and even supplement his diet with calcium tablets. If he temporarily gets tired of citrus juices, it won't be for long. In the meantime, squash, an ascorbic-acid pill in some favorite food, and that will take care of his vitamin C. The fish-liver oils make up for other vitamin deficiencies in the diet, and most babies like some form of these oils. Cottage cheese is a good protein to substitute for eggs, and some egg can go into other foods. Each rejected food—*if no issue whatever is made about it*—will probably become an accepted food at some other time.

The baby is to decide when the meal is over. Don't keep offering food. If he refuses after the first mouthful, take it all away with a smile. If he gets nothing but water until the next meal, he will probably make up for the one he gave up. But don't gloat when this happens. If he never gets to know how much his eating means to you, and is allowed to follow the dictates of his own appetite, he will derive the joy in eating that makes life so much more worth while. He will be a happier child altogether. He will associate his happy mealtime satisfaction with the mother who feeds him. That will be the foundation of a healthy and continuing love relationship between mother and child.

Trust your child. There may be a sound organic reason why he is refusing a certain food or consumes less than your neighbor's baby. Some children need half as much food as others. They are small-boned, they grow at a slower rate. If these children are to enjoy good appetites, they must be allowed to go on eating "like a bird," as long as they seem well.

To eat or not to eat—let this be your baby's first freedom.

It's a Gift...

AND SUCH A LOVELY GIFT — FOR BABY

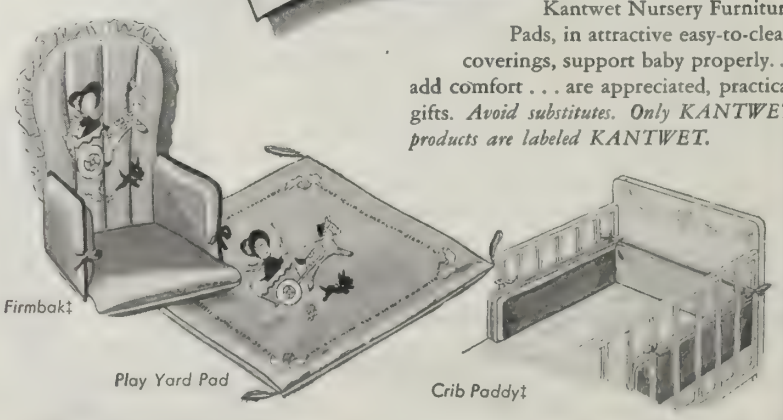
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This combination coverlet-pad-and-pillow for little babies is grand for carriage or carrying. Daintily quilted rayon satin in soft pastel shades keeps baby warm and out of drafts . . . launders beautifully. Wetproof lining wipes sweet and dry in a jiffy. And to make Cuddle-Nest* perfect for giving, it is handsomely gift-boxed.

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CRIB MATTRESSES • CUDDLE-NEST • NURSERY FURNITURE PADS

CHECK LIST FOR PARENTS: II

By John Lamb McIntire

WHEN a well-known jurist comes out and says that it is our schools which are training children in delinquent habits and problem behavior, it is time consider our educational system seriously. We all know schools where children are erded from classroom to classroom, to sit otionless for hours while a corps of disliked dults lectures to them. At home, they are emorizing a dry-as-dust textbook because a assing grade depends not upon how well ey can think things out, but upon how uch they can remember. No wonder, then, at most children go through school in ate of more or less open revolt. It becomes smart" to get D's and E's, to boast of never cracking a book." Dates and a foot- ll letter and membership in a cliquish rority or fraternity become the coveted als. The teachers struggle to cram knowl- lge into students' heads by bulldozing them to apathy. Teachers' salaries, an average of 60 a year in rural areas and $1937 in cities, e so far below a living wage that "teach- g is no longer a profession, but a proces- on," according to a director of the National ducation Association.

In this procession of poorly paid and dis- tisfied pedagogues, there is the "date and tail specialist" who regards a chart with ore emotion than a human being. There is e neurotic who bolsters his ego by ridi- ling the sensitive members of the class, d the teacher who feels socially inferior d curries the favor of the few, while rshly discriminating against the socially ss fortunate. Too rare is the teacher who alizes that his most important function is t formal instruction, but teaching a young rson how to deal with life.

For more than anything else except the me, the school determines the growth of rsonality. The school must be held largely sponsible for the fact that one in every enty-five school children will develop a ental disease, and twelve in every twenty- e some kind of neurosis. Psychiatrists ve called school "the period of competi- on"—in sports, in mental strivings, in lationships with both sexes. Feelings of ilure may crystallize into an inferiority mplex which lasts a lifetime.

OUR child's morals, his emotional sta- lity, his skills and leisure-time activities are being formed into set patterns in hool. In many cases certain cliques are rming his social prejudices, and establish- g a caste system from which he cannot eak away without losing his own standing the group. Thus patterns of persecution e established from which its victims find escape anywhere, except by banding to- ther with other outcasts. And parents who e unaware of these patterns, or indifferent them, completely alienate their child by. pporting the tyrants, the teachers who nust know their business."

In a Philadelphia suburb recently a band of schoolboys broke into a large empty house, demolished every mirror, smashed windows, yanked out plumbing and lighting fixtures. The school these boys attended, like most U. S. schools, provided for one hour of physical exercise a week.

THE fact that one third of our young men were rejected by the draft for physical defects—defects which appear in a great number of our young women, too—shows the extreme folly of this. Despite state requirements for periodic physical exams for all school children, and programs of physical "correctives" and exercise, few schools make adequate provision for either of these. Medical examinations are usually made without privacy or the necessary equipment, and frequently represent an average time of two minutes or less for each child. Tuberculosis or a rheumatic heart, for instance, could not possibly be discovered in this space of time. Very few schools ever follow up these exams with anything more than a casual note to the parents, and even fewer keep the teachers informed of the child's handicaps.

No responsible school will ever leave a child in chronic failure or boredom, yet in most schools office convenience is considered more important than the welfare of the child, and changing a child's roster is all but impossible. Intelligence tests are considered an infallible index. Now, we have known for years that these I.Q. tests are actually measurements of reading speed and comprehension, and the scores are affected by physical factors and emotional moods which make them completely invalid for any particular child. Nevertheless, most schools use them as an absolute measure of intelligence. They give the scores to teachers, and children who really persist somehow manage to find out their own ratings and those of their friends. Many a child is, therefore, convinced that no matter how hard he tries, he cannot keep up. His teachers are unanimous in that condemnation, and he has no way of knowing that the error is theirs, that it is they who have failed to recognize his real skills and to give him a chance to develop them. Eventually he gives up and seeks satisfaction in activities which symbolize his resentment for the world which has rejected him.

The job of saving our children from the viciousness of our educational system cannot be accomplished by Government appropriations; it is a parents' job. By forming themselves into active, dynamic parents' groups, despite opposition, by maintaining close contact with teachers and administrators, despite all discouragement, and by a clear, forceful presentation of the standards they have determined to hold to, they have actually transformed whole systems in a very short time.

A CHECK LIST FOR PARENTS

. Are the salaries of the school staff in my community high enough to attract superior personnel?

. Is the school staff experienced in individual counseling, in helping my child keep in good mental health?

. Does my child have an opportunity to develop his individual talents to the highest degree?

. Is discipline maintained without fear or bulldozing, or catering to the socially important?

. Are report cards indicative of personality growth? Do they show progress in such character traits as honesty, initiative, cooperation, consideration for others?

Do all children have a chance to participate on school teams, regardless of creed or color? Does every child have at least one hour of physical training a day, even if the school day has to be lengthened to accomplish this?

7. Are physical examinations held regularly, in private, with the parents present if they request it? Are each child's defects carefully followed up and, if possible, corrected?

8. Are the school washrooms clean and sanitary at all times?

9. Are the children made to feel part of the community, taking an active part in its various projects?

10. Have I done everything in my power to secure better schooling for my child?



Nursery Nook: Baby on the way . . . and no nursery in the house? Here's how to fix up "private quarters" for him right in your own bedroom. Hang crisp curtains and a ruffled valance across one end of the room. Put up framed shelves to hold baby belongings (they'll hold your own knick-knacks later on!) . . . Then, to give the whole room color excitement — use a Gold Seal Congoleum rug underfoot! It's pretty to look at — economical to buy — and the most sanitary floor imaginable. A swish of a damp cloth and it's sparkling clean — whether you've spilled the formula or dropped a wet didy! Long lasting, too. For Gold Seal Congoleum has a wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel *equal in thickness to 8 coats of the best floor paint applied by hand.* But be sure to look for the Gold Seal. Then you *know* you're getting *real* **Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs** . . . the only enamel surface floor covering with the famous money-back guarantee!

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When he meets the world

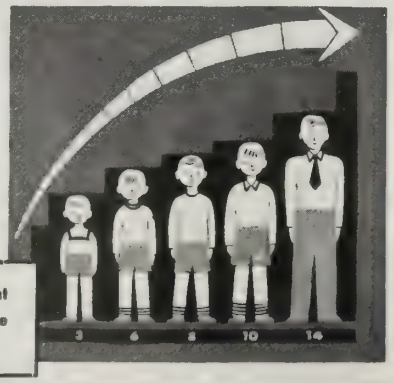
on his own two feet

He will have at his command a tall, strong body
as well as a tall spirit. This is my hope and dream for him!
To prepare my baby for that day, I will give him
every chance now to develop

a well-shaped head ★ a fine, full chest

a strong back ★ sound teeth ★ straight legs

A STRONG, SOUND, WELL-KNIT FRAMEWORK should be built from birth. Mothers are urged by medical authorities to start Vitamin D soon afterward, and to give it daily. With the help of a reliable Vitamin D source—Squibb Cod Liver Oil—your baby may begin at once developing a sound framework. Give Squibb's daily.



When does your child stop growing? Not at 3, 6, 8, 10 or even 14 years! *As long as he grows,* give Squibb Cod Liver Oil daily.

SQUIBB *cod liver oil*

a name you can trust



PHOTO BY JAMES N. MEYER

A typical "peewee" quartet, these children began playing before they entered kindergarten last fall. They are Stephen Zander, 5, first violin; Scott McKean, 4, second violin; Cynthia Eccles, 5, cello; and Digby Watrous, 5, viola.

MAKING MUSIC FUN

By Phil Drotning

"LIEUTENANT" John Jones, Jr., had reached the crucial point in his military career. His knowledge of strategy was about to pay off, and it appeared that his platoon of marine raiders might wipe out the "enemy" pillbox at any moment. Just as he brought his flame throwers into range his mother's voice shrilled down the street:

"Junior, time for piano practice!"

"These women," muttered Junior, in disgust. "Practice, practice, practice. A guy can't have any fun." But, being a well-bred child, he deserted his gang of juvenile cronies on the vacant lot which was their battleground, and went home almost promptly, dawdling only a moment to toss one last "grenade."

Junior spent an hour in the solitude of the living room, one eye on the piano and the other alternating between his playmates, still dashing around in the bright sun outdoors, and the clock on the mantel, as he pounded listlessly at the keys. His harried mother, one of millions who feel bound to give their children "musical opportunity," sighed frequently in response to plaintive calls from the living room:

"Mo-ther, can I stop now?"

If all the mothers and children who go through that routine daily were gathered under one roof, the racket would be tremendous, and educators might awaken to the fact that much of the musical education in America is about as primitive as the dinosaur, and equally useless. Only recently have a few educators been able to dent the traditions which have made more American boys and girls hate music than love it.

One day last summer we were strolling down a road in Shorewood Hills, a suburb of Madison, Wisconsin, and as we passed the grade school heard the refreshing strains of a Haydn string quartet (Opus 1, No. 2), wafting from the windows. The arrangement was professional, unsimplified, and the musicians were handling it with finesse.

In the school auditorium, two violinists, a cellist and a violist, eyes intent upon their director, were thoroughly enjoying their music. The oldest of the four was nine, and in the fourth grade. The youngest was seven, and a second-grader.

"Quiz kids," you say, thinking of the pitiful efforts of your own ten-year-old. "Child prodigies with musical genius."

Oddly enough, that wasn't the case. The children in that group, and in a dozen quartets like it composed of Madison children, had no more than average talent. Their ability stems from the application of early, group training, in a project that has attracted nation-wide attention. It is a theory which is new in American musical education, and yet so old that it was responsible for the musical development of many of the masters.

The average parent in America today doesn't begin thinking about musical training for her child until he has reached the age of eight or nine, and then, unless the child has attended a progressive school where group music is a part of the educational program, hires a teacher and starts him off on the piano. Perhaps you can recall the agony that, as a child, you went through during this period. The writer developed such a violent distaste for music during two years of piano lessons which began at the age of nine that not until he reached college did he regain an appreciation for good music. Classical compositions had come to symbolize misery.

THE duty of the modern parent goes beyond hiring a tutor, and driving Junior to practice. It is the duty—yes, the privilege—of the parent to give the child a head start, early in life, by helping him to develop a taste for music.

Dr. Boris Erich Nelson, head of the graduate department of the Westminster Choir College, Princeton, New Jersey, an ardent exponent of "early" music, told the writer recently that musical education should begin with the first birthday, by permitting the child to listen to good music, and that actual training should start as soon as the child is physically able to hold an instrument. He has conducted "music feeding" experiments with babies which indicate that a year-old child is not too young to appreciate music.

"The idea of early music brings us back to the old German (pre-Hitler) conception of *hausmusik*—making music at home," he says. "Mother sang and played the piano, father often played the cello, and the children played any one of a number of instruments—in my family I liked the violin. I believe that the earlier we start, the more ingrained is the love of music and the finer tempered will become the sensitivity of the child, not only in music but in all the arts and other subjects, making life fuller and more worth while."

The *hausmusik* of which Doctor Nelson speaks gave the child a background in music acquired in friendly, cheerful surroundings, and the pleasure derived made him actively enjoy playing. How different from the picture of a lonely child struggling with tedious

les while his friends are enjoying one an-
er's company.

America is the one nation where home
sic at an early age has not flourished.
ually, much headway was made when
oline rationing began keeping families at
ne, getting acquainted and learning to
d, enjoying one another and making
sic together. Many a neglected cello has
n dragged from the attic to find use again.
ome of the world's greatest talent has de-
oped in the *hausmusik* atmosphere. The
ner of Richard Strauss was a Bavarian
rt horn player in the royal orchestra, and
mother also was musical. Richard, his
ents, his sister Johanna and numberless
sins had almost continual musical par-
, everyone playing his favorite instru-
nt. As a result, Richard learned to read
sic before he could write letters, played
piano at the age of four and the violin
a little later. Frédéric Chopin was
ught up in similar surroundings.

bout fifteen years ago a young American
sician, Melvin Schneider, was doing re-
rch work under Dr. James L. Mursell, of
Columbia University fine arts school, at
time the educator was writing his Psy-
ogy of Music. It occurred to Schneider
most efforts at musical education are
shed on students from the sixth grade
-as they still are—usually failing to es-
ish a deep-rooted appreciation of music
would grow with age.

ARS of study convinced Schneider that
ll tots, with no more than average talent
as young as three and a half, could learn
lay musical instruments. He decided
the piano was not the proper instru-
t, since it is difficult for small fingers
anipulate the keys, and the children be-
e so involved in mechanics that they
to "hear" the music. Even more seri-
studying the piano means solitary prac-
and children are normally a gregarious
so the ideal instruments are those
table to group use.

It wasn't until five years ago that Schneider, who was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1930, finally put his theories into practice. He organized a group of "neighborhood string quartets," made up of children who were friends and about the same age. The musicians ranged in age from a group ready to enter kindergarten the next fall (about four years old) up to sixth-graders (about eleven years old). All of them were picked at random from enrollment lists, without use of any musical test, and with no knowledge of the child's ability.

Once organized into quartets, the children participated in five supervised rehearsals each week, playing music suited to their age levels. They played half and three-quarter size instruments, built by one of the best instrument houses in the country, with true tones, although not quite so full as those of larger violins, violas and cellos. The children were not asked to do any practicing other than daily rehearsals. This, Schneider felt, would avoid the "all work and no play" stigma, and would enable him to check continually on the child's ability, progress and errors.

"Music is not an end in itself," Schneider says. "The musician must realize what he is trying to express. Children who study alone hear only the melody, and develop little appreciation for the harmony and meaning, with little realization of their errors. When they study in string quartets they must hear all the parts and listen to the tones of their own instruments in order to play in tune and fit into the ensemble."

Spend a half hour at one of the string-quartet rehearsals and you will appreciate what Schneider is driving at. Let one of the musicians finger a false note and the clamor at the conclusion of the number is instantaneous. "You missed an F-sharp there," the children cry. Usually, though, the pupil announces his own error before the others have a chance to call him on it.

The young musicians have learned to "listen through" and distinguish the tones



Mother!

Here's a fast-acting chest rub that will not irritate child's tender skin

youngster suffering from a chest
feels miserable enough, Mother. He
ls a chest rub that's good and gentle.
is skin is thinner, more delicate
n yours, remember; and there's no
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able.

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s you want the gentle, soothing,
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from cough-wracked, ach-
chest muscles!

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tholatum *vapors* rise high
nasal passages and down

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At no expense to me, please send a free sample, so I may prove what comfort Mentholatum can bring.

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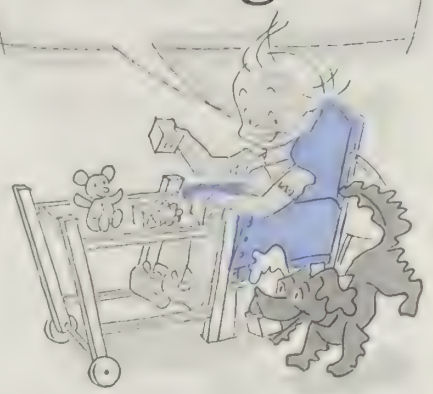


"I'm sitting pretty now



but . . .

I like a change!"



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A THAYER Hi-Chair is more than a baby boon. It's a *fine piece of furniture*, worthy of any room in the house. Its handsome Velva-sheen finish comes in Waxed Birch, Honey Maple or Bone White, richly upholstered in red, pink or blue, with ivory piping.

There's extra safety, too, in its rugged square-faced joints, low center of gravity and wide-leg spread. Edges are rounded for safety and comfort, and the foot-rest is adjustable.

See these superb new THAYERS at your favorite store. You'll find them a far cry from ordinary flimsy, homely high chairs. And write to us for your free "PRIMER FOR PARENTS". It's amusing, helpful and free. Thayer Company, Dept. LH-53, Gardner, Mass.



PROTECT YOUR BABY'S FUTURE . . . BUY VICTORY BONDS

and notes of all the instruments in the quartet. There is no "follow-the-leader" possibility in the groups, since the beginners play scores written by Schneider and adapted to the individual musician's ability.

Children as young as four learn to read music and recognize pitch. Even those with monotone handicap are able to overcome their deficiency within a year. A good example is Billy Carter, nine, who began studying under Schneider when he was five, and proved to be a monotone. The boy now is Schneider's ace violist—so good that when a weakness developed in the second violin of his group the music was rewritten to permit Billy to play the difficult passages on his viola. A lot of adults can't claim such talent.

There is an amazing contrast between the attitude of the pupils receiving instruction from Schneider, his wife and Helen Quade, their assistant, and that of the average sixth-grader who takes piano lessons. Schneider's pupils come to their lessons untired by unguided practice, which invariably is a grind for youngsters. After a pupil learns to enjoy playing, practice is necessary to acquire perfection, but Schneider insists that practice which tires the child, and gives him a subconscious dislike for music, must be avoided.

Music educators have been watching Schneider's work somewhat as a dictator must eye an underground movement—they expect a revolution. Although his project still is considered experimental, its success has been so overwhelming that Madison, at least, no longer feels that it is an experiment.

There are poets who have never written a line of poetry; artists who are completely unaware that they have ever in their lives fulfilled more than the daily round, the common task. They have put beautiful craftsmanship into the making of a gate, thatching a roof, mending a pair of boots; pouring out a wealth of creative love on the making of a garden. They have enjoyed the smell of the earth in the morning, and been aware of the colors and shadows and rhythms of the days. Many a writer and painter is less of an artist than such simple, inarticulate people, in whose veins, unknown to them, flows the poetry of earth, the rhythm of life itself.

—ETHEL MANNIN:
Privileged Spectator (Irish Digest).

Schneider believes that the project does more than teach music.

"In our opinion," he says, "music is considered as a fringe or frill in most public-school systems because it is taught as an end in itself—and in many cases poorly taught, at that. The only way that music can become a pillar in our educational system is to teach it as a means, rather than as an end. By the time children reach the age of four or five, they have learned to live more or less satisfactorily with their small family group, depending upon the intelligence and interest of their parents, and should be ready to learn to co-operate with a small group outside the family. At this point in the child's life, a string quartet can be an ideal democratic organization which, if properly guided, will help the child gain a crystallized impression of the meaning and importance of group responsibility and teach him the joy of group co-operation. He also learns to concentrate for longer periods of time, and develops muscular co-ordination."

Schneider makes a special point of the fact that the music played by children so young must express something within their understanding and be integrated into their daily living and thinking.

"The highest forms of instrumental music give expression to man's inarticulate yearnings and aspirations. This highest type of music is an abstraction which expresses the very essence of his desires and strivings," Schneider asserts. "Therefore, right from the start, we help the students gain an under-

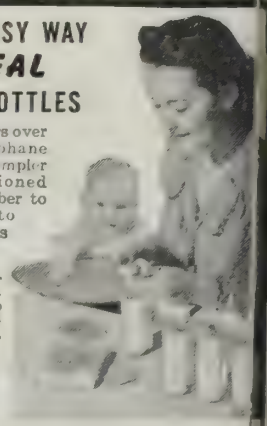
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Be sure your baby is *comfortable* when he sleeps! E-Z knit gowns will keep him cosy and warm. And the ingenious E-Z-On neck slips over baby's head easily, yet completely covers baby's chest. Write for our free booklet* on weighing the baby, with a convenient chart that shows the proper shirt size from birth to 2½ years.

E-Z Mills, Inc., 57 Worth St., New York 13
*"Don't Let the Scales Scare You"

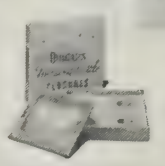
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. . . Quicap collars over hygienic Cellophane covers! Faster, simpler than old-fashioned "caps". No rubber to boil, nothing to break . . . Quicaps are *disposable!*

Free sample package! Write Dept. L-14, The Quicap Co., Inc., 233 Broadway, N.Y.7.

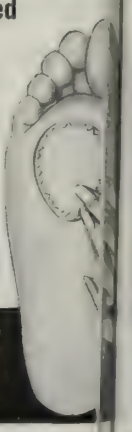
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Callouses
Pain, Burning, Tenderness on Bo[t]
of Feet Speedily Relieved

You forget you have callouses, burning or tenderness on bottom of your feet, when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These soft, soothing, cushioning, protective pads instantly relieve painful pressure on the sensitive spot. Separate *Medications* included for removing callouses. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. Store or Toilet Goods Counter.



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GIVE THIS FAMOUS BABY BOOK
The
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New Mother's Love!



"OUR BABY'S FIRST SEVEN YEARS"

A PRICELESS RECORD of a child's growth, and a beautiful gift—with valuable scientific records and guides for child care. Filled with charming illustrations in full colors—just the gift for new mothers!
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At home—Quick—Delicious—Any flavor.
ICE CREAM—no cooking or rewhipping. Pure sweet cream flavor. Smooth. Evaporated milk may be used. Sure to be pure—YOU make it.
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A WISE MOTHER BUYS
SAME CHEST RUB QUINTUPLETS USE
To Relieve Coughs From Chest Colds!
Wise mothers will certainly want Musterole for their children—the same great rub always used on the Quintuplets at the first sign of a cold.
Just rub Musterole on throat, chest and back. It *instantly* begins to relieve coughing, sore throat, aching muscles of colds. It actually breaks up painful local congestion. Makes breathing easier. Great for grown-ups, too!
In 3 strengths.
MUSTEROLE

standing of what is meant by musical abstraction. One of the first steps in our program is teaching a quartet to march together. Then, in a crude, elementary way, they express a march on their instruments by playing quarter notes on open strings in duple meter. They may play fast or slowly, softly or loudly, thus indicating different moods. In this way they make their first elementary musical abstraction and learn of music as a language of the emotions which expresses the spiritual joy that comes from marching together co-operatively. Music, like mathematics, can express something specific, as a song does, or it can express the abstract spiritual essence of the song."

The writer was privileged last fall to hear Schneider's pupils give their fourth annual concert in Music Hall on the University of Wisconsin campus. An orchestra composed of members of his many quartets and a few private students played Haydn's Symphony No. 94, in G Major, the "Surprise Symphony," from the original score. While they didn't sound like the Boston Symphony Orchestra, they were fully as good as most amateur orchestras composed of adults, and better than a lot of them. The children played an unsimplified score, but the tempo was slowed slightly on some of the faster passages.

THE average age of the orchestra members is about ten, with Billy Daggett, eleven, who entered sixth grade last fall, acting as concertmeister. Billy played, in addition to the first-violin score, some of the passages ordinarily handled by the flute and clarinet. The principal violist was nine-year-old Billy Carter—the boy who once was a monotone!

At the same concert, Daggett, Jack Olson, Laura Lee Lane and Jerry Fox—none of them over eleven—played the Haydn string quartet we had heard on that first visit to Shorewood Hills school, and fifteen third and fourth grade violinists, violists and cellists played Bach's Minuet in G, the French folk tune Au Clair de la Lune, and Handel's A Fugue. A kindergarten ensemble and a first and second grade group played simpler folk tunes and scores written for them by Schneider.

No one can predict what effect Schneider's work will have on musical education in the next few years, but no one who has heard the children's music, watched them name all the notes when they hear a chord struck on the piano, and witnessed the extreme pleasure which they get from their music, can deny it is a pleasant change from the grimaces and discords usually produced when mom tells Junior that he had better get at his piano practicing, or else.

IN YOUR HANDS

lies part of the solution to a No. 1 national material shortage. Yes—*paper!* Thousands of tons of paper are still going to the Atlantic and Pacific as packaging for the thousands of items our occupying forces need. *And that paper won't come back!* With pulpwood supplies critically short, there's only one other place where Uncle Sam can look for the paper to make or wrap thousands of items. That's to *you*. Here's what you can do to help:

- **Pass this magazine along to your friends. Put a note on it: LAST READER TURN IN FOR PAPER SALVAGE.**
- **Dig out those piles of old magazines in your attic, cellar or storage room. Bundle up every one you can for the next collection.**

It's in your hands!

Quaker Oats is nature's pet!



Here's Why Wise Moms Prefer This Great Natural Whole Grain for the Whole Family!

Everyone at your house needs the great whole-grain benefits so naturally rich in delicious hot Quaker Oats—especially the youngsters.

Nature favored Quaker Oats to help the active, normal growth of children all through the growth years. True oatmeal is now known to be richer than any other natural cereal in three key elements, all vital to growth!

These are the stamina element Protein (main element of meat); the "energy" Vitamin B_1; and Food-Energy itself. And they're just as necessary for your energy and stamina.

Oatmeal was recently voted best cereal among 2,500 Food Authorities.

These "shortage" days particularly, Quaker Oats brings your family the very finest growth and stamina protection a natural, whole-grain cereal can give. Don't you think it's wise to serve nature's favorite at your house?

"I Make Them Both The Same!"



Remember how good it is?
Enjoy Quaker Oats tomorrow



Part and parcel of a happy childhood

WHAT MUST A CHILD have for happiness? Wealth? *Expensive* food, clothes, toys? Oh, no!

A child must have love—the warm sense of security that comes from being cared and planned for. And a child must have plenty of the *basic* good things . . . shelter, clothes and food that help him grow up strong and sturdy.

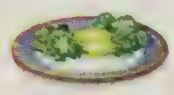
For many years Nucoa has helped mothers with modest incomes, but high ideals, to make the most of the food dollar for their children. And today Nucoa is helping as never before to make meals on millions of tables as nourishing and good-tasting as if ration points didn't exist.



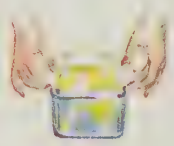
For Nucoa supplies as much food energy for work and play and happy growth as the most costly churned spread for bread. Each pound supplies *15,000 U.S.P. units of Vitamin A*, winter and summer. And Nucoa has that "melt-in-your-mouth" flavor without which bread, potatoes, and cooked vegetables are pallid ghosts of themselves.

You see, Nucoa has always been made with the welfare of America's children in mind. Riches from America's own farms go into it—fresh pasteurized skim milk and pure vegetable oils churned so smoothly together that Nucoa is a joy to cream or to spread. And remember—there is no "storage" Nucoa. Freshly made the year round, on order only, Nucoa always tastes so sweet and fresh!

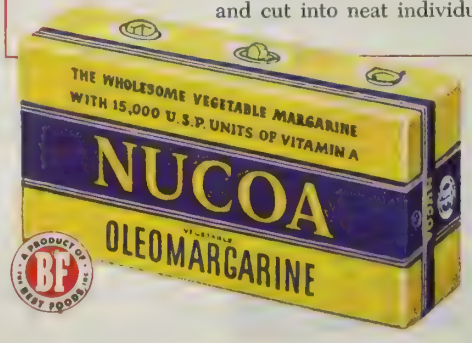
Appetizing Tricks with Nucoa



Lemon-Nucoa: Cream ¼ cup Nucoa, then add slowly—stirring constantly—¼ tsp. salt, dash cayenne pepper and 3 tsp. lemon juice. A boost to broccoli!



Trim and Easy: For seasoning and shortening, use Nucoa as it comes—pure white. For table use, tint it golden-yellow with the pure Color-Wafer inserted in each package. Then press into refrigerator dish lined lengthwise and crosswise with strips of waxed paper, each long enough to overhang the edge. Easy to lift out, when chilled, and cut into neat individual servings!



Nutritious **NUCOA**



HAROLD M. LAMBERT

This youngster has a bright future in sight if he sets out on his reading career with good lighting, correct posture and a visit to the eye doctor.

Children Must See Clearly!

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

CHILDREN who cannot see properly are handicapped every waking moment—at school, at home and at play. Many times neither the children themselves or their parents have any idea that faulty eyesight is the underlying cause of failure in schoolwork, poor performance in games or general nervousness and irritability, yet these are common results. When vision worsens because of neglect, the child's whole development may be retarded. But when the cause is found and corrected—as it sometimes can be—by an alert mother and doctor, improvement is immediately noticeable.

Nearsightedness is the commonest visual disorder among children. Often it exists from birth or develops so early that the child is unaware of anything the matter; he just assumes that everyone sees distant objects with the same blurred fuzziness.

There are several possible causes of nearsightedness—"myopia," the doctors call it. The one found oftenest is simply that the eyeball does not assume its proper shape. In perfect vision, the lens at the front of the eye is shaped so that light rays are brought to focus exactly at the retina, or sensitized portion at the back of the eyeball on which images are flashed for transmission to the brain. When the eyeball is elongated, forming too long an oval from front to back, the light rays come to focus in front of the retina, instead of on it, and the resulting image is blurred.

The tiny baby does not see clearly because the eyeball has not yet reached its normal, perfect shape. Usually the right shape is reached early as part of the baby's growth, but sometimes the eye is slow to mature. This close connection between eyesight and growth is the reason nearsightedness is often found to be the result of poor nutrition or some disease or defect in another part of the body. So one of the first things the doctor does when he finds a visual disorder is to give the child a thorough physical examination.

When some disturbing condition is found and overcome, or sometimes simply as an accompaniment to continuing physical development, nearsightedness may correct itself; literally, the child outgrows his defect. But the eyes of some growing children never do reach exactly the right shape. Then glasses must be furnished if the child is to see clearly and enjoy his rightful opportunity to perform according to his real abilities at school and at play.

Just as growth of the child's whole body is influenced by his physical activities, so proper development of the eyes depends on their having the right kind of care. Especially, nearsighted children have to be careful to avoid strain from too long or too hard use of the eyes. All mothers should insist on correct posture and good lighting for the youngster's seeing tasks, and make sure that reading or close eye work is not carried on

(Continued on Page 155)

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Mothers call them Baby-Builders!



Why most young babies need these cereals rich in added iron

Baby starts off with a supply of iron gathered during the prenatal period. This supply often runs low about two or three months after birth, then baby must get his precious iron from what he eats.

That's why Gerber nutritionists, working with doctors, have added generous amounts of iron to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. Both cereals have added vitamins of the B complex derived from natural sources as a further help to baby's well-being.

Both cereals are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve—mix right in baby's dish with milk or formula, hot or cold. Pediatricians advise serving Cereal Food at one feeding, Strained Oatmeal at the next. It helps baby eat better! Be sure to get Gerber's cereals—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods © 1945, G. P. C.

Free sample

Address: Gerber Products Company, Dept. 811-5, Fremont, Michigan

My baby is now months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

Name

Address.....

City and State

"I don't ever want to go home again!"





1. I'd left little Jane over at my sister's while I went away for the afternoon—and what a reception I got when I called for her! Jane burst into tears at the sight of me and simply clung to Martha! Then she refused to leave Martha's house, and I *couldn't* understand why.



2. "Mommy's mean," she sobbed. "She spanks me if I don't take that nasty-tasting medicine." And I had to admit to Martha that I'd had a terrible time giving Jane a laxative that morning—and had to spank her.



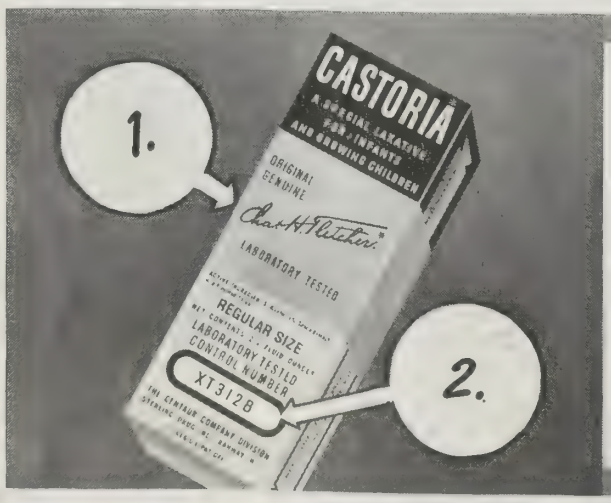
3. "No wonder Jane's upset," said Martha. "*Forcing* children to take medicines is bad for their nervous systems, doctors say. Don't you know there's a laxative made *especially* for children—Fletcher's Castoria?



4. "Jane would love Fletcher's Castoria," Martha went on, "because it's pleasant-tasting. And it's gentle, yet effective—never harsh or griping. Get some on the way home and tell Jane there'll be no more spanking!"



5. I did just that and the next time Jane needed a laxative, I gave her Fletcher's Castoria. She simply *loved* it! "You're not mean to me any more, Mommy," she smiled. And believe me, I thanked Martha for making our home happy again!



Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria packages . . . both Regular Size and moneysaving Family Size!

1. *The green band* on the package identifies new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. *The Serial Control Number* is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies the *three* rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, biological—made on each batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The laxative made especially for children

(Continued from Page 153)

uninterruptedly over long periods. Specifically, these are good rules for safeguarding young eyes (the doctor may want to add others for nearsighted children):

1. Enough light—experts say this means at least a sixty and preferably a hundred watt bulb illuminating the page from over the child's left shoulder, plus well-diffused light throughout the room—for homework and reading. Less light means eyestrain, even if the child thinks he is "seeing fine."

2. Good reading posture. This demands a position which keeps the page free of shadows. Lying prone on the floor or flat on the back in bed should be ruled out for reading. Also, the page should be held straight across the line of vision; a page seen at an angle is much harder to read.

3. Decent printing—clear letters and sharp contrasts. Mothers can't always control this factor, but some supervision is needed. Funny papers and comic books, for example, are often poorly printed on cheap paper, and they should be inspected for readability before the children are turned loose for a reading orgy.

4. An hour at a time is plenty of reading. If the child is really absorbed in a worthwhile reading activity, mother can arrange for five or ten minute "breaks" at frequent intervals; this amount of eye rest makes all the difference in the world!

5. At beginning-school age, and at least every year afterward until full growth is attained, the eyes should be tested by an eye doctor. In addition, red-rimmed or bloodshot eyes, smarting or burning of the eyes after reading, or any difficulty in seeing should be cause for an immediate examination. In eye disorders, as in many other childhood upsets, the earlier corrective measures are undertaken, the more likely they are to bring quick, satisfactory results.

Astigmatism, another eye defect found in many children, is a deviation in the curvature of the eye's lens, causing a blurred or distorted image to appear on the retina. Sometimes the deviation is present from birth or develops early in childhood as the eye grows; sometimes it is the result of eye injury or disease. Often astigmatism occurs together with nearsightedness. For most astigmatic children, glasses are needed to produce normal vision, though first of all there must always be a careful examination to determine the exact cause of the difficulty.

The examination made by the eye doctor as a necessary preliminary to treatment of the child's eyes is an exacting, scientific procedure. Usually, doctors use a medication which widens the pupil of the eye and provides a clearer examination of the interior of the eyeball. Mothers should not avoid taking the child to an eye doctor for fear of these "drops." They affect the child's vision for only a few hours and are usually an essential part of thorough eye examination. Faddists who advertise that they can correct visual disorders without even examining the eyes should be shunned.

The child with crossed eyes no longer needs to be set apart from normal children because of his unfortunate appearance and poor eyesight. Happily, medical science today is able to correct this once-tragic defect. There are several causes for crossed eyes; one of the nerves controlling the eye muscles may be injured during childbirth, or a nerve or muscular weakness may be inherited, or it may develop as the child grows. When this condition is neglected, the child unconsciously stops using the weaker eye and depends on the stronger eye; eventually, the sight of one eye may be lost. To prevent this from happening, the doctor may prescribe glasses which equalize vision in both eyes, or he may cover the strong eye for a time, until enforced use strengthens the other one. When the deviation is severe, an operation to adjust the muscles so that the eyes work together may be necessary.

Whatever the nature of the disorder, mothers should never hesitate to accept the eye doctor's judgment that glasses are necessary. Many mothers feel that glasses detract from the child's appearance. Yet children are seldom conscious of this unless they detect the mistaken concern of their elders, and certainly no mother could let her pride in the child's appearance stand in the way of the all-important opportunity to see clearly!



Their fathers are DOCTORS—*



● **Wilton A. at 18 months.** Weighs 22 lbs. At birth he weighed 6 lbs. 13 oz.



● **Betty B. at 7 months.** Weighs 15½ lbs. At birth she weighed 5 lbs. 14 oz.



● **William D. at 10 months.** Weighs 20 lbs. At birth he weighed 8 lbs. 4 oz.



● **Bruce M. at 9 months.** Weighs 23 lbs. At birth he weighed 7 lbs. 5½ oz.

● **Mary M. at 33 months.** Weighs 33 lbs. At birth she weighed 7 lbs. 2 oz.

Their cereal is CLAPP'S!



● Clapp's Baby Cereals—fine whole grains fortified with extra vitamins and minerals. Already cooked—ready to serve.

*Names on file at CLAPP'S BABY FOOD DIVISION, American Home Foods, Inc.

Ask your Doctor!

For a Harvest of Compliments—Make this Autumn Spice Cake with New Crisco!

Now You can Bake a Better Cake on Every Count!



OH, JOY! OH, BLISS! New improved Crisco does wonders for your baking! Just compare one of the new Crisco Success Cakes with the cakes you used to make . . . for richness — lightness — texture — and moistness! You'll agree that Crisco cakes win out on *every* count.

These brand new easy recipes have been perfected specially for new Crisco. Crisco has developed a special baking secret. It makes cakes tenderer, lighter. Yes, even *lighter* than those made with the most expensive shortening! And pure, snowy Crisco is fresh and sweet as new-churned butter. It brings out the full, rich flavor of your cakes.

New Crisco is a new-type shortening —gives top results with new speedy cake methods or old stand-by recipes! But if you want cake at its most delicious best, make this Autumn Spice Cake with pure, all-vegetable Crisco today!

Richer!
Moister!
Lighter!
Better Texture!

Pure and Sweet—It's Digestible!



A NEW CRISCO SUCCESS CAKE! QUICK! EASY!

Autumn Spice Cake—

A luxury cake — but sugar-saving!



Don't worry if you've never made a cake this way before! Measure ingredients exactly . . . follow the simple directions carefully . . . be sure to use Crisco. Only with new Crisco can we promise you a better cake on every count!

Measure into mixing bowl:

2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)
1 cup sugar • ½ cup Crisco • 1 tsp. salt • 1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. cloves • ¼ tsp. nutmeg • ¼ tsp. allspice
¼ tsp. soda • ½ cup milk • ¼ cup molasses

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself): **2 tsps. baking powder***

Add: **2 eggs, unbeaten • ⅓ cup milk**

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. The batter will be smooth and thin. Pour into two 9" layer pans (1½" deep) which have been Criscoed and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) 20-25 minutes.

FIG FILLING: Simmer 12 dried figs in 1 cup water 10 minutes; drain, reserving fig liquor. Cool and chop. Add ⅛ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. grated lemon rind, 2 tsps. lemon juice, ¼ cup dark corn syrup, and enough fig liquor to moisten; mix well. Spread between layers. Frost top with:

HARVEST FLUFF FROSTING: Beat 1 egg white with dash of salt until stiff, but not dry. Slowly add ⅓ cup dark corn syrup, beating constantly. Beat until frosting holds its shape. Add ½ tsp. vanilla. Decorate with chopped nuts. All Measurements Level.

NEW CRISCO COOK BOOK! Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. HJ, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for 64-page cook book, including recipes for many more Success Cakes. Offer good in the United States, including Hawaii.

**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, etc.) With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 3 tsps.*

MEET A DEMOBILIZED HOUSEWIFE

MUNKACSI

In two years of marriage, Ruth Tillson had two babies, helped build fifty-five submarines, earned twice the salary of her bos'n's-mate husband!

BY ELIZABETH JANEWAY

IN the five-o'clock darkness of a New England winter morning Ruth Tillson woke reluctantly. She hadn't managed to get to bed till eleven the night before. Now, relaxed, she could feel the weariness she forgot during the day but which was as much part of her as her breathing. How long ago it seemed that she and Rusty had met as high-school kids on a summer beach! It wasn't really so long ago. She was just twenty—a fact she frequently forgot, because it had come to seem meaningless. How nice it would be to lie here all day and not get up at all. In the next room Gerry stirred and kicked the side of her crib. Ruth came back to reality. Time to get up; Gerry might be uncovered in the cold. She sat up in bed, but just before she slid out, reality reminded her of its gift that made things worth while—Rusty sleeping beside her, safe and whole. Then the day began.

10 per cent of American families have incomes of between $2500 and $3000 a year.

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

She welded on the ways while carrying each of her babies.



What would I have done without Mrs. Akrigg?" tate-licensed foster mother charged $10 week for erry's care, with breakfast, plus $1 for overnight.

"My hair was a mess!" Welder's helmet, dirt, heat, cold ruined it. Biggest beauty problem: she bites nails. Rusty bet $10 she couldn't stop by November.

She took a quick look at Gerry, covered her and told her to wait, in the wordless language in which mothers talk to their six-month-old babies. Dressing was a matter of getting enough layers of flannel shirts, wool slacks and sweaters on. Then a shovel of coal on the stove in the living room. The little four-room house, part of the Federal housing project at Fort Hill, Connecticut, began to warm up. By the stove she changed Gerry and bundled her in sweaters and warm knit leggings. Rusty rolled over in bed. How nice it would be, she thought again, to be starting breakfast for three of them, the Tillson family. But it was past five-thirty. There was no time for bathing, or eating. No time for even making up the beds. She put Gerry into her carriage, went into the bedroom and, in Rusty's good-morning embrace, said, "Time to get up. I'm going on now. See you tonight."

Through the black night outside she wheeled Gerry around the oval. They were on the way to Mrs. Akrigg's, where Gerry would spend the next eleven hours. *Thank goodness for Mrs. Akrigg,* Ruth thought to herself. She was capable and experienced with little children. She charged only a little over a dollar for a twelve-hour day, food and milk to be supplied by the mother. Gerry liked her. It was much better to have Gerry there than at home under the care of an inexperienced helper like the one who had let her get that awful rash. *She was too young, that girl,* thought Ruth; *only twenty-one* (and did not add, never thought, *a year older than I am*). Mrs. Akrigg met her at the door and took Gerry from her mother.

"Here's the formula," Ruth said. "Bye-bye, Gerry. Be a good girl. See you later." Gerry looked after her mother thoughtfully, but Ruth didn't turn back. *She's perfectly all right with Mrs. Akrigg,* she thought. *Mrs. Akrigg looks after lots of children—she had eleven last month. She's licensed by the state. She thinks Gerry's sweet. This won't be for always, and anyway, I'll get used to leaving her sometime.* She went on to the bus stop. The six-o'clock bus was due in two minutes. *I should have told Mrs. Akrigg to be sure not to leave her alone on the bathinet,* she thought suddenly. *She turned herself over last night.* But it was too late now. Mrs. Akrigg wouldn't leave her alone—*she knows about children,* thought Ruth, and climbed on the bus.

She got off into another world. The gates of the Electric Boat Company, biggest makers of submarines in America, were lit brightly from

"Rusty was swell!" Helped with baby, marketing, housework on Ruth's 18-hour day: 5 A.M. to 11 P.M., including welding, washing, ironing, cooking, scrubbing, baby care.



Hurrah for a full-time wife

"I want some sleep, some fun, some time to love my husband!" says this ex-welder, glad to be home.

They were married with 11 other couples in N. Y. hotel lobby by court justice in 1943. Ruth was 18, Rusty 19. "We'd do it again that young."

overhead, and the guards stood checking badges as the day shift arrived. Ruth (No. 1950) punched in, pushed through the gates and down to the cafeteria. Coffee and doughnuts were not the breakfast she would have fixed for the Tillson family, but they tasted good. Then in the locker room she pulled on her leather trousers and jacket, tucked her crisp dark hair under a helmet, and picked up her gloves and mask. When these were adjusted there was no trace left of Mrs. R. W. Tillson, housewife.

For the next five hours, with one fifteen-minute rest period, she would make the sparks fly and the air hum. Ruth had become part of America's sudden new creative response to war, part of the unpredictable secret production weapon that our enemies had never imagined possible. She was a welder, a builder of submarines, good enough and experienced enough to work on the ways with the men. In 1944, the year just past, the Electric Boat Company had delivered twenty-seven submarines to the Government.

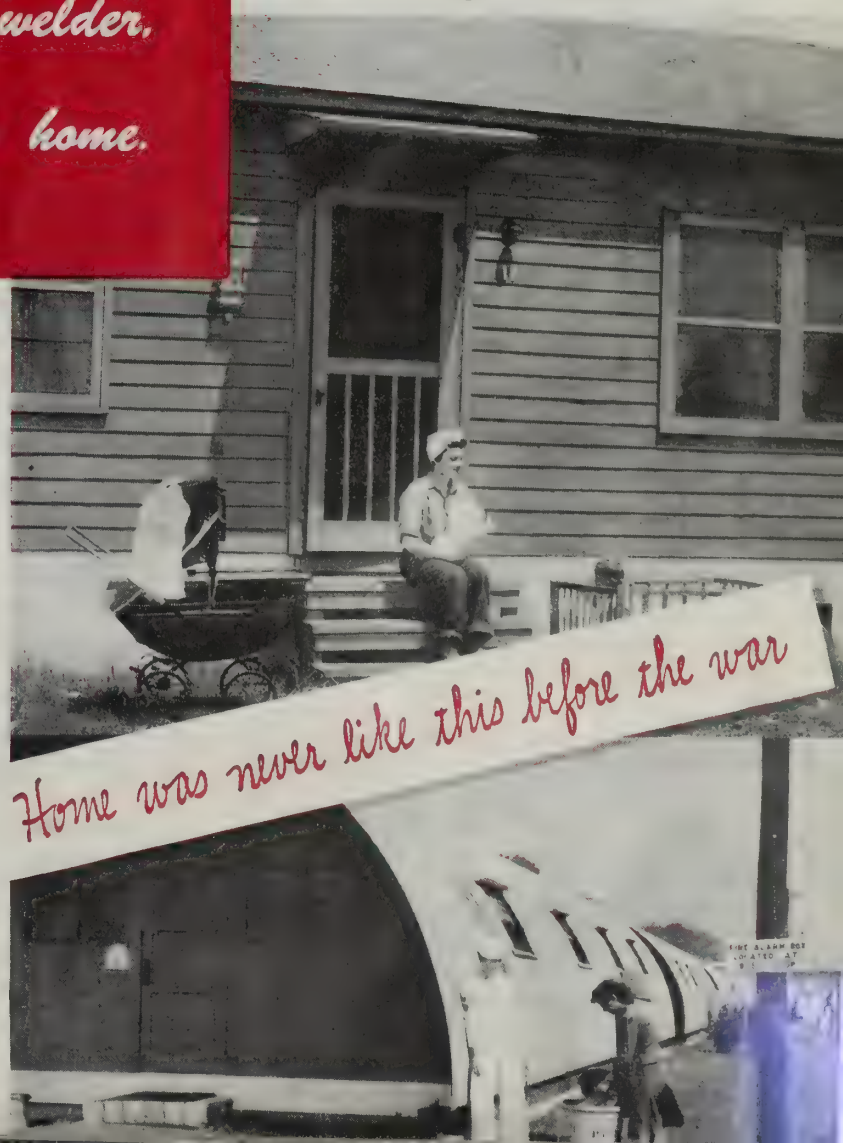
Thousands of women made that record possible. Many of them, like Ruth, worked too hard, slept too little, ate on the run, and when the final whistle blew came home to stacks of clothes to be washed, floors to be scrubbed, hungry people to be fed. The weariness and strain in their faces were not paid for by the money they made, and the mark on their spirits was as real as any foxhole fatigue. These war heroes' wages were only collected last summer—victory, the end of the war and the men coming back.

The day shift at Electric Boat was from six-forty-five to four. At noon Ruth knocked off for a half hour to eat the sandwiches she had made the night before and to watch the strange bladelike boats she was helping to make slip noiselessly into and out of the famous New London harbor.

"The work was easier than up at Hingham," says Ruth now. It was in the Bethlehem Shipyard at Hingham, Massachusetts, that she had learned to weld and had worked before. "There we did a lot of overhead welding. At the Electric Boat Company they were surprised when I said I'd done overhead work. The women didn't do any. It wasn't hard. Oh, it bothered my eyes some. That was all."

Ruth worked at the Electric Boat Company from October, 1944, to February, 1945. Geraldine Tillson had been born in June, 1944, and Jeanne Marie arrived exactly a year later. Carrying one child, caring for another, keeping house for Rusty—this was the life that surrounded the full-time welding job that Ruth says "wasn't hard"; the life that began as soon as

In August, little Jeanne Marie died of throat constriction. This sudden loss was harder to take than two-year stretch of pain, discomfort and exhaustion.



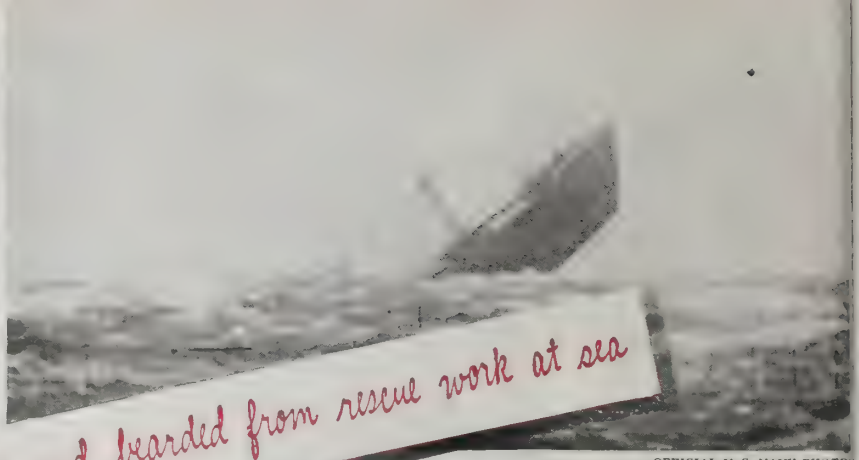
Home was never like this before the war

One end of Quonset hut was first Tillson home; then Rusty found $29-month prefabricated house (at right) with gas, electricity, garbage disposal furnished.

OFFICIAL U. S. N. PHOTOGRAPH



Rusty cartoons for sub-base Gazette, wants art training. "I can see the funny side but can't always put it on paper."



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO



In five months at sea, Rusty grew red beard. "Took Ruth five hours to shave."



Ocean often wet Ruth's photo. "She's nice to come home to."

the job finished, and that never really left her alone. For there was always something like Gerry's new trick of rolling over, like the suspicion of a cough, that followed Ruth around during the day and sat beside her on the bus going home. It wasn't until she really got to Mrs. Akrigg's and had Gerry in her arms for a moment that the fear went away (for another twelve hours).

"She ate fine," Mrs. Akrigg said. "Took the whole bottle, almost, every time. You ought to watch her though. Did you know she could turn herself over?"

"Yes, I know," said Ruth, holding Gerry for a minute longer than was necessary before she put her in the coach.

A child in the next room let out a yell of rage, louder than the radio.

"Oh, there goes Larry again," said Mrs. Akrigg, flying off. "Can you get the carriage out all right?"

"Of course," said Ruth.

But before she was out the door Mrs. Akrigg was back with Larry contentedly riding her arm. "She's going to get a tooth soon," she said. "Gums are sore in front. Hadn't you noticed? Won't be long. Good night, Gerry. Be a good girl for your ma."

Stopping at the store to pick up the last-minute food for dinner, Ruth wondered whether Rusty was home ahead of her. His job finished at four too. It hadn't always. Russell William Tillson, son of a Navy radioman cited for bravery in World War I, had enlisted in the regular Navy in August, 1941, just after his eighteenth birthday. He spent two years stationed at Newfoundland—rescuing sinking ships in mountainous waves, running close to shore to salvage ships split up on rocks—and another year on a destroyer escort convoying in the submarine-ridden Atlantic. Part of that time he and Ruth were just friends. Her family had a summer cottage at Revere Beach, near Boston, and Rusty was one of the young gang there. They had wonderful times together—swimming, bowling, going to steak fries and dances. It wasn't until 1941, when Rusty went to sea and they began corresponding, that things got serious.

Looking back on what made them fall in love in the first place, Rusty says teasingly, "Ruthie didn't drink and she could cook." One look at the snapshot he carries of the frolicking girl with the bright Irish eyes and wind-swept hair indicates a few other reasons. Ruth more romantically says, "I liked his eyes and I knew that he would be good to me—and I was right!"

In the fall of 1942 Rusty's ship came into Boston for overhaul and he went to see the girl he'd been writing to. He wanted to get married right away, but Ruth thought they'd better wait for his leave, which was due soon. So Rusty went back to Newfoundland, and Ruth went on working and waiting. Ironically, it was when Ruth was in New York visiting a girl friend that Rusty got his leave and wangled his way to Boston on a transport. But the Case of the Missing Bride was easily solved. Rusty and Ruth's mother set out for New York, found Ruthie, got a marriage license, and at the end of a hectic day of looking for someone to marry the young folks, tracked down New York Supreme Court Justice Dineen in the corner of a hotel lobby. They got married right there, along with eleven other couples, and Ruth's girl friend, Alice, who stood up with them, performed the same service for four other couples. Rusty was nineteen, Ruth was eighteen, and they were married with a whole thirty-days leave ahead of them. They had a week in New York, three weeks in Boston, and then—Rusty went back to duty.

HOW THE TILLSONS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Rent, including gas, electricity, water	$348.00
Groceries, including milk	620.00
Entertainment	100.00
Baby sitter	52.00
Insurance { Gerry and Ruth	53.16
Insurance { Rusty	72.00
Clothes	325.00
Rusty's personal expenses at ship's store	125.00
Heat	64.66
Contributions	50.00
Savings	200.00
Miscellaneous	54.18
Total	$2064.00

Rusty receives salary of $114 month, minus family allotment; Ruth receives $80 month from Government.

When they were married he was getting $78 a month and had about $300 in savings which he had accumulated while he was stationed at Newfoundland. Their first baby cost only $17.50 because she was born in the Charlestown Navy Hospital in Boston. By the time their second baby decided to arrive, the Navy hospital was so crowded there was no room, so Jeanne Marie was born in a civilian hospital for $74.70. However, a special allotment from Navy Relief paid the bill.

The very week that Gerry was born, Rusty had come into New London, and by one of those strokes of luck that we can never quite believe are just chance, had swapped duty with a friend and got a shore assignment at the submarine base there. Incredibly, in the middle of war, he and Ruth and Gerry were a family together. They had a home—a place of their own. Suppose it had been, at first, half a Quonset hut and was now four bare rooms in a line of identical houses? It was theirs.

Most of Ruth's hard-earned pay went into a five-piece maple bedroom set, a sofa, living-room chairs, linoleum rug and nursery furniture—all much too expensive for the quality they got. Their rent was only $29 a month, which included gas, electricity and garbage disposal. But the icebox was old-fashioned and the broken hinge on the door made the ice melt faster, and the stove was on its last legs. However, who cared? Rusty came home every night.

Twelve hours after she got up, then, Ruth's second day's work began. She tucked Gerry into her crib, and got dinner for herself and Rusty. Then began the eternal cleaning and washing that finished her day and that could only be done evenings. Clothes and diapers to be scrubbed. Mending. The baby's formula. But—always the but she never forgot—Rusty was there to help her. Even with the diapers. He scrubbed the floor and washed the ceiling and cleaned the walls. He helped with the dishes. He gave Gerry her bottle. On Friday, he met Ruth in Groton and they did the week's marketing together. Then, their arms crammed with bundles, they went to the movies—their weekly recreation. Mrs. Akrigg kept Gerry until they came for her and wheeled her home, still sleeping. Fridays were fine, and the wonderful week end lay ahead, lovely Sunday, when nobody had to get up at five in the morning, and Gerry belonged to her mother all day long.

This was Ruth's and Rusty's life for six months—seventeen or eighteen hours of work, with brief intervals of rest on a bus or at meals, six or seven hours of sleep, and then another day like the last one. And always there hung over them the chance that Rusty might be ordered back to sea duty, and this short time of being together end. Perhaps for good. They *(Continued on Page 170)*

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THE CHILD'S RIGHT TO EMOTIONAL SECURITY

By Margaret A. Ribble, M.D.

MANY women, suddenly accepting the challenge to fill in for their men during this war, did so without knowing, or without due consideration for, the emotional effects on the younger children of separation from the mother. The upheavals of war invariably bring to the attention of thinking people new questions about human nature and the deeper impulses at work in the close relationship of family life. These mothers who felt uneasiness about leaving their children with relatives, in schools or in foster homes possibly reasoned like this: mothers who have to earn part of their living place their children in foster homes; families of means frequently give over their children entirely to the care of trained nurses or governesses; professional women, artists and career women have to find from the start substitute mothers, and on the surface these arrangements *seem* to work well.

It is an interesting fact that many women who went into war jobs are finding it harder to come home after the war than are men, and both mothers and fathers, when they return, are finding their children greatly changed. The youngsters may now prefer to stay in the substitute home and may have become more or less indifferent to father and mother. They may come back happily, but show under slight stress or disappointment stubbornness, temper tantrums and lack of co-operation in the ordinary functions of life, such as washing, dressing, eating and sleeping. A great many parents are overwhelmed by these changes in their children; others reflect that they were never too successful or that they had failed in the role of home-making and child rearing.

What has happened to these youngsters who have been separated for long periods from one or both parents? The general opinion is that they are naughty, spoiled or insufficiently disciplined. Psychiatrists, however, who deal frequently with this type of emotional casualty in children in peacetime as well as in wartime look at it from a different angle—we think these youngsters are emotionally sick. At all times separation from a loved parent produces tension—or, as it is technically called, anxiety. Where there is no actual physical separation, but where there is incompatibility in parents, or illness, sometimes where there are just social or professional duties to divert the parent's attention, the child develops anxiety. This is a psychological symptom of disturbance, something like fever, which indicates to us infection. Small children who have appeared to be well adjusted quickly change and become stubborn and unsocial when they feel themselves unloved or deserted, just as they run a high temperature suddenly when physically ill; these are natural evidences of immaturity. A child's mind cannot grasp reasons for the separation—he can only feel, not reason. Also, he has little time sense—he does not know whether a separation is for a week, a year or forever.

THE average child cannot express in ways that an adult can understand his painful feelings of aloneness. This is a deep childhood emotion belonging to the helpless condition of infancy, when a baby depends for life as well as for his psychological integrity on the presence of his mother. Her "thereness" is taken for granted in much the same way as are his own eyes and ears, or hands and feet.

Let us look at a few well-known facts about emotional growth during the first five years—the preschool age. This is not a period which we select at random, but a time when active emotional development is taking place and when relationships are forming which have a great deal to do with future personal and social adjustments. The little child's primary feelings about himself and about his parents are coming strongly into play. It is the day-by-day experiences of living with brothers, sisters or nurse, together with mother and father, which determine the characteristic ways of feeling later on.

We might say that the young child is in an emotional school in his own home, and makes here his basic life adjustments. Many children train themselves emotionally through free spontaneous play in a safe environment. They express strong excitements through motor activity rather than through mental activity. At this time the part of the mind which later will think things out and express feelings through speech is not complete; the chief medium of expression is through movement and dramatization. The child dramatizes and repeats interesting experiences in much the same way that he likes to have fairy tales and favorite stories reread innumerable times.

THE play of the normal child, when looked at from this point of view, assumes a role of importance; it is not simply a casual activity to be amused over, but one which has a great deal to do with emotional growth. It is one indication of the child's ability to react wholesomely to incidents which have stirred his feelings. For this reason, long periods of free and unrestricted play in the right environment are highly valuable.

A little boy of three years had the misfortune to have his puppy run over by an automobile. He seemed unable to express his distress in crying or speaking about his loss and became very quiet, refusing to join in the activities of his brothers and sisters. His parents feared that he was becoming ill physically and watched him with great care. After three or four days they found him walking around the floor on all fours. No one interfered or remarked about this, and so the play continued in which he would climb around under the table or lie down on the floor in the exact position of a small dog.

This child was expressing his loss by impersonating his dog, and after a short time he was able to talk to his mother and console himself more directly. His wise father took him to the dog pound and convinced him fairly easily that a fascinating young mutt needed his care. In this way, the painful incident was worked through.

The small child is fickle, his emotions change rapidly. He feels both love and hatred at the same time, but this does not mean that he is evil-natured—merely immature. This fickleness is normal, but we may not realize that abnormal distortions come from trying to use force to suppress the hatred, which at this early age is a part of our primitive defense equipment.

If the child has been too much criticized or punished, he may retreat into a world of fantasy and become quiet, withdrawn and unable to play; or he may become so aggressive that he spends his time in teasing others or throwing or destroying things. Parents need help when daydreaming or aggressiveness becomes exaggerated and continued for a long time.

A child of this age does not lie and steal. He sometimes "takes," for example, because of a deep wish to have given to him what his mother gave to a brother or sister. A child usually steals because he wants love or wants a tangible expression of affection. He feels at the moment that his wish is going to be gratified in this way. Johnny steals a quarter to buy himself a pocketknife; he brags to his chum that it is a "gift from dad." Johnny appears to have stolen and lied, but

what he has told his chum is that his dad is a good fellow. Obviously such a child has been deprived in his relationship to his father. Punishment will now make him feel even less loved than ever, and more inclined to try to satisfy himself in unrealistic ways which place him socially in a bad light.

Each child needs individual attention because each child is different. He needs intelligent observation as well as love from both parents throughout this early growth. If he is shifted about from one relative, one nurse or one school to another he never gets full use and control of his personal feelings. He cannot build up the emotional ties which would make him secure.

A little boy of four, an only child who was much loved by both parents and who had had excellent upbringing in every way, was suddenly placed in a nursery school. His parents felt that he needed the companionship of other children, and with very little explanation made the arrangement. At about the same time a governess was introduced into the home to take personal care of him, because the parents felt that it was time to renew their social contacts. They had neglected these because of the constant care for the boy and the wish to be with him and to have him undisturbed. His behavior gradually became difficult. At school he was aggressive, pushed the other children over frequently. He threw toys out the window, refused to wash himself and was untidy about his toilet habits. At home he was also a problem, frequently striking his mother and objecting to all forms of training from the new nurse. On the evening of a large reception the youngster crept out of bed, stole into the dining room where some valuable china, highly prized by his mother, was spread out on a large table, and threw, piece by piece, all the china out the window. The activity was finally interrupted by the next-door neighbor, who rushed over to see what was happening.

The parents, quite disturbed by the child's behavior, brought him for psychiatric help. It was many weeks before the child himself brought out clearly the sequence of events that led to his difficulty. By means of play therapy over a long time, during which he was allowed to destroy many sets of doll dishes and break up many dolls (including mother and father dolls), he was able to see plainly why he had become so destructive.

In his own words he explained to his doctor: "Well, my mother and father got tired of me and so they decided to throw me out and let me spend the day with a teacher and a lot of kids. They got a new mother for me (Miss X, the new governess), and I did not like her. I'm going to ask them to throw her out." This little boy was cured of this acute outbreak of aggressiveness.

Children have little ability to grasp certain plans even when they are explained to them. Being placed in school at such an early age almost invariably means being unwanted or being got rid of—or, as this boy expressed it, being "thrown out." A new governess or nurse usually means that his own parents are tired of him, particularly if he has been overcorrected.

When the problem first arises of placing a child in school or of introducing a new nurse, it is necessary to explain many times. It is good to make actual visits to the school with him sometime previous to putting him in the new situation, and to let him have actual experiences which help him to adjust to changes.

It takes deep understanding on the part of the parents and a strong, mature love for the child to allow him this right to express crude feelings. Whenever this can be done without the kind of reproof that gives him a sense of guilt, he can learn through his own experience and be protected as he does it. It is in this way that the foundations of self-direction are being laid. These early violent self-feelings are the core of the strong character.

"Psychological parenthood" is without question a complicated and highly skilled vocation. Almost any healthy parents can biologically create a child, but that is only the beginning of a human being. The development and growth of a warm, well-rounded personality require fostering. Are the parents of today willing to leave this important phase of their creative function to hired help or to untrained individuals? Every child needs and hungers to belong to two understanding parents who are tolerant and who will grant him liberty without license. By nature he goes through a period when he is aggressive, immodest, untidy. But we must not then assume that he is *bad*. As Doctor Aldrich puts it in his little book, Babies are Human Beings, the small child is a "brawler." Nevertheless, his point of view must be understood as well as that of the family.

Two books have recently come out, as we might say, from the front lines of the war in England. The titles are War and Children* and Infants without Families†, written by Anna Freud and Dorothy Burlingham. The two writers had charge of the Hempstead Nurseries, just outside London. Here were brought, during the long period of bombings in England, very young children who had to be taken away from home for physical safety. One of the interesting findings about these children was that the fear of the actual danger of bombings was small when compared with the dread of being sent away from their parents. Many of them lived in underground shelters quite contentedly in spite of the noise and violence that were daily occurrences, and were most disturbed by separation from the mother or father. Numerous instances are given in these two books of the ways in which these young children expressed or were not able to express emotion and to react to the painful experiences that they had been through. These observers found that if the children could be led to talk about things that had happened, or to weep or to show in other ways an emotional reaction to the many horrors, they suffered much less damage than those who could give no expression to the experiences.

The problem of the modern woman about whether to have a career, a profession or a home is a complicated one and is not yet solved. For some women the understanding and guiding of young children will always be a career in itself. Others have found that they have enough energy for both motherhood and a career. There are still others who have patterned their lives after father rather than mother, or else those who have never had the experience of living in a family group with loving and consistent parents. They may do a man's job ably and well and may find themselves indifferent or antagonistic to domestic interests.

We can no longer lay down hard-and-fast laws about woman's place. She has occupied innumerable places during this war and has done it successfully; yet motherhood is a normal phase of growth for every healthy woman, however she may plan her life subsequently. Most women who have kept a good perspective have found that motherhood is an experience which gives them a deep understanding of life and human nature. It is as valuable and stimulating to the mother as it is necessary for the child.

This insight into human nature can also be used in other fields of interest. When a woman dedicates ten or more years of her life to the rearing of a small family, this does not have to be the final completion or goal of her life. After she has brought her children well on the way to emotional maturity, it is usually better for both if she does not simply engross herself in the lives of her children, but turns her interests actively in other directions.

In all these considerations, however, there is one *must*. Every child under school age has the right to mature emotionally in a warm, consistent environment, guided by two either real or substitute parents, if he is expected to be social. Where no strong emotional tie has been kept through the first years, the foundation is laid for delinquency and unsocial behavior or neurosis.

*Medical War Books, 1943. Ernst Willard, New York.
†International University Press, 1944. 227 W. 13th St., New York, N. Y.



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HOME-AGAIN CLOTHES

"A soft white blouse with long sleeves and feminine ruffles is a far cry from a heavy leather jacket," says Mrs. Russell Tillson. "A slim gray flannel skirt is a pleasure after two years of practically nothing but dungarees and shirts!" Mrs. Tillson, young mother of a sixteen-months-old daughter, is buying her first new wardrobe after two years of working in a war plant. With a husband recently returned from overseas to dress for, she chooses a pretty velveteen dress in pale gray, a pastel wool in his favorite color. Her accessories are smart and inexpensive. A felt beret, a wide leather belt, a pair of string gloves. A three-quarter wool topper completes her purchases, and goes over everything in her wardrobe. ★ ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**



Shirt-and-skirt formula—gray flannel, $9.95, with brown plaid gingham shirt; velvet beret, $3.95; knitted gloves.



Gray velveteen dress with silver buttons, $25—wear it to dinner with a brown velvet braided bandeau.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



Perfect coat for shirt-and-skirt girls is the three-quarter plain wool, $35; right with everything.



Casual wool dress that any girl would live in, $17.95; with good leather belt, jersey and yarn wrapped turban.

Millions will love the little gathered black wool skirt, $7.95, and a long-sleeved, silver-buttoned white blouse, pretty enough for a party. Ribbon in her short hair.

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The Road Forward



PHOTO BY STUART

Ruth Tillson, at twenty-one, has already had a full life; marriage, a defense job, two children—and the loss of her baby. She has met every challenge to her spirit with true courage.

TREATMENT FOR TROUBLES

Emotional wounds require prompt, expert treatment, just as physical injuries do. Could you give first aid to those nearest you if they were shocked by loss of job, distressing publicity, family breakup, death, marital crisis? Here is the emergency treatment approved by psychiatric authorities:

In any crisis, try first to reassure the sufferer. Repeat again and again anything that you know affords ***constructive*** help. Warm, generous comfort is a bandage for raw nerves. . . . Be sympathetic, but controlled. Emotionalism breaks control. . . . Discourage self-pity; sharply if need be, for anger is less dangerous than self-pity. For this reason, "talking things out" may easily be overdone. . . . In severe shock, it may be better to remove patient to new scenes until better health and balance are restored. As soon as possible, however, bring attention back to normal activities. Give the patient something to do.

Bad news should be broken by someone close; quickly, kindly, completely, so there is no further suspense. Environment should be comfortingly familiar. Patient should be kept talking, if possible, to alleviate shock until news can sink in. . . . In ***death*** the bereaved should be encouraged to attend to details. Keeping busy and helping to comfort others brings strength to himself. . . . Remind the person upset by ***distressing publicity*** that nothing is more than a seven-days wonder. He should go about exactly as usual, being pleasant to everyone but keeping in mind the old motto, "Never explain, never complain."

In marital or family emotional crisis, do nothing until everyone has cooled off. Anger mobilizes the individual to fight, but paralyzes intelligence. The emergency treatment of wrath is, as always, the soft answer—and waiting until the situation can be considered calmly. In ***any trouble,*** rally whatever spiritual belief the sufferer has. This is the most constructive of all healing forces.

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

THE true test of character has always been adversity. Of all adversities, the most shattering is personal loss. Ruth Tillson, at twenty-one, has known the deep, swift sorrow of losing her tiny baby daughter.

Ruth has been wonderfully brave and gentle and normal. She realizes that she owes it to her husband as well as herself, and to the family she hopes to have in the future, to bring herself firmly back to a state of emotional and physical stability. Her honest facing of facts can well serve as an inspiration to other women who must rechart their lives after severe shock.

THREE-PART PROGRAM

A sound rehabilitation program has three parts: physical, emotional and spiritual. When a woman is also a wife and mother, her reconditioning must reach back into the wellspring of her being. She has to think of herself not only as an individual, but as the vital core of her household. Her well-being is a precious matter to every member of her family. No wife who is not in good bodily health can bring to wifehood and motherhood all that a normal woman wishes to contribute. No mother can do a complete job who is tired of spirit, or lacking in that courage of the soul which transmutes a family into a glowing force.

For this reason, the first step when one emerges from emotional shock should be to have the body checked every bit as carefully as after a physical injury. Hurts to the heart do not leave visible wounds, but so deeply and indistinguishably connected are mind and body impulses that each can mark the other indelibly. A thorough examination by a physician is *step one* on the road to recovery. Do not side-step this obligation, saying, perhaps, "All I need is rest and a tonic." That attitude may prove an expensive evasion of fact. And never, at any time, prescribe your own sedative and your own tonic. Everyone knows that nervous systems are upset by painful experiences. But that is not all. Even the most reliable circulatory and digestive systems may be thrown off balance. Even more certainly, those powerful miracle-working glands about which we are learning more every day are deeply affected. It is no time for tampering with self-medication.

It is possible that a majority of the women now whining their way into middle age—never quite free of mysterious minor ailments, never quite able to shake off physical and emotional lassitude—have been scarred by emotional wounds rather than physical defect. Prompt treatment after injury of mind, soul or body should be the rule. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance to a home of a wife and mother in sound working order. Woman's physical life requires more consideration than man's at any time. Her highly organized machinery needs checking over at regular intervals, as does any delicate mechanism. Particularly must she beware of any form of internal collapse, literal or figurative, after she has been subjected to shock.

Over and beyond the individual prescription from an understanding physician, there is a basic pattern for wholesome living that becomes particularly important when nervous energy is low. Those who deal expertly with nervous disturbances recognize this fact, and the very cornerstone of their treatment is the rule that every twenty-four hours must contain a proper allotment of work, rest, exercise and play. Perhaps food ought to have a special listing, too, since three nourishing meals a day is the first requirement for rebuilding a depleted body. Also imperative is nine hours of rest. Next on the list is at least an hour of noncompetitive exercise in the open air. Swimming, skating, fishing, golfing—or just walking—are better than fast games! A certain amount of *work that needs to be done* is a wonderful normalizer. The housewife who has to keep her home and family moving along on a regular routine, after an unhappy experience, is much better off than the woman who can give up her day to remembering and weeping. Time for play is another *must*. The spirit needs joyful activity and if, after sorrow or anxiety, it cannot quickly find its way back to laughter, it can at least have the release of an occupation or hobby that is quite different from the daily bread-and-butter job. Work with the hands can be a wonderful relief for a burdened soul. Simple carpentry and furniture painting require no particular genius, yet they give a fine feeling of creative effort. From time immemorial, gardening has served as a balm for bruised hearts. There is primitive comfort in working with growing things, a reassurance of the existence of eternal life forces.

That is what one needs most after disaster, a steadying sense of unchanging strength somewhere. Something to turn to, even to lean on a little. It is a time for faith. Faith comes to people in many different ways, but every human being has within himself some reservoir of spiritual strength that can be drawn on in time of need. The greatest doctors recognize this and know that no triumph of modern medicine can heal a sick or lonely spirit as surely as deep-rooted belief. Misery cannot be a permanent guest in a heart where there is *faith*.

Hot "French Toast" Sandwiches —A Quick, Easy Main Dish



PILE the platter with hot Cheese Dreams, lusciously melty in the middle, delicately brown outside. Serve with a green salad tossed with zesty Wesson dressing, and you've got something! Use Wesson Oil in the dressing, of course...and for frying the Cheese Dreams, too. You'll find America's favorite *salad* oil perfect for *frying* as well! Clip both the recipes now.

FRENCH-TOAST CHEESE DREAMS

8 slices bread (stale or fresh)
¼ lb. American cheese
2 eggs
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
Wesson Oil

Make four cheese sandwiches and cut in half. (Other types of mild cheese may be used.) Beat eggs with milk and salt. If sandwiches are not buttered, use a little more salt. Dip sandwiches in egg mixture; moisten each side well. Fry gently in enough Wesson Oil to cover bottom of pan, until cheese is melted and both sides are lightly browned. (Use Wesson Oil regularly for more digestible fried foods. See how delicious potatoes are when fried the Wesson way!)



***...and for the salad...* WESSON DRESSING**

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix and shake in a jar. Taste how the full savory goodness of all your seasonings stands out! Pure, delicate Wesson Oil never dulls them with a heavy, oily taste.

For Occasional Variety: try adding ¼ cup crumbled Roquefort-type cheese, or a chopped, hard-cooked egg, or 1 tablespoon of finely chopped onion.

P.S. Let Wesson Oil help you on baking day, too. Try it in any recipe that calls for *melted shortening* and see how convenient it is. Just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix! Keep Wesson Oil always on hand.

Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS





PHOTOS BY STUART

The proof of the pudding—in this case, cake. Russ rates Ruth's pies and cakes tops, is glad to have her back home again in the kitchen.

It's fun to bake again

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

BAKING a pie or stirring up a batch of cookies is as necessary to the peace of some women's souls as buying a new hat or reading poetry is to others. Ruth Tillson is one of the first kind of women. And all through her long months doing a man's job in the shipyard, she yearned for the time when she could let herself loose in the kitchen with rolling pin and flour sifter. Then her baby came—to stay so short a while. Now Ruth is finding her way back to the comfort that doing a homely task, such as baking a pie for Russ, can give. One of our favorites that you may like to try is raisin pie with sour cream as its secret. Sugar? Just ⅓ cupful. A one-cruster!

RAISIN SOUR-CREAM PIE

Simmer 2 cups seedless raisins or 1½ cups raisins and ½ cup pitted dates in 1 cup water until raisins are tender and almost all the water is taken up. Add 2 cups thick sour cream. Sift together 1 tablespoon flour, ⅓ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix well and add 3 slightly beaten egg yolks. Cook slowly over direct heat, stirring constantly until thick. Taste. If cream is not very sour, you may wish to add 1 teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar. Pour into baked pie shell. A meringue can be made with the 3 egg whites, but this pie is rich enough without topping of any kind.

Sweet breads can be absolutely sugarless. Orange nut bread has always been one of my favorites. Made with honey instead of sugar, it's even better, as the honey keeps the loaf moist.

ORANGE NUT BREAD

Cream 2 tablespoons shortening. Add 1 cup honey gradually, beating well. Then add 1 well-beaten egg and 1 tablespoon grated orange

rind. Sift 2½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon baking soda. Add alternately to honey mixture with ¾ cup orange juice. Add ¾ cup chopped nuts. Bake in moderately slow oven, 325° F., seventy minutes. Cool and store. Slices best the second day.

For really shortening-shy bread baking, keep a supply of biscuit and muffin mixes on your shelf. Many good things come in small packages.

Something for the cooky jar! Anyone can make these, they are so simple.

QUICK GINGERSNAPS

Melt ¼ cup shortening in 1 cup hot molasses. Do not let it boil. Sift 2 cups flour with 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1½ teaspoons ginger. Add the molasses and shortening to the dry ingredients. Mix well. Cool and roll dough out very *very* thin. Cut out and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until done. This batter may be dropped while still warm, but it makes a chewy cooky rather than a crisp one.

Not a cake, not a cooky, date squares are in a class by themselves. They are easy to stir up and sugar-shy.

DATE-WALNUT SQUARES

Cream ¼ cup shortening and ⅓ cup sugar together. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind and 1 well-beaten egg. Stir in ½ cup flour sifted with ¼ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon baking powder. Beat until smooth. Add ½ cup chopped nuts and ½ cup pitted dates cut into small pieces. Mix well. Spread into greased layer-cake pan and bake twenty-five to thirty minutes in moderately slow oven, 325° F. Let cool in pan. Cut into one-and-one-half-inch squares or triangles—12–16 pieces.

This sour-cream fudge cake doesn't use a bit of shortening, which is one of its graces even if it does seem spendthrifty of sugar. It's worth it.

SOUR-CREAM FUDGE CAKE

Beat 3 egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Gradually add ½ cup sugar and continue beating until very thick. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix well. Sift 1¼ cups cake flour with ¾ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking soda. Have ready 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted. The dry ingredients are added alternately to the mixture with 1 cup thick sour cream. (After the first addition of dry ingredients, add the melted chocolate.) Beat batter smooth. Then beat the 3 egg whites until foamy and add ¾ cup sugar by tablespoonfuls, beating after each addition as if you were making a meringue. Fold this carefully and lightly—but thoroughly—into the batter. Pour into two greased eight-inch layer-cake pans. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., thirty minutes. Cool and frost.

SUGARLESS CHOCOLATE FROSTING

Melt 1 seven-ounce package of semisweet chocolate bits in double boiler. Stir until smooth. Add ⅔ cup sweetened condensed milk. Cook ten minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat. Add 2 teaspoons hot water, a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until smooth and of good consistency for spreading. This makes enough to frost tops of two eight-inch layers.

The new "one-bowl" cakes have caused quite a "stir." The secret of their success is in watching the clock as well as the recipe. The biggest advantage to this type of cakemaking is that the action takes place in one bowl instead of several. The creaming job is eliminated, but the arm-work of beating takes its place. Ruth finds that easy. If you have a mixer, you're in luck, for then it's no trick at all to make a cake any moment. Follow the directions accurately even though they do seem different. Here is one of the many cakes of this type:

TWO-EGG CAKE

Sift into mixing bowl 2 cups cake flour, 1⅓ cups sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup good-quality vegetable shortening and ⅔ cup milk. Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer on medium speed two minutes. Now stir in 3 teaspoons baking powder. Now add 2 unbeaten eggs, ⅓ cup milk and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat by hand or with mixer on medium speed for another two minutes. The batter will be smooth and thin. Pour into two greased nine-inch layer pans lined with greased paper. Bake twenty-five to thirty minutes in moderately hot oven, 375° F. Turn out. Cool on racks. Frost as desired.

Ruth stirs up a "one-bowl-to-mix" cake. "It's so easy," she says.



SHOPPING IS SUCH A STRUGGLE...

wasn't it?



It's a funny thing . . . the grim-looking people you see in stores. That specimen coming along now, for instance—why it's *you* you're seeing in a mirror! You *know* you don't look like that—shopping certainly gets you down . . . some days everything looks all wrong!



Perhaps a new dress will pick you up. You slip into a smart little number . . . and on you it looks like a flour sack! When you're tired nothing looks right. You get yourself out of the store somehow . . .

and make for the restaurant across the street. You slink to a table and try to hide behind the menu, feeling utterly washed out. But wait! A welcome fragrance wafts through the air. Something's going to happen. Things are looking better . . .



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For Abdomen, Back and Breasts

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MEET A DEMOBILIZED HOUSEWIFE

(Continued from Page 160)

thought of that some, but mainly they thought of their luck: of how Ruth had her husband with her; of Rusty, after three years of duty overseas, home with his wife and baby.

Last February, four months before Jeanne Marie was born, Ruth came home to stay. There were fewer submarines to build and fewer women working their hearts out at both ends of a day. The simple things that had been impossible suddenly came true. Ruth got Rusty's breakfast in the morning. The housework was finished during the day and a heap of dirty clothes was no longer a constant nightmare picture in the back of Ruth's head. And there was no need for anyone to tell her at the end of a long day that Gerry had stood, had taken her first step. Ruth was there to see the whole thing for herself.

But when Ruth stopped working, her $51 a week stopped too. Rusty had received a promotion to boatswain's mate 1st class, with a salary of $114 a month instead of $96. But food and other necessities have kept going up and getting harder to find and money has become a constant gnawing problem.

Then there is the problem of the future. Rusty's discharge from the Navy will come six months after the end of the war. He enlisted in the regular Navy, not in the reserves, and he can re-enlist and stay in if he wants to. Ruth wants him to. The economic security the Navy offers men means a lot to her.

But Rusty doesn't see how they could have anything but the barest, meanest life on Navy pay, secure as it is. Family allotments stop when the war ends, and it is quite possible that he will drop a rank or two. Suppose he goes back to boatswain's mate 2nd class and $96 a month, with no family allotment? How can you keep a wife and kids on that? He wants to get out.

And tragically, coincident with the rejoicing over the end of the war, came the loss of Jeanne Marie. Suddenly one night, in her sleep, Ruth's second daughter died. Although doctors say that her war job in no way was responsible for the baby's death, that enlarged thymus gland is one of those congenital conditions that nothing could have prevented, the shadow of loss is dark on Ruth's life now, and she is still numb with shock. It will grow less in time, but it will always lie across it, a dividing line between the time before—between youth and one kind of worry and need—and the unknown world of after-the-war.

MEET TWO MASTER FARMERS

In the rich, rolling Pennsylvania Dutch countryside, the Lichtenwalner brothers live on the fat of the land—the same farm land cleared by their forefathers in 1733. With the Lichtenwalners, life goes deep. The womenfolk bring mouth-watering dishes to the table (Mrs. Ada bakes 50 pies a week), tend their flowers (Mrs. Charles has 23 varieties of begonias), sew, teach school, marry farmers and start as tenants of their fathers. And so life goes on, as it has gone on for two centuries. Don't miss this story, rich with good living, eating and close family ties.

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the December Journal

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(Continued from Page 34)

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Off-the-Beam—it's Hattie Carnegie's newest off-the-face crocheted bandeau. Do in heavy yarn, in a few hours. 2201.



s and bag of bright t; slip-over covers of ick crocheted mesh, dded with jet. 2202.



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SAYLERIZED* *finish makes good fabrics better.*

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BIG SHOT

(Continued from Page 41)

handkerchief around his thin neck and the cowboy hat on his head and went home walking on air.

Robbie was far too excited to sleep that night, and the next morning, being Sunday, he had quite a struggle with his mother, who would not let him wear the plaid shirt and the cowboy hat to Sunday school. Robbie yielded, and when he got to church he bent his reedy neck and offered up a wordless prayer of gratitude for all the great benefits the week had brought to him. Cubby had told him he could be one of the Rangers now, and go to meetings in Cubby's barn after supper every Monday night. A fever burned in Robbie. Life had opened up for him into a great teeming vista of opulence and success and importance. He had only to carry his paper route, and he could go to the show, he could go two or three times a week and get a hamburger, he could be a Ranger and he could help his mother. He breathed deeply. It was like some kind of magic. And carrying the papers was fun.

Clyde watched Robbie coming and going in his overlarge plaid shirt and his cowboy hat, and a fever burned in Clyde too. He was personally affronted by the airs Robbie had assumed. So one day, as Robbie ran across the playground, Clyde stuck out his foot and Robbie tripped over it and fell down flat on his stomach. He got up slowly, hurt and taken aback. Clyde at once squared away expecting Robbie to jump on him, for the tripping was intentional, as all who could see it knew. But Robbie just brushed his clothes, looked at Clyde uncertainly and turned and went on at a jog trot, not remembering why he had been running.

Cubby came up to him and asked, "Hey, why didn't you sock him? He tripped you on purpose—I saw him."

"Oh," said Robbie vaguely, "I don't want to fight with him. He didn't mean to do it."

"The heck he didn't," said Cubby, looking puzzled.

"I'll make up with him whenever he wants to," said Robbie, as though he were the one to do the making up. Cubby looked at him, trying to figure him out.

All that afternoon a slow fire burned in Clyde. He was the biggest boy in his grade, for he was way behind. He didn't even pretend to study. He just sat there and over and over again he could feel Robbie's foot caught on his own, could hear the heavy chunk of Robbie's fall, see the shifty look in Robbie's eyes. He scarcely knew the nature of the feelings which Robbie's supineness aroused in him.

At recess Clyde blocked Robbie's way. "Hi, Big Shot," he said. "Getting too big for Crum Street, ain't you? Big newspaperman, ain't you?"

"Look," said Robbie reasonably, "I don't want any trouble. I just want to get along. So what's the use of getting mad?"

Clyde caught Robbie by the arm and twisted it. Robbie cried out with pain and Cubby came and put his freckled plump arm between the two boys and said, "Let him go, Clyde."

"Will you be good?" Clyde demanded, still twisting.

"Sure," said Robbie, biting his lip to keep from crying. "I'll be good." Clyde let go of him and Robbie pulled quickly away, rubbing his arm.

Robbie went quickly into his classroom. His arm hurt and his face was wet with sweat. He wiped his face with a somewhat grimy handkerchief. He hoped, now that Clyde had made him say he'd be good, that he would be satisfied and wouldn't hurt him again. He didn't understand at all that Clyde's appetite grew with what it fed upon. He felt like crying, Robbie did. He felt a thousand things he could hardly define. But he didn't want to fight. He would just forget it.

That night, when Robbie rode his bike down Crum Street, Clyde was waiting for him. Clyde ran out into the street to catch at Robbie's bike, but Robbie managed to dodge him and went on with his route. When Robbie got home, Clyde was waiting.

"Let me ride your bike," said Clyde. "No one told you you could ride a bike on Crum Street anyhow."

"Be careful," said Robbie uncertainly. "It's an old bike. I need it for my paper route."

Clyde gave Robbie a shove and he sat down and remained sitting on the ground. Clyde rode the bike up and down Crum Street and finally brought it back. Robbie was waiting, and when he got the bike he took it into the house and locked the front door and kept the bike in the little front room all night. His mother thought this was just his fondness for the bike and said nothing. She went out after supper and Robbie was there alone. For the first time he was afraid to stay alone in the house and wished that he had gone with her. He was afraid that Clyde might come and beat him or twist his arm. He put out the light and got into bed and lay there trembling at every noise until his mother came home.

Things went from bad to worse. Everyone knew that Clyde was riding Robbie and that Robbie wouldn't defend himself.

The Rangers were a little uneasy, confronted with a situation they didn't know exactly how to handle. They were ashamed of Robbie, and for him, yet they liked him.

Cubby was troubled too. More than once, on the school ground, he held Clyde until Robbie could run into the building. Neither Cubby nor Robbie understood how the bully in Clyde swelled when he was held back from hurting Robbie. One or two of the tough overgrown boys at school began to follow Clyde, to egg him on, to attach themselves to him.

So Clyde, now clear out of hand, invaded the better neighborhood and waited for Robbie one Friday evening, and when Robbie rode out of Crum Street there was Clyde with two admirers, waiting for him. Robbie rode his bike right across Mrs. Rawlings' lawn, and jumped onto her porch, practically from the bicycle seat, so that the wheel fell on her pavement, and the papers spilled on the grass.

Robbie took refuge on Mrs. Rawlings' front porch, right by her door, and Clyde paused on the walk before the house. Clyde did not quite have the nerve to go clear up onto Mrs. Rawlings' porch. Robbie was treed there. He could not leave the porch without encountering Clyde, who waited for him with an animal-like patience. Clyde's cohorts lurked at the corner, leaning on the telephone post and watching.

Mrs. Rawlings, from behind her white curtains, sized up the situation, but she did nothing about it except watch. Mrs. Rawlings had two stars on the service flag in her window. She knew something about boys.

In the Rush

By Joseph Joel Keith

Here in the long,
Long city's rush,
Man, in his mind,
Must feel the hush,
Light as a wing
That brushes by.
Here in the wheel-
And-pavement cry,
Runners must pause
One moment long,
And hear the sweet
And healing song:
Here in the long,
Loud traffic's crush
Are heart's and mind's
Brief rising thrush.



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She saw that the newsboy was outclassed and outweighed and that he was afraid. But she knew, too, that interference might make it worse for him the next time. So she let the boys alone, sitting in her chair and knitting, her back very straight, spots of color on the thin cheeks.

Robbie leaned against the doorframe, sweating and shivering, thinking about those undelivered papers and scared of Clyde. He simply dared not leave the porch. Finally Clyde, who could see no movement back of Mrs. Rawlings' curtains, decided that no one was at home, and he rushed Robbie, grabbed him by the plaid shirt, dragged him off the porch, hit him in the face and knocked him down and jumped on him.

Blood spurted from Robbie's nose and he cried out—an animal cry of fear and pain. The fever that had been burning in Clyde burst into flame and he began to pommel Robbie with all his strength. Mrs. Rawlings darted out her front door, and what she saw wasn't pretty. Robbie was down on the ground, not even trying to defend himself, cowering and crying while Clyde hit him again and again.

Mrs. Rawlings caught Clyde by the belt in back and gave him such a jerk that he flew clear behind her. He flung around, his fists up to strike whoever had interfered, but with one flat blow of her hand Mrs. Rawlings took all the fight out of Clyde. He stopped where he was and his hand went to his cheek and he looked into her blazing black eyes.

"You've whipped him," she cried, "you've proved it. Whatever was the quarrel, you've settled it. Now get!"

"I'll whip him wherever and whenever I like," cried Clyde, still above himself.

The man who thinks when old precisely the same on all points as he thought when young, is not a conservative. He is an obstacle.

—HENRY VAN DYKE: Camp-Fires & Guide-Posts (Scribner's).

The man with a new idea is a crank—until the idea succeeds.

—MARK TWAIN.

"Oh, will you?" said Mrs. Rawlings. "Now, get out of my yard and stay out of it."

Clyde went. His watchers were right there watching, but they seemed to have nothing to do with his legs, which took him out of Mrs. Rawlings' range as fast as possible.

She pulled Robbie to his feet. "Stand up," she commanded, "you're not hurt."

"My nose is bleeding. He'll kill me yet!"

"A nosebleed won't hurt you. That won't kill you," she said vigorously.

She got him into her kitchen, washed his face and applied a cold knife to his swelling lip, a cold cloth to his eye. She stuck his shirttail in and jerked him together. He was moaning with self-pity. He was abject. He was all to pieces. She hardly knew what to do with him. She pitied him, but she was also disgusted and tried to curb this feeling. He was only a child and in great trouble.

"I don't want to fight," he told her, blubbering. "I don't like to fight."

She saw that he had little understanding of what was going on. She questioned him about the fight, how it had started. He protested his innocence. He didn't know any more than she did what had started it, what had prolonged it.

"But sometimes you have to fight," she said impatiently. "You have a right to carry your papers and help your mother. You can't let people mistreat you and keep you from doing what's right. You won't get hurt any worse if you hurt him too."

Her husband came home and Robbie gradually grew more calm. But he showed no inclination to go back out into the street.

"I have to go by his house," he said. "He'll get me again."

Finally, Mr. Rawlings took his car and followed Robbie the rest of his route. They saw Clyde, who looked away from them. Clyde didn't want any more to do with the

(Continued on Page 175)



During the stormy seasons, it's wise to protect your health and your shoes. And to really do the job, you need rubber footwear built for sturdy service. That's Hood footwear! You can depend on the time-tested Hood manufacturing methods for longer life and better fit in all kinds of rubber footwear.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
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LOOK FOR THE HOOD ARROW WHEN YOU BUY THEM

Gibson

FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATORS · KOOKALL ELECTRIC RANGES

Freez'r Locker



Stores More Frozen Food Right in the Refrigerator . . .

You'll delight in refrigeration's greatest advance when you get your new Gibson Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator! Its big *Freez'r Locker* is a built-in feature—an integral part of the refrigerator itself. And you'll marvel at the man-sized quantities of frozen foods it will hold, keeping them deliciously farm-fresh for weeks! You'll delight in the *Moist Chiller*—and the way it keeps salads so crisp and tasty! You'll delight in every wall-to-wall, unobstructed shelf—in the greater ice cube capacity—in faster freezing—in efficient, economical operation! And you'll say—"I'm glad I watched for, waited for the new Gibson Freez'r Shelf, the modern refrigerator with the built-in *Freez'r Locker!*"

SEE YOUR GIBSON DEALER

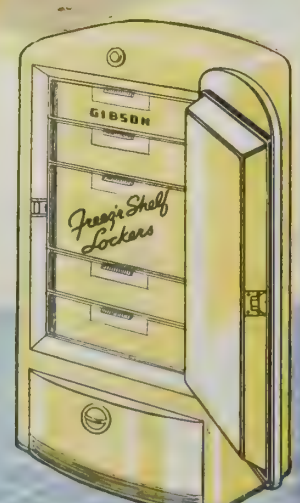


GIBSON *Kookall* ELECTRIC RANGE

An automatic marvel for your Home of Tomorrow . . . Turns itself on and off . . . Cooks an entire meal while you do other things . . . The only range which will feature UPS-A-DAISY Today's secret. Tomorrow's sensation!

COMING—NEW HOME FREEZER

Scientific home freezing and storage of frozen foods—and lots of them! Keeps meats, fruits and vegetables deliciously fresh at below-zero temperatures—for months! Another Gibson *must* for modern living!



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GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

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★ BUY VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS ★

(Continued from Page 173)

Rawlingses. Robbie got safely home and closed and locked the door on himself and his bike. He held cold wet cloths against his face. His cheek was bruised, his lips were swollen and he was getting a black eye. Worst of all, his heart ached.

Mr. Rawlings' intentions were of the best when he spoke to Mr. Wallace the next day about protecting his newsboy. Mr. Wallace had had several complaints from subscribers about Robbie's fighting and about the papers' being late. On Saturday he told Robbie that he couldn't carry the papers any more.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Wallace said, stopped a little by the tragic face, "but if you have trouble all the time you can't carry the papers. I understand you've had three fights this week. If you are always going to be fighting, I'll get someone else. Cubby wants a paper route and I'm going to let him have this one, though I had it in mind to give him one the other end of town."

Robbie didn't say a word. When the boy who had owned the bicycle asked for his dollar, Robbie just gave the bike back without an argument. He went home, going around by the highway so he wouldn't pass Clyde's house. He had to make some explanation to his mother and he tried to tell her what had happened. She was upset, but she was not altogether sorry. Standing there in the neat little front room, Robbie saw that she didn't understand. It was the first time she had not felt with him.

"You just can't mix up with those Rumbles," she said. "You just have to be content now, Robbie. Someday the police will catch up with Clyde. You go about your own affairs. You don't want to be fighting all the time. You can get along with people if you try."

"But—but I wanted to help you," Robbie said through swollen lips. "I have a right to help you."

"I can get along. I'm used to being poor."

Right up until then Robbie had not been ashamed. He had suffered. He had been hurt and he had felt sad. But he had not felt ashamed. But now a blush covered his pale face, a burning blush which brought with it strange confused feelings and made his heart beat hard. He saw, obscurely, that his mother liked being poor and plain. It suited her. She was not really sorry at all that they were going back to the way they had been before. She felt relief, even satisfaction, he saw, though he could not have found the words. And he was ashamed.

He sank away from her into a kind of trance. He ate the supper she put before him, salmon loaf and potatoes and bread and margarine and pickles. It wasn't very good, and when it was finished he was still hungry. He thought briefly of the hamburgers he had been buying, but dismissed the thought. Deeper movements were going on within him. He went to bed and lay there awake and numb.

In the morning he would not go to Sunday school because of his eye, and his mother went alone. There was a wonderful movie at the show, but Robbie stayed in the house. And out of his numbness and suffering there began to rise a doubt, his first doubt, of his mother's unfailing wisdom and authority. It worked in him reluctantly, like slow yeast in cold dough. He was finally hearing what Mrs. Rawlings had said to him so sharply. He thrust the words away. He restated his own position. He didn't like to fight, he didn't want to fight. He could get along.

Yes, he thought, *I can get along by never doing anything or ever having anything. I can get along by letting Clyde decide that I can't carry papers—letting him twist my arm and spoil everything for me. I can get along without Cubby and the Rangers. I don't have to go camping. I can just be poor and mean and afraid.*

Mrs. Rawlings said he had a right to carry the papers and help his mother. But Clyde said he didn't have the right. He felt again the rain of blows from Clyde's hard fists. His stomach curled with pain. But there was a new feeling now—a feeling of contempt for himself.

On Monday morning he rose and dressed and went to school, and he felt half sick with all this thinking and bothering. It was the last day of school. They would get their report cards and go home. He knew he would pass into the ninth grade, probably the second or third highest in his class, and he was right. He went out behind Cubby.

Cubby said, "I didn't want to take your route, Robbie, but Mr. Wallace said the other isn't empty yet."

"That's all right," said Robbie. "When do the Rangers meet?"

Cubby looked down on the ground. "I guess maybe the Rangers ain't going to meet for a while. I'll let you know, Robbie."

Robbie understood. The Rangers weren't going to take him. That was out too. He was all alone.

He saw Clyde coming toward him and he simply stood there. There was no one to protect him, no one to fight for him, no one to care whether he got killed or not. *No one but me,* he thought, and the thought amazed him. He just stood his ground, looking at Clyde, and he didn't run or move away. He didn't care much what happened.

But Clyde didn't hit him. Clyde spat on the ground and said contemptuously, "Hi, Big Shot!" He started on by.

Robbie saw that Clyde had no compulsion any longer to take him down. He had done it. He was satisfied. Robbie looked at Cubby, who was looking away. Cubby looked sad too. Cubby felt bad, but he couldn't do any more about it. But the yeast had been working and it had produced a certain lightness in Robbie's mind. The shame that had begun Saturday had finally burned clear through all the training.

A sense of humor is what makes you laugh at something which would make you mad if it happened to you.
—WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

Without warning even from himself, Robbie jumped straight up in the air and came down all over Clyde as a cat might have. He swarmed the astonished Clyde and there was nothing fair about Robbie's fighting. He bit and clawed. He kicked and scratched. He got one hand in Clyde's hair and his teeth in Clyde's ear. He kicked him in the shins and in the belly and he yelled like a Comanche Indian. Clyde began to roar. The boys all came running, but Cubby ordered everyone back.

"Let them fight," Cubby said. His round face was shining. All Clyde wanted was to get free of this wildcat that had dropped on him out of a clear sky. The janitor came and plucked Robbie off Clyde, and Clyde, his ear bleeding, some of his hair in Robbie's hand, his clothes torn, took off at a dead run and left the school ground.

The janitor jerked Robbie around and marched him to the principal. Cubby, a grin all over his freckled face, went along. Cubby was a much-liked and respected boy, and everyone knew that he always told the truth. He told it now.

The principal told Robbie he was not interested. "School is out," the principal said. "You're dismissed for the summer. I don't want to hear any more about it."

So it was that Cubby and Robbie sat together at the truck stop and Robbie ate two hamburgers and drank his first cup of coffee, He was going to eat two hamburgers every day, he decided. The boys had been to see Mr. Wallace and Robbie had his paper route back and Cubby was to get the other one in a few weeks. They went and got Robbie's bike and Robbie paid the dollar due. They had called a meeting of the Rangers to plan for their camping trip.

Robbie and Cubby parted at the corner and Robbie went home, walking right up the middle of Crum Street, daring Clyde to come out. But Clyde was not to be seen. Robbie pulled his cowboy hat down on his fair eyebrows, and swaggered a little in his overlarge plaid shirt. He was going to have to explain some things to his mother. She would have to get some new ideas if she was going to be the mother of a Big Shot.



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Sweep QUICKLY – Empty EASILY
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PHOTOS BY STUART

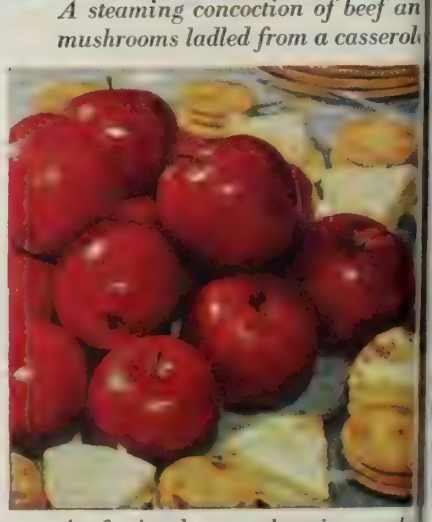
Let the guests have a good look and an ecstatic sniff to spice their appetites and conversation. Left—*A smart hostess enjoys her own party because she has planned the smallest details in advance.*



Tomato juice—seasoned to the hilt—with garlic olives and spiced rolls



A steaming concoction of beef an mushrooms ladled from a casserol



A refresher dessert: gleaming apple Gruyère cheese with toasted cracker

Conversation Piece

BY RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

NEXT to "I"—or "you" if it's a love affair—what would you say is the conversational subject most people warm up to? Yes, I would too—for I've seen parsons and politicians chat happily, strong silent types blossom like the rose and hold forth for hours, when some wily hostess first fed them, then gently teased the conversation round to the topic, *"food!"*

And so, if you acquire a reputation for giving your guests food that's not only fun to eat but fun to talk about, breathes there a man—or his wife—who will refuse your invitations?

Especially for embryonic hostesses, "Whose bread I eat, his song I sing" has the wisdom of all ancient Chinese proverbs. Yet to bring forth a love song, a paean of praise, it must seem to your guests that this "bread" was produced by some miracle, that it's exactly as happy a surprise for you as it is for them, even if you planted its very seeds yourself as well as cooked it and cleaned the kitchen!

To be skillful at this dissembling art—and indeed it is an art—two rules, wise as the proverb itself, must guide you:

1. Plan everything in advance to the last detail—menu, equipment, service, timing. Leave nothing to chance or eleventh-hour decision. Think the party through and make careful lists for the guidance of yourself and your help, if any.

2. Do the day before anything that can be done then. Remember, you can't afford to be tired when the doorbell rings. You're to be gay, charming, looking your extra best and having not a care in the world. And your husband should glow with pride as the heavenly meal appears with no sign of effort or anxiety disturbing the gaiety of his clever little woman. This effortless effect delights your guests and you'll find it immensely pleasant yourself. It's the secret of enjoying your own parties as much as others do.

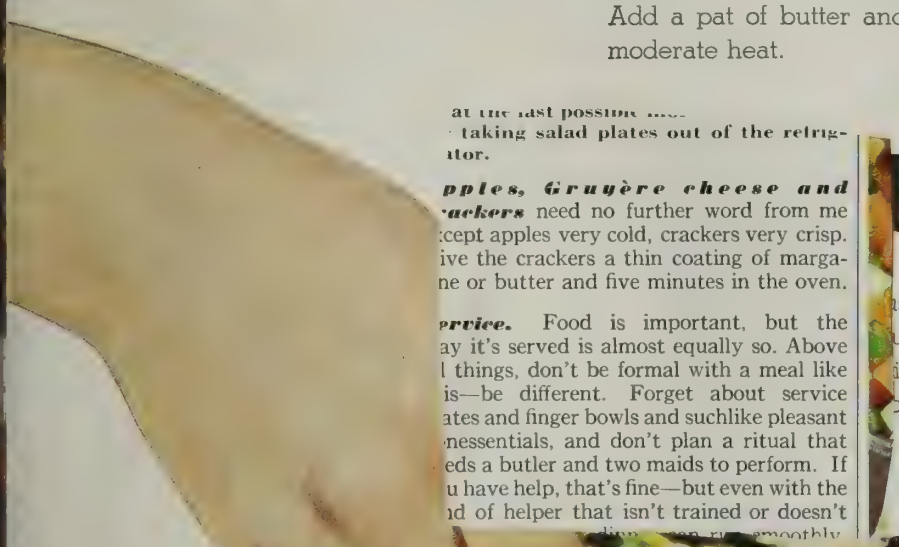
And now to cases. Let's take the Saturday after Thanksgiving. If Christmas festivities are *(Continued on Page 178)*



How to do it to Niblets Brand Whole Kernel Corn

OPEN

and empty the corn into a saucepan. Add a pat of butter and place over moderate heat.



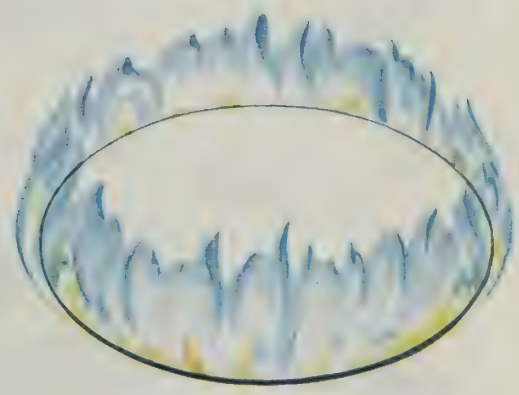
at the last possible ...
taking salad plates out of the refrig-
ator.

pples, Gruyère cheese and ackers need no further word from me cept apples very cold, crackers very crisp. ive the crackers a thin coating of marga- ne or butter and five minutes in the oven.

rvice. Food is important, but the ay it's served is almost equally so. Above l things, don't be formal with a meal like is—be different. Forget about service ates and finger bowls and suchlike pleasant nessentials, and don't plan a ritual that eds a butler and two maids to perform. If u have help, that's fine—but even with the d of helper that isn't trained or doesn't

HEAT

st long enough to melt the utter (four to five minutes), irring several times. When orn is piping hot, season.





and SERVE

in a hot dish. This quick heating (which is all that Niblets Brand Corn needs) keeps the delicate, fresh-corn flavor and the tenderness of their thin skins. They are the product of a special seed (D-138, exclusive with us) grown under new scientific controls, and harvested and packed to bring them to you *at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.*

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota: and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of the following brands: Green Giant Peas, Niblets Mexicorn (corn and peppers), Del Maiz Cream Style Corn and Niblets Asparagus.

"NIBLETS" BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©MVCO

4 Notes to set you Singin' in the Kitchen



Hallelujahs are in order! Carlton Ware is back! Not yet all you'd like, and only certain items. But what a grand beginning! Stainless Steel ... mirror-bright ... set off by jet-black Bakelite. See Carlton Ware now in Housewares Sections of leading Department and Hardware Stores.

THERMO-PLY STAINLESS STEEL

Here's a modern metal miracle. Layer-cake idea puts a center core of special heat-conducting metal between top and bottom layers of Stainless Steel. Makes an even-heating, fast cooking, easy-cleaning utensil . . . a world of improvement.

SEMI-SEAL LIDS

Tip a Carlton pan straight up. The lid's still on! Deep flange design fits close. You'll save cooking time, vitamins, color and good food flavor with Carlton's Semi-Seal lids. Finger-form Bakelite knob makes pot-peeking a pleasure.

ANTI-GRIME DESIGN

Look—no seams, no rivets, no dust-catching corners! That's the clean modern design of Carlton Ware. And Stainless Steel can't get dull-looking, won't react to food acids, resists cooking fuel smudge. Comes clean, stays clean!

TRUE-GRIP BAKELITE HANDLES

Never slip or turn in your hand. Carlton Ware can go in the oven . . handles will stand up to 500° F. Only Carlton has patented one-screw attachment for Bakelite Handles. All dealers will keep replacements.



FREE

Carlton has an illustrated booklet of Stainless Steel Ware to help you build a complete kitchen service. If you're economy-wise and quality-minded, you'll send us your name and address now. Write to Dept. L, Carrollton Mfg. Co., Carrollton, Ohio.

CARROLLTON MFG. CO. *Carrollton, Ohio*

(Continued from Page 176)

strung out for a week, why not continue Thanksgiving at least through Saturday evening? And it's the perfect time, when everyone's fed up with turkey and stuffing, to register your art in a simple—but an oh, so elegantly simple—meal. Just a few dishes, but each a production and together a historic occasion. We'll plan for six or eight—you know the capacity of your dining table.

We'll skip hot hors d'oeuvres that require last-minute doing, and prepare in advance garlic ripe olives and hard rolls stuffed with a delicious mixture and sliced in thin rounds. And for a cocktail, tomato juice spiced within an inch of its life should do the trick.

For the pièce de résistance there will be beef-casserole Julienne, a superb concoction of beef and mushrooms cooked and served in a large earthenware casserole. This is a dish songs will be made about.

With the casserole Julienne, a mound of rice and water chestnuts served in a shallow earthenware dish, and a mixed green salad tossed with crumbles of bacon and served from a wooden bowl onto icy-cold plates. French bread, warmed in the oven, will be perfect with this meal.

No rich or gooey dessert should follow. Dessert should be a contrast, a refresher course. For this menu Gruyère cheese, apples and toasted crackers are the piquant climax. In the center of a large round platter pile a heap of shining ice-cold apples. Surround them with pie-shaped wedges of Gruyère cheese and a border of toasted crackers, the three to be eaten simultaneously. The flavors of Gruyère cheese and apples have a curious affinity: each is delicious, but when they mingle in your mouth with the flavor of toasted crackers, it is to die!

Recipes? All right, here goes.



PHOTOS BY STUART

ok and an ecstatic sniff to spice their eft—A smart hostess enjoys her own ed the smallest details in advance.

GARLIC RIPE OLIVES

Two or three days before needed, pour the contents of 2 cans of very large ripe olives into a jar, add 4 cloves of garlic, thinly sliced, shake and place in refrigerator. Repeat the shaking two or three times a day to distribute the garlic flavor evenly.

SPICED TOMATO-JUICE COCKTAIL

Into a small stewing pan put 2 tablespoons whole allspice tied in cheesecloth, 2 cloves garlic and ½ cup water. Cover and simmer gently one half hour, then strain into tomato juice, using 2 medium cans, adding 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, juice of one lemon and salt and Tabasco to taste. Make it plenty hot and serve it very cold.

BEEF-CASSEROLE JULIENNE

(Cooking time 1¾ hours, steam until ready)

Cut 4½ pounds lean beef into slivers one to two inches long and the width of a pencil. Top round is best, but it's the cutting, not the cut, that is most important here. Look carefully at the meat to see how the grain runs and cut *across* the grain, not with it. This isn't tricky, but it *is* important, for the meat will be tough and stringy if you cut with the grain. Remove all fat and gristle and boil the scraps to make 1 cup of rich broth.

Half an hour before the cooking begins, pour 1 cup sparkling cider and the juice of 1 lime over the beef slivers, and while they marinate wash and slice 1½ pounds firm fresh mushrooms, stems and caps. (Canned mushrooms will do.) Drain, and dry the meat thoroughly with cloth or paper towels. Put ¼ pound butter into a large iron skillet over a hot flame. When the butter bubbles, put in the meat and let it sauté until liquid evaporates and it sizzles—about fifteen minutes—stirring frequently. It mustn't brown. Add the mushrooms, 3 medium cloves of garlic mashed to a pulp, ½ teaspoon marjoram, 1 teaspoon dry sweet basil, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, ¼ teaspoon saffron and 1 teaspoon paprika. Cook a few minutes longer, stirring constantly, and transfer to casserole.

Into the skillet put 1 quart heavy sour cream, the cup of broth (no grease) and ¼ cup cider. Scrape the skillet as this mixture heats. When hot but not boiling, pour it over the beef and mushrooms and put the casserole, with lid on, into a preheated moderate oven.

The cooking temperature is important, and I hesitate to name degrees, having myself one oven that is moderate at 250° F. and another at 375°. Same stove too. The meat should bubble constantly but never violently.

After an hour's cooking remove the lid and have a look. If the sauce has reduced more than a very little, add some sweet cream or evaporated milk. There must be plenty of sauce. Taste for seasoning—perhaps a pinch more of pepper or salt?—and stir in 1½ teaspoons cornstarch dissolved in a little milk. Replace lid and continue cooking half an hour. *Fini;* and it should be at least an hour before dinner.

Put the casserole in or on a pan of hot water over a low flame and forget about it. If you have a tray-size electric hot plate—and if you haven't, get one as soon as you can—plug it in half an hour before needed and put the casserole on it. An electric hot plate can keep a whole meal vamping until you are ready for it, and no harm done to the food.

RICE AND WATER CHESTNUTS

Buy canned water chestnuts from the grocer or—and in this case, they'll have to be peeled—get them at a Chinese market or restaurant. In case you can't get water chestnuts, I'm giving you an alternate, but try hard for the water chestnuts. No amount of cooking impairs their crisp-

PUTTING UP STORM WINDOWS

Screens and storm sash which must be placed on the outside of the house and exchanged twice each year present a real home hazard. Check ladders for soundness and be certain that the ladder is firmly placed before using. It is advisable to have someone help you when handling large units.

The newer trend in this equipment is to use a stationary frame which holds both screens and storm sash. The frame is permanently installed and it is necessary to move only the sections of glass sash or screen. Because the units are smaller and lighter, and can be exchanged from the inside of the house, the use of ladders is eliminated and the task is simpler and safer, according to the National Safety Council.

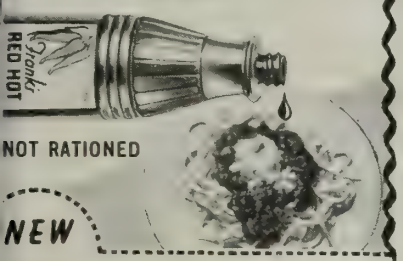
YOU DON'T NEED PEPPER



TO season your Food

TRY... SALT AND Frank's RED HOT SAUCE

To cooked peas, beans, carrots, potatoes, cabbage or other vegetables add ¼ to ½ tsp. of Frank's Red Hot Sauce instead of pepper for a new zestful flavor. Add 5 drops to ach serving of fish, meat, eggs, soup, too. One Oc bottle flavors 108 meals.



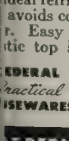
NOT RATIONED

NEW

PEPPER-FREE RECIPE FOR SPAGHETTI A LA FRANK

½ cup butter or margarine
1 onion, finely chopped
¾ teaspoon salt
⅔ lb. ground beef
5 drops Frank's Red Hot Sauce
1 small can Italian tomato paste
2 cups of water
1 small shaker of Parmisello Cheese
1 pkg. thin spaghetti

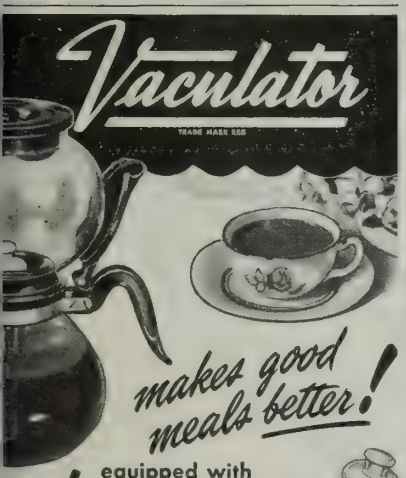
Melt grease in skillet, brown onion and ground beef, add remaining ingredients except cheese and cook slowly until a rich thick sauce is formed. Put spaghetti into quart of furiously boiling salted water. Cook 9 minutes and drain. Serve immediately topped with sauce and cheese.



FREE! 18 more easy-to-prepare recipes featuring pepper-free dishes in 1945 edition "Foods As Men Like Them". Write today for your free copy to The Frank Tea & Spice Co., Dept. J, Cincinnati 2, Ohio. You'll find Frank's Red Hot Sauce on most food store shelves and meat counters.

Frank's RED HOT SAUCE 10c

Vaculator



TRADE MARK REG.

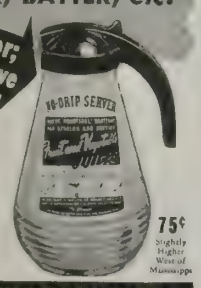
makes good meals better!

equipped with DUTCH CLOTHLESS FILTER

VACULATOR · CHICAGO, 6

BIG-SIZE DRIPLESS SERVER for JUICES, MILK, BATTER, etc.

Fits in refrigerator; always ready to serve



mart, practical server . . . drip, no spill, no waste! ideal refrigerator container avoids contamination and r. Easy to clean. Tenite tic top and slide; 48-oz. clear-glass jar. Mfd. by Federal Tool Corp., Chicago 12, Illinois.

FEDERAL Practical KITCHENWARES

75¢ Slightly Higher West of Mississippi

AT DEPARTMENT, HARDWARE, 5c to $1 STORES

HOUSEHOLD PAPERS

PARCHMENT · KALAMAZOO 99 · MICHIGAN

ness, and it's contrast of chewing textures we're wanting in this dish.

Cut 2 dozen water chestnuts into very thin slices. Wash 2 cups white rice through three waters and sprinkle it into a kettle containing at least 3 quarts rapidly boiling water, heavily salted. When the rice is tender—about twenty-five minutes—drain into a colander and pour a teakettle of boiling water through it. With two forks toss rice, water chestnuts and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until well mixed. Pack, pressing gently, into a well-greased oven-proof glass dish, oblong or round, depending on the shape of your serving dish. Now place the mold in hot water on a low flame. Or on the heating unit with an inverted oblong roasting pan for cover.

If no water chestnuts, use instead slivers of almonds fried golden in oil. Sprinkle them over the mold, and call it Rice Almondine.

BREAD

Breadstuffs should always be very special, and with colossal restraint I withhold a recipe for homemade bread—easy as *c-a-t*—which could come to the table still warm from the oven. Another time, when the pièce de résistance takes less doing. Instead we'll have French bread, which must be warmed for fifteen or twenty minutes in a preheated but *turned off* oven. Cut it in thick slabs, put the slices back in loaf shape and serve it in a napkin-lined oblong or oval basket with the points of the napkin folded over it to retain the warmth.

SALAD

Use Boston lettuce, endive and water cress if you can get them, and no herb except chopped chives this time. Wash the greens the day before, wrap in a wet towel and store in refrigerator. Add ½ teaspoon curry powder to a basic French dressing and throw in ½ cup crisp bacon crumbles when the salad is tossed. This should be at the last possible moment—and ditto for taking salad plates out of the refrigerator.

Apples, Gruyère cheese and crackers need no further word from me except apples very cold, crackers very crisp. Give the crackers a thin coating of margarine or butter and five minutes in the oven.

Service. Food is important, but the way it's served is almost equally so. Above all things, don't be formal with a meal like this—be different. Forget about service plates and finger bowls and suchlike pleasant nonessentials, and don't plan a ritual that needs a butler and two maids to perform. If you have help, that's fine—but even with the kind of helper that isn't trained or doesn't want to be, your dinner can run smoothly.

Try this. Arrange the hot food and hot plates on what goes as sideboard or serving table in your dining room and let the guests have a good look and a few ecstatic sniffs before they sit down at the table. While your husband serves the hot food you toss and serve the salad from a small table beside your chair. As firsts—and probably seconds—are eaten, the helper is in the living room fluffing up cushions, emptying ash trays and removing cocktail debris so the room will be at its normal best when you return for coffee. When it's time for dessert, the helper takes away the casseroles and empty plates and the flowers or whatever has decorated the table, and the platter of apples becomes the centerpiece.

If it's a solo performance you're swinging, a double-decker serving cart is your best bet. Have it beside you with the salad and proceed as above until the table-clearing moment arrives. Now ask that empty plates be passed to you, stack them on top and lower decks, wheel kitchenward and return with your handsome platter of apples.

If this dinner doesn't make history in your set, there's no justice in the world. Do it well and you'll deserve the *cordon bleu*.

Give to a pig when it grunts, and to a child when it cries, and you will have a fine pig, and a bad child.

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IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

(Continued from Page 29)

Something in his voice shook her serenity. "What do you mean?" she asked him.

"I've waited without a word while you pulled Lissa out of her grief—I've tried to help a bit myself. It's been nearly a year." He smiled a little. "For Lissa, a year out of her life is nothing, but for you and me it's a great deal."

"But Mike, you know I couldn't marry you while Lissa was so shattered. I couldn't add another upheaval to her life. I thought you understood."

"I did. That's why I was patient. But this ——" He shook his head slowly. "There's no reason for Lissa to resent our marriage. She and I get along fine, and she's not a child, to be upset by the change, by the idea of a stepfather. Before long she'll meet some other young man and make her own life. Why should she prevent you from making yours?"

"She won't prevent me, Mike. Only for a little while, until I can accustom her ——"

"A little while is too long, Andrea," he broke in. "It has been too long already."

She said nothing. She crossed the room and stood looking out the window to the little garden, invisible in the darkness, but fragrant with the scent of the flowers that she had planted for Lissa. As long as Andrea could remember, Lissa had loved flowers. When she had been a tiny thing, a wreath of daisies for her hair or a pansy for the buttonhole of her coat could make her forget almost instantly her tears over some childish disappointment, some toy lost or broken.

But her adult grief had not yielded so easily. It had taken more than the planting of a garden. It had taken Andrea months of patience, months of work. Surely she was entitled to relax now, to marry Mike and not let this foolish, temporary resentment of her daughter's delay things any longer.

She had made Mike wait too long as it was. He had said nothing, but now he was telling her, in his quiet, firm way, that he would wait no longer. It was not fair to ask that he should—to expect a man who had finally found his happiness and was anxious to begin living it, to put it off for a young girl's whim. *And I'm anxious to begin living it, too,* she thought. *I don't want to wait either.*

SHE turned away from the window and went toward him, holding out her hands. "I'll look at the house," she said. "I'll talk to Lissa tonight, tell her our plans, and tomorrow I'll look at the house."

At first, when she went into Lissa's room, she thought no one was there. But then she saw the girl sitting in a chair in the darkness, looking out the window. She did not turn her head as her mother entered.

"I see Michael's leaving, walking down the street like a man who has heard good news," Lissa said in the same derisive tone she had used earlier that evening. "Why so early, though? I'd have thought he'd want to stay at least a little ——"

"Lissa," Andrea said, "please turn on th lamp and look at me. I want to talk t you."

The girl did not obey at once. She sa without moving or speaking, as though sh had not heard, and the sound of her quic breathing was loud in the silence.

ANDREA waited, and thought of othe times when she had stood like this in Lissa darkened room: the time she was six and ha lost her puppy, and Andrea had to tell he that everything she had done to find it wa useless—had to talk for hours then in th dark silence, promising all kinds of dive sions and compensations, before the smal rigid figure on the bed would stir or speak the time she was fourteen and failed to get bid to the best school sorority, and sh stayed in her dar room for a whole da without food, no wanting to see any one, until Andre finally had her trans ferred to anothe school; the time th boy next door brok her heart at sever teen, and she becam so ill with fresh grie whenever she sa him that Andre finally moved to new neighborhoo and all the long tim that began when An drea brought the tele gram up to her roo in the night, and sh would not take it o open it herself, say ing only, over an over, "If he's dea I'll die too."

Presently, now, sh reached up an switched on the lamp and Andrea saw a once that Lissa ha been crying. It wa not going to be eas to tell her, but it ha to be told. This wa Mike's happines and her own.

"Lissa, what's th matter?" she aske gently.

The girl did n turn. "You want to talk to me."

"Yes—about Mike. You and he have ways got on so well together—I've alwa thought you liked him—but lately you ave him, and you're derisive when you speak him, and—I don't know. It's as though su denly you dislike him, or resent him. Why

"I don't dislike Michael."

"Even that—calling him Michael, wh everyone else calls him Mike, as though y were mocking ——"

Lissa interrupted then, turning to look her mother with smoldering blue ey "Michael's his name, isn't it? It's a go name. 'Mike' sounds like a truck driver.'

Andrea looked at her, and then look away, and talked quickly against the sm chilling thought that had come into mind. "I'm glad if I've been mistak Lissa. I've wanted you to be fond of Mi You know why, of course."

"When is it going to be?" the girl asl in a dead voice. "When are you and he go to be married?"

"Very soon. Mike's found a house, an I like it we'll take it and be married once." She added softly, "We're not yo any more, you know. Time is preci to us."

But Lissa did not hear this last. Her h was bent, and Andrea could see the t falling slowly on her upturned hands.

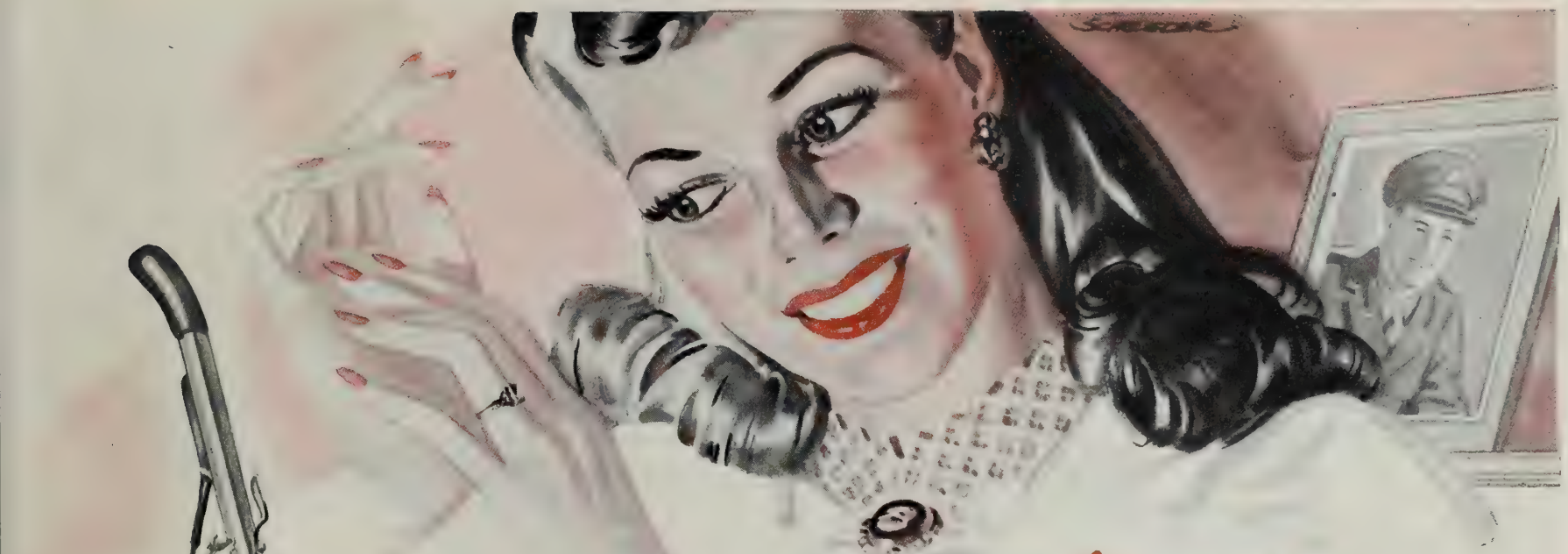
Noon

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

There is a startled beauty in beginning:
In light of dawn, in sudden drops of rain;
In warning frost when autumn leaves are thinning,
The first smell of the sea, or earthy lane;
In starter's gun shot long before a winning,
The thrill before a leap, the fearful strain
Of fingering threads the sister Fates are spinning;
In birth, in love, in all prophetic pain.

There is a quiet beauty in all ending,
In certainty of causes lost or won;
The light beyond a storm toward twilight blending,
Hands folded in the lap when work is done.
But I must have the warmth and the soul-mending
Blessed assurance of the noonday sun.

(Continued on Page 182)





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(Continued from Page 180)

chilling thought returned, insistently, and would not be shaken off.

"Why are you crying, Lissa? Why don't you want me to marry Mike? Tell me."

For a moment Lissa did not answer, and Andrea had a wild, foolish hope that she would not answer, that she would give some other, convincing reason for her tears, something apart from Mike or the marriage, and Andrea would never have to know.

But then she said it, the words shaken and broken, muffled by hands that flew suddenly to her face. "I love him—I love him."

Andrea did not know she had been holding her breath until it left her lungs in a long, painful gasp. Now, when she spoke, her voice was as dead as the girl's had been.

"He's older than your father would be, if he had lived."

"You think that matters? You think that can make me stop loving him?"

Andrea forced herself to speak calmly, reasonably. "I think this, Lissa—that it's just a reaction," she said. "You've had a sorrow—you've lost the boy you loved—and then for a long time you've been numb, half alive. Now you're awake again, and you're young and in need of love, and Mike is the only man you've seen. He's been kind to you, and he's attractive."

"It's no use, mother," Lissa said. "You can't explain me out of it. I love him—I'll never love anyone else." She stood up and turned her back to Andrea and said, her voice very low, "I'll go away, of course."

"Go away?"

"Do you think I could stay and watch you marry him—live with the two of you, feeling as I do? What do you think I'm made of?"

Andrea sat down heavily in the chair that Lissa had left. She knew very well what Lissa was made of—all intensity, all deep, wild emotion. She had seen her torn apart by grief, and she had slowly, during the long months, put her together again. Now, too soon, this had happened—this foolish, contrary love for a man twenty-five years older than she was, the man who loved her mother—foolish and contrary, but Lissa would suffer again, terribly, when she was so newly freed from suffering.

"We'll both go away, Lissa," she said finally, quietly. "We'll take that trip to South America you've always wanted, and we'll stay away as long as you like."

The girl half turned. "You're not going anywhere, mother. You're going to stay here and marry Michael. Do you suppose I'd drag you away, when you love him, too, and he loves you? I don't want to spoil your life."

"You wouldn't be spoiling my life. Love is a pretty calm business at my age—something to be taken or left alone." She smiled and shrugged. "I don't say I haven't wanted to marry Mike. He's nice and we're congenial, and I'm rather sick of being a widow, but it's not vital to me. Certainly it isn't worth making you miserable—having you feel you must go away."

Lissa looked full at her then, and although she said only, "You're just telling me this," Andrea saw her eyes change. And in the end, Andrea made her believe it.

"We'll have a wonderful time, Lissa," she said, the enthusiasm sounding genuine even to her own ears. "We'll see everything and do everything, and before long you'll have forgotten the way you feel now."

"I'll never forget Michael."

"But you'll get over him, and I'll help you. Who knows? Maybe we'll find ourselves a couple of handsome Good Neighbors!"

Lissa stared at her, and shook her head a little. "How can you talk like that?" she said, almost with distaste. "Michael loves you, and you—you sound so callous."

Andrea sat on the portico, waiting for Lissa to pull herself together and come down to dinner. She felt tired, done in, as never before in her life. It seemed to her that she must have sat on a hundred porticos in the past two months, in beautiful South American towns and ugly South American towns, waiting for Lissa to pull herself together and come down to dinner.

"It's no use," the girl kept saying. "All this is no use. I can't enjoy anything—I'll never enjoy anything again. I'll never get over it." And if Andrea reminded her that for almost a year she had said the same thing about another unhappiness, another man, she only answered, "I never felt like this. I didn't know what love was. Before, it was mostly shock, and pity, because he was so young to die, but now I understand that love is altogether another thing."

It would take time, as it always took time, but now there was a weariness in Andrea that she had never known, so that at moments she wondered how she could see it through. The long days, filled with activity and change and gaiety—filled, and yet so

(Continued on Page 184)



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Continued from Page 182

empty—talking, laughing, keeping Lissa from thinking, watching for a smile or a brightening of expression; the endless nights, lying awake in the darkness long after Lissa's tears had stopped and her short, quick breathing quieted—thinking of Mike ——

"You won't tell him how I feel, mother?" Lissa had begged her. "I'd be so humiliated if he ever knew. You can think of something else, can't you—some other reason you can give?"

But Andrea had not tried to think of another reason. "I won't lie to you, Mike," she had told him, "and I can't tell you the truth. Only that I can't marry you. Not now, and perhaps never. Lissa and I are going away."

He had stood quietly in her little living room, looking down at her, his dark eyes filled with pain. "It's Lissa, of course. It can be nothing else." He had taken a step toward her and then stopped, shaking his head a little. "No, I won't touch you. I won't make it harder for you, or for myself. There's nothing I can do or say to change your mind, is there?"

"No, Mike."

"Then I'll just go, now."

And then she had been alone in the room, and it had been all over, her happiness gone in an instant, her life as empty as though she were dead.

But she was not dead, and life had to go on. She knew how it was. She had felt like this when she had lost her mother, when she had lost Tom. Before she'd had time for her own grief, life had rushed in on her. There had been her father, and then Lissa, and now again there was Lissa, needing her.

Only now it was harder, because Mike was not very far away and nothing stood between them except a girl's tears. Sometimes Andrea thought that if Lissa would just try a little——But of course that was absurd—heartless, really. Lissa had always felt everything so intensely—even as a child she had been torn by grief over the loss of a toy. Surely she did not want to suffer over Mike like this.

It was just that sometimes when Andrea had tried for hours to distract her, taking her places, laughing and talking, while all the time her own longing for Mike was almost unbearable, and Lissa had not responded at all—had, in the end, thrown herself weeping on the bed again—sometimes Andrea wanted to weep herself, with discouragement and despair.

What have you lost? she would think. *Mike never loved you. You never knew the companionship I had with him. You were never in his arms. What you feel you have created in your own mind, but I've lost everything.*

But the next moment her heart would be wrung with pity, because Lissa was so young, and life should have been kinder to her, not making her suffer like this, and she would keep on trying to make the girl forget, to make her smile.

I wish I could smile myself, she thought now, *and really mean it.* She looked away from a tall, well-built native, talking to a woman at the other end of the portico, because something in the way he tilted his head and grinned down at the woman reminded her of Mike. Where was Lissa? She had had plenty of time to get ready for dinner; had she begun crying again?

Andrea waited a little longer, and then went upstairs to their room. Lissa was not there, and for a moment Andrea thought they must have missed each other on the way, but then she saw the note, pinned to the crumpled pillow on Lissa's bed:

I'm sorry I have to do this, but I know you'd try to stop me if you knew. You'd say I was a fool, and maybe I am, but I can't stand it any longer. I have to go back where Michael is and try to make him love me, because I can't live otherwise. You said you didn't really care about him anyway.

Andrea sat down on the edge of the bed and read the note very carefully several times. It seemed to her that the last sentence stood out in blacker ink than the rest. *You said you didn't really care about him anyway.* So Lissa wasn't sure about her mother's indifference to Mike. She wasn't sure—but she had gone after him anyway. Andrea had given him up for Lissa's sake—taken her away and tried to make her forget, while all the time she herself could not forget—and now in the end Lissa had left her behind and gone back to where Mike was.

Andrea dropped her bags in the hall and went upstairs to Lissa's room. The door was not closed, as it usually was, and it was not dark, and Lissa was not lying on the bed weeping. She was sitting at the mirror, darkening her naturally red lips, her head on one side, her vivid blue eyes bright with excitement. *How beautiful she is,* Andrea thought, *and how young!*

"Hello, Lissa," she said quietly.

The girl turned with a sharp little cry. "Mother!"

"Yes. You didn't expect me to stay peaceably in Caracas, did you?"

"But I've only been back since yesterday. How could you? There was no boat——"

"There was a plane, however—a very fast plane. Have you seen Mike yet?" she asked casually.

"No." The girl said the word in a low voice, looking down at her hands. "I'm seeing him tonight. I have to, mother. I tried, but I can't live without him—I can't. I'm going to his place in a little while." She jerked her head up suddenly. "You can't stop me."

"Of course not. But if you go, you won't find him in."

"What do you mean? I phoned. I told him I was coming—that I had to see him—and he said he'd wait."

"I've spoken to him since then. He'll be here any minute."

"Here?" Lissa repeated faintly. "I can't see him here—with you. I can't bear it." Her voice broke. "Tell him I have a sudden

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mounds, Crosses, Flowers, Tears

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

Mounds, crosses, flowers, tears,
Heartbreak in control,
Disciplined disaster ,
And words of orators,
That are to pain remote
As is the fossil to the leaf.
Only in change that goes beyond change
Does grief die;
The beating heart under the organdy blouse,
The drawn cheek
Deny event, will not be hurried
To acceptance.

Music of taps, sunlight on sword
Have no relation to tempest,
The crashing trunk, falling bough
That happened long since, on another morning
In another life.

Let quick march play, hankerchiefs dab gently
Agony depart in order!
But light-years of suffering lie gray
Before the moment of petrification;

The roots of the felled forest are warm,
And the shock of the ax is eternal
In the mind's wilderness.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

headache, will you? Tell him —— Why did you ask him here, anyway?"

Andrea smiled and started to speak, but just then the doorbell rang and she held out her hand to Lissa. "That's Mike. Come, dear. You look lovely." Lissa hung back for an instant, searching her mother's face, but Andrea said again, "Come. You don't want to keep him waiting, do you?" And then Lissa smiled, too, and her eyes brightened and she went along swiftly.

"Hello," Mike said, looking from one to the other. "It's good to have you back. I've missed you, believe me." He took his pipe out of his pocket and filled it, looking down at it intently. "I've been afraid I might never see you again," he said softly. "I don't believe I really knew how I felt until I thought I'd lost you."

"We've missed you, too, Mike," Andrea said, quite coolly. "Haven't we, Lissa?"

Mike turned to the girl, smiling, waiting for her answer, and she looked at him and said in a rush of words:

"Terribly. Every day—every minute."

His smile broadened. "Well," he said, "even a real father couldn't ask for more than that." He turned to Andrea. "If Lissa feels this way, there's no reason for us to wait any longer, is there, dearest?"

Andrea looked up at him, and now as she spoke all the coolness was gone from her voice. "No reason at all, my darling."

"Will you come and look at the house, then?" he asked her eagerly. "Right now?"

She laughed. "At night?"

"Why not? There are lights."

"All right, then. Why not? I'll be ready in a minute. You can turn the car around if you like, and by that time I'll be out."

When he had gone, Lissa got up from the chair in which she had been sitting, silent and pale. "You're going to marry him," she said slowly, unbelievingly. "After everything I told you—after South America and everything—you're going to marry him."

Andrea examined herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece, smoothing down her hair with her hands. "Yes, I'm going to marry him."

"But you said you didn't really care for him. You said ——"

"You never really believed that. You're no fool, Lissa. However hard you may have tried to convince yourself, you knew in your heart how things stood."

The girl did not answer this. She sank down in the chair again and covered her face with her hands, and after a moment Andrea saw the tears trickling through her fingers. "What am I going to do?" she whispered. "I love him so, and now you —— What am I going to do?"

Andrea looked at herself more closely in the mirror and brushed an imaginary fleck from her shoulder. "I'm sure I don't know."

Lissa took her hands away from her face and stared dry-eyed at her mother. "Aren't you going to help me?" she asked. "Aren't you going to do anything? Don't you *care* that I'm so unhappy I want to die?"

"You'll get over it." Andrea turned away from the mirror and smiled pleasantly at Lissa. "Mike's waiting for me—I'll have to go—but while you're alone you can be thinking."

A small glimmer of hope lit Lissa's eyes. "Thinking? About what?"

"Why, about what you want to do—whether you want to go away and live somewhere by yourself, or make your home with Mike and me. Whatever you decide, just let me know." She smiled again at the door and waved gaily. "Good-by now!"

She shut the door firmly, but when she was outside her shoulders sagged, and she stood still for a moment. Through the thickness of the door she could hear the sound of Lissa's weeping, and she half turned to go back into the house, but in the end she walked down to the car.

"Is she all right?" Mike asked her.

"I don't know," Andrea said. "I don't know if she's all right. But, for the first time in her life, I'm going to give her a chance to find out."





Practical planners include the silverplate with these

Not all silverplate is blessed with these two protective blocks of sterling silver. The most used spoons and forks in each set of Holmes & Edwards are inlaid at the backs of the bowls and handles.

Thus, the gleaming surface of your favorite design stays lovelier, longer.

Soon, your dealer is likely to have complete sets on sale...watch for them ...wait for them...accept nothing less than Sterling Inlaid silverplate by Holmes & Edwards.

ON SALE AGAIN!
The long wait's over! Holmes & Edwards silverplate is back on sale. See Youth, (shown right) Danish Princess, Lovely Lady, at your dealer's.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE

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Christmas Gifts of GLASS



ATTENTION, men shoppers! What woman wouldn't love a smart Plate Glass mantel mirror like this? To give her living room graciousness and charm? To make the room seem bigger and brighter? This is one gift you know she'll like.

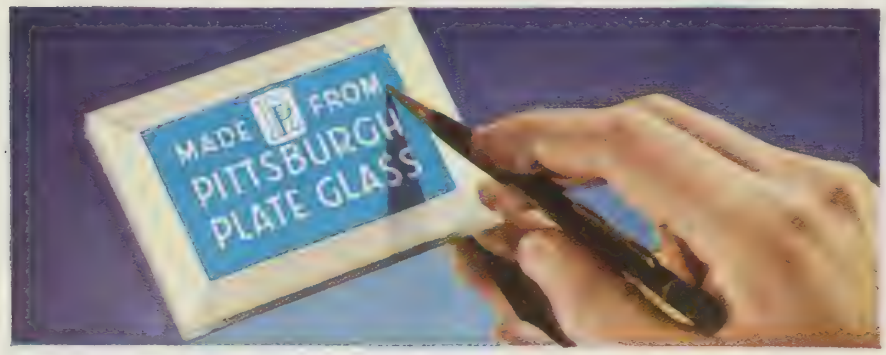


PERHAPS SHE'D PREFER a *framed* mirror. What about a generous-size type like this? Hang it either vertically or horizontally...it's a Plate Glass beauty and guaranteed to please. There are many styles of frames to suit your taste.



ANY WOMAN . . . 16 or 60 . . . will be delighted with a full-length Plate Glass door mirror. But be sure you get one that is *really* full length and fastens firmly to the door. The average door requires a mirror at least 5½ feet tall.

You can get these items at your favorite department or furniture store.



ACCEPTED AS THE MARK OF GOOD GLASS. The Pittsburgh Label on any mirror or article made of Plate Glass, no matter who sells it, is your assurance of good Plate Glass. Remember, if you want the best, insist on *Plate Glass.*

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Please send me, without obligation, your new, free booklet, entitled, "Decorating your Home with Glass."

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"PITTSBURGH" stands for Quality Glass and Paint



Esmé stolidly ignores the steady beat of November rain as she prowls over table tops, drinks from the flower bowl and daintily grooms her coat.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

NOVEMBER means long rains in New England. It rains with a thoroughness, a solid determination. I like a brisk shower as well as anybody, and I don't mind a day or so of downpour. But a week or more makes me feel decidedly like the forgotten woman. My mood varies from sad to desperate. I think one of those fancy graphs the psychologists draw showing the rise and fall of moods would show mine diving right off the paper down to the cellar.

However, I found an antidote this year. I gave myself one of those rainy days as a vacation. And I can heartily recommend the procedure. Rain was a silver sheet on the window when I woke up. The sky was like a gray lake upside down over the house. *All right,* I said, *I am just going to take the whole day off.* I turned on Don Goddard, my favorite announcer, and put my breakfast on a tray. I made pancakes and put both butter and maple sirup on them. No thin tomato juice and black coffee this day. I got back in bed and ate my lovely fattening pancakes and read a new magazine. I felt very much better about the weather.

The rest of the day I did all the things I like to do and none of the things I hate. I wrote some special letters, not in a hurry, but taking time to really visit with the friends I wrote to. I polished my silver mirror, which I never get time to do; I played a long time with Melody and Hildegarde and Silver, and brushed the others.

I listened to the Burl Ives album of folk songs and the César Franck symphony. By noon I was feeling decidedly mellow, and the incessant rain looked rather pleasant outside. The house was, after all, nice and cozy. So for dinner I had chile con carne with tamales simmered on top and dark rye bread (without seeds). I read some poetry and the newest whodunit. I made some fresh hot gingerbread. By the time Bob, my husband, got home from work, I was the sunniest person I ever saw.

And then, after supper, the rain slackened and stopped and a pale lovely light spread over the clean sky and the world was almost too beautiful to endure. *Well,* I thought, *we do have to have rainy spells or we never would have this incredible loveliness. The lesson is plain.* The fallen leaves shone in the light with a faint luster, the eaves dripped silver. Honey came in shaking golden drops from her damp fur. And just at the very last moment before night, a single flash of sun lighted the horizon, a pure breathless gold.

My sister Jill is pruning the berry bushes and grapevines and young fruit trees, which she didn't have time to do before. It is time to clean the border, and Bob is digging the parsnips. We have found the parsnips keep best for us just tossed in a pile, covered with earth and leaves, and a bushel basket turned over them. Then we dig them out as needed.

We have good success growing endive in damp sand in the cellar. We use a box filled with sand, and cover the crown with five or six inches of sand, or sand mixed with soil. Nothing is more delicious than cool crisp endive long after the garden salads are gone.

We visited a man in Old Greenwich last week who has a cold frame in which he keeps all his winter vegetables. We are going to build a frame as soon as we can, and do the same. He puts cabbage, carrots, celery, beets and almost any other vegetable in the frame. He covers the vegetables with thoroughly dried oak leaves, because he says oak leaves stay drier than any other kind. On sunny days he props the frame partly open, and on damp cold days he keeps it closed. He has crisp fresh vegetables all year round this way.

Now is the time to take out frozen asparagus from the freezer and have a spring dinner. A rhubarb pie made from frozen rhubarb is delicious on a cold November evening. Or frozen raspberries. The way to get the most out of a freezer or locker is to keep rotating the contents. I try to put down soups and baked beans and a roasting chicken now and then as we take out the summer's pack. We made seven quarts of soup stock out of meat bones last week. I simmer the bones on the back of the old range all day, with onion, celery, herbs, a few cloves, a handful of carrots. Then I put

(Continued on Page 188)

Now! Buy Light Bulbs Like Eggs!



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HANDY, SAFE TO BUY!

No fuss! No fumble! You buy 5 Sylvania bulbs, safely packed in a compact container—each bulb nestling in its own individual "Handy 5 Pack" pocket.



HANDY, SAFE TO CARRY!

Tuck new "Handy 5 Pack" under your arm; drop it in your shopping basket. You use little space. There's no jumbling; no danger of broken bulbs!



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Put "Handy 5 Pack" on a closet shelf, in a bureau drawer—anywhere you wish. Ingenious little "Handy 5 Pack" eliminates bothersome clutter!



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No searching through a lot of loose bulbs. No danger of bulbs rolling off table or shelf. "Handy 5 Pack" *keeps* bulbs handy, safe, ever-ready to use!

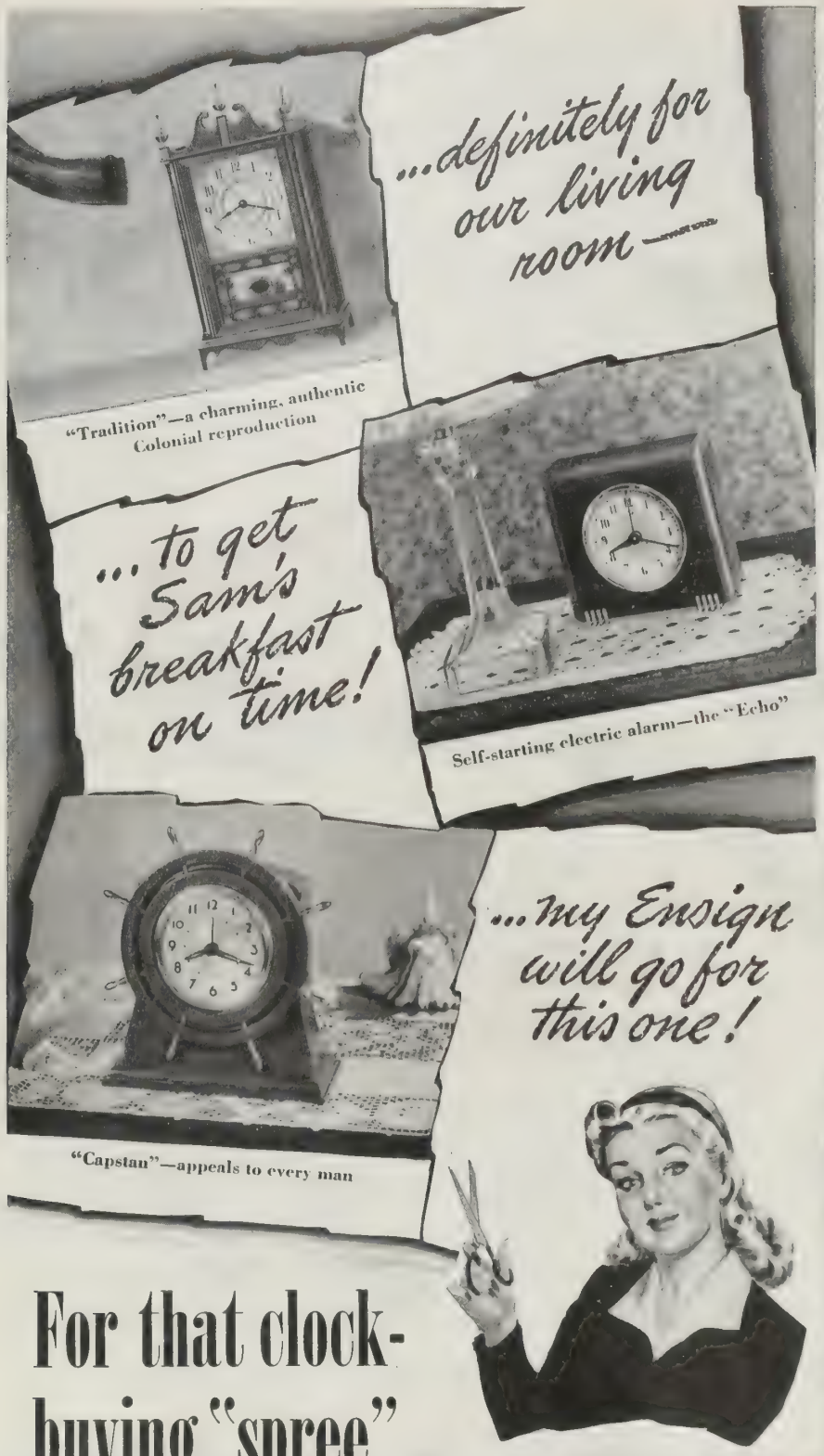
Paper shortages make it impossible for *all* dealers to carry HANDY 5 PACK yet. But, *your* dealer may have it. Ask him!

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For that clock-buying "spree"...

as soon as my Ensign comes home to stay

Ensign Sam's wife is smart . . . she's kept a scrapbook of ideas for their home-to-be. And she's bought and saved War Bonds for it, too.

Naturally, Seth Thomas* clocks are at the top of her list of fine things. And before many weeks now, she'll be able to buy traditionally dependable, self-starting electric and spring-wound clocks in better stores everywhere. Remember too,—the best is always worth watching and waiting for.

Seth Thomas Clocks

THOMASTON CONNECTICUT

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC OR SPRING-WOUND

"The finest name in clocks"

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL TIME *INSTRUMENTS CORPORATION*

*SETH THOMAS IS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 186)

the stock in quart containers. It usually is a lovely amber jelly as it cools. This is the basis for winter stews and soups, or is fine in gravy or in casserole mixtures.

I froze some extra blueberry muffins in blueberry time, and they taste fine for breakfast.

Thanksgiving is almost upon us. The first Thanksgiving of peace. Somehow one hardly dares say so, even now. It seemed as if the world had the habit of war. And now we must build a world in which war will be a faint memory of history and no more.

Two wars we have had in a lifetime. Now we must pray constantly that there will never be another. The intelligence that creates atomic bombs could do much to make a safe and happy world. And one thing I believe in firmly: that all of us little unimportant people can do a lot to make a world of peace. Whenever any friend of mine says, "When the next war comes," or "There will always be wars," I feel a chill over me as if I had been dropped in the freezing unit. "Never say it," I always urge. If all of us go on expecting and looking toward war, of course we shall have another. But if the people all over the world have faith enough in peace, peace will endure. I know that is true. We must believe in tomorrow, not fear it.

Thanksgiving should be a holiday this year filled with thankfulness to God that our way of life has been preserved. America is certainly far from perfect, but it is still a country founded on faith in God instead of faith in a dictator. It is a good country, wide and spacious and with fertile valleys and tall blue mountains. It is a homeland where our children and our children's children should grow up without fear, walking with their heads high and their eyes clear and serene.

In the years ahead, we have much to do. It is easy to lose sight of the important things. There will be many new inventions; money will buy undreamed-of gadgets; we shall want more and better mousetraps than ever before. I am afraid of this. Happines is not upholstered in velvet, nor lighted b the push of a button. If we start a new wil scramble for material luxury, we shall beg a toboggan slide to destruction. I do believ in pleasant living as much as our mean afford—I don't think there is a special virtu in the "attic school"—but I wish we coul chart a modest course between overelegan and simplicity.

The happiest homes I have known I ca describe very well, though I cannot remem ber the fabrics or decorations in them. I re member them for a sort of glow, a radianc over everything; and it was not indirec lighting, it was the glow of a warm an happy spirit inhabiting the home. Some times I go into a strange house, and before look at the furniture at all I think, *This is place I would be happy in. It feels happy.*

As for the actual material components a home, they can be very simple. It is ho they are put together that gives them charm Color, for instance, is not expensive. A roo can be warm with daffodil yellow, or cool an quiet with apple green, or poetic with blu whether the curtains be cotton or satin. Ten cent candles are beautiful and candlelight i glamorous. It is much better, it seems to m to make something of what we have and ca afford than to yearn for something more e pensive and fashionable.

Almost anyone can have flowers. In th city the pushcarts have small bouquets tha are inexpensive, or there is green to be ha many kinds of shining green leaves. In th country, the wild flowers are beautiful if yo have no garden. From the first white vi lets to Queen Anne's lace and goldenrod, ther is a succession planting better than man ca devise. I am always enchanted to see ho the colors change with the changing season the brilliant yellows and ambers and russet and blues of late fall softening into the sobe gold of the last roadside flowers. Mid summer has the pinks and reds, the roses an Clarkia and all the sturdy annuals. Sprin has all the apple-blossom tints and the sprin



GO WARMLY INTO WINTER

Sleep luxuriously under fleecy-soft St. Marys Blankets and begin your winter days in a lighter, brighter mood. Choose from a range of enchanting colors that will bring new charm and warmth to your bedrooms. Look for the famous St. Marys label. St. Marys Blankets, St. Marys, Ohio.

St. Marys Blankets ... 100% WOOL

blue of violets and blue-eyed Marys. They all have their own beauty.

Esmé's fur begins to darken now it is nearer winter. Tigger will lose his summer leanness and his black body will be plump and gleaming again. I don't know whether the theory is correct that cats are thin in summer because they eat bugs. So far as has been known, Esmé's aristocratic little mouth has never opened for a bug, but she is thin, too, in summer. She brought a small mouse to the door last week and sang out loudly to be admired, then she laid it down and came in to eat her own food, a dish of milk and egg. A Siamese cat eats so daintily with tiny lap-laps, not a hair of her narrow jaw wet. She finishes her meal and then leaps from table to chest looking for a bowl of flowers to drink from. Tigger, on the other hand, lays to with a hearty will and drinks lustily from the regular water bowl. He thinks Esmé is very silly and feminine, but he still loves her in his offhand practical way.

We met two very nice new dogs when we went to Newton to eat the other night. They preside over the old inn and they are, I think, greyhounds. Their names are Lilian and Guilder and they are polite and pleasant. Their names remind me of De la Mare's Alliolyle, Musiomone and Lallerie, who lived on the Isle of Lone. Lilian is mostly white and has a serious long nose; Guilder is like a harlequin great Dane in color, and is gentle but slightly abstracted. After allowing themselves to be greeted, they left the dining room and Lilian went in and sat on the sofa in the parlor with Guilder on the floor beside her. Most dogs are not so formal as that with me. I generally have them in my lap at once no matter how large they may be. Even the biggest dog can usually get in my lap and hang off in scallops at the edges. I suspect that maybe some guests in the place have not been sufficiently dog-minded, and Lilian and Guilder may feel they can't be bothered loving any old come-on-in-er.

These days call for nice hearty meals. Not that we ever really fall off in appetites at Stillmeadow. But a day of working in the brisk autumn wind makes us hungry. Yesterday we had baked stuffed veal hearts. After the hearts are clean, with the veins and muscle removed, I wash them again in ice water, dry them, and fill them full with a good rich dressing—browned onion, soft bread, sage, herbs mixed, celery tops chopped fine, moistened with boiling water. Then I tie them up firmly with clean string and put them in a baking dish with butter or margarine, and pour over them about half a cup of hot water, cover the dish and bake them in a moderate oven until they are tender. The time depends on the size and age of the hearts; about forty-five minutes to an hour.

Scalloped tomatoes are good with them, going in the oven for half an hour or more. I use onion and cheese and butter and crumbs when I scallop tomatoes, and bits of diced bacon if I have any. Sometimes I use sugar, sometimes only salt and pepper.

Coleslaw makes a fine salad. The secret of good coleslaw is to soak the chopped cabbage in ice water an hour or so, then drain dry and put on the dressing—mayonnaise or French dressing or sour cream.

And a wonderful dessert for this dinner that is a time-saver is a spicecake made with a mix. When using package mixes, which I do all the time, I always beat them double time; this makes them bake with a delicate fluffy texture. The spicecake is especially good, rich and brown and not too heavy for the final touch on a November night.

For Thanksgiving this year we are not having a turkey. Next year there will be turkeys in our freezer, all stuffed and ready to cook. This year we have a pair of ducks, and that is good fare for any family. We shall have baked stuffed squash and glazed onions from our own garden, and maybe wild-cranberry relish. Pumpkin pie for dessert. I like duck stuffed with apple and onion. But dressing is good too.

But the best thing about the Thanksgiving table is the grace we say this year: "God, we thank Thee for peace."



1. I put color "magic" in my kitchen with gay ROYLEDGE shelving.

2. I make linen closets sing with color thanks to vivid ROYLEDGE patterns.

3. I decorate lamps, frames, etc like new with colorful ROYLEDGE "left-overs."

You'll be thrilled at how easily and beautifully you "re-decorate" with colorful Royledge, for only a few pennies Simply place Royledge on shelves and fold. Keeps looking perfect, due to exclusive Royledge non-wilt, double-thick edge. At 5-and-10's, nabor-hood, dept stores.

9 feet for 6¢

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SHELF LINING



Side by side . . .

You'll be dressing on the same side of the world, now . . . A foxhole's for rent and the sailor is home from the sea . . .

Plan, proudly, that home you've waited for. Let its furnishings be gracious and practical . . . a reflection of discriminating taste . . . but above all . . . let it be a home you can share, side by side, together.

This "Mr. and Mrs." Dresser, intriguingly practical yet complementing all the beauty of the Touraine Collection, is but one example of why the first choice of discriminating people is now, as always, "DREXEL". Start your selections today.

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AMERICA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE

Equal Rights... FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN

BY RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

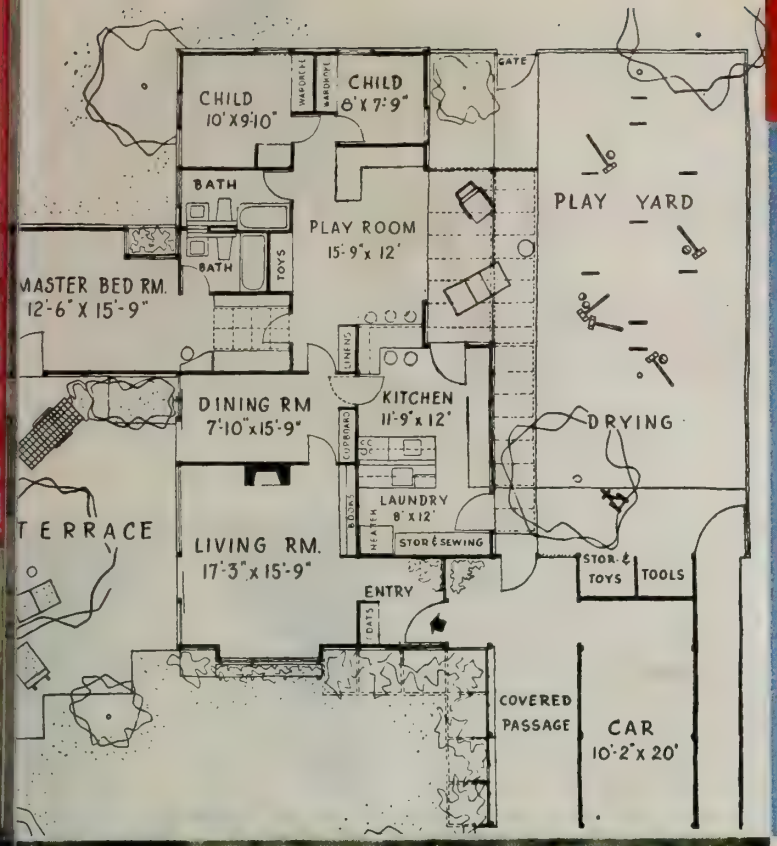
THIS house can make life with father and mother very attractive to the younger generation, not to mention the other way around. You will see that it provides practically effortless supervision during the active hours, and during the quiet ones all the independence and privacy you want. Take a look at the pictures and make a tour of the plan, and you will see what I mean.

Below, in the high view from the street, over the dense planting along the front, you can get the general scheme. Outdoor leisure for grownups on the left; play space for children at the upper right—more fully explained in the close-up from the rear. This division of territories, so to speak, is carried out within the house, as you will see. Entering through the partly covered passage beside the garage, the front door is on your left, the children's gate straight ahead. Inside that well-protected yard, onto which laundry, kitchen and playroom open, the idea is to make both work and play equally pleasant. You look out from laundry or kitchen onto an attractive, well-ordered area, with everything and everybody in plain sight. Or if it is indoor weather, you look from the kitchen across the snack bar into the playroom, beyond which are the two little bedrooms and the children's bath. A special feature of the playroom is the big window door that swings lightly up to the ceiling, making this a wide-open room in fair weather at the touch of a hand.

On the other side of the house, the grownups' terrace is a two-part affair. The larger part, with the little pool, for lounging, entertaining and outdoor meals, is an extension of the living and dining rooms. The smaller part, in the upper left-hand corner, is an annex of the parents' bedroom. Indoors, due to the flexibility of modern panel construction, the living-dining arrangement can be fitted to the needs and desires of the individual family; either being a single large combination room partially divided or, as indicated here, made into two completely separated spaces. The result of the whole arrangement is a pleasantly intimate family life, where at the same time complete privacy can be enjoyed. Off by itself, the parents' bedroom, with dressing room and bath adjoining, still opens right into the playroom and has a sound-device connection with the children's bedrooms which can be turned on at night whenever you wish to keep in earshot.

VICTORINE AND SAMUEL HOMSEY, ARCHITECTS. HOUSE MODEL BY RAYMOND BARGER STUDIOS; SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRATT.

Seven rooms under the roof and





This is a rear view of the playground seen directly below (upper right-hand corner of the house). Mother working in the kitchen or laundry can see everything her children are doing all the time. Glass partition back of the lounging chairs swings lightly up to the ceiling in fair weather, merging the indoor playroom with the outdoors at a touch of the hand.

thru out under the open sky

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TREASURED RAYONS
IRONED WRINKLE FREE
without sticking
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STEAM to iron dainty rayons and synthetic fabrics the *modern* way! Enough heat to smooth out every wrinkle . . . a sheath of steam to protect against sticking, scorching or melting, to coax delicate threads back to original plumpness. Steam for a hundred difficult pressing jobs, when you want it!

DRY to iron cottons, linens, flatwork. Can be used *without* water, but when used with water, just flip the switch to change back and forth from steam to dry ironing, instantly. The automatic temperature control keeps heat even, keeps fabrics safe.

No Other Iron Like It!



Three-way grooves put a protective sheath of steam from heel to tip between iron and fabric.

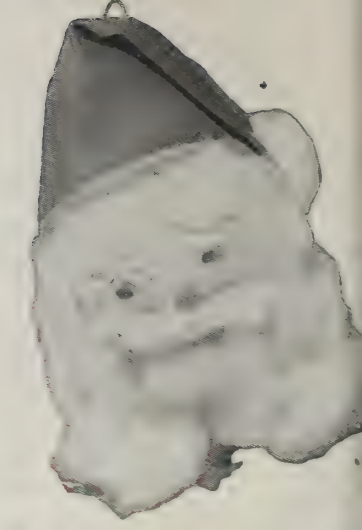
Flip this switch–change back and forth to steam or dry ironing, instantly.

NOW IN PRODUCTION–
Ask Your Dealer

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

TRIMMINGS FOR YOUR TREE

By Alice Kastberg



THIS year Christmas-tree ornaments will again be scarce, but some of the prettiest ones you can make yourself out of salvage materials. The Women's Committee of the San Diego USO made these attractive decorations to trim trees for our sailors and soldiers on ships and islands in the Pacific. Last year they filled a Navy bomber with these gay and original ornaments for our troops abroad.

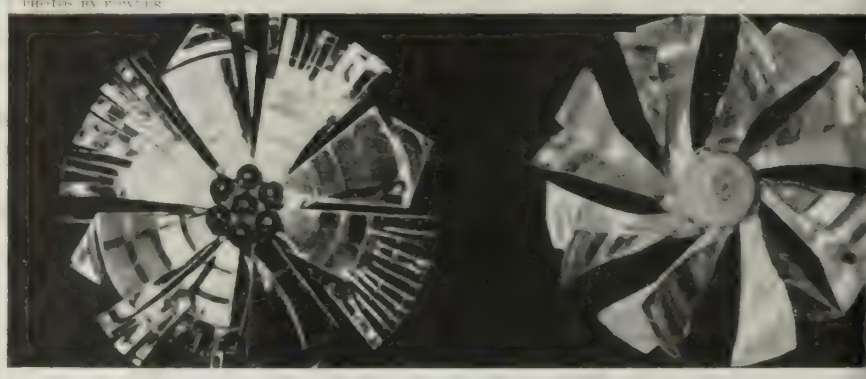
Using these designs as suggestions, make your own versions of glittering stars, Santas and cornucopias. The materials used are the round tops of tin cans, burned-out electric-light bulbs and last year's greeting cards. A pair of old scissors, some cord and a can of glue are all the equipment necessary.

You can vary the star shapes just by cutting into the circle at different angles, and bending the points into whimsical designs. Cut a paper pattern first if you want to experiment.

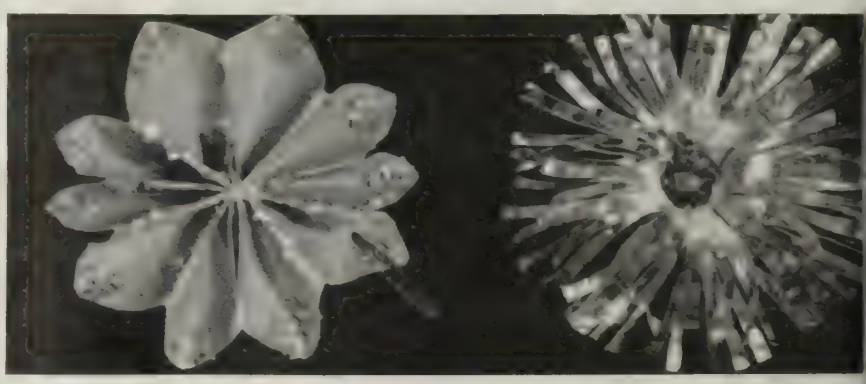


This glittering Christmas tree is c from the top of a tin can. Fo paper in two and cut a simple tr shape to use as a pattern. . . Santa is an old light bulb wi cotton whiskers and crayon eye

PHOTOS BY FOSTER



Whirligigs, too, are made from the tops of tin cans. Cut a circle of paper th size of the can top. Fold in half twice. Slash any place with scissor Stick to tin with a dab of paste. Use as cutting guide so that petals wi be evenly spaced. Cut and bend into decorative shapes. Attach wire to han



Left: *To make fairy stars, cut a two-inch strip of paper and crease in pleats. Fold in half and stitch at fold. Clip ends, slanted. Fan out ar glue, to form a circle. Dust with glitter from the dime store.* Right: *fringed variation of the whirligig.* Below: *Cornucopias are made fro last year's Christmas cards cut into squares. Fold, decorative side out, form a cone. Glue. Any bright paper will do as well. Hang with strin*



The Magazine Women Believe In ★ December, 1935 ★ Fifteen Cents

JOURNAL



Merry Christmas to You All

How does your bathroom grow?

It's nearly here, the day when your bathroom can blossom with a "garden trellis" wall, decked with rosy Cannon towels within the reach of folks both tall and small—big mirrors with their concealed lights "just right"—and, above all, spacious crystal shelves to hold the *stacks* of lovely new towels you're hungry for. Heaped bright with color . . . soft, yet businesslike in action. With firm weaves for long wear, thick loops that dry *fast*—Cannon's long-awaited smart designs will hold all the lasting beauty and hardy service you've come to expect. And at thrifty Cannon prices—marked for sound *value*. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City 13.

CANNON

Cannon Towels

CANNON SHEETS CANNON HOSIERY



Smile—when you say that about my Rarebit!

Just wait . . . you'll eat those words.
And my rarebit, too. It's terrific.

Oh, we believe you. A good rarebit is a feast any day. Body-building and smooth-as-cream. But there you go again, eating soft food.

Sure I eat soft foods. So what?

So *this*. Soft foods are too easy on the chewing—exercise that Nature intended your gums to have.

Back to Nature for my GUMS?

You're catching on. Modern gums are often tender. You may even notice a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. So massage, brother, massage—with Ipana Tooth Paste. Help put new life in your gums—and your smile.

Come again? Massage for my SMILE?

Sure. It's this way. A bright, snappy smile comes from teeth that sparkle . . . sound, bright teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana with massage is specially designed to help the gums. So get going!

What's the lowdown on "pink tooth brush"?

That's one for your dentist to answer. But remember, if it's *your* tooth brush that "shows pink" don't sit back and wonder if it's serious. *See your dentist right away.*

He may say your gums are tender—robbed of regular work by soft, easy-to-chew foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, helps the gums as well. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Its clean, refreshing "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in the gums—helping them to firmer health.

Nothing helps more in winning friends than a bright, flashing smile. So turn *yours* on the world—with the aid of Ipana and massage.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Wake up lazy gums with Ipana and Massage!

DOCTORS PROVE

2 out of 3 women can have

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



"My face fell every time I looked at it," says Teresa Simpson of Woodside, New York. "No two ways about it—I had a dull, oily, coarse-looking complexion I couldn't seem to fix no matter what I did. So when I was asked to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan, I jumped at the chance!



"1284 other women tried it, too—women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty. My group reported to a leading New York skin specialist. Some of us had dry skins, some oily; some just fair-to-muddling. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days, my doctor agreed my complexion was brighter, less oily, finer looking! See what the Palmolive Plan can do for you."



NOW . . . PALMOLIVE COMES IN A NEW, BIG BATH SIZE, TOO!

Try it—for tub or shower! Solid. Thrifty. Long lasting. And how a man enjoys its rich, generous lather!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!



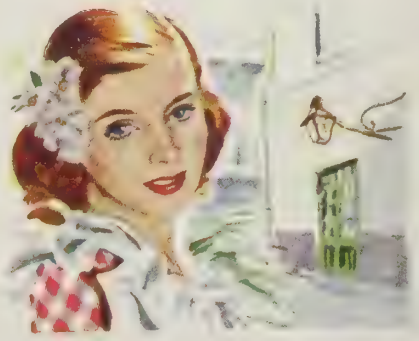
Less oily—clearer

"My skin became less oily," Shirley Wolcott of Los Angeles, reports. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The 14-Day Palmolive Plan brought actual definite gains to 89% of 367 women who had oily skin. See if it won't help *your* skin become less oily—clearer.



Less coarse-looking—smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in just 14 days!" says Ethel Nelson of Chicago. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan today!



Fewer tiny blemishes

Tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Alice Musgrove of New Orleans. The doctors found finer looking, clearer skins in more than half the cases tested. See what Palmolive can do for you!



Fresher, brighter color

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" Mary Sullivan of New York, after t the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 ex ing doctors report this same importa provement for 2 skins out of 3 amon 1285 women. See if this Plan won't brir fresher skin—and in only 14 days!



CID RICKETTS SUMNER, author of *Quality*, writes, "I was such a calm baby they called me Placid, then just Cid. I used to say I was going to be a doctor, but after a year in medical school I got married and four children kept me busy for a while. So I began to write. I also like to make things. Right now I have dresses from linen dish towels, from cheesecloth, from a white summer blanket and from an odd pair of curtains from a friend's attic. I don't like to weed or iron or cook, though my bread is something special. And in spite of having lived for many years in New England, I still like my black coffee, Mississippi style, before I get out of bed in the morning."



NAOMI HINTZE writes, "Last winter when we were snowed in, we wrote to all the warm-sounding cities in the country. Because one chamber of commerce did such a good selling job, we are now leaving Washington, Connecticut (a very nice town with, incidentally, more telephones per capita than any other place in the world), for Phoenix, Arizona, about which we know nothing except C. of C. adjectives. Our four-year-old, Douglas, has a cocker like Heynonny in *The Girl Who Had No Pride*, and a cat, Augustus, named for one of the ghoulish children in his favorite book, Slovenly Peter. It should alarm rather than please us, I suppose, that he regards all horrible examples as behavior models."



MARGARET COLLINS McGINN, born in Los Angeles, graduated from U.C.L.A., has priorities on extracurricular activities. She dances, plays a neat piano, composes music, is a leader in the little-theater movement in Los Angeles, and writes short stories. (*The Rendezvous* is her first to be published.) In "real" life, she keeps house, cooks, compares notes with her portrait-photographer husband—who writes too—and keeps sanity from roller-skating out the door with Maddy and Bill, twins who will be six on Christmas Day. . . . All this, and five feet two.

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. . . ASK JEAN ROMAINE, FAMOUS MODEL, SHE WAS THIS IVORY BABY IN 1927



es

Romaine Today!

e on many a magazine cover.

But what makes her "tops" as a model is
n. (It's that Ivory Look!)

was nine," she says. "Mother got me off to
Ivory Soap as a baby, and I use it for my



N'T WASTE IVORY! *It contains scarce materials.*

JOURNAL

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HOLIDAY—FOR DANGER?

WHEN you buy toys for the first peacetime Christmas in five years, don't invite danger to your home. Many parents have unwittingly done just that, says the National Safety Council. Each Christmas hundreds of children are killed or injured because of toys unwisely selected, or because grownups did not bother to teach their proper use. To give your children the safest playtime with the most fun, remember:

IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT

1. Choose toys that are *sturdy* and non-splintering, but not too heavy for the child's strength.
2. Keep in mind the "hand-to-mouth" tendency of toddlers: button eyes, or other small removable parts, may cause *suffocation.*
3. Beware of *sharp* edges or pointed ends.
4. Examine paints and dyes for lead, or other *poisonous* ingredients, and check washability.
5. Avoid celluloid or highly *inflammable* fabrics.
6. Taboo *electric* toys for very young children.

AT HOME

1. Give children "a place of their own" for *storage*, and teach them to pick up toys from stairs, floor and porch.
2. *Inspect* play equipment regularly: the sand box for nails or other sharp objects; wagons for loose wheels; wooden toys for rough edges and splinters; electric cords for signs of fraying.
3. *Supervise* early play with toys that require skill, such as air rifle, chemistry set, archery set, carpentry tools.

THE TWELVE-FOOT CEILING

By Dorothy Thompson

IN a recent publication I read an interview with the famous architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, occasioned by the unwrapping of his model for The Modern Gallery of Nonobjective Painting. In the course of the interview he called the big gray Metropolitan Museum "undemocratic." Public rooms, he explained, should be only about twelve feet high, so the people will not feel "insignificant."

Mr. Wright is a lover and builder of architecture on broad horizontal lines, and in his designs has contributed much to the comfort, beauty and practicality of domestic life. He has also said many intelligent things about city planning. When Rockefeller Center was under discussion, he suggested that it would be better to tear down what was there and plant the space to grass and trees. But I wonder whether he wanted only twelve-foot trees, lest the people, beside a towering elm, should feel "insignificant."

The Metropolitan Museum leaves much to be desired, but not because its rooms are lofty. The G. I. Joes whom I saw standing awe-stricken in the great nave of Salisbury Cathedral; or watching the robed procession in Canterbury slowly climb the vast flight of stairs which leads from nave to altar, for the enthronement of the archbishop; or kneeling under the lofty arches of Notre-Dame de Paris; or gazing with saddened, awe-struck eyes into the wreckage of St. Michael's in Munich; or staring upward, in St. Peter's, at Michelangelo's immense dome, were not feeling insignificant. On the contrary, they were realizing that life had a grandeur, beauty and significance above and beyond themselves in which, nevertheless, they could share; the recognition did not demean but expanded them, not in self-satisfaction but in esteem for the possibilities in human achievement.

THE terrible heresy of modern democratism is to confound democracy with mediocrity. This is to make the "common man" into the modern tyrant. Everything, it is argued, must be keyed and toned down to his understanding, lest he get an "inferiority complex." Books must be written in the language of the gutter; motion pictures must not appeal "above a mental age of eleven years." The height of inspiration should be put at twelve feet—twice the measure of a tall man; one must not expect him to lift his eyes beyond double his own stature!

This neodemocratism has nothing to do with democracy, nor was it invented by common men, but by panderers who wish to divest the people of their own personalities and make them into masses. You can search America, like Diogenes with his lantern, and you are not likely to find a single American who will describe himself as a member of the masses. The masses exist as the offspring of modern industrial civilization and commercialism, with their many errors and crimes, but the business of democracy is to turn them into The People again. Every girl or boy, be he a mechanic's child or a hod carrier's, in every moment of intellectual, emotional or spiritual awakening, wants to become something other than of the mass; wants to *be*, in full consciousness of personal, individual existence, as something different, apart and therefore precious. He does not want a ceiling put over his life. He says, "The sky's the limit."

EVERY child wants to adore. His father—what schoolboy fights occur if one boy says to another, "Your dad's no good." What childish woe is more tragic than loss of confidence in father or in mother? The human being responds to what is above, not beneath him: to the father as the symbol of strength; to the mother, as the symbol of virtue; to the bigger boy; to the girl who is "better than I am." Out of this comes spiritual growth.

The farm lad lies on the hillside and gazes at the fleecy clouds floating in the faraway blueness, or on a starry night identifies red Antares or blue Arcturus from its relationship to the Big Dipper; he loves the broadest, tallest maple tree in the farmyard, and brags that it has stood there for a hundred and fifty years; he loves the ballads of prowess, of which the American folklore is so full—Paul Bunyan, the Gargantuan. He is ever conscious of the danger and grandeur of the elements—of the shattering thunder, and the torrential rain, and the pullets that will drown unless rescued from the range; of the sun calling the earth to fruition or baking the earth on the roots of the crops; of his own inadequacy, often, to do more than endure. He does not learn from Nature that the universe revolves around himself, and at his own rhythm and to suit his own whims, but that it continually invites him to expand himself into it, mastering, if he can, flood and drought, tempest and storm, and enduring with fortitude what is beyond him to master. That is probably one reason why farm boys grow up to contribute so many names to Who's Who, as inventors, scientists, scholars, educators, artists and managers of great industries.

The measure of a man is never the ceiling of his smug self-satisfaction, but the measure of his humility and reverence, which do not demean but ennoble, and are hallmarks of all noble natures. And the great apostles of American democracy wanted to lift the ceilings, not clamp them down.

(Continued on Page 182)

PROTECT YOUR HOME FROM TUBERCULOSIS



Buy Christmas Seals



"Party for Pennies" Holiday Buffet

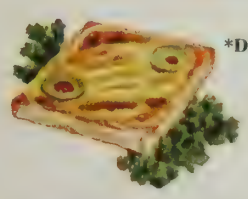
LEADS OFF WITH OLD-FASHIONED, CHICKENY NOODLE SOUP!

HOLIDAY entertaining can still be fun—and still be thrifty! There's not a single expensive food in this whole grand menu.

Start-of-the-meal inspiration is Lipton's Noodle Soup—rich and chickeny-tasting, like the golden noodle soup that used to come out of grandma's own soup kettle! Lipton's is real, *old-fashioned* noodle soup—with oodles of tender egg noodles in its savory, parsley-flecked broth!

Did we say thrifty? Indeed, yes! A 10¢ package of this grand soup mix serves 6! Quick to fix, too . . . cooks to a glorious goodness in *just 7 minutes!*

"PARTY-FOR-PENNIES" HOLIDAY BUFFET



Lipton's Noodle Soup
*Deviled Cheese and Olive Sandwiches
Grilled Frankfurters stuffed
with Pickle Relish
Hot Potato Salad
Christmas Cranberry Pie
Mulled Cider

***Deviled Cheese and Olive Sandwiches.** As compliment-getting as your first course of Lipton's! Mix ¼ pound softened or grated American cheese, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and dash of pepper. Spread on 6 slices of trimmed bread. Garnish with sliced olives. Broil until brown. Serves 6. *Shopping Reminder:* Put Lipton's Noodle Soup on your grocery list today. Its old-fashioned goodness adds cheer to *any* holiday meal!



Replacement or a Refund of Money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

10¢

ALSO IN THRIFTY 3-PACK CARTONS

LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP

Made by the makers of that brisk Lipton Tea

It's a Gift



SOME girls have it and some girls don't—but it's a quality all gals want, from sixteen to sixty! It's that strange, wonderful and elusive something, that old black magic that can give one her choice of fellows, class rings and Friday-night dates while another can spend her week-end evenings at home putting her hair in curlers, working old crossword puzzles and wondering sadly what Van Johnson is doing tonight. It's simply a modification of that old feeling that makes the world go round. It's the ability to make boys like you.

In every high-school crowd there are some fortunate gals who seem to know how to attract boys by saying just the right thing at the right time or by saying nothing at all—at just the right time. There are some young characters who have admiring joes clamoring to carry their notebooks and crayons home from school as far back as sixth grade. These are the girls who have the natural ability to make an ordinary "hello" or a small smile go a long way. They aren't necessarily huba-huba personalities who wear a sweater and skirt as if it were a flowered sarong and turn all boy-girl conversation into a long, low whistle. They are just ordinary girls with that well-scrubbed, All-American look, but they are girls that boys like to be with. They just happen to understand men!

MAKE IT YOURSELF. And what have these particular dreamy characters got that you haven't got—or couldn't acquire if you tried? Nothing at all. Get out of the rut and into the groove yourself by making a mental list of all the boys you know and all the boys you'd like to know. Think of them as a "group" first and then try concentrating on them one by one, and before you know it they will stand out in your mind not as "boys," not as "potential date material," but as individuals. (Or didn't you *know* that boys are people?) And if you're a smart young character you will remember always that every boy is different and you will treat each one that way. You'll remember everything individual about him: his favorite class, his favorite band, his favorite sport and what he likes to talk about. Let him know you think he's interesting—and then what could be more interesting than spending a Friday evening just talking about himself to you?

Boys, like puppies, can sense when they are with a friend, so begin your personality retread with the idea that you want this boy for *your* friend—and then give him time to reach the same conclusion about you. Teach yourself to say six times a day—whether you're studying in the library, standing round a football bonfire or just waiting in line for a sandwich and a malted for lunch—"This is fun!" Any gal who *has* fun is fun, and before you know it you'll be pairing off with boys who get as big a kick out of high-school life as you do.

WRAPT IN ATTENTION. And put this down in your memory book. All fellows like to be made to feel like big-time operators. There isn't a boy in the world who won't appreciate your friendship—if you can make him feel like the *only* boy in the world. If you're tucked away in the corner of a drugstore booth having an after-school sundae with a particular joe, keep your attention turned on him. It's *his* opinion of this year's basketball team you want to hear; you want to know what *he* thinks of the school debate squad; and you like to listen to Caldonia booming out of the juke box because it was his nickel that played it. When you are dancing, keep your mind on your man and the music instead of letting it wander off to worry about with whom you'll be dancing next number. And when the crowd has an evening party, have fun with the man of the moment instead of trying to muster up manpower for *next* Friday night! Be a one-man girl—at least when you're with that man. It's not deceit—it's just intelligent flattery!

TIED WITH A BEAU. And while we're on the subject of giving the boys the one-and-only, dreamy-eyed routine, how about getting your thoughts out of the jeans-and-shirt department and using a fluffy, pink-and-white approach with the men in your life? Any girl can be a good sport and a smooth gal at the same time! Just because you're willing to roast your own wieners at a picnic or shiver through a football game in the middle of November is no reason why you can't be feminine on the side. It's a wonderful thing to be a girl. You have a lot of head and a lot of heart, so use them both. Learn to *expect* boys to treat you like a girl. Let them enjoy the smooth, big-man feeling of opening doors, pulling out chairs, helping you on with your coat and taking care of you on a date. Let them be considerate in little ways. This "are you a man, am I a mouse?" attitude toward boys is smart tactics because it's fun for them, it's fun for you, and it's natural for any fellow to want to feel big and protective anyway! You know the old story—it's the gal who expects the orchids who gets them.

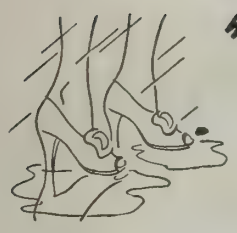
Remember, too, that dating is a 50-50 proposition. It's up to some joe to give you a jingle and make all arrangements for Friday night, but once the evening begins, it's your turn to carry the ball. Since there's nothing more fun than a gal who has fun, have a good time every chance you get. There is a difference between putting on an act (perking up automatically, smiling coyly and winking those baby-blues) for fellows and just being natural—so roll your eyes, giggle and look pretty if you feel like it. High-school gals are most attractive when they act exactly like high-school gals, and that's the way boys like you best.

Everything depends on you, so just forget that old adage: She who laughs last, laughs longest. You *start* the fun and you'll be right in there to finish it too!

"LET'S HAVE A PARTY!"

Want to have fun? Well, let's have a party! You call the gang and set the evening and we'll supply some bright ideas for fun in the new Sub-Deb booklet: LET'S HAVE A PARTY! Complete with plans for gang gatherings for all occasions. Send your request with 5 cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and ask for your copy of LET'S HAVE A PARTY! No. 2210.

Things that Colds often thrive on



WET FEET



DIRECT CONTACT



DRAFTS



TEMPERATURE CHANGES



FATIGUE



DROPLET INFECTION

At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat—

GARGLE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

YOU may help lessen a cold's severity or head it off entirely if you take this delightful precaution early and often, because . . .

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs called the "secondary invaders" on mouth and throat surfaces before they can stage a mass invasion of throat tissues to produce a cold's miserable symptoms.

Attack the Germs

Ordinarily the secondary invaders cause no trouble. But they can often get the upper hand when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, wet or cold feet, drafts, and sudden temperature changes.

So we repeat: At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. Attack the germs before they attack you.

Actual tests have shown germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

This marked germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impressive test record in fighting colds.

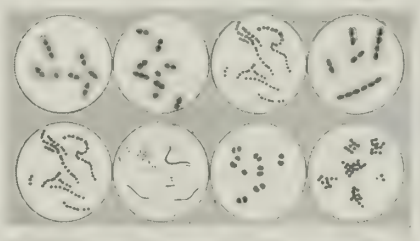
Fewer Colds for Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

Tests made over a period of twelve years showed this remarkable record:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not gargle. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did have colds, they were usually milder and of shorter duration.

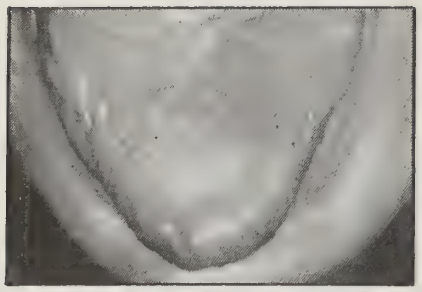
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

The threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks



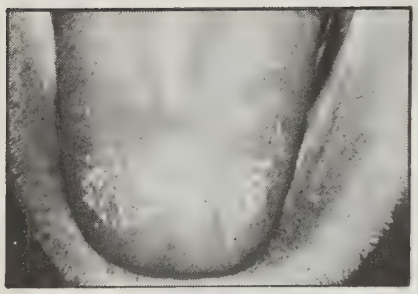
TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.



"TISSUE STARVATION"—ADVANCED STAGE

ADVANCED "TISSUE STARVATION" can cause pronounced scarlet-red discoloration and lesions of the tongue, as well as swelling, bleeding and soreness in the gums.



"TISSUE STARVATION"—EARLY STAGE

TONGUE LESIONS like these and swollen, tender gums may result from a continuing—even though relatively mild—deficiency of vitamins in the body.



Tongues can tell! Early and Advanced Signs of

"TISSUE STARVATION"

"TISSUE STARVATION" is producible by a lack of vitamins in the living cells of your body

THE SIGNS OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY OFTEN APPEAR FIRST IN EYES, SKIN, TONGUE AND MOUTH

MILLIONS of Americans are laboring under the delusion that vitamins are merely a daily diet need.

Nothing could be farther from the truth! For, vitamins are part and parcel of all body tissues. If you haven't enough of them, signs of tissue deficiency may appear in your body.

You can have a "Tissue Starvation" even though overweight. And medical opinion holds that thousands of Americans DO carry signs of "Tissue Starvation" producible by vitamin deficiency.

To avoid misunderstanding—the picture to the left above is of an unusually severe and advanced condition. Tissue deficiencies like this are seldom encountered in the United States. But the signs of "Tissue Starvation" you should be on the lookout for are such mild, early ones as those in the right-hand picture.

Watch for them and for other common evidences of "Tissue Starvation"—cloudy eyes, lip lesions, rough skin on arms and thighs. These signs, of course, may result from such conditions as irritation, infection or other malnutrition, but "Tissue Starvation" due to vitamin deficiency is a frequent and *basic* cause.

So help to guard against this form of "Tissue Starvation" by taking One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamins. You get all the known needed vitamins in One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamin Capsules—yes, vitamins A, B_1, B_2, C and D, plus Niacin Amide, Calcium Pantothenate and B_6. Now on sale at all drugstores.

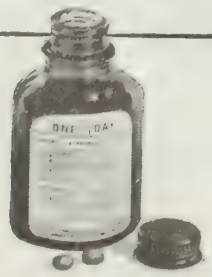
THE MILES PLAN FOR HEALTH PROTECTION

1. PROPER DIET. Vitamin deficiencies may accrue gradually in the body tissues throughout your entire life. So try to eat a balanced diet *every* day from now on.

2. PROTECTIVE VITAMINS. Take one capsule of Miles One-A-Day Multiple Vitamins every day.

3. CONDITIONING FACTORS. Certain conditions and habits (diarrhea, over-indulgence, etc.) increase vitamin needs. Protect yourself then by taking extra vitamins.

4. SEE YOUR DOCTOR—if you think you have lesions—as above—that indicate vitamin deficiency.



ONE A DAY BRAND MULTIPLE VITAMIN CAPSULES

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

Our Readers Write Us

My, How You've Changed!

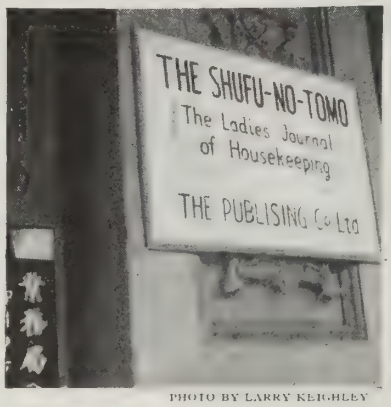


PHOTO BY LARRY KEIGHLEY

Tokyo.

Dear Editors: This is the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of Japan. When the Americans arrived here in Tokyo, all publishing establishments were required to post their names in English translation at the entrance door. For a minute I thought I was back home with "the magazine women believe in."

LARRY KEIGHLEY.

Must Germany Starve?

Monterey, Indiana.

Dear Editors: I am going to quote from a letter recently received from my son, Pfc. Earl Edward Wheatley, who is now guarding prisoners in Germany, after months of hard fighting.

Offenhausen, Germany.

"*Dear Mom:* Unless the U. S. A. helps Europe and Germany this winter, the people are going to starve and freeze. Crops here are being retarded by the cold, wet weather. I nearly froze to death last winter and I have not yet got warmed up. There is absolutely *no coal* for anything except electric plants. Even vital canning plants are stalled for lack of coal. Europe will be hungry this winter. Prices are unbelievably low in spite of the shortages. I could buy the whole town for a thousand dollars and a pack of cigarettes.

"Even fuel for hot water is very scarce. I watched an old man work for two hours the other day digging out a charred stick about 6x6x3 feet. Mom, it will be terrible if the U. S. A. just stands by and lets Europe starve and freeze this winter.

"Love, Earl."

This letter would probably make some people say that my boy was soft; but as he is guarding German prisoners, I do not imagine the Army thinks so.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. WM. G. WHEATLEY.

Children Must Eat

Berkeley, California.

Dear Editors: The feature How France Lives makes the suffering of a whole people rise up and hit you between the eyes. The picture showing one month's ration of cheese and meat is one I shall not forget.

What are we going to do about this hungry Europe you describe and the starving children growing up in it? I thoroughly agree that our children are going to need strong husky colleagues to build a democratic tomorrow. It seems to me that it is very much a woman's job. When it comes to children, it's not too hard for us to think along international lines. What can you suggest that we can do in a hurry? Cordially yours,

ESTELLE BOOTH.

See "Can We Eat Well and Feed Europe Too?" by Roy Veatch, p. 40. ED.

What About These English War Brides?

Washington, D. C.

Dear Editors: I was among the first of the 20,000 British brides to arrive in the U. S. A.

The difference between our two systems of education is particularly noticeable. I think the American system of coeducation is ideal. There is an appalling segregation of the sexes in English schools. Girls are not supposed to think about boys, clothes or how to make themselves attractive; boys are made to feel fools if they show any interest in girls.

The outcome? Girls are coy, awkward and utterly stupid when they leave school. The boys look upon girls as queer creatures, and spend their time showing off and being generally boring to cover their shyness. The final result has been the huge percentage of Englishmen preferring to drink, smoke and tell dirty stories among themselves, while the women stay home hoping for a little romance.

Then the Americans came along. They were attentive, kind and understanding. They noticed your dress, your hair and paid you compliments. Small wonder that so many Englishwomen married them. Englishmen see their young girls being swept off by many other nationalities, but when it comes to Americans they cover up their jealousy by saying, "Oh, well, they have more money." After the war 60,000 English girls will have left England.

I do not think there will be many divorces between Americans and British wives. English girls do not expect their husbands to behave like the hero of a romantic novel. Englishmen are mostly rather cold, therefore any kindness, generosity or demonstration of affection will be noticed.

Each nation has learned much about the other. You like our antiquity and we admire your progress.

English girls' hearts were first lost to the American soldiers, and many have since been captured by the American people and country. We will certainly do all we can to make the Anglo-American marriage a success. You have received us so warmly and we are proud to feel that we are part of America.

Sincerely yours,

JUNE WARREN.

These American Girls!

Springfield, Illinois.

Dear Editor: Ask any American which wife he prefers: One that loves him with all her heart, yet is independent enough to want to do the best she can with his life and hers—and the children's? Or a girl who loves him the same, yet considers him her tin god and lord and master of their home?

Sincerely,

MRS. DOROTHY GLISSON.

Most men would like a bit of both, we think. ED.

Nations Thrive Where Women are Honored

Clayton, Missouri.

Gentlemen: I have just read Those English Girls, by Merrill Panitt. This inspired me to draw out a letter from Sgt. Edward W. Scholl. I quote a paragraph written April eighteenth, in Germany:

"In all the places where I've been, one thing has been very outstanding. Where women were given equal rights plus consideration, those communities or countries were prosperous and honored by others; if countries did not have regard for their women, they didn't get to first base." That subject could easily be broadened.

Most sincerely,

PHYLLIS WEBER.

Two-Faced American Women

Bluefield, West Virginia

Dear Editor: So the returning warrior likes the dependent type! You mean that we can actually be clinging vines? No more taking the car to be fixed—no more being a business manager in addition to everything else? Can we just say, "Let George do it"?

Oh, happy days!

FRANCES CHAPMAN.

All the average man asks is that his wife and/or sweetheart be a sturdy oak while he's away at war or the office; a clinging vine on his return. That's what makes successful American wives and/or sweethearts so wonderful when they surpass in both roles. ED.

(Continued on Page 13)



BABY: I can hardly bear to look! We should never have left home—even for just a week.

MOTHER: What's wrong with your Granny's house, I'd like to know?

BABY: I been watching her clean the toilet. *(Stage whisper):* She didn't add Lysol disinfectant to the cleaning water before she began this time!

MOTHER: Oh, come. Surely you'd forgive her for missing just *once*? She's a regular fuss-budget about cleaning with Lysol when somebody's *sick*.

BABY: Doctor's orders, no doubt.

MOTHER: Naturally, to help keep the germs from spreading to the whole family.

BABY: Humph! So if somebody was *sick* she wouldn't *trust* to just a washday bleach or cleanser . . .

MOTHER: Certainly not!

BABY: But how does she know germs aren't lurking in the bathroom *right now*? You told me you can't even see 'em *yourself!*

MOTHER: You're right, darling. She ought to use a *real germ-killer* every time she cleans!

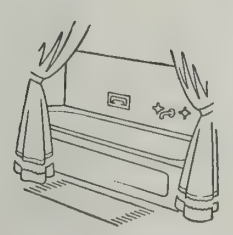
BABY: Well, you tell her then! *I've* made enough speeches for one day!

MORAL: Every single time you clean . . . disinfect with Lysol Disinfectant

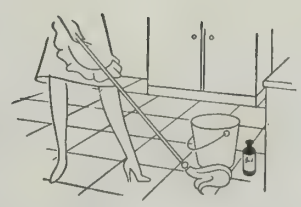




Lysol the toilet: Quick and easy. Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. Deodorizes—helps remove stains.



Lysol the tub: Powerful germ-killer . . . you need up to 6 times less than of bleach disinfectants.



Lysol the floors: Actually helps clean because it's "soapy". Won't harm paint, varnish or linoleum.



More women use Lysol than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

Copr., 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For **FREE** *booklet on family health protection, send postcard or letter to Dept. G-45, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York City 22, N. Y.* ★ **BUY VICTORY BONDS** ★

"Now, thank goodness, we can switch to a silent Servel,"

says Joan Bennett *starring in Walter Wanger's* "SCARLET STREET"





Joan Bennett has been looking forward, like a lot of other folks, to the day when she could replace her noisy old refrigerator with a new one. "It's here," she says, "and this time our family is getting a Servel Gas Refrigerator! Friends who've had their Servels for years never have any noise. And no big repair bills. That's the kind of refrigerator I want." If that's the kind of refrigerator *you* want, too, maybe you'd better look into Servel today. Because . . . it stays silent, lasts longer.

You can't hear a thing! That's because a tiny gas flame does the work in Servel. It circulates the refrigerant that produces cold and ice. There's not a single moving part in the freezing system to cause noise, wear or need fixing.





See the new models today—at your Gas Company. You'll be amazed how roomy they are, how they'll save you hours of shopping time. Look, too, at the ingenious way they're arranged inside. There's just-right temperatures for meats . . . for vegetables . . . for frozen foods. And remember—like the more than two million Servels that fortunate families are enjoying right now, your new Servel will give you also exclusive operating advantages. Permanent silence. Longer service.

For Farm and Country homes, there are mode that run on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosen Write for complete details to Servel, Inc., Evar ville, Indiana, or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 Ki Street, W. Toronto 1, Ontario.

(Continued from Page 10)

Consider the Beam In Your Own Eye

North Hollywood, California.

Dear Editors: Won't you please dress up Dorothy Thompson's editorials with a pretty illustration and a teaser line so that more women will read what she has to say? Women mustn't leave the peace up to Washington this time.

Of course we housewives are busy, but we know that keeping a house clean and a family happy is not something we can do once thoroughly and then neglect.

What is the use of scrubbing, mending and preparing well-balanced meals, if the world is infected with a dread disease that breaks out every twenty years or so? A cure would be worth working hard for, wouldn't it? And I for one think the housewives of the world have got to do a major portion of the labor.

Most sincerely,
DORIS RADER.

If we all obeyed the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," the world's problems could be solved overnight. Unless the shock of everyone's doing the decent, Christian thing proved too much for our wicked and sinful hearts. ED.

La Princesse Lointaine

Louisville, Kentucky.

Dear Editors: Roald Dahl (Death of an Old, Old Man) says the best-looking girl he ever saw was Greek. Well, Mr. Dahl, there are some good-looking girls over here if you'd only shop around a little.

Sincerely,
ELAINE GIBSON.

Like many war-weary, handsome, romantic and young flying heroes of this war, Wing Commander Dahl is chiefly interested in what lies behind the beyond. Your best bet is to fly to Tibet. ED.

Does Mother Love Come in Boxes?

Richmond, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Gould: Coming right on top of the atomic bomb, the artificial baby tender is almost too much for me to take.

The *sense of touch* is the most elemental form of communication. The satisfaction of loving arms around him and the consistent prompt response to a baby's needs do more for his emotional security than books, lectures, psychiatrists and preachers can do later on.

Of course the baby tender would be all right for that small minority who neglect their children anyway, or for use in the poorest homes where babies often suffer the affliction of vermin. But I doubt these homes could afford it.

I wonder to what advantage Mrs. Skinner placed the time she saved! It should have been on a very high plane.

Sincerely yours,
MARCELENE COX.

She Could Have Used One

Yardley, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sirs: I wish I had had a "baby box" last summer. My baby was cutting teeth and the temperature was close to 100 for about two weeks. He had a combined heat and tooth rash and every night I had to fan him before he could possibly get to sleep. If I had had one of the Skinner "baby compartments," the baby would have been spared a lot of that agony.

Sincerely,
RUTH C. SCOTT.

She Was Horrified

Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Dear Editors: When I first saw the title, Baby in a Box, and the accompanying pictures, I was horrified. However, after reading the article, I was entirely converted. After all, a baby stays in his bed or crib nine tenths of the time (or should!) and what is the "box" but a glorified sort of bed?

Since I have four children of my own, I know how much work a baby is and I say, "More power to the idea."

Sincerely,
MRS. HENRY C. CUNINGHAM.

We Remember, We Remember

The Thatched Cottage
Stovely, Huntingdonshire, England.

Dear Editors: Station 117, somewhere in England, has closed down. The cobbled village street over which so many American feet have passed, is deserted.

Just a receding memory, the popcorn parties at my little Queen Anne cottage, which became the second home to many a boy off duty; toasting marshmallows on twigs over the log fire—card games, and fried eggs, "sunny side up"; hamburger night at the Aero Club with never enough hamburgers to go round.

Perhaps of all the qualities which endeared the G. I.'s to us, the one which will last longest in our minds is the love and understanding of children and the length to which American generosity will go. Many a village child in England will remember the Christmas parties at the camps, and the endless sacrifice of candy rations for them.

GLADYS DE BRISAY.

A Real Santa Claus

Forest, Virginia.

Dear Madam: I have never seen a How America Lives article about the poor people of the mountains. I would like to tell you of my own experience there on Christmas Eve, seven years ago.

We lived near Asheville, North Carolina, in a small four-room house. The weather was very cold; sleet, snow and ice covered everything. My husband had been hurt in the feldspar mines and one of our eight-year-old twins had had a terrible attack of rheumatic fever.

I had no money and no toys for my five children, and they kept asking me all day as we hovered around the little tin heater:

"Mamma, do you reckon Santa Claus will come tonight?"

"No, honey, it is too bad for Santa tonight. He can't get here."

"But, mamma, he always has."

After noon the bigger ones and I went out and cut pine and laurel branches, which I mixed with the red galax that grows so beautifully up there. We made wreaths and hung them in the windows and on the walls. It was pretty when the oil lamp was lit. Then I took the baby on my lap and read aloud the Christmas story of how on a night like this our Saviour was born in an even more humble place than this our home was. We sang Christmas carols. And suddenly there was a knock on the door. In it stood the little nurse who goes around among the mountain people. She was loaded with boxes. She said, "Well, children, Santa Claus sent me. He can't get around to everyone, so I am helping him." If you could have seen our faces—there were toys for everyone and candy, oranges and nuts, a warm coat and a nice dress for me, so that I was able to get work in the town and support my family until my husband was well.

Do you wonder at my believing in a real Santa Claus? Just as the children, I am sure that if we have the faith, some way our needs will be met. The things that some take for granted mean so much to others if we will only share them.

Sincerely yours,
CARRIE BURNETTE.

"When the Soul Goes . . ."

Bronx, New York.

Dear Editor: I consider Dorothy Thompson's The Lesson of Dachau the outstanding article of the Second World War. The final paragraph proved to me, once more, that there are men of good will still left in a world where false genius, boasting independence of God, has violated every concept of natural law and human behavior.

I shall carry with me to the Pacific this momentous article; because millions of Japanese, too late, have discovered that "when the soul goes, man goes."

Very truly yours,
RICHARD J. NARCHI,
Tec 5—U. S. A.

Should be in Every Home

New York, New York.

Dear Miss Thompson: If I had the wealth, a copy of your article would be sent to every home.

Sincerely,
GEORGE W. KORN.

(Continued on Page 174)



From America's farms comes this spread with a Flavor still Unmatched !



PARKAY MARGARINE is preferred by millions to any other brand—because it tastes so good! From rich, fertile farmlands of America—north, south, east and west—come choice farm products that help to make this wholesome, nourishing spread. They are blended with Kraft skill to achieve Parkay's fresh, dairy-like flavor . . . a flavor *still unmatched!*



The Parkay you buy from your dealer is a pure, natural white. For table uses, you can make it a rich, appetizing yellow by adding the certified coloring that is in each package.



"Oh, brother!

The things that happen to me!"

TUNE IN "THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE" and hear what "explodes" next. A Feast of Fun every Sunday on NBC—6:30 P.M. (ET) and 8:00 P.M. (Pacific Time).

The Great Gildersleeve says: "Help speed America on its way to peacetime prosperity—put your money into Victory Bonds now!"

4 Good things you eat each day are flavor-blended in Parkay

(1) Oils rich in energy—from America's farmlands, pressed from vegetable seeds and refined to bland sweetness. Like the digestible oils you use in salads and for cooking.

(2) Fresh, top-grade skim milk—pasteurized by Kraft, with milk cultures added to help produce Parkay's fresh, delicate flavor.

(3) Table salt—like the salt that seasons your food.

(4) Important Vitamin A added. Parkay is a dependable year 'round source of this essential vitamin that is naturally present in some foods, such as carrots, egg yolk and fish.

KRAFT FOODS COMPANY • Chicago 90, Illinois

Millions prefer *Parkay* to any other brand !

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



IN December, 1895, the present King of England was born, and the editor of Harper's complained of the "monstrous" hats women wore to the theater. The first horseless carriage was patented, Mark Twain visited a fifteen-year-old deaf mute named Helen Keller, and you couldn't get a divorce in South Carolina then as now—one thing that hasn't changed in fifty years of upheaval.

And in the December, 1895, JOURNAL, ex-President Benjamin Harrison starts a distinguished series called This Country of Ours, which "brings into consideration every department of our Federal Government and shows how each and all of them are operated and conducted."

"Fannie: I do not think it either ladylike or womanly for women to assume bloomers: and no outdoor exercise, no matter how desirable it may seem, excuses them," writes Ruth Ashmore.

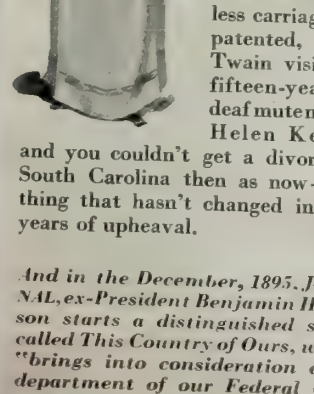
"The ten-course dinner was an abomination," remarks Mrs. Garrett Webster. "We have learned better, and the usual menu now consists of oysters, clams or fruit, a soup, fish, entrée, roast, salad and dessert."

The Girl Who Is Employed: "About your clothes. A silk gown is very charming, but how about your flannel underwear? Would that rheumatism be quite as bad, or would that pain in your shoulder come quite as often, if you were properly dressed?"

"Bess: The young man who is too bashful to ask permission to call, should be permitted to suffer for his gaucherie."

Anyone want to know how to make old-fashioned treacle or potato pudding?

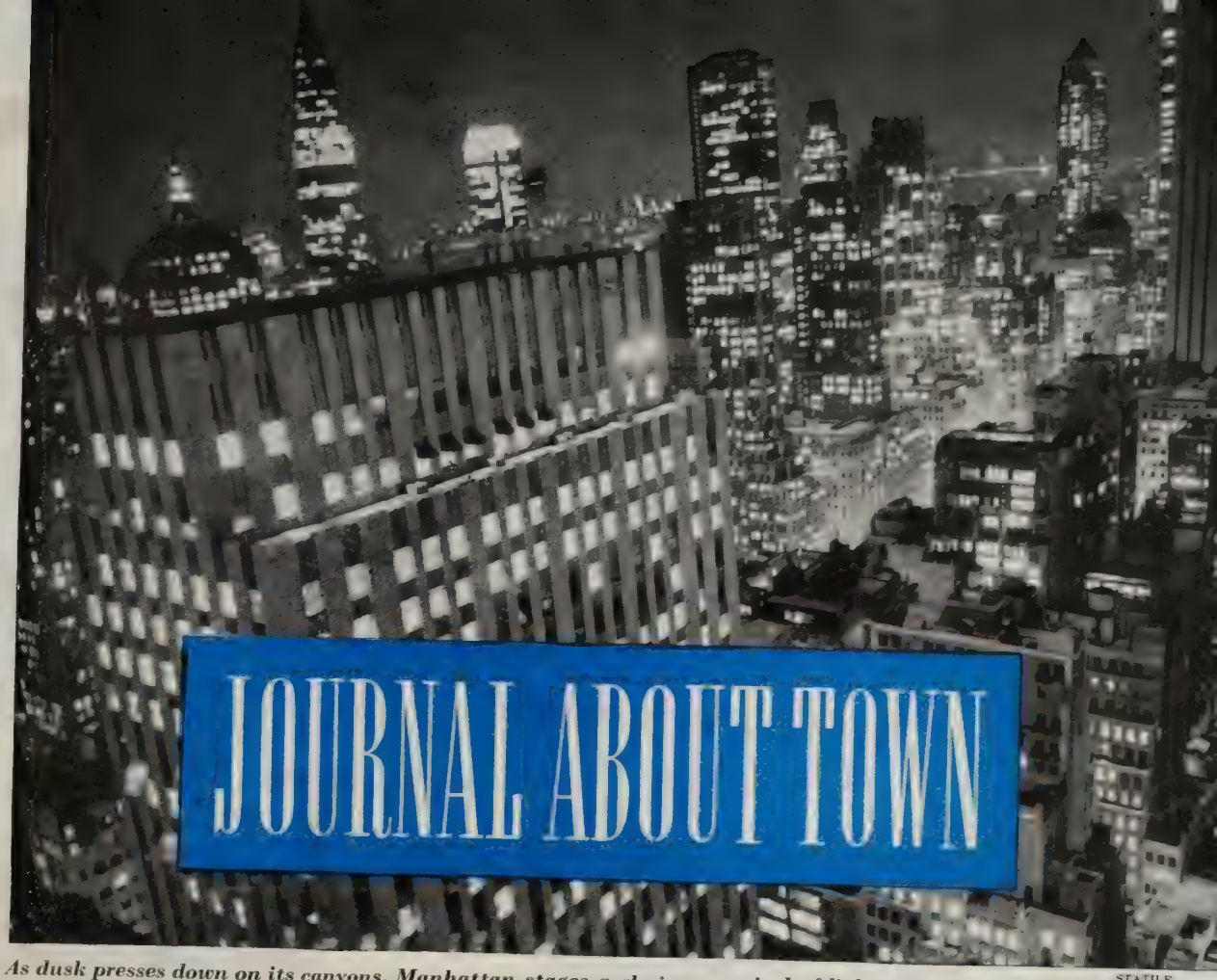
How to lose flesh: "Dry toast without butter, tea without milk or



sugar, rare meat, and—as far as possible—no vegetables at all should form your diet. Do all the walking you can, go twice a week to a Russian bath, and invariably go to bed hungry."

"Vera: Ermine is much used this winter on little girls' coats."

"G. E.: It is a great deal better to wear one's stays over one's petticoats, rather than under."



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

As dusk presses down on its canyons, Manhattan stages a glorious carnival of lights in its star-reaching towers. STATILE

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

THERE is a man deep down in a sub-basement below us who can tell when it's getting dark outdoors from a dial that shows the electric current leaping up as the office lights go on. The same way, he can tell on a summer day when a sudden storm comes up, which can cost $2000 extra for current in half an hour. Last year at this time, with the clocks at war, it would still be light at five; but now with the hands set back again for peace, from the Workshop windows, before we leave, we can look once more through the dark at New York's most brilliant spectacle. From five to six the office lights around us here are at their best, beginning to disappear as people go home. ***Mr. Rockefeller's*** among the last, but the AP's, NBC's and ABC's burning all night. If you wonder why some keep popping on and off till morning, it's cleaners.

If you think of ***Martin Munkacsi*** only as the famous photographer who takes the pictures for How America Lives, you've got to think of him also now as the author of a novel just published, called FOOL'S APPRENTICE,



Mr. M.'s portable flower garden.

which tells the story of his native Hungarian village whose inhabitants were practically all insane. During the seven years it took Martin to write the book, most of which he told to ***Mary Cookman*** on their travels together about 200,000 miles, he learned to think and write in English, which he still speaks with a wonderful stuttering accent. "Do you stutter in Hungarian too?" we asked him. "Oh, I can stutter in ten languages!" he said. But you'd never know it from the way he writes.

*If **Rita Hayworth** were on your Christmas list, you could put her down for a hairbrush. Wears one out every few weeks from constantly brushing her hair. Whereas, if you were planning to send **Bing Crosby** a necktie—don't. He never wears them.*

Christmas books—what with peace and more paper—are particularly handsome this year. Five old favorites, for instance, superbly illustrated in color by well-known artists, are the answer to the problem of the children: ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES, GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES, HANS BRINKER, BLACK BEAUTY and HEIDI, in a series called The Illustrated Junior Library. For the serious grownup there is THE WISDOM TREE, by ***Emma Hawkridge,*** a book about the great religions of the world, which—and this is important!—makes them comprehensible to the layman. And for a family gift, that sound anthology of the best in American writing: NORTH, EAST, SOUTH, WEST, edited by ***Charles Lee.***

*If you notice what the mother and daughter are doing on **Al Parker's** cover this month, you'll have a hint of what to expect along about summer.*

*On a bad-humored day recently we polled the office on what prominent American the editors here disliked the most. **Bilbo** came first; **Rankin** second; **Pegler** a bad third. **Winchell** got one vote, and an editor asked if she could give just a half a vote to **Congresswoman Luce,** because she liked her as a playwright.*

Airplanes are selling like mad in some of the department stores here. You get from five to eight hours' flying time free with a plane, which they claim is enough to learn to solo. One woman caught on in four. Prices from $995 to $2994—which, even with airplanes, the stores still think sound less than round figures to women, a lot of whom are buying. A couple of girls on the staff are pilots already: ***Nell Giles*** and ***Noël Butcher,*** the latter listing as her most exciting moment of the month when she finally landed her plane like a feather, "instead of its leaping bullfrog fashion all over the field."

Just to give you an idea of a woman editor's state of mind, even when asleep, there's one on another magazine who gnashes her teeth so much at night she has to wear a plastic protector.

When ***Judy Barry*** went over to see the Christmas mail at the mammoth Army post office in Queens, the first person she bumped into was ***Jackie Searles,*** the ex-bad boy of the movies, now a very nice lieutenant helping to get G. I. parcel post and letters to all parts of the world. To Judy it looked as though there couldn't be more postal matter anywhere, but according to Jackie they're handling a mere 10,000 bags a day, compared with 50,000 a day last year. If you think you've tied that package up tightly, you'll be surprised to learn that 700 helpers over there do nothing but rewrap poor packaging. And you've only got a few more days to send those letters.



MAN HAYS

Christmas for overseas G. I.'s.

Christmas is coming—
Time your cookin' was lookin' up



Lady, get out your Crisco

CRISCO improves all 3

CAKES, PIES, FRIED FOODS!



CRISCO MINCEMEAT CUSTARD PIE

2 eggs · **⅓ cup sugar** · **¼ tsp. salt** · **1½ cups milk** · **1½ cups mincemeat** · **Single-crust recipe Crisco Pastry**

Beat eggs with sugar and salt. Add milk. Stir until thoroughly mixed. Line 9" pie pan with Crisco Pastry. (*Great news, ladies! Here's a way to get flaky, tender pie crust every single time! Follow the easy, sure-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco label—be sure to use Crisco—and you can't miss. Crisco Pastry is mouth-melting—easy to digest!*) Spread mincemeat over bottom crust. Pour in the custard mixture. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) for 15 minutes; reduce to moderate (350°F.) and bake 25-30 minutes or until silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. Decorate with "wreath" of cherries, citron and nuts. All Measurements Level.

1 Look! With Crisco FLAKY PIE CRUST EVERY TIME





2 Now! You can bake RICHER, LIGHTER CAKES

CRISCO POINSETTIA CAKE

Now—Better Cakes on Every Count! For lightness—richness—moistness—texture, the new Crisco cakes top the cakes you used to make!

Measure into mixing bowl:

2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring) · **1⅓ cups sugar** · **½ cup Crisco** · **1 tsp. salt** · **⅔ cup milk**

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself): **3 tsps. baking powder***

Add: **2 eggs, unbeaten** · **⅓ cup milk** · **1 tsp. vanilla**

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. The batter will be smooth and thin. Pour into two 9" layer pans (1½" deep) which have been Criscoed and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) 25-30 minutes. (*Crisco has a baking secret. It makes cakes lighter than the most expensive shortening. With Crisco—only with Crisco—we promise you a better cake all 'round from this recipe!*)

Thicken 2 cups whole cranberry sauce with 3 tbsps. cornstarch. Cool. Spread between layers. Cover cake with fluffy white icing. Decorate with cranberry sauce in a poinsettia design. All Measurements Level.

**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 4 tsps.*

3 Hooray! It's Crisco for LIGHT, DIGESTIBLE FRIED FOODS!



CRISCO FRIED SNOW BALLS (Crispy Little Doughnuts)

2 tbsps. Crisco · **⅓ cup sugar** · **1 egg** · **½ tsp. salt** · **2 cups sifted flour** · **1½ tsps. baking powder** · **½ tsp. nutmeg** · **1 tsp. cinnamon** · **½ cup milk**

Blend together Crisco, sugar, egg and salt. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk, stirring and mixing as little as possible. Roll out part of dough at a time to ½" thickness on floured board. Cut with round cutter about 1½" in diameter. Fry till brown in about 2" hot Crisco (375°F.). (*Scared fried foods will upset digestions? Don't worry! Foods fried light and crisp in pure, snowy Crisco not only taste better—they're so easy to digest even youngsters may eat them!*) Before entirely cool, dredge with sugar. Yield: 2½-3 dozen. All Measurements Level.

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Quality

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

BY CID RICKETTS SUMNER

IN winter the fast train, the long train from the North, comes in under the brim of night. In summer when it comes the sun is already hot and high. But in the spring it has left darkness with the black earth of the flatland, it has piped the hills with light, it has puffed gray dawn through the Pearl River swamp, and it stops at Liberty Grove to let the day itself descend.

This morning, as always, it panted through the scant minutes of its pause, then ground away toward more important places. The handful of passengers it had deposited began at once to scatter across the tracks and into the station, some by the door marked WHITE, some by the door marked COLORED.

Only one remained on the platform beside her suitcase, as if she did not know where to go. She might have been a college girl in her brown tweed suit and turban, with her trim lines and slim ankles and sensible loafers, with her pale brown hair curling softly above a white blouse collar. But she had none of the college girl's casual assurance or gaiety. There were taut lines around her mouth and she had a lost and alien look as she stood there.

The stationmaster came out, jerked a thumb toward the solitary steamer trunk. "Yours, ma'am?"

Her answer was a guarded brief affirmative. The single word, though it had an overtone of softness, marked her as foreign to this country of slow and drawling speech.

"The dray'll be down for the local, ma'am. Want to leave your baggage check?"

She dug into her brown purse for the square of cardboard. "My bag; can you ——"

"Sure, ma'am," he told her, "I'll send them both together. Whereabouts is it going, ma'am?"

Over there was the big house where Miss Em lived, too poor to pay for her wash.

Why did she look so much like little Miss Lucy that she had to be kept out of sight? Why was the big house forbidden to her? And the love of a man like Chester?

"Let—let me write it, please." Resting the check against her purse, she printed neatly, "Miss Patricia Johnson, care of Mrs. Dicey Johnson." She thrust check and pencil toward him. "It's about two miles out, on the old Hadley road—the drayman will know. How much ——"

The stationmaster was reading the names she had written, squinting his eyes, for he was an old man. A change came over him. "Are you—Pinkey?"

The girl drew back. Here it was—the old name, and with it the old dark, secret shame. It had been here all the time, waiting for her. She was not ready for it. The sound of it shocked her, like a bell that tolls before the hour.

Annoyance—perhaps at his own misplaced deference—twisted the old man's face. His voice sharpened. "That'll be a dollar—in advance."

Pinkey opened her pocketbook. Only one bill left. Her fingers closed around it. With this dollar she could send a telegram. She could say, "Just a case of prenuptial jitters, darling. How about financing return, or shall I hitchhike?" And when he met her at the train in Boston, all that had happened in the past few days would be only a bad dream that one could forget.

"I say it's a dollar," the stationmaster repeated with impatience. "If you ain't got it, say so. I got no time to waste standing here all day."

Pinkey flung up her head. She felt angry blood rush to her cheeks. "Why—you ——" But the words froze in her throat. This man knew her; that was why he dared to speak as he did. And because she was what he knew her to be, she could never send that telegram. She had never had any choice. Blindly she flung the dollar bill toward him, and until he spoke she did not see that it had fallen to the platform.

"Gimme the money if you want your trunk."

For a long moment Pinkey stood there staring down at the bill, his words, indifferent, offhand, echoing in her ears. Stiffly she bent, picked up the bill and held it out until he took it from her.

"Well," the stationmaster said, stuffing the bill into his hip pocket, "I reckon your granny'll be tickled to see you."

Abruptly Pinkey fled across the platform. She did not go in the direction of town, but out toward the country by an old dirt road. Only when she came to the top of a long rise did she slow her step. Then she looked back. That was the road she had taken when she left the country ten years ago. She seemed to see herself going down it—a little girl, small for her twelve years. She had on a starched blue gingham with white rickrack braid on the collar, and a hat she wore with pride. She had skipped along, careful not to get dust on her new shoes, keeping up with her grandmother's purposeful, silent stride, holding tight to her hand. It was strange, Pinkey thought, standing here in the sunshine, how the words came back.

"How will I know when I get there, Granny?"

"You'll know by the conductor. He'll tell you. Do like he say."

And she had done as the conductor said. But after a while they changed conductors. The second one said, "See here, little girl, this isn't the place for you." He moved her into another coach, the white one. She had done as he said, that was all. So early in her new life she had known instinctively to tell nothing of who she was and where she came from.

At school when the children asked questions, she said, "I don't remember. There was just my granny at home." And something about the way she said it made them fall silent or start a noisy game or get back to their sums and their spelling.

So the truth came to be buried deeper and deeper under the pretense. First the sisters' school, then the two years at college and then the hospital. Yet all the while, she knew now, it had been alive. Pinkey turned abruptly and went on down the empty road.

There were signs now of the land's awakening. From one gray cabin set back in a field, a thin line of blue wood smoke rose straight into the morning sky. And when Pinkey had rounded a wooded turn of the road, she saw an early plowman on a far slope, all black—man and mule and plow—against the sun. Then she heard behind her the sound of an approaching car. She walked on the edge of the road to let it pass.

Alongside her it slowed, an open car, well plastered with the insignia of college and fraternity. There were two boys in it. "Hi," they greeted her, "want a ride?"

"No, thank you." Pinkey walked on, not looking at them, not wanting anything but to be rid of them. For they were like the boys that she had known at college those two wonderful years. She had wanted to stay and graduate; she had won a scholarship. It was just the one little incident that made her go right into nursing.

"Aw, come on, get in. How far you going?" The car ran along slowly, close beside her.

Again she said, "No, thank you," stiffly, without smiling. At a college in Maine she ought to have been far enough away to be safe. But at commencement, that visiting girl from Mississippi: "Say, Pat, I hear you're from Old Miss too. I come from Greenwood. Where are you from? . . . Oh, down there. Do you know the Willoughbys? I'm going to visit Annaflo this summer and ——"

The boys were exchanging puzzled glances. One of them said, "Step on it, Shorty. Don't you know when a gal gives you the brush-off?"

Shorty said, "Okay, sister, it's your dogs." The car began to gather speed, but his voice came back. "Gosh! That dame must be a man-hater."

Pinkey waited for the dust of the road to settle, then walked on, her eyes on the ground. Man-hater—the word was a plummet, breaking through the frozen surface, dropping down, down.

There had been a public lecture in the Ether Dome. Pinkey had gone because she had a bit of free time and she thought some of the interns might be there. To be honest, she had thought Chester might be there. That was really the first step, and she had taken it. She could not blame that on fate or man or God. But coming out after the lecture, it had been chance, or his volition, that brought them together in the doorway.

"Say, aren't you Pat?"

"Yes." Her voice was blank and casual, for a nurse's training gave one a certain poise.

"Come over here. I want to ask you something." He eased her through the crowd till they both stood by the window. "Tell me, Pat, is it true what they say about you?"

She felt the color drain from her face. "What do they say about me?"

"Well, they tell me you're a man-hater," he said.

Relief stunned her so that, looking up at him, she saw nothing but his face against a blur—a teasing arrogant face with features almost too regular and lips accustomed to getting what they asked for. Hate him? Why, that first day last spring, when he passed her in the corridor without a glance, she had marked him, set him apart from the others. She knew his schedule as well as she knew her own. And all the time she had gone on without a sign, sheathed in a nurse's anonymity. There was no harm in thinking, was there? She did not know then that thoughts that were winged with emotion went their own way.

"Man-hater? What nonsense!" she laughed.

"Then how about dinner tonight? I'll pick you up at seven. The nurses' home, isn't it?" Gay and confident, that was Chester.

"Sorry, I have an exam tomorrow and I have to graduate in April, you know."

He had let her go then. Yet he had asked her, he had wanted her. The knowledge was something alive in her breast. And because she had been wise and resolute enough to refuse, she felt safe. But feeling safe disarmed one. Next time there had been night and weariness to weaken her defenses. She was just coming off duty at midnight, turning from the hospital walk toward the nurses' home, when he overtook her.

"Come along," he said. "You're going to the corner with me for a hot drink. And you can't refuse this time, because I'm an ensign. I've only a few more months to be here, and you've got to come because it would be unpatriotic not to."

That was the beginning. Sometimes she tried to hold back, to keep him at a distance, as she had kept others. "I'm not good at having fun," she would say. "I'm working my way through, I've no time for fooling around." Or she would tell him, "I keep to myself and don't get mixed up with people. It's better that way, if you want to get anywhere." He only laughed at her. Maybe he was intrigued by her independence and her reserve, for the other girls had been all too eager to catch his attention.

Walking blindly down the road, Pinkey came to a little wooden bridge with a railing. She stopped to look down on muddy swirling water. Why was she going over all this again? Oh, it did no good to study emotion in a textbook, to dissect it down to nerve and chemistry and electrical impulse. That sort of knowledge gave one no warning at all of the current's power. She had been past thinking clearly when Chester asked her to marry him. She had even dared to set the day—the Wednesday after graduation. Wednesday was a good day for a wedding. Today was Wednesday.

Pinkey broke away from the rail. She must not think of those things, she must not look back.

The little stream she had crossed kept company with the road for a little, then it went away, past a small unpainted church. The church had a lopsided belfry; it was barren and lonely, with not a tree near it. Pinkey stood in the road staring at it. That was the place. Her grandmother had taken her there long ago. There had been singing and hallelujahs from the amen corner, and Lord-have-mercys from the mourners' bench.

That was what Pinkey had given them at the nurses' party, when it came her turn to do a stunt for the crowd's amusement. They had not known whether to laugh or not *(Continued on Page 80)*

"TELL ME, PAT, IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT YOU?" HER HEART BEGAN TO POUND MADLY, AS IF SHE WERE ALRE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



NING AWAY. "WHAT DO THEY SAY ABOUT ME?"

What You Want in Your Heart

BY MARTIN SIMS



JED: This was what he had fought to come back to - and all it held tonight was a stark and terrible emptiness

JED PETERS came home on a September afternoon. Late in the afternoon; just between sunset and the edge of dark. Down in the town the heat was sticky and persistent—the kind of heat that hangs on and on, like a guest who has worn out his welcome. Passengers on the bus squirmed and sweated; a baby, mottled with heat rash, wailed unceasingly in impotent indignation. Only Jed sat quiet as a rock, his eyes burning deeply blue in his dark face.

The bus began to climb finally, and after a while coolness laid its hand on the passengers' foreheads, so that even the baby grew still and was happier. Cornfields walked up the hills for a few miles, then surrendered in resignation to the mountains ahead. The mountains were still a blue velvet backdrop—the same blue, although he had never guessed it, as Jed Peters' eyes—but with a few more miles they would become three-dimensional, taking on shape and texture.

Jed leaned forward a little as the bus climbed, pulling the clean bright air into his lungs the way a thirsty man drinks from a spring. Across the aisle the young woman with the baby watched him wistfully, yearning over his gaunt and rugged beauty, but his mind was straining at its leash and nothing in the bus existed for him. His mind had leaped ahead to the cabin in Pine Top Valley, to his mother and father and the acres that, a few years ago, had seemed to hold his past and present and future. After these last years, a man believed less glibly in his future, but the cabin was still a journey's ending.

They were on top of the mountain at last, easing into the town that summer people chose to call The Village; the place where they bought fine linens and imported clothes from shops that migrated like swallows in the winter, to places like Palm Beach or Aiken. In winter The Village became a town again and belonged once more to its own. Jed Peters liked it then. Right now it would be at the in-between stage, with part of the summer people staying on while the rest had gone down in resignation—and a kind of relief—to put their children in school.

The bus stopped and most of the passengers got off. The young woman got off with her baby; a lank mountain man came eagerly—or as eagerly as a mountain man can ever come—to meet her. She thrust the baby at him half angrily, because he didn't look like Jed Peters, then she climbed unassisted and without grace into a wagon.

THE bus digested other passengers and went on. Beyond the town the road began to dip again in long, swooping curves and Jed's heart beat thick and hard in his throat. This was the side where the little farms were; he could name all their owners, and tell you the ending of every narrow, rocky side road. People in the flatlands laughed at the very idea of those farms: nothing but a few piddling acres of cabbage and spindly corn, they said; never knowing—the poor fools—how the mountains got into a man's soul and claimed it. Jed Peters unfolded his length, took his little canvas bag from the rack above him and went to stand behind the driver.

"I'll get off at the first side road around the bend," he said, and the driver nodded without turning his head. When you drove a bus on this highway you didn't turn your head.

Jed dropped off lightly as a cat and watched the bus disappear, leaving a hot foul smell of gasoline in its wake. He was suddenly lonesome and afraid, because things on wheels—like the bus—were more familiar now than this vast and brooding emptiness. It occurred to him that the last years had completely erased his memory of silence, and that its rediscovery was as frightening as to stand in the presence of God.

He went forward along the rocky lane, walking like some nocturnal animal—without sound or wasted motion. His folks would have met him in town or on the highway, but he wanted to come home alone and in his own way, taking the mountains gradually into himself. And wanting it this way, he hadn't told them exactly when he would come.

There was one farm between the highway and home, and one farm beyond it. Thinking of the third farm broke the rhythm of his stride, because he didn't know whether Memory was still there or what he would say to her if she was. He had written to her a few times; awkward, childlike letters that obscured completely the man behind them, since a mountain man is never at home with written words. Or with spoken ones, either, for the matter of that. He couldn't tell her about the unnamable things he had had to see and do, and what else was there?

The Broadfields' place was still inhabited, anyhow; a quill of smoke rose in the unmoving air and a lean hog lifted its snout to grunt at him in suspicion or disbelief. The land looked scrawny and ill-tended to eyes that had seen even briefly the immaculate economy of peasant France, but the quill of smoke told of continuity and comforted him. He had an impulse to hail the people inside, but something denied the impulse; his first words at home belonged to his own people.

HE came at last to the boundaries of his father's land—and his. It looked better than the Broadfields', maybe because his father was a better farmer. There were several flat acres on the valley's floor—a patch no bigger, it could be, than the hand of God—then the fields had to climb until they too surrendered. He went on more slowly, almost afraid of his first sight of home.

The cabin was even smaller than his memory of it; beyond this, time had hardly touched it. When a house has weathered to a degree, the elements cannot change its face unless they choose to destroy it. There was a quill of smoke here, too; there was an unfamiliar yellow dog that came out to sniff at him and be wholly conquered. The front steps sagged, he noticed, but there were bright flowers beside them, and red geraniums in lard buckets along the porch railing. From behind the house the mountains looked down on him, but whether they looked in welcome or denial he couldn't tell.

He went into the house, through the front room and to the kitchen door. He stopped there, smiling a little and watching recognition and joy flare in his mother's eyes.

"Jed!"

"Hello, ma."

They embraced awkwardly—distrustful, as always, of naked emotion.

"I sort of hoped you'd get here in time for supper, but you wouldn't say ——" She wiped furtively at her eyes and laid a hand on his arm. "You look peaked, honey. Thinner'n a razorback."

"I'm fine now." He was glad she hadn't seen him last spring. "All I need is some of your cooking. Pa out in the lot?"

She nodded, her eyes clouding. She was a tall woman and almost as gaunt as her son, but you guessed the strength in her. And looking at the residue of beauty in her face, you saw how Jed Peters had come by his.

"He's gone off a heap, Jed, since you saw him. Seems like he can't quit grieving for Jim. Don't let on you notice it."

His mouth tightened. "I won't."

The gate to the barn lot sagged, too, and he thought, *I'll have to see to both of 'em right away.* He went across pitted ground to the cowshed, into dimness and the slow rich smell of hay and manure.

"Pa?"

His father dropped the armload of fodder and peered, afraid to believe. "That ain't you, Jed?" His voice was shaken and old.

"Nobody else, pa."

It was hard not to let on about his father, and he was grateful to the dusk. Big Jim Peters had shrunk like the cabin; the hands that gripped his son's were an old man's hands. His hair was *(Continued on Page 64)*

MEMORY:

She was part of all that he had remembered and wanted, but to which he could not completely return.



LINA:

She told him about New York and the men who wanted to marry her, and even though it was strange to him, he listened for more.

TOMORROW YOU

FROM the highly active medical front in Soviet Russia, on which many notable victories against disease and crippling war injuries have already been achieved, the news of a spectacular new serum has recently reached scientists of this country. Developed by Prof. Alexander A. Bogomolets, physician of international renown, who devoted more than thirty years to the study of the diseases of old age and the mechanism involved in the processes of aging, the new serum, according to official reports, has already saved many lives on the far-flung Russian battle fronts and has spared many more from being doomed to a life of permanent invalidism. It has healed wounds that had not responded to any other known method of treatment, and has knitted in a short time fractures that had failed to knit for months.

In modified form it has also yielded some astounding results in tests on animals. Used in very dilute doses, it has increased the yield of milk in cows by as much as 65 per cent. Ten-week-old pigs, given moderate doses, showed at ten months an average weight 20 per cent higher than normal untreated animals. It has greatly increased the productivity of laying hens. More striking still are its effects against sterility in unrelated species of animals, a fact that may be taken as a promise of equal effectiveness in human sterility. Minute doses of the new serum, the official reports state, have turned nonlaying hens into producers, while a high proportion of sterile mares were reported to have foaled.

Not since those memorable days early in 1941, when a handful of American scientists were testing the minute amounts then available of penicillin, later to become the glamour drug of medicine, has any new medical substance created anything like the interest stimulated by the first official reports of the new serum. And no wonder. For this new substance, known as AC serum, or ACS, is the first to hold out definite promise as a brake against the degenerative processes that begin past middle life, as well as against the chronic diseases that generally accompany these processes. Such a brake, all medical men realize, would mean not only prolongation of the life span to decades beyond the Biblical threescore and ten, but, more important by far, the preservation of physical and mental alertness for a period much longer than the present average, pushing forward by about two to three decades the accepted period for the beginning of middle life. In other words, it would not only add length to life, but also breadth and depth. Life would begin at about sixty or seventy.

When work on penicillin began in this country in the fall of 1940, only minute amounts of it were available either here or even in England, where it was originally discovered in 1928, and at the time it had been tested successfully on only four human beings. The "anti-age"—or, more properly, "anti-premature age"—serum, on the other hand, has already been applied with success in the treatment of thousands of patients suffering from various pathological conditions. Along with the sulpha drugs, penicillin and blood plasma, it has already taken its place as one of the new "magic bullets" on the battlefields of the eastern fronts as a healer of wounds and restorer of life. And in scores of our leading research laboratories the dramatic days and nights of the early work on penicillin are being repeated with the new serum. The hour is approaching midnight, and another Cinderella of medicine is about to step upon the stage.

IN the interest of complete accuracy it must be emphatically stated that AC serum is not claimed to herald the age of synthetic Methuselahs, or the discovery of the legendary elixir of life that would keep men and women in a state of perpetual youth. However, there is now universal agreement that man grows old much faster than he should, through faulty habits of living, such as improper diet, strains on the nervous system, lack of proper rest, overweight and similar avoidable outside factors. Hence, while it may not be possible, now or ever, to postpone age indefinitely, it is definitely possible to prevent premature aging and thus to enable men and women to live out their natural life span to the full. "Ability to prolong life," Professor Bogomolets states, "is, first and foremost, the ability to refrain from shortening it." Given this ability, the AC serum, he found, will serve as a powerful ally of Nature in securing for mankind the full measure of its allotment in years, in which life possesses three dimensions—length, breadth and depth.

What is man's natural life span? Buffon, the great French naturalist of the eighteenth century, made a startling observation to which no attention had been paid for nearly two hundred years until Professor Bogomolets decided to do something about it. In his studies on animals, Buffon found that the normal duration of an animal's life exceeds the period of its growth by from five to seven times, or an average ratio of 6 to 1. Subsequent observations on the duration of the life of animals, particularly those of the domestic varieties, have lent strong support to this 6-to-1 life-span formula for animals. Applying this formula to man, Bogomolets reasoned that since man's bones continue their growth until the age period between twenty and twenty-five, his normal life span should be six times higher, which yields a figure of 120 to 150 years.

Independent studies by other scientists, approaching the problem from an entirely different angle, have led to an identical conclusion. So-called "curves," graphs used by scientists for predicting the unknown on the basis of the known, suggest, according to Prof. R. W. Gerard, University of Chicago physiologist, that "man's true life span is almost twice the Biblical threescore and ten."

FURTHER evidence is furnished by studies on the eye. It was found, for example, that the ability of the human eye to focus near objects decreases as it gets older, and that this decrease proceeds at a definite rate in all normal individuals. Since both the power to focus and the rate of loss of this power are both definitely measurable quantities, it becomes a simple matter to figure out the length of time it would take for this power to run down to zero. The figure shows that the power to focus should last us 150 years.

Even more striking are the conclusions arrived at by Prof. Henry S. Simms, of the Columbia University School of Medicine, in a report presented by him to the American Chemical Society on the results of his ten years of research on "aging as a physiological process."

"Ninety per cent of the deaths in the United States each year," he reported, "result principally from the progressive loss of resistance to disease with advancing age." The death rate in humans, his studies showed, "is at a minimum at the age of ten, when only one child in eight hundred dies." If the death rate remained at this level throughout the whole life span, Professor Simms informed the chemists, "our life expectancy would be five hundred and fifty years instead of only about sixty-three years as at present."

Since resistance to disease is largely a chemical process, further knowledge of the chemical mechanism that leads to the gradual reduction of the body's "intrinsic resistance" would retard the aging process, Professor Simms believes, to the point at which "death would result only from accidents or from attacks of disease severe enough to overcome a resistance approaching that of a child of ten."

Long before Professor Simms had begun his studies in this country, Professor Bogomolets had started out on his lifelong search, first, to determine the causes that lead to the gradual loss by the human body of its intrinsic resistance to disease, and, second, to determine whether it might not be possible to find some means to check the rate of this gradual loss, or even to restore the resistance, at least to some appreciable extent. The story of this modern scientific Odyssey is one of the great epics of the annals of man and has never before been fully described in any lay publication in this country.

The story includes one of the strangest expeditions ever to be undertaken by a group of scientists. With a staff of sixty, Professor Bogomolets set out first to make clinical studies of men who had passed the century mark, in an effort to find out what it was these individuals had that ordinary mortals were not endowed with. His investigators discovered nearly 30,000 who had passed fivescore years. They found, much to their surprise, that a number of individuals who reached or passed the age of a hundred seemed to get a "second wind," a finding made independently by Prof. Grace E. Bird, of the Rhode Island State College of Education, who in 1943 reported on her twenty-year study of 450 centenarians in the United States. The "second wind," it was observed, manifested itself in the restoration of lost or failing eyesight and the return of hair coloring. A common characteristic was found to be a strong resistance to strain, disease and injuries.

This hunt for the living descendants of Methuselah culminated in the discovery of a colony of supercentenarians in the small area of Abkhasia, located in the Caucasus on the Black Sea, and thus relatively

The outstanding science reporter of our time tells about "a discovery more importan

MAY BE YOUNGER

near the geographical neighborhood of the Biblical lands where the original Methuselah lived for nearly ten centuries. In this strange "Methuselahville" Professor Bogomolets' expedition discovered thirty-five persons between the ages of 113 and 136. They were all found to be "brisk and lively," according to the report. One, a comparative youngster of 107, was planning a new venture in matrimony.

What was it that these centenarians had that had been denied to other mortals? Most likely, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had observed nearly a century ago, they had come from a stock of long-lived ancestors. But to fall back on heredity as the sole explanation would be begging the question, as obviously heredity alone is not the answer. There are many descendants of long-lived ancestors who die young, and there are, conversely, many whose ancestors died young who attain a ripe old age.

What Doctor Bogomolets set out to find was whether heredity endowed these individuals with a specific something that enabled them to retain that inherent resistance to disease and senile degeneration for nearly twice the time of average human beings. More specifically, he set himself the task to determine, by means of clinical studies of the various tissues of the long-lived, whether there was not a specific tissue or system of cells in the body that served the function of an "internal fountain of youth," as it were, the "waters" of which constantly regenerate and reinvigorate the multifarious organs and tissues of the body so that it keeps rising phoenixlike out of the ashes of life. If that turned out to be the case, the cause of premature old age at fifty or sixty could be attributed to the pollution of the "waters" of this "internal fountain" by the debris of the chemical processes of life.

In his studies of the modern Methuselahs Doctor Bogomolets became more and more interested in that vast network of elastic tissue in the body forming the so-called "soft skeleton" and known under the general term "connective tissue." It is this connective tissue that forms the inner and outer lining of the body's organs and, in general, holds the body together, binding and supporting its various structures. Because of its function as the body's "living cement," its role was largely regarded as a passive one; for this reason very little attention had been paid to it by biologists, particularly since the days of Élie Metchnikoff, famed Russian biologist under whom Bogomolets studied in his youth, who came to the conclusion that the connective-tissue cells were "ignoble" and played a destructive role as a participant in the degenerative processes in the years past middle life.

In post-mortem studies and in studies of the living, however, Doctor Bogomolets came upon a startling discovery. Invariably, the connective-tissue cells in individuals who had reached ripe old age were in a remarkable state of preservation compared with the connective-tissue cells of those who had died of degenerative diseases. Further clinical studies by himself and a large group of assistants over a period of many years led him to the revolutionary conclusion, regarded at the time with considerable skepticism by the rest of the scientific world, that the structure and condition of the connective-tissue cells, particularly those cells forming what is known as the reticulo-endothelial system (present in the spleen, bone marrow and other organs), determine the organism's resistance to infection, as well as its predisposition to senile changes and the degenerative diseases that come with senescence, such as hardening of the arteries, arthritis, degeneration of the kidneys, high blood pressure and even cancer.

The facts revealed by the living Methuselahs of the Caucasus led Professor Bogomolets to the suspicion, later to become a conviction, that the "ignoble" connective tissue was in reality a "biological Harun-al-Rashid" masquerading as a "beggar" among the body's tissues. In this he was supported by certain other basic facts that had been brought to light in earlier studies on the mechanism involved in the regeneration of cells.

Though the blood supplies nourishment to the cells and also carries off their waste products, the cells of the various organs do not come in direct contact with the blood. The arteries, through which flows blood enriched by nourishing substances and oxygen, ramify into a network of minute capillaries that envelop the cells. It is through the walls of these capillaries that the interaction between the cells and the blood takes place. Now these walls are closely knit with connective tissue, which means that the connective tissue acts as the intermediary between the blood and the cells, constituting a two-way transportation system, through which the cell obtains its food and disposes of its waste products. When such a system gets clogged up, as may happen when its automatic repair mechanism slows down, two inevitable consequences would obviously follow: the cells would not get proper food, while at the same time the means for the elimination of waste products would be impaired.

When Professor Bogomolets set out to make comparative studies of the connective tissues of old and young, he came upon several other remarkable discoveries. This connective-tissue wall between the blood and the cells, he found, did not merely play the passive role of a living sieve through which food passed in and waste products passed out. On the contrary, it was the central power station of life, from which emanated the all-important biochemical activities *(Continued on Page 135)*



WILLIAM L. LAURENCE

When the War Department, early this year, offered William Laurence a chance to scoop the world with the biggest news story of our time, Laurence accepted—but asked for two weeks to clean up his affairs. The affair he wished to attend to was the writing of this article, Tomorrow You May Be Younger, for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

The world-shaking scoop which the War Department very properly handed him was the story of the atomic bomb. Very properly, that is, because Laurence as early as 1940 had said that "fifty years from now we may look upon this discovery (the atomic bomb) as one of the turning points in history." But important though the atomic bomb was, Laurence thought that the War Department could give him two weeks' reprieve while he wrote this article. For he considers the AC serum, which is what may make you younger, "a discovery more important to mankind than the atomic bomb."

In his fifteen years as science reporter for The New York Times, this Pulitzer-prize winner has recorded many of the miracles born in test tubes. He was the first reporter to write authoritatively about the sulpha drugs, the vitamins, penicillin, even test-tube babies.

Working scientists like to talk to "Bill" Laurence because he brings an over-all point of view to their special problems which has frequently been helpful. Even Laurence, a modest man, admits that he "knows more chemistry than a physicist and more physics than a chemist." But he stoutly denies this makes him either a physicist or a chemist. It does make him, however, the outstanding science reporter of his time, and it is logical, therefore, that he would be the first to report this amazing Russian discovery of how life may perhaps be prolonged, not in the dim future but in your time.

the welfare of mankind than the atomic bomb." • BY WILLIAM L. LAURENCE


The Rendezvous

THE DOOR HAD NOT BEEN OPENED. YET IN ANGELA'S HAND WAS THE KEY WHICH HAD LET HER THROUGH

By Margaret Collins McGinn

ANGELA was five when it happened. Afterward, they said she must have dreamed the whole fantastic episode. But the odd part was that no matter how often she repeated the story, it was always the same. And the presence of the Teddy bear and the key could not be denied. Those were tangibles that could not be explained away as mere figments of a child's imagination.

Aunt Ellen was kind, now, and wept over her softly, the tears falling one by one on Angela's sun-bright hair. But Angela did not weep. Why should she? She knew what had happened, and with the unquestioning faith of childhood, she regarded the incredible sequence of events with a serene confidence that remained unshaken.

The day the message came, her mother had been very ill. Angela tiptoed into the room where she lay. She looked like a very lovely wax doll in the huge mahogany four-poster, in which three generations of Laceys had come and gone. Her dark hair framed a pixy face, too thin now, and the eyes too large and shadowed with faint bluish circles. As though, Angela thought, someone had taken a crayon and smudged it beneath them, making the skin below look whiter and more transparent than the blossoms of the magnolia tree just visible beyond the window.

"Angel." The voice was only a whisper, but Angela reached for the slender fingers stretched toward her.

"Mamma." Prim in stiffly starched pinafore and ribbon-tied braids, Angela leaned over the bed and nestled her warm rosy cheek against her mother's pale, cold one. She sniffed an enchanting fragrance of summer flowers—her mother's delicate perfume, a heavenly combination of roses and white violets and lilac distilled into an essence that was always to remind Angela that she hadn't just dreamed that she'd had a mother. "Are you better today, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, much better." But Angela saw her mother's too brilliant eyes turn toward the stand at the bedside. And Angela saw the telegram.

"Was that letter about daddy, mamma?"

"Yes, darling." Angela could barely hear the words.

"Is he coming home soon?"

"Yes, very soon." Her mother lay back among the lacy pillows.

Angela wasn't frightened any more. She had been, when the telegram came. She had seen Aunt Ellen's hand tremble as she reached for the envelope, as though she could tell what it said just by looking at the outside. Angela had been looking for her aunt to ask if she might have a doll's tea party out on the back terrace. But Aunt Ellen had only stared at her oddly, as though she weren't really there, and said, "Yes, child, go on—do go outside," but Angela could tell something was wrong. And Mamie, the fat black cook, had been crying in the kitchen. "Doan' tell her, doan' tell her," she kept moaning. Don't tell who, what? Angela hadn't believed that a little yellow envelope could cause grown-up people to act that way. And later, playing solemnly on the terrace with Red-Whitey, the panda bear, and the twin dolls, Cynthy and Coralie, who were regarding the water-filled teacups with amiably fixed, vacant smiles, the voices of her aunt and Mamie, talking in the kitchen, floated out to her and mingled with the drowsy whirring of old Hilton's lawn mower.

"I HAD to tell her." That was Aunt Ellen's voice. "She would never have forgiven me if I hadn't."

"It'll kill her. It'll kill mah po' Miss Janet." Mamie was crying again.

"What about me?" Aunt Ellen's voice was harsh. "He's my brother." She was sobbing. "The last of the Laceys."

Angela had been afraid that something terrible had happened. Something to do with that yellow envelope. But now everything was all right. Mamma said daddy was coming home. That was good news. Then why was everyone so sad? Maybe because they were so happy. Angela could understand that. Once, on her fourth birthday, just before daddy went away, all three, mamma, daddy and herself, had gone to the circus. And all morning, before they got started, Angela had felt a delicious excitement that tingled all through her. But when her mother was combing her hair, and plaiting it into fat little braids, Angela had suddenly turned around, thrown her arms around her and burst into tears.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"Oh, mamma, I'm so happy, I have to cry!" And her mother had laughed, but tenderly, and said she couldn't go unless she calmed down.

BUT Angela had always remembered that day. For three reasons, she told herself, with a child's passion for sorting facts into their proper sequence. First, she'd been four years old, and practically grown up. Second, she'd been going to a *really* circus, not a just-pretend one, made up out of a picture book. Third, it was the last time she and mamma and daddy had been together before daddy went away. For he had said good-by the very next day, and Angela had admired the two gold stripes on his dark blue sleeves and the gold buttons on his coat, and his beautiful white cap with the visor. The visor had fascinated her.

"What is that, daddy?"

"A visor, Angel. See?" He set the cap on her head. "Keeps the sun out of your eyes." Then, suddenly, he had swung her into his arms, and squeezed her hard, his face tight against hers. "Good-by, Angel." She could feel tears on her cheek.

"Don't cry, daddy," she'd said. "You'll be back soon, won't you?"

Then it had been mamma's turn. Mamma had looked beautiful that day. She was all in white, with a white flower in her dark hair. Mamma had seemed tall to Angela, but daddy had picked her up as if she had been a feather, and kissed her over and over. And mamma had been laughing, even though her eyes were not.

Angela knew that mamma hated to give up the little house, even though, when they finished packing, the rooms looked bare and strange.

Mamma had packed her and daddy's wedding picture last of all, and Angela saw her kiss it before she put it in the trunk. And then they had backed the car out of the tiny garage for the very last time.

"How far is it to Aunt Ellen's, mamma?" Angela asked.

"A hundred miles, Angel." A hundred miles, over smooth, white roads, bordered with beautiful trees blooming like huge bouquets of flowers—white, pink and rose blossoms.

The masses of lovely color gave Angela an idea. "Mamma, if a lady giant were getting married, she could carry one of those trees for her bride's bouquet." She remembered the wedding picture in the trunk. "What was your bouquet made of, mamma?"

"Camellias, darling, and white violets, and white lilacs. I always loved white lilacs."

Well, she still loved them. Right now, beside the telegram, there was a crystal vase filled with them, their delicate scent bringing spring into the room.

Mamma seemed tired. Angela thought, *She has to get lots of rest so she'll look nice when daddy comes back.* She walked softly to the door, just as Aunt Ellen looked in.

"Come out, Angela, your mother's resting."

Angela was afraid of Aunt Ellen. In all her five years she had never been afraid before, but Aunt Ellen wasn't like mamma. She seemed very tall, and far away, and old. Mamma wasn't old, even though she was grown up. Mamma, and daddy, too, always had lots of fun playing with Angela. Once daddy had put three chairs together and pretended to be the bus driver, with mamma and Angela

(Continued on Page 173)

was so tired that she didn't try to understand the strange way daddy and mamma were looking at her.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

The Girl

who had no Pride





IT was good of the real-estate man to have called early this morning to say he was coming out with the Bellflowers between eleven and twelve. The Bellflowers were prospects—*suckers*, Ginny McBride's mind amended. She hung her blue jeans on a nail in the closet and reached for a white drawstring blouse and a wide black cotton skirt. Mrs. Bellflower, a New Yorker vacationing at a near-by lake, had fallen in love with the house on Saturday. Today, Tuesday, she was to have her husband in tow.

Ginny adjusted the drawstring of the blouse for a careful dropped-shoulder effect. *But for the thoughtfulness of my real-estate agent,* she thought, *I could have been discovered digging up the cesspool or cleaning out the chicken house, or doing any one of a number of indelicate jobs that might have interfered seriously with city people's idea of Life in the Country.*

She ducked, for she was tall, to see herself in the wavy little mirror set back under the sloping ceiling. *I look funny,* she decided, *out of pants. But picturesque.* She had a grave, not quite beautiful face, and humorous black-brown eyes under heavy winged brows. She slipped a couple of hairpins into her dark coronet of braids and regarded herself with satisfaction. *All I need is a daisy in my teeth. Or a basket of washed eggs.*

With sudden inspiration she went across the room to the highboy, where she bent and rummaged through a couple of drawers until she found a rustically packaged bottle of New Mown Hay cologne which had been sent her by a city week-end guest. She broke the seal and poured some of it in her hand and smoothed it across her bare shoulders. "I make myself sick." She said it out loud in a tone that was complacent.

From the top of the highboy her husband's pictured face regarded her soberly above his lieutenant's bars. Even in the picture you could see the cowlick that angled his fair hair back sharply from his rugged, good-looking young face. You could see that he had a dreamer's eyes. You didn't get his lean height, or his big hands, or his slow warm smile.

GINNY crossed her fingers. *Oh, they have to buy the house,* she willed fervently, *with Mac coming home any day now.* Sixty-five hundred, the real-estate man had told her to hold out for. A profit beyond her wildest dreams.

Out loud she said to the picture, "If I give you sixty-five hundred dollars will you keep me? Darling, I hope I'm kidding." She shook her head and turned away. *Cabin fever, that's what I've got. Living alone almost three years. Talking to myself.*

At the door she turned for a final survey of the room. August breezes puffed at the white ruffled curtains hanging at the tiny dormer windows, giving a lovely effect of coolness, as did the ivied wallpaper, the green dust ruffle under the white bedspread. She was about to leave when her eye caught the thermometer hanging beside her bed. In a burst of self-torturing curiosity she had hung it there one night last week. Ninety, it had said at midnight. She took it down and hid it behind the books on the bedside table. No use putting ideas into their heads.

Down a step, up a step into the bathroom. All hell must have laughed when that bit of construction was decided upon. She had fallen there twice before she got used to it. Her left wrist was still sore from time to time; she fingered it absently as she checked the neat rows of guest towels, the pristine whiteness of the plumbing. Rose-strewn paper diverted one's gaze—it was hoped—from the ancient fixtures. Roses, cut from the paper, were pasted with abandon on every conceivable place—and some places that were inconceivable. They were pasted on the panes of the diamond-shaped window, and shellacked on the black-painted floor.

"Whimsical, precious, amusing!" Mrs. Bellflower had giggled like a little girl, covering her mouth with a plump diamond-ringed hand.

And cold, thought Ginny, as she turned to descend the narrow stairs, *as Billy-be-damned in the winter.*

The morning sun streamed through the bubbly old glass windows of the living room. It was pleasant to remember that Mrs. Bellflower had given a little scream when she saw this room. Sage-green paper with a bit of coral in the figured stripe covered three walls; the fourth, paneled, had been painted a matching green. Corner cupboards, coral-lined, held milk glass.

"WHY—why, it's just like something you'd read about!" Mrs. Bellflower had marveled, clasping her hands with admiration. "And to think you did it all yourself. Oh, you've all been so wonderful, you young war wives. Carrying on so bravely with hubby 'over there.' Making a little nest for him to come home to. Oh, but my dear, how can you *bear* to think of selling before he comes home?"

Ginny had smiled with what she hoped was gentle resignation. Mac's job was waiting for him in Hartford—newspaper advertising. Too far, unfortunately, for commuting.

"Well. Of course, your loss is our gain. That is, if I can persuade Henry." Mrs. Bellflower's sagging pretty face was wistful. "But I know it must break your heart to part with the dear old place, with all its honeymoon memories."

Ginny told her, "I bought this place after my husband left. As a sort of investment. I've been doing quite well on my chickens." Silently she added, *And I hope to do even better on you.* "As for a honeymoon, there wasn't much of that. We had five days before he left."

"Oh." Mrs. Bellflower's mouth made a small asterisk of sympathy. "Hardly time to become acquainted."

"But we had known each other for years. We lived next door to each other in a little town not far from Hartford."

"How nice." Mrs. Bellflower had been pleased to discover one of her favorite romantic situations. "Then you were childhood sweethearts."

Ginny had hesitated. "I suppose you might say that."

She thought about her answer now as she crossed the room to lower the shades halfway so that her job of extension wiring merged into the gloom along the baseboards. Yes, you might say that. But you would be very far indeed from the truth.

It was harmless enough, surely, to have let nice sentimental Mrs. Bellflower dream up for herself a stock childhood-sweetheart background. It would have disillusioned her if she could have seen Ginny for the skinny kid she had been, hair hooked behind her ears, pumping hard on her bicycle to keep up with Mac or cleaning out the rabbit pens for him that time he had gone into the rabbit-raising business. Or, in fact, doing almost any of all the crazy things she had done to prove she deserved his accolade: "You're more like a boy than a girl." *(Continued on Page 128)*

THE THING THAT MATTERED WAS GETTING HIM. WHAT SHE DID, AND HOW SHE DID IT—THOSE TWO POINTS WERE AMAZINGLY INSIGNIFICANT ★ BY NAOMI A. HINTZE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

THAT MAN IS

By George Bradshaw and Robert Thomsen

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



"WE'RE finished," she said. "He's no longer my captain. I'm no longer his sergeant." She moved about the empty office. This was getting to be a habit, this thinking out loud, talking to herself. "Better be careful," she said. "Section Eight. That comes next."

She stopped by his desk and slowly ran her fingers around the edge of the large blotting pad. She looked across at the safe by the door, at the war map taped to the wall.

"Oh, dear," she said, "oh, dear." Then she shook her head. "No," she said, "no. A quick exit. That's the thing. No remarks. Just out—and fast."

But she didn't go. Instead she sat in his chair and took a piece of paper from the drawer. Methodically she put it in the typewriter. He'd be back in five minutes. Staff meetings broke up early and he had an appointment with the colonel at five.

"To: Captain Marsten," she typed. "From: Sergeant Wilson. Top Secret."

Under Remark I she wrote: "This is good-by. I hope you can find everything you want. You know where the travel orders are and you have your keys. The new kid seems real bright. I hope she is."

Under Remark II she wrote: "That's everything."

Under Remark III she wrote: "Almost everything. Only one thing more: I love you. I have ever since they ordered me to report to you in Africa. I love you, and being near you has meant more to me than anything else that ever happened. All the time this was going on you—you just thought of me as a technical sergeant, WAC."

Under Remark IV she wrote: "No, wait a minute, please, captain. I don't want you to get this wrong. I'm not sore. Honest I'm not. Because you see you've made me happier than anybody has a right to be. We had so much together. We shared the biggest experience either of us will ever have. Up to now it's been all right because I was with you, seeing you, but now I'm going four thousand miles away and ——"

Capt. Thomas Marsten came into the office. Jerry rose and placed the paper face down on his desk, then she walked in a straight line to the door.

"Jerry ——" he said, picking up the paper. She closed the door behind her. "Sergeant," he called, and began to read. Later, when he reached the hallway, she was gone.

BACK in Glen Falls, Michigan, things didn't go any too well. For one thing, her brothers kept calling her "sarge" and had a way of snapping to attention and saluting every time she came into a room.

And then her mother flew around so; she saw everybody—and called the rest on the phone—and told them her baby'd come back and that she was going to keep her right there with her until she'd forgotten all those *awful* things that happened overseas.

The mayor paid a call her second night back and seemed very upset to find her wearing a green print dress. He'd come to ask her to make a speech at city hall—but she should be wearing her uniform, of course. He couldn't see how he could introduce just Miss Jerry Wilson.

Altogether—after just five days of it—it seemed a good idea to take the midnight down to New York City.

There were a couple of shows and several spectacular parties with old chums, but before the week was out she found herself having lunch alone. When the check arrived she noticed that it was four dollars and something.

Now, Jerry, my sweet, she said, *face it!* and she got up and walked right over to Moe Devonshire's office.

"Moe," she said, "you've got no choice. You've got to give me back my job. If I apply to you within ninety days—they passed a law in Congress."

Moe Devonshire, Theatrical Agent and Play Broker, Ltd., looked up at her with his lazy, alert gaze. "All right," he said, "all right. You're in here Monday morning at ten." He leaned back and put his head on one side. "Only I hope you haven't learned anything from this war. Audiences want just what they used to want. The only difference is now it's got to have ballet too. And no pretty chorus babes, you understand. College-type girls in Mother Hubbards doing square dances. Down the Oregon Trail with the hands on the hips. See?"

He handed her a pile of manuscripts.

"You'll catch on," he said. "Chic Americana. Cartier folk opera."

Jerry was a little confused.

BUT she read every script that came into the office and she was happy—well, she was busy anyway. And getting back into an old routine is always a friendly thing. The scripts weren't really bad. They weren't any worse than they'd been three years ago, and the authors who took her to lunch weren't less attractive, but something was missing: the sense of excitement—the hope.

Shows opened early that season and some of them were hits, but the frightening thing, the thing she couldn't understand, was that it didn't seem to matter any more.

"Life has dealt me a knife in the back," she said to herself one afternoon sitting under the drier at Henri's, "but I'll be brave."

"What did you say?"

"I said I had been knifed in the back but I'd be brave."

"Of course," Henri said. He was the soul of understanding.

"The two greatest experiences that can come to a girl, war and love. And I get 'em both in the middle of my twenty-fifth year."

"Goodness."

"But what happens now? Where can I possibly go from here?"

Henri shook his head and busied himself with the drier.

"The case history of a career girl. Very sad," she said and put down her movie magazine. "There I was in the big city, fighting to make my way. And I was doing all right, too, remember that. Independent. Nice clothes. Lots of laughs. And then my country calls. So what do I do?"

"You go."

She nodded. "I go. But nothing fancy, you understand. I put away my silver foxes and funny sayings; an enlisted Wac, that's baby. *(Continued on Page 137)*

TO JERRY, THE PLAY WAS THE THING.

BUT SHE WAS PLAYING FOR KEEPS.

HERE AGAIN

★ *"I want to talk to you," she said, her voice shaking. "I wouldn't stay here tonight if I were you."*




For
Always

There is much a wife can learn from the "other girl" in a man's life.

BY VALERIA WINSLOW GRIFFITH

THE swift rush of tires on the gravel drive beneath her window wakened Rosalind Gregory, compelling her to acknowledge that it was morning. Peter was leaving for the office and another long day stretched ahead of her. The sun was warm on her face and she turned her head away from the window before she opened her eyes. Peter always forgot to lower the blinds.

The blaze of sunlight fell on Peter's pajamas, in a heap by his bed. A wet towel trailed from the open bathroom door, the top of his dresser was a jumble of rumpled handkerchiefs and rejected ties. Rosalind was learning all over again what an untidy person Peter was.

She sighed as she considered the possibilities of the day. She could have Lilian bring a tray to her room. She could sleep until noon; she could —— She heard the phone ring and the shuffle of Lilian's moccasins.

"Mrs. Gregory! Oh, Mrs. Gregory!"

Rosalind reached for her robe. Lilian would stand at the foot of the stairs and bellow until she appeared. Lilian could iron a man's collar properly and she was a very good cook. And she didn't demand too much money. Naturally one didn't quibble over little idiosyncrasies such as announcing guests and phone calls by loud shouts.

Rosalind picked up the receiver. "Yes?"

"This is Miss Martin, at the child-placement center. We have a child for you, Mrs. Gregory."

"Oh, no!" Rosalind cried. "You couldn't! Why, it was only a couple of weeks ago ——"

A bubbling laugh interrupted her. "I knew you'd be surprised. It's a lovely baby. Could you come to see him this afternoon at three?"

"Why, yes," Rosalind said. "I suppose so."

She dropped the receiver on the hook. It just wasn't possible! When she had talked with Miss Martin about adopting a child she had been told that it might be a year before one was available. And she knew the Cranshaws had waited for two years before they got Maribell.

Rosalind's first impulse was to call Miss Martin back and tell her that she couldn't take a child on such short notice. She opened the directory, but the image of Peter's face blurred the black type. She put the book down and went up to her room. Before her mirror she absent-mindedly rubbed at the crease between her eyes. Lately that crease was always there.

She picked up a framed picture of herself and Peter, taken on their honeymoon in Mexico five years before. They were in the arched entrance of an old temple, their arms around each other and their faces lifted to the revealing sun. There was no etched line between her eyes. And Peter's hair was black as midnight against a bank of flaming cloud. And he was laughing. Peter had laughed a great deal then. Rosalind put the picture down. Being reminded of lost happiness was unbearable.

After Mexico there had been three lovely years. Even afterward, while he was away at war, there had been his letters and finally the exciting weeks of preparing for his home-coming, redecorating the bedroom, setting out the rose garden he had always wanted. And then a week's vacation from her job so that she might spend every one of the first precious days with him. That week had been the justification of two years of dreaming.

IT WAS later that the first dissonance crept into their relationship. There was an unreasonableness on Peter's part, answering flashes of resentment on hers. He didn't like the way she'd done the bedroom. He dutifully inspected the rose garden and then seemed to forget it. Before he went away drinking hadn't interested him. Now it was part of his daily routine.

And he insisted on Rosalind's giving up her job. It was no use to tell him how hard she'd worked to earn it, how much it meant to her. He just dismissed the topic impatiently. "A job was all right as a stopgap while I was away. But I'm home now."

"But what can I do with myself, Peter?" she argued. "Even if I let Lilian go ——"

"We could raise a family," Peter said.

When they'd found that they'd never have a child of their own Peter had suggested adopting one, but the war had come along before they had reached any decision.

Rosalind let his revival of the idea go unanswered. They made an undiscussed compromise. Rosalind gave up her job and Peter didn't mention children again. Not until the night of the party.

Rosalind had hoped that the party might cheer Peter out of his increasing moodiness. She'd worked hard to make it a good one, but the war had scattered their old crowd, and nearly all the people she invited were friends she had made while Peter was away. He made no effort to get acquainted with them. The livelier and louder they became, the more he withdrew. Until Mike Sears found the old picture album at the bottom of the game chest. The crowd gathered around him, making merry over the clothes and faces in the faded photographs.

Mike turned a page. "What's this—an orphan asylum? If it's a family, no wonder the old man looks worried. It sure must have kept him hopping just to buy shoes for that mob!"

A long arm reached over Mike's shoulder and jerked the book away. There was a sudden silence in the room. And then Peter's icy voice:

"My grandfather had a lot of quaint ideas. I think he might actually have preferred to spend his money on shoes for his children rather than on liquor for brawls like this."

The party didn't last long after that.

Later, in their room, Peter wasn't even properly penitent. "I'm sorry, Rosy, but I got so fed up with that bunch of parasites ——"

"My friends!"

"All right—your friends. But where do they get a right to make a joke of a man who raised eleven children? I bet they haven't got that many between them—and maybe it's just as well, at that. People who go roistering around at three A.M. don't deserve to have children."

During the night Rosalind made up her mind that there was only one thing for her to do if she meant to hold Peter. She waited till he'd finished breakfast before she told him.

"I'm going to the child-placement center this morning and make application for a child. Which would you rather have—a boy or a girl?"

"A boy," Peter said instantly. He pushed his paper off the table. "Listen, Rosy, do you really mean it?"

She nodded.

The bright eagerness in his face hurt her a little. "That's swell," he said. "It'll be great to have a kid around here."

ROSALIND felt guilty about not telling him how long he'd have to wait, and about being selfishly glad, herself, that it was sure to be a year. Maybe even two years.

And now, after only two weeks ——

There wasn't anything to do but go and get the baby, even though she hadn't the vaguest idea how to take care of it. She thought, not too hopefully, that Lilian might know how. But Lilian, dusting in the hall when Rosalind came downstairs, answered the question decisively.

"I don't know nothing about 'em, ma'am," she said. "I never works in houses where there's children." The kitchen door flipped shut behind her.

Rosalind tried, nevertheless, to sound happily excited when she telephoned her news to Peter.

"That's wonderful!" Peter said. "I've been wondering why they were so slow. I'll pick you up at two-thirty. No—wait. I can't make it. Lansdale will be here from the home office and I've absolutely got to see him. I'm terribly sorry, Rosy, but ——"

"It's all right," Rosalind said quickly. "I don't mind going alone. Really I don't, Peter." She had a comforting sense of brief reprieve. They couldn't possibly expect her to bring home a baby that Peter hadn't even seen.

Miss Martin was plump and gray-haired. When she smiled little lines radiated from the corners of her blue eyes. "I know how anxious you must be to see him, Mrs. Gregory, but first I think you should know something of the case history."

Rosalind wasn't sure that she wanted to know. Her hunger for a child of her own was greater than even Peter realized. An adopted child seemed a poor, alien substitute, and hearing about its real parents would only make it more definitely alien. But Miss Martin did not wait for her to answer.

"It's really an extraordinary thing! I wasn't too hopeful that we'd find you a child at all, Mrs. Gregory. You were so explicit on so many points. A boy, six to nine months old, with dark hair and eyes, of Scotch or English stock. To find one who fits all those specifications, and to find him so soon—why, it almost seems as if you were *meant* to have him!" She ruffled through a card file. "Just listen to this. Robert Harrison Cummings, eight months, eighteen pounds. Only living relatives a nine-year-old sister and an aunt in North Dakota." She looked up. "Both parents were killed in a motor accident. They were—well, people like you and Mr. Gregory. We've checked on them as carefully as we've checked on you."

"You mentioned a sister," Rosalind said.

"She will go to the aunt. It's fortunate for her that there is one. Not many people want a nine-year-old girl, and she's a plain little thing."

Miss Martin pressed a button and a nurse appeared with a sturdy baby in her arms.

(Continued on Page 178)

Her two black ropes of braid switched back and forth under Rosalind's questioning. The muffled sobs didn't stop.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

TIME: TONIGHT . . . PLACE: AT HOME

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Incentive: a man in the house again. Result: a woman in her element. There's a kind of luminous look about her, as though all the lights had gone on quite suddenly. Satin goes with it, and pearls: this pale green-and-gold slipper satin robe, ankle-length; these soft-spoken gold ballet slippers. You'll know—and he'll tell you, with words and gestures.

STRIPED SATIN ROBE AND TURKISH PAJAMAS BY LINA LESER; BEIGE WOOLEN BY JOSEPH WHITEHEAD. JEWELS BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS.





Chinese pajamas in white lamé, slim and silvery, catching the candlelight. Actually, you are far better company than a dream, and less remote—but you do resemble one. Stilt-high silver-brocade clogs make you taller than you are. The loose, easy jacket and silky trousers feel divinely free and different after daytime clothes. No bracelets, pins or flowers. You are yourself, but a shining new version.

The way you'd like to look but never quite dared: it's your privilege, at home, to be as dramatic as you please. If you have this kind of lean long figure, this kind of pajama is a wonderful thing to own, and an exciting change. Turkish in cut, russet-brown in color, worn with a gold-trimmed belt, great bronze clogs, your hair smooth and shining, new iridescent pink nail polish—and perfume, definitely exotic.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL







After a long tense day, a long quiet evening. **Above right:** *A warm beige woolen with soft lines, its deep armholes outlined in gold-sequin embroidery—relaxed and comfortable, not without guile.* **Right:** *At-home dress that can leave at a sudden invitation; the new full skirt in turquoise-blue wool with a black jersey. Your own original touches . . . a leopard-skin belt, individual jewelry.*

SNOWBOUND-TO-FIRESIDE FASHIONS



A bright wool jacket over a soft wool dress with front fullness, by Claire McCardell.



From knitted hood to sheep-lined boots, you can be ready for stormy weather. Corduroy coat over slim trousers. Wide pony-skin belt, matching fur bag.



Three-piecewool: jerseyblouse, pleate skirt, jacket; by Claire McCardel

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL

SKETCHES BY LEE LUNZER



Snow-crested slopes glistening in the sun; cold air against your face; brisk walking in a winter wonderland. This season your outdoor sports clothes take an important place in your wardrobe. A warm and lightweight corduroy coat over matching trousers is belted in pony skin with a mammoth matching bag. Christmas gifts range from a snow-white mouton coat to a pair of warmest ribbed-wool sox. For indoors, a pair of slim and elegant black velveteen slacks or a dirndl skirt with a ruffled blouse. For the very young, coral-pink knee-length slacks with a high-necked jersey and embroidered knitted slippers add enchantment to your own fireside fashions—or will make a winter merry for a very special friend! ★ **BY DAWN CROWELL**

Walking in snow-laden country. Knitted hat and gloves: wool

Two girls with two ideas for winter fashion. Left: *White mouton coat over plaid wool skirt.* Right: *Alaskan-rabbit jacket with hood; plaid trousers tucked into boots, warm mittens.*

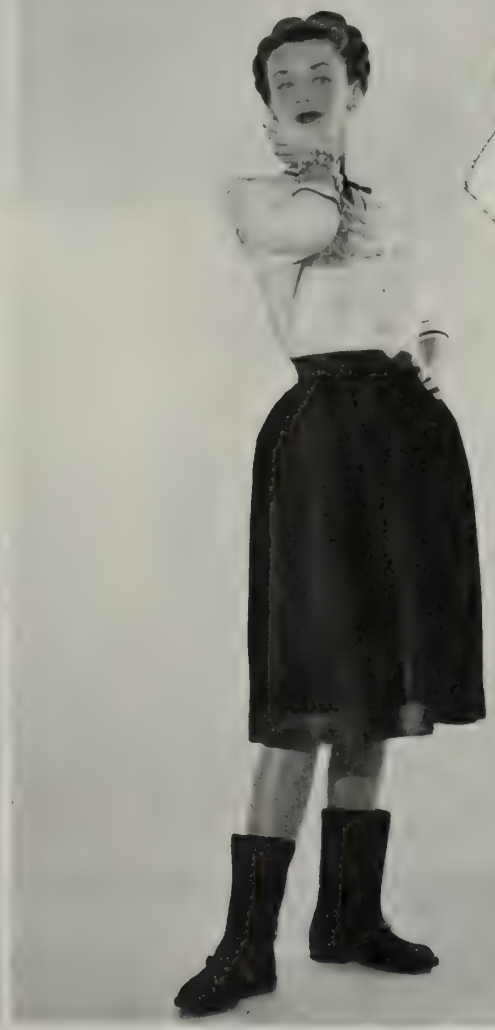
Slim silhouette for skiing. Natural poplin jacket lined in red; gabardine ski pants; crocheted shawl and hood; knitted gloves.



Pastel wool with dropped shoulder line, by Joset Walker. Easy to change with accessories.



the-fireplace fashion. Tailored white crepe



Informal Sunday parties. Ruffled white blouse and





Knee-length slacks are young and gay. Claire

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

African Violets

BY RICHARD PRATT

I THINK it is safe to say that the African violet is the most popular of all house plants, and also that it is one of the most persnickety. In the warm and humid atmosphere of greenhouses it is grown by the million with great success, for eager and hopeful purchasers; and amateurs at home, in rooms where such warmth and humidity would warp the furniture, try to perpetuate their perky flowers and velvety leaves. Many succeed under ordinary conditions; others fail, but keep on trying; and it is largely for the latter that this is written. The plants aren't violets at all, but they *are* African, from the hot, damp climate of rubber and vanilla; and the trick to growing them in houses here, so far away from their native haunts, is to keep them in temperatures above fifty-five at an easterly window out of too strong sunlight, and keep them moist from below with warmish water. The varieties in the picture are Blue Boy and White Lady, two of the prettiest, and the stand on which their pots are placed on a layer of pebbles is metal-lined to hold water up to the pot bottoms. Pots in saucers on a window sill would work just as well. And if you would like to grow your own, which is often better than buying full-grown plants, you can get a flowering plant in three months from a leaf cutting. A complete booklet, by a specialist, can be had by sending 10 cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for AFRICAN VIOLETS AS A HOBBY, No. 2209.

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

In the main, do you think President Truman is continuing your husband's policies? Or do you think he is moving to the left? Or to the right?

I think probably President Truman is continuing his own policies. He has been the President now for more than six months, and while he announced at the start that he intended to continue President Roosevelt's policies, my guess is that he is not the kind of man who would continue any policies unless they were his own as well. President Truman probably agrees with many of the things for which my husband stood, and therefore has to a large extent carried these things out. I do not think he has moved either to the right or to the left. His philosophy, as it appears from what he says and does, is the philosophy of a good American Democrat.

Is it your personal conviction that Adolf Hitler is dead?

No. I think I should feel uncertain about it unless his body had really been identified.

I have just read your excellent article, You Can't Pauperize Children. Here in Chicago that is just what will happen when the war nurseries are closed. My husband died when our baby was only eight months old. During the past sixteen months, when I have been spending what little life insurance he left paying for private care, I looked forward to the time when I could manage on my own pay by having my son cared for in a nursery for a reasonable amount. I have no other means of support except my own labor. What can be done, if anything, to continue the war-nursery program?

I think the war nurseries were needed before the war just as they are needed now when the war has come to an end. The needs of the war brought this problem to the attention of those who wanted to accelerate production, and therefore the war nurseries became a Government program.

Now I think there are only two agencies which can undertake to fill this very obvious need. One is the industries themselves, and that will mean only those working in big industries will get the benefit of what is done. The other is the Government. Perhaps this program should be undertaken by the localities with the help of the states, or even with some Federal aid under a Federal Security program. The more the need is brought to the attention of representatives and senators, and responsible officials in the Government, the more likely we are to have something done. It would be a good idea to get everyone in your locality together if possible, to write to Congressman Lanham, and to the President and to your own representative in Congress.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

It seems to me that at this time, when the world is looking forward to a permanent world peace, a world flag would be in order. It should be flown above the flag of each nation at all times. Children would be taught its meaning and would respect it above all else. Is there any way to have such a flag officially adopted?

I think this is a matter which should be brought to the attention of the United Nations organization when it is formed. If agreement can be reached on a flag for the United Nations, later its display and handling in individual nations could be thought through and the rules laid down.

To whom should I make the suggestion of an age limit on automobile drivers' licenses? It seems to me that automobile drivers of seventy and seventy-five are responsible for as many accidents as the person under sixteen. Is there an age limit now? If so, what is it?

I do not know if there is an age limit on driving licenses. Each state has different laws, and I should think this situation could be covered by requiring people to pass health examinations periodically, because any impairment of the faculties or any physical disability would then be discovered and they would be told whether it was wise or unwise for them to drive any longer. However, I know many people of seventy and even seventy-five who are as good drivers as they were at sixty.

According to the Friends Committee on National Legislation, thousands in Europe will starve or freeze to death this winter unless help reaches them. Is there anything which the women of America, as individuals, can do in this emergency?

Yes. They can join in the Share the Food campaign and they can prod their congressmen into hurrying the appropriations for the United Nations Rehabilitation and Relief Administration, so that UNRRA can do a better job. Women can make it known that they feel it is essential to re-establish the mining industry and the transportation systems in Europe.

Recently in your page in the JOURNAL you stated your approval of women holding political office, but said you did not feel qualified yourself. What qualifications should a woman have to run for Congress?

She should be fairly young and strong and healthy. She should have a good education and if possible some experience in political work on a community and state level. She should have convictions as to what she believes is necessary for her community and for the nation as a whole, and she should have some comprehension of the nation's place in the world of today.

As a teacher I have found that many children wish to change their given names. What do you think of the idea of letting children select their own names sometime between the ages of twelve and eighteen?

I do not think it is a very good idea. Many children are dissatisfied with their names for no good reason, and usually names are given children to carry on some traditions in the family. I think, therefore, it would be a mistake to let children change their given names before they are of an age to appreciate the reason they were given the particular names.

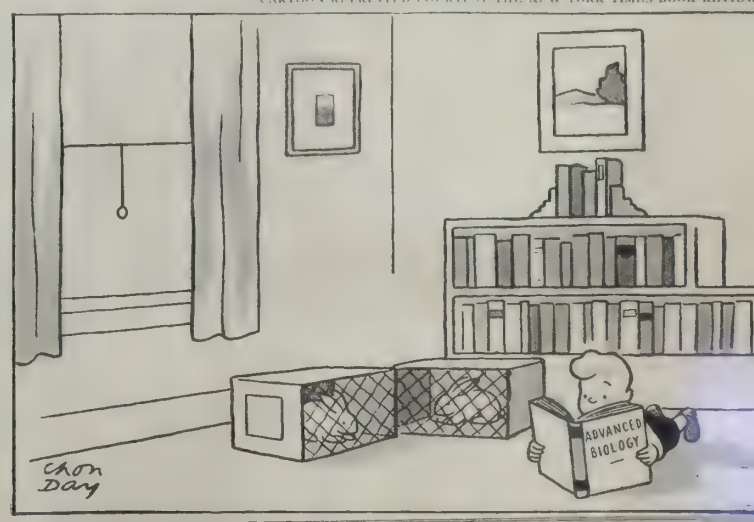
Some time ago I read that there is a vitamin to prevent gray hair and also restore gray hair to its original color. Can you tell me where to write for more information on this subject which interests me?

No. I never heard of it and I should think the right place where you would get reliable information would be from your doctor.

Do you think girls of thirteen should be allowed to read best sellers if they understand them?

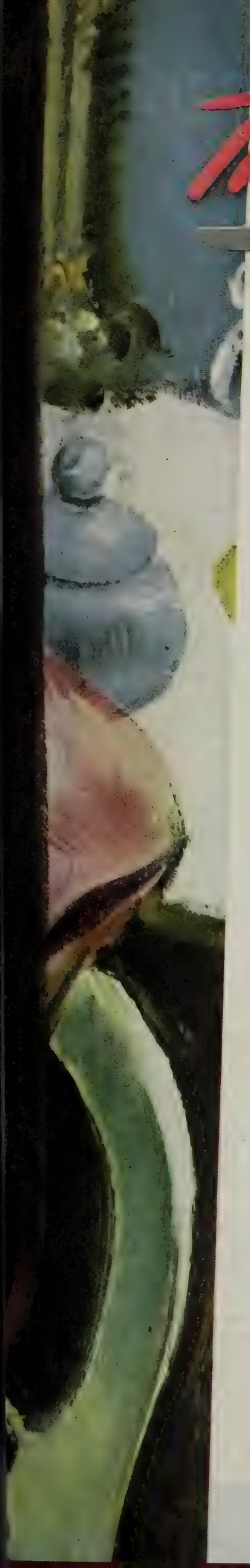
I think this is a question which only parents and teachers can decide. Girls of thirteen vary in their maturity, and some books may do certain children no harm. Others might react differently. I think the decision will have to remain with the elders.

CARTOON REPRINTED COURTESY THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW





She stood quietly in the circle of his arms and tried to restrain the violence of her repulsion.



This Side of Innocence

Continuing the story of a woman who married the wrong man. By Taylor Caldwell

JEROME LINDSEY, family black sheep and dilettante painter, returns home at the news that his Cousin Alfred is about to marry Amalie Maxwell, schoolteacher. Jerome's sister Dorothea thinks that Amalie is a vixen who wants the family money, and persuades Jerome to stay home and help her fight the marriage. Alfred has been legally adopted by their father and is the acting head of the bank founded by their grandfather. Thinking that Alfred's marriage would rob him of his own money, Jerome agrees to stay, though this is the first time he has been to Hilltop since five years before, when he was invalided home from the Civil War.

Amalie and Jerome are bitter enemies, yet in the midst of their quarrels they sense a deep, almost animal attraction for each other. Old Mr. Lindsey sees Amalie's good points: her courage and honesty in admitting that she wants to marry for security, and her very real love for Philip, Alfred's crippled son by a first marriage. Jerome sees only that Amalie is beautiful, strong-minded and wicked. He knows that she cannot love dull, good Alfred, but that she will marry him to get what she wants.

In spite of the antagonism between them, Jerome continues unwillingly to be drawn to Amalie. He follows her one night when she walks to the snowy woods behind Hilltop, pushes her muff away from her cold face and kisses her.

Dorothea finds them quarreling in the music room next day, senses the attraction behind the hate and says, "So, she has you too. Stay away from that woman, or I shall tell your father and Alfred!"

As Jerome walks past her, Dorothea shivers. *He is evil. There is something terrible about him, in spite of his smiles.* But she knows that Jerome will stay at Hilltop.

II

THE cutter, driven smartly by Alfred, carved the bright snow with a razor's edge as it wound smoothly down the long slope to the valley. The horse flung up his head, prancing with pleasure, and apparently enjoyed the musical jingling of the bells on his harness. White spume flew backward from his hoofs, and Jerome winced as the sharp spray stung his face. Despite the robes, his toes were beginning to acquire an unpleasant lack of sensation.

Alfred, beside him, was obviously enjoying himself. The young horse might prance, and wish to cavort, but Alfred controlled him with evident satisfaction.

The valley road wound down to Riversend and the town rose up to meet them. They passed a straggling settlement of workmen's shacks, built of gray clapboards, their windows tired and dirty. A group of women at the communal pump attempted to work the frozen apparatus. Wan and ragged children surrounded the women. Jerome saw their pallid faces, their hungry eyes as they turned to look at the passing cutter.

Jerome said, "Haven't they done anything about these people yet? Increased their pay or mended their houses?"

Alfred looked back at the shacks and the women and children. His harsh face became ugly with repulsion and disgust. "They never save a penny," he said.

Jerome had what he considered a brilliant idea. "Look here, if the railroad paid their men decently, these people could buy houses. The bank could finance them on long-term mortgages. Architects could be engaged to draft plans with some originality. Something pleasant to the eye. Give the poor devils some self-respect, pride in their community ——"

Alfred reined in the horse with almost vicious strength. "Jerome, please do not give voice to such ideas among our friends and depositors. It might alarm them. I would not dare to prophesy the consequences." He paused. "But, of course, you were only joking."

Jerome turned his head to look back at the shacks, which were like a broken ulcer on the long white slope. His eyes narrowed in his thin brown face. "Yes," he said, "I was only joking."

Alfred was visibly relieved, but still affronted. He flicked his whip cuttingly at the horse's flanks. "You don't understand these people, I am afraid. Give them more money and the taverns will only become more prosperous. As it is, they spend much of their wages on drink."

Jerome's expression became dreamy. "'We hold these truths to be self-evident,'" he murmured. Then more audibly: "It appears that the pursuit of happiness is the prerogative of those who can afford to pay for it."

"Rather, of those who are worthy of it," said Alfred vigorously. "Jerome, what you say is mischievous. It can cause untold damage. Again I must remind you to keep your perilous ideas to yourself."

Now Jerome was wide awake, all his genteel languor gone. "I feel something in the air in America," he said thoughtfully. "I felt it in Europe, too, only in a more sluggish fashion. I think we are passing from the 'rule of the superior,' from the 'God-appointed.' I think the dream of the Greek philosophers is fermenting under the misery and the hopelessness of the world. Socrates walks the earth like a brightening ghost. And there is nothing you can do about it, my dear Alfred. It is your kind of idea which is perishing."

Alfred smiled grimly. "You truly surprise me, Jerome. I like to think of you following the ghost of Socrates, perhaps carrying a banner. The thought is edifying."

Jerome only laughed.

They were approaching the gates of a beautiful estate. A mansion of rosy brick stood in the snow, its great chimneys smoldering against the sparkling blue sky. Spruces and firs, heavy with whiteness, were scattered about the grounds. A very tall and lean gentleman was standing outside the iron gates with a brace of dogs, who now set up a wild barking at the approach of the cutter.

"Why, isn't that old General Tayntor?" asked Jerome, with pleasure. "I haven't seen the old devil since the war."

Alfred began to rein in the horse. He said stiffly, "I told him a few days ago that you intended to go into the bank. He was much interested."

The cutter drew up at the gates of the estate. Brig. Gen. Wainwright Tayntor was an alert soldier whose movements denied his sixty-five years. His tall hat was set at a rakish angle on his smoothly clipped white hair.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, reaching the cutter. "Jerome, my dear boy! Let me look at you. My boy, you give me pleasure just to see you! Ho, ho!"

"And it gives me pleasure to see you, sir." Jerome pushed aside the robes and got out courteously. He was tall, but the general topped him by three inches. They stood and beamed at each other.

"Good morning, general," said Alfred formally.

At the sound the general started. "Eh? Oh, yes, Alfred. How are you, Alfred? Bright morning, eh?" He dismissed Alfred and returned to Jerome. "What is this I hear about you, you rascal? Going into the bank. You, in the bank. Ho, ho, ho!" said the general, turning quite crimson, and going off into a spasm of ribald chuckles.

BRIG. GEN. WAINWRIGHT TAYNTOR had a wicked and satanic face, ruddy and mobile. His color was usually very high, for he was happily addicted to whisky, which he consumed in great and lighthearted quantities. Whisky was not the only reprehensible addiction of his; he was also addicted to women, the younger the better. Had he not been a rich man, and a power in the community, he would have been ostracized from society.

But he was a very rich man, one of the wealthiest in the state. He was also a great *élégant*, well traveled, a dabbler in politics, a widower for the past eighteen years, and the father of two beautiful daughters, still unmarried. His parties were notable, and not to be included in them was a calamity not to be endured. The general pretended to no gentility, but this was unnecessary, as he came of an old and distinguished family, and so exercised his natural profanity and libidinous tendencies with an inspiriting disregard for public opinion. He contrived to fill his exquisite and tasteful house with the prettiest servant wenches the community could produce, and he had the air of a pasha among them, though his usual attitude toward the ladies of the community was irreproachable. His daughters adored him.

Alfred Lindsey was afraid of the general, and disgusted by him. But the general was powerful, and a heavy depositor in the bank. He owned the local railroad, the land on which the workers' shacks stood, and held many secret, and juicy, mortgages over the heads of the local gentry. So Alfred climbed out, also, and stood uneasily while Jerome and the old soldier slapped each other's shoulders and exchanged improper and insulting remarks.

(Continued on Page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

CAN WE EAT WELL ND FEED EUROPE TOO?

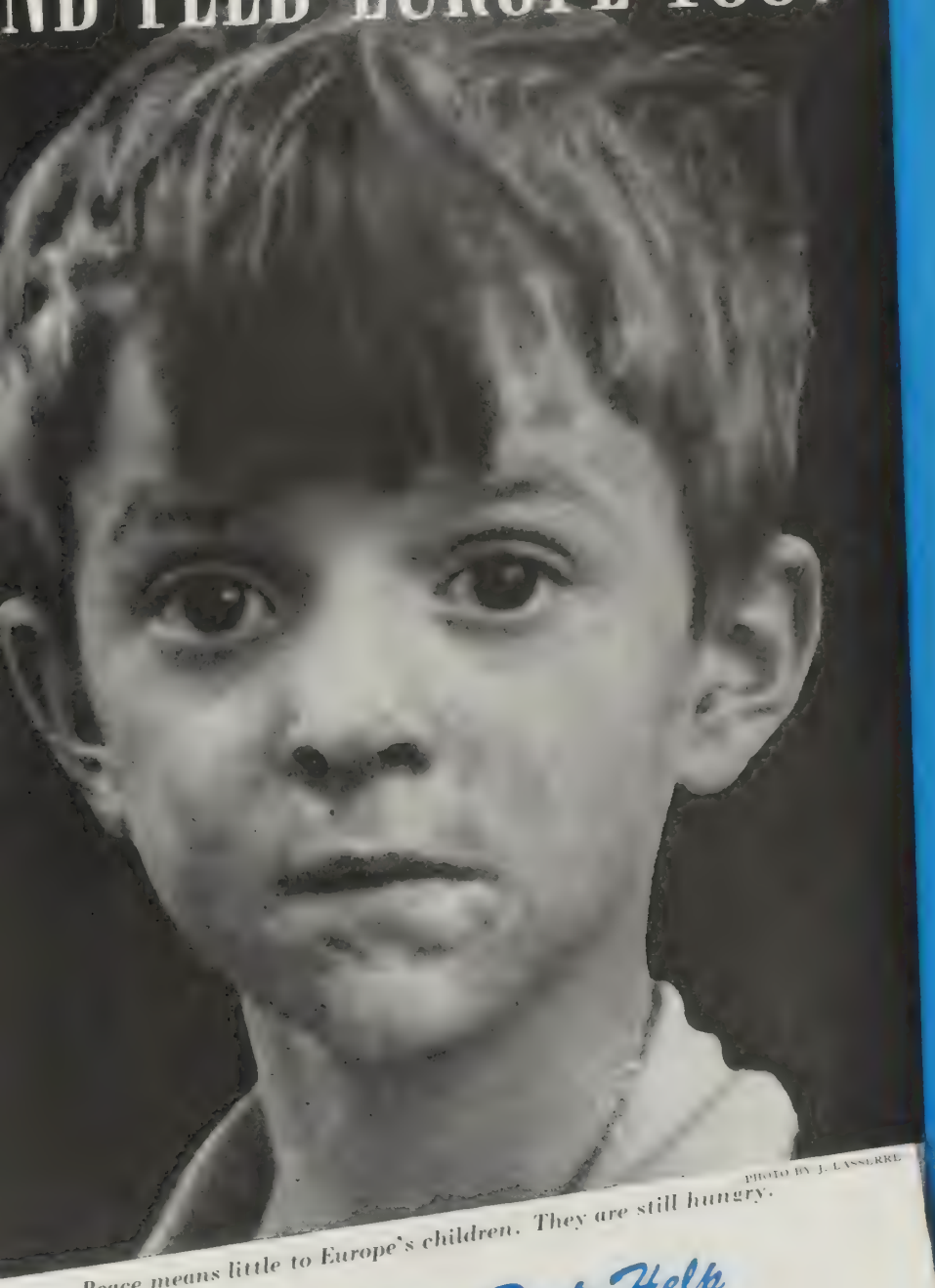


PHOTO BY J. LASSERRE

Peace means little to Europe's children. They are still hungry.

What You Can Do to Help

BY BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD

THE JOURNAL is convinced that women in America in general wish to help feed and rehabilitate Europe. Women, however, who would be glad to share individually with their neighbors across the ocean feel helpless before the complexity of the problem on a national scale.

The JOURNAL therefore wrote to the President and to several Government officials asking them what women can do to help feed Europe. Here is Secretary of Commerce Wallace's reply:

Dear Mrs. Gould: In response to your request for a statement, I declare that the United States not only has the moral obligation to help to feed liberated Europe and the Far East, but our own self-interest dictates that we give that help. We promised this aid. We can give it, not too little too late, but generously and promptly.

American women can implement their repeatedly expressed willingness to help feed, clothe and shelter the hungry of Europe and Asia:

1. By supporting the President's request that the Congress appropriate $1,350,000,000—in addition to the funds already pledged—to enable UNRRA to finish its job.
2. By supporting their Government's plan to lend large sums at low interest rates to those governments which are, or soon will be, in a position to pay for imports of food and other necessities.
3. By supporting the rationing and price-control measures necessary to ensure

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By Roy Veatch

EUROPE faces a desperate struggle for survival this winter. Everywhere across the battle-scarred Continent looms the triple threat of hunger, disease and spiritual anarchy. The causes are heartbreakingly simple: there is not enough food to feed the already undernourished populations; there is not enough coal to stoke the factory furnaces; there is not adequate transportation to carry the people back to work and self-sufficiency.

Peace will be an empty mockery in Europe this winter if hunger is not alleviated. Fathers—and mothers too—will fight to keep their families alive. There will be widespread food riots. In the industrial districts, where the breakdown of transportation and lack of coal keep millions idle, discontent may grow into revolt and anarchy.

President Truman speaks for the great mass of Americans who recognize that we have a selfish interest in doing our best to solve Europe's problem. When he returned from the Continent, the President said: "Europe today is hungry. . . . As winter comes the distress will increase. Unless we do what we can to help, we may lose this winter what we won at such terrible cost last spring. Desperate men are liable to destroy the structure of their society."

We know concretely—in terms of calories, tons and horsepower—the minimum supplies needed to keep Europe from going over the brink in the bitter months ahead: 18,000,000 tons of food—especially the energy-building starches and such "protective" foods as eggs, meat, milk, sugar and fat; 30,000,000 tons of coal to put the most essential railroads and factories back to work; and several hundred thousand trucks to provide emergency transportation.

Men, women and children of Europe who have suffered through a long period of wartime malnutrition cannot help themselves at this stage. The final military campaigns threw planting and harvesting out of kilter. As a result, farmers harvested little more than half a crop. Prospects for future meat and dairy products are even grimmer. Two thirds of the dairy cattle, three fourths of the hogs and nine tenths of the poultry on the Continent were slaughtered promiscuously during the war years.

There is no question about the desperation of Europe's need. America recognizes this. Nevertheless, only pitifully inadequate amounts of American food have been going to Europe. As this was written, Government plans for food shipments to the Continent by the end of this year amounted to 2,500,000 tons; this is *one sixth* of the minimum food required to fight off starvation this winter. These shipments, consisting almost wholly of wheat, may be even more inadequate in quality than in quantity. While wheat is altogether welcome, the "protective" foods are needed more urgently and in higher proportions.

The coal story closely parallels that of food. It will take 30,000,000 tons of coal—about 5 per cent of our annual production—to meet Europe's minimum fuel needs this winter. This amount would provide coal only for essential factories, railways, public utilities. The houses would remain cold. Thus far our Government has allocated only 8,000,000 tons for shipment to Europe—little more than one fourth of the minimum necessary.

Shipping is no longer a bottleneck, according to President Truman. And supplies—except for such chronically scarce items as sugar, fats and oils—are sufficient. The problem now is primarily a financial one. Ample funds must be appropriated for UNRRA without undue delay; and in those countries which plan to pay for their own relief supplies, we must speed up the complex financial arrangements blocking immediate shipment of food and fuel.

The United States spent as much as $280,000,000,000 to win the war, including $40,000,000,000 worth of supplies sent to our Allies under Lend-Lease. But at this writing we have pledged to the relief and rebuilding of the world a mere $1,350,000,000 (our contribution to UNRRA)—approximately the amount we burn annually in cigars and cigarettes.

The use of the atomic bomb brought the war in the Pacific to an end at least three or four months ahead of schedule, thus saving an estimated thirty billion dollars. A half, or even a third, of this sum would provide the devastated areas with all the American goods needed for their first year of recovery. It would restore their position as good customers and sound borrowers. This sum, invested in the salvation of Europe, would be our best possible insurance against another costly war.

Has Your Husband come home to the Right Woman?

BY MONA GARDNER

SHE was young, vigorous, brown-haired, and obviously tormented. In each movement there were outrage and mutiny as she whipped out her case card, identified herself as Mary Barr, and sat down beside the counselor. She erupted with:

"What about wives? Doesn't anybody care about what they're going through?"

The counselor listened actively, but said nothing, sensing there was more, much more, to come. And it came in a rush.

Mary Barr said, "Everybody's talking about how to treat your soldier and help him reconvert to civilian life! Well, what about wives? They've got a job of reconverting too. They've got to stop being independent and get used to having a full-time boss around the house. They've got to adapt themselves to the male ego after being comfortably female for several years. It isn't so easy!

"Take my case: the three years Don has been in the service I've held down a full-time job, paid off the mortgage and bought bonds. In between I've painted baby's room, the living room and our bedroom so it would be nice and cheerful when Don got back. So what? So Don comes home from Europe; and I try to let him wear the pants again so I can stop being both Mr. and Mrs. But when I do, nothing gets done!"

She scowled at the floor, she scowled at the window, and then focused her indignant scowl on the sympathetic counselor waiting to advise her. Bitterly she said:

'People are always writing manuals these days—about how to treat the Arabs, how to treat the British or the Greeks! Why doesn't somebody write one about how to behave toward a wife when she's reconverting into a clinging vine?"

Mary Barr has company—plenty of it, in every street and every town across the country. The Army is discharging husbands right now at the rate of more than 5000 a day. This means each day 5000 more wives are experiencing varying degrees of the same emotional impact—welcoming a man whose dear face is familiar, yet whose mind and emotions are liable to be bewilderingly different. But it also means the contrary. Those 5000 husbands are gathering in their arms a woman who may be as much a stranger as her hair-do.

Home-coming isn't as simple as a homesick man getting off a train, hanging his hat in the hall, and eating all the shortcake and devil's food his wife can wring out of her sugar allowance. Human relations are never static. Living with other men, crossing oceans, experiencing fear and destruction have engendered many deep and ineradicable changes in him. Working at a drill press, living with in-laws, making her own decisions have certainly remolded her. After the first glad flush of reunion, these differences work their way to the surface, disturbingly, delightfully, hatefully, unpredictably.

The tension inherent in making radical changes in a pattern of living is tremendous—far, far greater than many individuals realize. Just as it takes six months to make a husband into a soldier, so it takes six months to unmake that soldier and turn him back into a family man again. Psychologists and medical men say women require the same amount of time to fit back fully into the wife mold again.

Four years of war have stamped Mrs. G. I. into one of four general wife types: A—she has tried on the family pants, become a competently functioning individual, and loves it; B—she has reluctantly worn the pants and can hardly wait to get them off; C—she has never acquired maturity because she has continued to live a little-girl relationship with parents; D—she is exaggeratedly feminine because she has been living a purely feminine routine with three or four other women.

These patterns will not rub off in two or three exposures to husbands. All signs indicate it takes weeks and months of conscious effort, of intelligent planning, of love and forbearance, for her to become the congenial half of a domestic partnership again.

For instance, one of the A type: while her husband has been in the Army this Mrs. A has made herself into another woman—a more interesting, resourceful and acute woman, the world would say. At twenty-six she started in a routine office job, showed ingenuity and solid dependability, and by appreciable jumps became manager of an important department in a sizable business. Now at thirty she is making good money, her contacts are stimulating; furthermore, she likes the feel of independence and of managing her own affairs. Her feelings about her husband's return are bound to be mixed. She knows she doesn't need him back for

(Continued on Page 72)

What Returning G. I. Husbands Complain About in Their Wives

1. She whines too much, and talks trivialities.
2. She has done a poor job of disciplining the children: they are rude and disobedient.
3. She cooks breakfast in pajamas with her hair uncombed.
4. She tells fibs about dates she has had while he has been away, and is evasive about how she spent allotment funds.
5. She's too anxious to show him off to strangers; exposes him to silly and embarrassing questions about battles.
6. She does a sloppy job of housekeeping: doesn't organize it, or try to learn how.

What G.I. Wives Complain About in Their Returning Husbands

1. He has become dependent on excitement and change for zest in living, and misses the privileges and swank that went with his uniform.
2. He is always complaining about something; acts as though he were sorry he came home.
3. He is rough, uses crude language, and only half-listens to conversation, has sloppy table manners.
4. He is not demonstrative and affectionate, and is almost inarticulate now: he never makes her feel cherished.
5. He sits around the house in pajamas and doesn't shave unless guests are coming in.
6. He is overly jealous about the most casual male acquaintances she has had while he has been away.

Noël, Noël

Menu

Mulled Tomato Juice

Liver Pâté—Crackers
Scalloped Oysters and Corn

Chicken, Ham and
Cranberry Salad Ring

Hot Rolls

Relishes

Pineapple-Avocado Ice Cream

Jewel Meringues

Demitasse



BY ANN BATCHELDER

I REMEMBER when I thought it wasn't any kind of Christmas if it didn't snow. Somehow the snow made all the difference. We used to stay up on Christmas Eve hoping and praying that the first little flakes would flutter by, waving a glorious promise of a morning to be; and if that big package under the stairs wasn't a red sled with a steerer or a rudder, why, it would be just too bad. And more often than not, so it turned out to be. I mean it turned out to be both sled and snowstorm, and so our joy overrunneth, as the Good Book says.

★ ***Country breakfast late and lovely.*** And then there was always the smell of coffee and chocolate—chocolate for the little folks and coffee for the big folks—and *such* a smell of good sage-flavored sausages, cut into thick slices, cooked to a luscious brown, and thin buckwheat griddlecakes, with edges as crisp as an autumn leaf, and hot maple sirup and hot doughnuts and grandma's toasted muffins!

Maybe I shouldn't bring up these things right at this point, but Christmas is almost here, and I keep wondering and thinking about it all—the beauty of the old-fashioned white Christmas, when snow was snow, and the air was crystal, and the best meal of the day was, to me anyway, breakfast, and how we could hardly wait to grab the red tippets and warm furry mittens and the sleds and get out in the fairy-like mountains of piled-up beauty to wallow in the whitest mystery ever known on this soiled old earth.

★ ***A special holiday.*** This year ought to be a very special holiday—there is so much to do, so much to think about, so many things to dream about and so many memories to share.

It's a skating party, perhaps, or we've just burst in from a dry snow bath of skiing, but whatever it is you can bet it's cold and plenty. There is snow and I'm going to have it six feet high and twenty below and not otherwise, for I am making up this Christmas party and having my own way with old Mother Nature's kind help.

★ ***Keep it hot—keep it cold.*** Now things being the way they are, we've got to keep our supper hot—at least part of it, and part of it cold, for I've noticed that do what you will, you can't gather the strays together all at the same time. Some of them will get stuck in the bobsled tracks down the Tarletons' landing and some will get going at top speed at that very instant up at Burns' stone wall, and where under the sun are the Lollipop kids, so-called because nothing can separate them from each other until the last bell rings and that's that. Well, where *are* they all? Coming to supper? I guess so, but you don't have to wait, so just keep things hot and cold and cold and hot, and let's see what we can do to make these Christmas Evesters happy. Keep 'em shouting, for it's Christmas and here we go. Merry Christmas, and let the sleigh bells ring!

★ ***First off.*** To begin with there's the good word "mulled," and ours is mulled tomato juice. Everything gets mulled nowadays, and it isn't fair to keep tomato juice out of the mulling end of the game. Mull, then, and take your choice—have it hot, have it cold. I will take mine hot, if you don't mind, for haven't I been commenting on the weather, and it's no Turkish bath where *I'm* sitting, I am telling you. Quite the reverse.

MULLED TOMATO JUICE

To 2 cans tomato juice (4½ cups) add a dash of cloves, 4 teaspoons prepared mustard, ¼ teaspoon curry powder and 1 teaspoon basil. Mix well. Heat to boiling, strain and serve hot or cold.

LIVER PÂTÉ

This needs no words from me. You just let everyone spread their own on hot toast or plain or toasted crackers. This is especially for "can't wait boys and girls," you know, and you *(Continued on Page 78)*

PHOTO BY STUART-POWLER

Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 "So well remembered" may now be said of a book and a woman. No one will forget or should forego James Hilton's So Well Remembered.

2 Ever eat little potato balls, tenderly boiled, drained, and wrapped in lace mitts of chopped dill and a sour-cream mantilla? This is more than a hint. Practically a command.

3 Always harping as the strings of the harpist in a brief breeze on guess what? Why, sour milk or cream. Make a rich batter, perfumed with cinnamon, and let the nutmeg romp through with a little salt.

4 Dispose small crusty pieces of French bread in the batter, let them drip as you plump them in deep hot fat. Fry a leaf brown, drain, dust with cinnamon sugar and serve very hot. A bread fritter that's never forgotten.

5 There, I've got away with another two-chapter receipt. There'll be more, but few more salubrious ones.

6 Quote: "There's no such thing as a *little* onion." Unquote. Never leave one out wherever it ought to be in.

7 In a chicken pie, the onion is indispensable. Small ones, yes. (See above quote.) Leave them as whole as may be, but keep them few in number.

8 *News item or two:* Wild turkey à la Newburg. A delicacy especially wonder working at stag affairs. Wild or tame, serve on piping-hot crusty split rolls, liberally buttered.

9 *Raised eyebrow department:* Eyebrow tweezers are just the right gadget for removing pinfeathers from the turkey.

10 Boil shelled Brazil nuts, then dice, sauté in butter or margarine and salt. Merry Christmas!

11 Don't forget the baked apple is a good place to use up jams or marmalade. Use as the stuffing.

12 *Learn-a-little-every-day* department: Let a fine steak stand in a very "middling" oven for ten or twelve minutes before broiling. Then watch the trail of the juices follow the carver. And season after broiling. Use freshly ground black pepper and freshly ground salt. This way perfection has her little hour.

13 Make a chowder. (It's the weather.) Go ahead with any chowder, only instead of fish, do it with beans. The potato balls and onions go along as usual, *but*—at the end add a cup of Boston baked beans. Only needs sliced tomatoes and lettuce and hot hard rolls all buttery and Boston. Bet you'll get repeats on this.

14 Few dishes can compare with young chicken. Steamed, smothered in herb-seasoned cream and served on hot waffles. For dessert, a jellied fruit salad or coffee jelly with boiled custard.

15 Get hold of some of those fillets of sole, frozen—since the fish, not the streams, are tied up right now. Thaw. Make a cup or two of well-seasoned spinach purée—two is better than one.

16 Part II. Cover the bottom of a casserole with puréed spinach. Then with fillets. Season well and keep up the good work until the dish is full. Cover with slathers of béchamel sauce, then with buttered crumbs in which slivers of anchovy have been hidden. Bake to a bubble and brown and serve very hot with baked tomatoes or potatoes.

17 Get some prunes; soak and pit them, nice and neat. Wrap in bacon thin and sweet. Bake in the oven with the moderate heat. Garnish for chicken.

18 Something pretty à la Paris are the little cups of assorted custards—chocolate, caramel, vanilla or any true favorite, well chilled. Decorate with chopped crystallized fruit.

19 There's a sweet-potato fritter—is it a fritter? Anyway, these are fingers of cooked sweet potatoes. Marinate in sirup from spiced peaches or pears in which chopped lemon peel is discovered. Drain well, dip in batter and fry. Dust with powdered sugar. Serve very hot.

20 Our hot spiced pineapple juice was a favorite. Our new one is grapefruit juice. Prepare the same way, but add *more* spice—*more* sugar.

21 *Herb note:* I hope your herbs are as fragrant as you wanted them to be. Coriander, crushed to earth, will rise again to perfume gingerbread, lend glamour to cookies.

22 *From an old cookbook:* "When your steak is well done (spider cooking is best) pour over it plenty of butter mixed with fine cracker crumbs and serve it up quickly." The poor steak can't hit back, but maybe papa can.

23 Grapefruit sections, shrimp salad, rings of green pepper for a party platter.

24 Might as well try to spend a Japanese yen at Macy's as to try to make a gourmet eat pineapple and pimientos in jelly and call it a salad.

25 Ever have trouble squeezing an overlarge grapefruit? Cut it in fourths—works better.

26 F. F. V. means First Families of Virginia. History haunts the banks of the River James. They eat traditionally, too, bless their bountiful tables.

27 Don't forget that, in seasoning many a fine vegetable, a teaspoon of sugar picks up, goes flirting with and becomes part of the family.

28 *Advice-from-the-kitchen department:* Minced razor clams in cans are short cuts to fritters, chowders and turnovers no bigger than a kitten's paw.

29 I can't account for it, but the pineapple, pear and grape vinegars give any salad a fruit flavor by remote control.

30 Cashew and almond butters leap trippingly on my tongue. Cost more than peanut butter, but ——

31 December hath thirty-one days, and some are better than others. Sparkling days and silent nights. And over the splendid earth is the guardian of a million, million souls. Mercury, the fleet of foot, the beautiful and the tireless.

LONG MEMORIES

How sparkling sharp the horses' feet
Struck on the ice-packed snow;
And sleigh bell's cadences were sweet—
But that was long ago.

These are the blue, the ice-blue nights
When magic lanterns glow,
And so outshine the lesser lights—
But this was long ago.

Only long thoughts accompany me
Into the night where I would be.

DETAIL OF A NEW ENGLAND WINTER SCENE; AFTER DURIE

"WOULDN'T I BE SILLY TO MAKE IT MYSELF?"

"Go to all that bother . . . when Campbell's is so homey and nourishing? Not me!"

"When I was a little girl I remember we always made our own vegetable soup. Mother used to devote just hours to it. But one day when she was rushed, she tried Campbell's Vegetable Soup. My dad's not so easy to please, but he ate a bowlful, and then another. Since then Mother has served Campbell's . . . and Dad's been as pleased as a kid!

"I'm married now myself and — well, we young-marrieds all feel that same way. I mean why bother to make vegetable soup when Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so wonderful — a grand-tasting beef stock and all those fifteen garden vegetables. Why, every time I serve it my husband says: 'Gosh, darling, this is really swell!' And what better music can a wife hear than that? Now I ask you!"

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





I'm sorry for my dolly,
She's as hungry as can be;
Inside of her is sawdust—
But good soup's inside of me!



THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

(Continued from Page 39)

"Come in, come in and see the girls!" cried the general. "They are pining to see you. Sally especially. As for Josephine, she sits at the window, though she is too modest to say anything."

Jerome was intrigued by the idea. But Alfred cleared his throat politely. "We are already late, sir. I understand, however, that the young ladies, and yourself, are to be present at our reception on Christmas Eve. We shall meet again at that time."

The general scowled. "Yes, yes, of course." And then he laughed and struck Jerome on the arm. "Ho, ho! You, at the bank! It is incredible." He glanced at Alfred. "Watch the safes, sir, watch the safes! I know this rascal!"

Alfred sprang into the cutter and gathered the reins. Unable to control himself, he cried, "Jerome, it is almost nine o'clock, if you please!"

Jerome reluctantly tore himself away from his old friend, Alfred struck the horse and the cutter leaped forward.

The Bank of Riversend, the only bank in the township, stood at the top of a slight rise of ground. Stone stairs approached it from the street. It stood alone in its austerity and polished severity, its big glass windows glittering. No speck of dust ever marred this temple to flourishing commerce, solid bank accounts, mortgages, and depository of the county funds. Interest on accounts, 4 per cent; interest on loans, 6 per cent. Cash on hand, $25,000. Capitalized at $100,000.

The great bronze door stood squarely between two plate-glass windows. At the bottom of the window to the right were inscribed, in neat gold letters, "William Cherville Lindsey, President. Alfred D. Lindsey, Vice-President." Then in even smaller letters, but more pretentious for that: "Associate: House of Regan, Wall Street, New York."

The interior of the bank lived up to the exterior. The floor was of polished gray and black granite squares. The light poured in the windows with a subdued intensity. To the rear were the cages of the three tellers. Behind the cages were the offices, where the three bookkeepers and two clerks labored at high desks and kept their mufflers and great-coats on in the winter.

ALFRED led Jerome into his own office. Here a fire burned on the black hearth. Alfred's desk was immaculate, the silver inkwell shining, the pens and pencils laid out in a row. Over the fireplace hung a portrait of a stout gentleman with a thick gray mustache—the high priest of the banking profession: Mr. Jay Regan, of New York.

"Very good," said Jerome, looking up at the portrait. "Did Regan give you this, or did you have to pay for it?"

Alfred was removing his greatcoat. He shot Jerome a cold glance. "Mr. Regan sent the portrait to Uncle William on his last birthday. 'Pay for it,' indeed!"

"Well, I was only asking. I know Regan. It surprises me that he'd give anything away—even an old shoe. He wanted me to paint him and his daughter, Alice. For free, of course. But I wasn't interested, free or otherwise."

"It would have been a great honor," said Alfred censoriously.

Jerome bowed. "Yes, I know. But I didn't wish to extend him the honor."

Alfred opened his thin colorless mouth, then closed it firmly.

There was a timid knock on the door and Alfred commanded the knocker to enter. It was Jamison, Alfred's assistant, a little man with enormous mustaches and timid blinking eyes. He started to speak, then, recognizing Jerome, he bowed.

"Jamison!" cried Jerome, advancing and extending his hand. "I thought you'd retired long ago!"

"I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Jerome. No, I have not retired."

"How is Mrs. Jamison? And the boy?"

The little man colored with pride. "Brewster is at law school in Syracuse, sir, and doing excellently. Mrs. Jamison is not very well, I am sorry to say. But not complaining."

Alfred cleared his throat. "Jamison, you remember that I told you that Mr. Lindsey is joining us. I am wondering if you have time this morning to instruct him in procedure?"

Jamison nodded with pleasure. "Indeed, Mr. Lindsey! Most delighted."

Alfred was already seated at his desk. Jerome followed Jamison into the back office. The room was smaller than Alfred's and there was only the barest glimmer of a fire on the hearth.

JEROME shivered elaborately, stirred up the coals, flung another scuttleful on the feeble blaze. Jamison made a timid protest, but Jerome said, "If anyone thinks I'm going to freeze, he is mistaken. Order some more coal for this mausoleum, Jamison."

He looked about him with disfavor. There was no rug on the floor. Two dull oaken desks stood side by side. Jerome hung up his greatcoat and hat in the wardrobe, and then from the pocket of his coat extracted a silver flask.

"Glasses, Jamison. Two," he ordered grandly. "We'll drink to my initiation among the dead."

"Oh, Mr. Jerome! I cannot. What would ——"

"Glasses, Jamison," said Jerome.

Jamison, quite white now, produced the glasses. Jerome poured a quantity of golden liquid into them.

"It won't poison you, Jamison," Jerome promised. "Down with it."

They drank. A spot of color appeared on Jamison's meager cheekbones. "Oh, Mr. Jerome!" he whispered. "What would Mr. Alfred say?"

They settled down at the desks, side by side, and Jerome began to receive his instructions. He forced himself to listen attentively, but his face became grim with his suppressed yawns. Jamison brought out ledgers, and Jerome scanned them. Rows upon rows of figures, without the slightest vitality.

At half past eleven Jerome put on his coat and hat. But he was careful to leave the office inconspicuously by a back door. He did not return until nearly one, and then only had time to replace his hat and coat when Alfred entered.

Alfred looked at the two desks. "I trust the instruction is proceeding?"

"Oh, excellently. Jamison is a fine teacher." Jerome beamed at his cousin.

Hilltop blazed on its heights. Every window threw golden reflections on the snow, mingled with firelight. The great drawing rooms stood open; the tree twinkled with scores of candles. The crystal chandeliers were stalactites of glittering radiance. The musicians were already tuning up in the music room, which was to be used for dancing. Guests were arriving now, and the grounds were musical with sleigh bells and gay voices. Servants stood to relieve the guests of great-coats and cloaks. The big hall seethed with the rich gowns of the ladies.

Dorothea, Jerome and Alfred waited to receive their guests, while Mr. Lindsey sat in the first drawing room, his cane beside him, greeting those who surged in. Young Philip stood near him. But Miss Amalie Maxwell had not yet appeared, and Alfred kept glancing impatiently over his shoulder at the stairway.

He whispered to Dorothea, "Did not Amalie understand that she was to be here with us to receive the guests?"

(Continued on Page 48)

All girls act the same when they want a kiss; the difference comes when they want another one. —Smart Set.



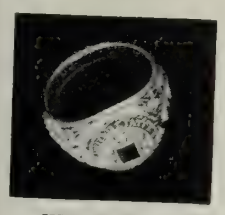
Frances has honey-spun hair, delft-blue eyes—and a "mighty-like-a-rose" complexion

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY!

SHE USES POND'S!

Prominent Doctor's Daughter to wed Navy Captain's Son



HER RING is an Annapolis "miniature"

The engagement of
Frances Hutchins to Ensign Allister Carroll Anderson
has been announced by
Dr. and Mrs. Amos F. Hutchins, Stoakley House, Md.

Beautiful Stoakley House, where Frances lives, is one of the aristocratic old homes near Annapolis—so it's very natural that she is marrying into the Navy.

She's another engaged girl with that charming "soft-smooth" Pond's look that just seems to belong to romance.

Frances speaks enthusiastically about what Pond's can do for a girl's complexion. "I like Pond's Cold Cream better than any cream I've ever used," she says. "It feels simply *luscious*—and it certainly gives my skin perfectly grand help."

Here's the way she uses Pond's Cold Cream: She smooths snowy-soft Pond's all over her face and throat and pats "with good brisk little pats" to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She *rinses* with *more* Pond's for an *extra* cleansing and softening—creaming all over her face with little spiral circles of her Pond's covered fingers. "I love the way this twice-over Pond's cleansing leaves my skin —so soft and smooth," she says.

Use *your* Pond's Cold Cream the way Frances likes so well—every night, every morning, and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why it's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a big luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream that lets you dip in with fingers of both hands at once. Get it today!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Miss Anne Morgan · Lady Doverdale · Miss Mimi McAdoo · Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart · Lady Edward Montagu



ANOTHER POND'S "CANTEEN GIRL"—Frances helped organize the canteen sponsored by Ogontz Junior College near Philadelphia. The girls made it a big part of their war work—serving coffee and "snacks" and giving the boys a friendly gathering place. Volunteer workers are still needed for recreation centers—can *you* help?



Libby's is picked at PEAK FLAVOR!

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE AT ITS BEST

The glorious sun and special volcanic soil of the Islands are what *make* the luscious flavor, of course. But it's Libby precision that *captures* that goodness for you. Every Libby "pedigreed pine" is picked when it has **RIPENED TO PEAK FLAVOR.** And over 35 years in Hawaii devoted to pineapple have given Libby the skill to *protect* the peak-flavor richness with its grand **REFRESHING TANG!** Of course, during the war years, almost all of Libby's pack went to fighters. But now that Libby's luscious slices and **SPARKLING JUICE** are coming back to food stores, watch for the famed Libby label. Remember—that label is your constant guide to pineapple *perfection.*

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(Continued from Page 46)

Dorothea, in severe black satin, whispered back, "I am certain she did. I told her only this afternoon."

An incredibly ugly old woman was entering, in purple velvet and pearls, her train sweeping behind her. She was very short, very fat, with a face resembling a huge and less good-natured bulldog. Her hair, a mass of bright black bangs, curls and chignon, was frankly false. Her color was ruddy, her jowls magenta. Thick clusters of rings sparkled on her hands. This was the Widow Kingsley, or Mehetabel, as she was known to her intimates. Like her great friend General Tayntor, she was extremely unconventional. Thrice married, thrice widowed, she had added to a very considerable fortune by her shrewdly plotted marriages. She was famous for her loud and raucous voice, her malice, her deliberate insults and her rapacity. Her enemies were legion, especially among women, and her friends devoted.

The widow caught sight of Jerome, behind his cousin. Her coarse face changed, became delighted. "Jerome!" she bellowed. "Come here at once and kiss me!" She flung out her arms and caught him to her in a pungent embrace.

He hugged her affectionately. "Metty," he said, "I've come all the way from New York just to see you."

"Liar!" she screamed, releasing him. "I wager I know why you came," and she winked. "Never mind. It is enough to see you. My, but you're beautiful, Jerome! Kiss me again."

Alfred came forward now, clearing his throat. "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Kingsley," he said.

The old lady swung on him, frowning. "Eh? Thank you, Alfred. What is so merry about tonight, please tell me? All this snow, and my rheumatism." She regarded him as if he were personally responsible for the weather. She took Jerome's arm and said, "Take me to your papa, sir, at once." The two turned away. She suddenly halted and looked at the discomfited Alfred. "By the way, Alfred, where is that girl of yours, that dressmaker or something?"

"Miss Maxwell has not yet appeared," said Alfred. "She will be down very shortly." He turned to Dorothea. "My dear, would you please ——"

A figure began to move down the stairway, slowly and haughtily. The guests, including the widow, glanced up with polite smiles. Then the smiles disappeared and the faces were startled masks. A silence fell over them.

AGAINST the dark shadow of the stair well, Amalie was descending. She wore a gown of scarlet velvet, exceptionally daring. Her white shoulders were entirely bare, and glimmered like snow under the moon. The tight bodice was molded over her high and pointed breasts and slender waist, falling away in folds of glowing rubylike color, which were caught up at the rear in a cascading bustle. Rubies sparkled in the masses of her severely coiffed black hair and low chignon, and in her small ears. Her beautiful face was luminously white, her eyes deep and purple, her mouth as scarlet as her gown. Her hand moved along the balustrade and it, too, sparkled with fiery gems.

My mother's, thought Jerome through the strange humming in his ears, and the stranger pounding of his heart.

Now she was on the last step. She paused. Some of the ladies lifted fans to cover the lower half of their faces. The gentlemen stared at Amalie, completely fascinated.

Alfred, recovering from his stupefaction, stirred. His color was quite ghastly, but he advanced, extended his hand to Amalie and led her forward. He said, very quietly, "Amalie, my love, our guests." And proceeded to introduce her.

Amalie was quite composed. She acknowledged each introduction with cool politeness and calm. She arrived before the Widow Kingsley, smiled and gave the older woman the brief curtsy of youth being presented to age. Every eye rotated to her as if bewitched.

"Well!" shouted Mrs. Kingsley, deliberately inspecting the girl through a raised lorgnette. "So this is our great beauty, eh? Alfred, you've done yourself proud. A handsome wench, if I ever saw one, and a hard filly to handle, I wager." She fixed her eyes shrewdly upon Amalie's face. "I like you, my dear," she announced. "Even if you are a dressmaker or something." She added, "You may kiss me, if you like."

Amalie bent her head and kissed the old woman, who patted her cheek during the embrace.

"Tell me, my love, did you design that gown yourself?"

"Yes," said Amalie, with a deeper smile. "But I'm not a dressmaker. I am a teacher, ma'am."

"WHO cares?" demanded the widow. "I like you, my child," she repeated, and took Amalie's hand. Then she snickered. "But why are you marrying Alfred, when you could marry my beautiful Jerome? Two handsome rascals together. For you are a rascal, aren't you, my pet? Yes, I was never mistaken in my life, and I am not mistaken now." The widow glanced up with a chiding look at Jerome. "Well," she said, "speak up. Why aren't you marrying this delightful creature? It isn't too late, you know."

Jerome bowed. "Why, ma'am, the lady has not asked me." He turned to Amalie. "Have you?"

Amalie gazed at him with cool consideration. "I believe not. Doubtless an oversight, for which I hope you will forgive me."

Propaganda is the other side's case put so convincingly that it annoys you.

Some people believe anything you tell 'em if you whisper it.

The widow chuckled. She took their arms, pulled them on each side of her. "Let us go in to papa," she said. She drew them away toward the doorway of the drawing rooms.

Amalie was a distinct sensation, to say the least. But if she was aware of it, she gave no indication. Completely composed, she whirled about the music room in the arms of fascinated gentlemen. This did not in the least endear her to the ladies, who watched her with unchristian sentiments in their hearts.

Two of them sat near Mrs. Kingsley for a few moments of rest. "I will say her costume is indecent!" exclaimed one. "Those bare shoulders—doubtless the gentlemen are most embarrassed."

"Doubtless," said Mehetabel wryly. "They are so embarrassed that they cannot get rid of you girls fast enough so that they can be embarrassed some more."

"She has danced only once with Mr. Alfred Lindsey," said the other girl. "I call that most—irregular. But then, they say, it is impossible for her to have manners."

"With that face and figure, no woman needs manners," said Mehetabel. "She needs a bodyguard." She fanned herself with a huge fan of black ostrich.

The two girls sat on either side of her. They were General Tayntor's daughters and she was fond of them, in her rough fashion. The older of the two sisters, Sally, was small and dark with a dimpled rosy face flushed with intelligence and verve. She wore a gown of deep pink faille and creamy lace. She was naturally mischievous and gay of temperament, and a great belle. It did not please her to find herself deserted by those gentlemen whose names were in her program.

Her sister, Josephine, was taller than the bouncing Sally. She was also much more fair. Her skin was pale and delicate, and her eyes were a soft and gentle blue. Her hair, without curl or twist, was of a fragile texture, and missed being golden by only a slight margin. Many professed to find her prettier than her nimble sister. She wore a simple rich gown of blue satin, very elegant, her bustle caught up with pink rosebuds.

(Continued on Page 50)



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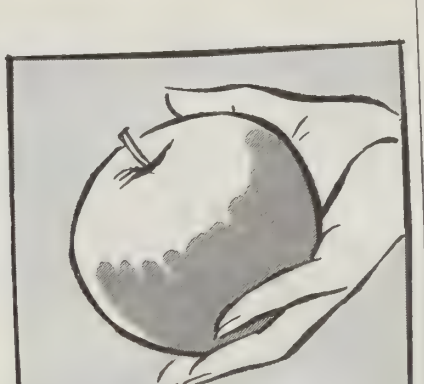
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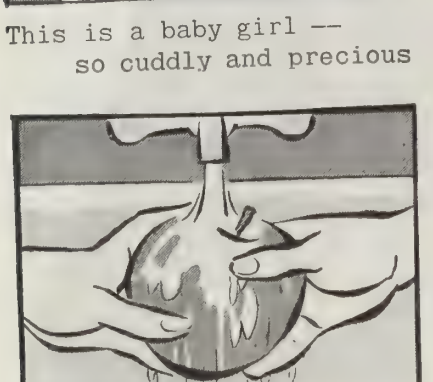
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This is a baby girl —
so cuddly and precious



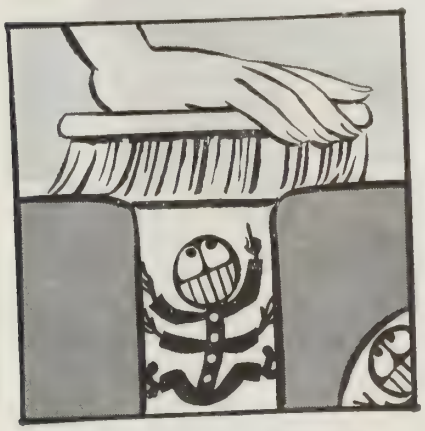
This is a round, red apple
— so good for a baby girl



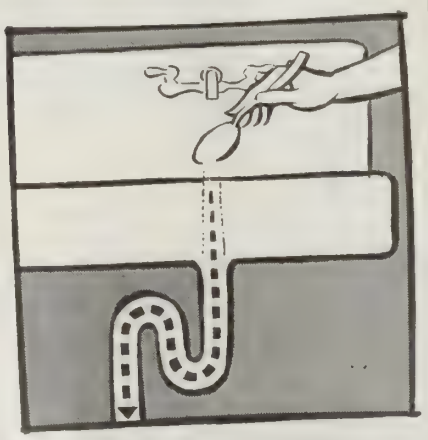
This is the sink where
Mama washed the apple



...just 2 inches from
where filthy SEWER GERMS
breed in the drain!
(Molnar Laboratory Survey.)
How can Mama get rid of
these enemies of health?

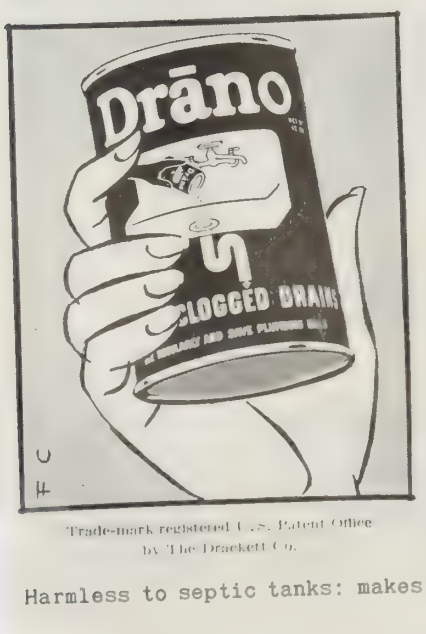


Don't expect scrubbing to
scare away these loath-
some creatures — it takes
DRĀNO! DRĀNO boils 'em
out — makes sinks safe,
sanitary.



And DRĀNO opens clogged
drains, too! So don't take
health chances. Use DRĀNO
regularly. Keep your
drains free-running —
free of SEWER GERMS.

NEVER OVER 25¢
at grocery, drug, and
hardware stores



Trade-mark registered U.S. Patent Office
by The Drackett Co.

Drāno

OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS

CLEARS OUT SEWER GERMS

Harmless to septic tanks: makes them work better — cuts down odors.

(Continued from Page 48)

Mrs. Kingsley found the girl dull, though she loved her more than she did the knowing Sally. Josephine was only nineteen, Sally's junior by two years. Neither of them was as yet betrothed. Sally could find no one to please her in Riversend, which she hated. As for Josephine, she had had her hopes. Amalie had blasted them.

No one knew of Josephine's secret pale passion for Alfred. She was nearly twenty years his junior, but since her childhood she had fastened all her silent but tenacious hopes upon his oblivious person. It was necessary for him to visit the general often, on business, for the general genially but obdurately refused to go to the bank. Sally hardly liked him, and when forced into his presence would torment him with witty remarks. But Josephine was content to sit and embroider near by while her father and Alfred conversed on finance and mortgages and crops. From time to time she would lift her lovely head and fix her sweet blue eyes upon the visitor, and a brighter flush would appear on her cheek.

Alfred had not been insensible to this silent but urgent devotion. *But, of course,* he had warned himself sternly, *she is young enough to be my daughter.* However, matters might have ripened had it not been for the advent of Amalie.

For Amalie, Josephine had a dismaying and desperate hatred which she did not confess, even to herself. Her secret thoughts were being echoed, but vocally, among a number of other ladies who languished against the walls while their gentlemen pursued Amalie.

If Amalie was aware of all this—and it was impossible for her not to be—she did not mind in the least. She despised these genteel and foolish women. She was enjoying herself. At least she had been enjoying herself until Jerome became her partner. She could not have refused him, for he had made his request in the presence of others. To have denied him would have created a scene.

The music soared and lilted and swung. Jerome whirled Amalie about in a waltz. She danced beautifully, but she was unbending in Jerome's arms. He tried to draw her closer; she resisted.

"I must talk to you," whispered Jerome.

Amalie smiled faintly, but did not reply.

He looked at her beautiful white shoulders and the swell of her breast. He said softly, "Come away with me. Tonight. We'll go to New York."

She turned her eyes to him then. "Mr. Lindsey, is this a proposal?"

He laughed, pulled her to him unexpectedly. "In a way," he murmured.

"An unconventional way," she reflected, "but with no book, I presume."

"No book," he agreed. "Who cares for books?"

She did not smile now. "And on what, may I inquire, should we live in New York?"

He frowned slightly. "Live on? We'd live as I've always lived, I imagine."

"On your father's money." She paused. "But I seriously doubt that your father would be a source of revenue, under your proposed change of circumstances. You would have to work, Mr. Lindsey, and I wonder if your constitution would endure it."

"You do speak of the most disagreeable contingencies," he said lightly. But it was evident he was thinking. "I'm an excellent artist. I'd paint portraits, or something. Besides, after five days, I understand banking astonishingly."

"In short, you'd have practically no money," she said. "Of course there are your irresistible charms. But I doubt that they would be a substantial substitute for what I have already been offered." Her tone had been consistently light and mocking. But she was trembling, and her mouth was rigid.

"You are mercenary," he chided. Then his face changed. He bent his head. "Amalie, Amalie. I love you, Amalie."

She jerked back her head to look at him. He was smiling. But she saw his eyes, and her trembling became quite violent. At that moment the music ended. Several gentlemen, with purposeful gleams in their eyes, were coming toward Amalie.

Jerome still gripped her hand. "You can't marry him," he said. "I want you, Amalie. We belong together."

He saw tears in her eyes for the first time. She whispered, "Please, please." And turned away from him.

He had to drop her hand, for he saw that in the forefront of the pursuing gentlemen Alfred had quite an edge over the others.

Alfred bowed to Amalie and said, "My love, I believe the next waltz is mine."

Jerome slowly retreated toward the wall. He reached the Widow Kingsley, sitting with Sally. Mehetabel gave him a long and penetrating look. "Well?" she demanded.

He smiled down at her. "Well—nothing," he said pleasantly. "Miss Sally, may I have the honor?"

She bounded up happily and rolled her eyes coquettishly. "Indeed, sir, it is a pleasure," she said saucily. "I refused all others for this!"

He whirled Sally away to the tune of a rollicking waltz. She was a lovely little dancer. She threw back her head to laugh at him and tease him. To his surprise, he found her delicious. She was all warmth and voluptuousness. Involuntarily, his arm tightened about her, and she did not resist.

"You have quite grown up since I last saw you, Miss Sally," he said.

"The effect is not too disagreeable?" she asked pertly.

"On the contrary, it is dazzling. I am enchanted."

"How kind of you, sir!" she exclaimed and tossed her head so that her curls rioted briefly against his lips.

He danced with Sally twice more, and each time found the occasion more pleasant. It was impossible to claim Amalie again. Alfred remained with her doggedly and grimly.

At eleven o'clock Jerome discovered that the old wound in his leg had begun to cripple him, and he could dance no more. A horrible restlessness and depression fell over him. He left the music room unobtrusively, his departure noticed by no one but Sally Tayor. He went through the warm and silent hall, through a door and on to his father's small but complete conservatory. It was dark here, and silent. Jerome could smell hothouse roses and geraniums and lilies, but he could see only the long earthy stalls. The wooden floor was gritty under his feet. He leaned against a stall and slowly, abstractedly began to pull a rose apart with fingers that were hot and shaking.

The long quiet of a winter Sunday had engulfed Hilltop. Dinner had decorously been announced, and had been eaten. Mr. Lindsey had retired to his room for a rest, and Dorothea had followed suit. Jerome sat before the library fire with an unread book

(Continued on Page 52)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Small Boy in an Elevator

BY ELEANOR GRAHAM

Hemmed in by backs and fronts that rise
Almost three times as high as he,
He gazes up with spellbound eyes
To see what he can see.

The other faces mask their thoughts.
He stares out brightly at the world,
And wears his wonder like a flag
But yesterday unfurled.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



KEEP ON BUYING VICTORY BONDS

It all comes under the head of research!

ke, the mess sergeant, is studying a breezy le booklet entitled "Cheese Recipes for vice Men." They're not ordinary recipes. ey're definitely designed for serving hungry n. Mike will get some new ideas. And his n will probably get some tasty new dishes.

hat booklet* is a small sample of the broad vice rendered by two National Dairy chens — the Sealtest Kitchen in New York the Kraft Kitchen in Chicago. Both are fed with expert dietitians and home econ-sts. Both arrange food demonstrations clubs, schools, colleges and other organiza-s. Both prepare and publish colorful, in-native booklets and recipe material.

Over 10 million pieces of this material were distributed last year, much of it on direct request. The recipes are practical, economical, timely. They are carefully tested for nutritional value. They offer menus for small children and big U.S.O. parties and everything in between.

This is not test tube and microscope research. But it is in the same spirit. And it is just as truly a contribution to public welfare as the scientist in our Laboratories who develops a new pharmaceutical or fiber or plastic — a better butter, cheese, ice cream or a new baby food — from "nature's most nearly perfect food"— *milk*. National Dairy does *both kinds* of research — constantly.

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NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES



ROYAL HOLIDAY PARFAIT

1 package Royal Vanilla Pudding
2 cups milk — 1 cup cranberry sauce
¼ cup sugar — Whipped cream

Mix Royal Vanilla Pudding with milk. Cook as directed on package. (How quick and easy—why, a child could do it!) Remove from heat and cool, then chill. Combine cranberry sauce with sugar and mix until smooth. Fill parfait glasses with alternate layers of smooth, delicate pudding and tangy sauce. Top with whipped cream and garnish with a spoonful of colorful sauce. The *prettiest* dessert imaginable and it tastes as good as it looks! *Gives 5 delicious servings.* Try it!

ROYAL VANILLA PUDDING

"ROYAL DESSERTS TASTE MORE DELICIOUS!"



say 8 out of every 10

Survey of 1,526 Royal users reveals why millions are "Reaching for Royal"

Royal Desserts taste more delicious! That's what eight out of every ten of these women gave as the reason why they *always* want Royal.

Many especially mentioned Royal Vanilla Pudding, praised it to the skies. So delicate in flavor, they said. Always just right. Truly delicious.

You, too, will be delighted with tempting, creamy-textured Royal Vanilla Pudding. It tastes so good. It's so easy to prepare. And hurrah, this grand dessert *takes no sugar!*

Serve it plain or with a garnish of fruit and see the welcome it gets. For a real holiday treat, try the luscious Holiday Parfait shown above. You'll understand why so many say—*Royal Desserts taste more delicious!*

If your grocer's temporarily out of Royal Puddings, keep on asking. It's worth waiting to get Royal.



ROYAL CHOCOLATE PUDDING is rich, chocolaty, smooth, creamy-textured. "*Better* than homemade chocolate pudding!" many say. And you save time, work, *sugar!* Get Royal Chocolate. Use gum drops to make attractive Christmas tree design shown.

ROYAL BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING has the *real* old-time butterscotch taste, full, rich, satisfying. For a "party" dessert, garnish with crunchy almonds and border of whipped cream as pictured. Simply *super!*

ROYAL CHOCOLATE FLAVOR PUDDING

ROYAL BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

Don't forget tangy Royal Gelatin Desserts—they're flavor-sealed!

(Continued from Page 50)

on his knees. This was the pattern of all the Sundays of his youth, and he wondered, for the hundredth time, how he had ever endured them.

He contemplated tea at six. But that was three hours away. He closed his eyes and immediately was assailed by his chronic illness of mind, his insupportable misery.

Amalie and Alfred had been on their honeymoon for several days. Every evidence of the wedding had been removed from the house; the flowers, the ferns, the litter, the loaded tables. There was nothing left of it all for Jerome but the increasingly poignant memory of Amalie's face under her veil and wreath of fresh orange blossoms. He could see it now, pale, quiet, only her lips moving in the responses. He saw the marble flash of her hand as it emerged from under the veil, extended for the wedding ring. Then he had seen Alfred bend his head and kiss Amalie on the lips. When Jerome could see her face again, it was unchanged. The kiss had touched snow.

He stirred in his chair, sat up and pressed his hand over his eyes. *I ought to have stopped it; I ought to have found a way,* he said to himself in despair.

He stood up, paced up and down the room. If only he had something to do! Something to distract him. He went into the dining room, found a decanter of whisky and a glass, and returned with them to the library. He poured himself a generous portion of the amber fluid and began to sip it, standing near the fire. Long bars of flickering and rosy light darted from the coals. A flutter of sparks beat against the fire screen.

Jerome turned the glass slowly in his hands. He did not like to think. He had always evaded hard and bitter discipline of thought. It was so tedious. It was unsettling.

But he thought banally, *What have I done with my life? I am not young. I have done nothing.* He smiled ironically. *I have had a fine time. I have enjoyed myself. What more can a man ask than that he enjoys good food, has heard good music, looked on the finest paintings, loved the prettiest women? What devil is it in a man that urges him to "accomplish something"? Does he desire accomplishment for the satisfaction of his own ego? Or does he believe he is changing the face of the world, which would much prefer not to be changed?*

And he thought, suddenly, of his years in the war. Why had he enlisted? He could easily have bought an alternate. The streets of New York had seethed with men anxious to risk their lives for a few dollars. But he had not bought an alternate. He had waited for no draft. Why had he gone, when he might just as well have stayed cozily in New York?

RESTLESS, he went to the windows and looked out at the white and motionless landscape. He thought, *I was not patriotic. In a way, I was never an American. I do not love Americans; but then, I do not love anyone, really.*

He drummed on the windowpane with one hand, while he held his glass to his lips with the other. It seemed that a man must "do something," however absurd. He must "do something," whether that doing meant piling up a useless fortune, or writing books that would be crumbling dust in a few years, or painting pictures which would hang in empty galleries, or inventing a new philosophy.

To his amused astonishment Jerome found himself wishing that it was Monday morning and he was on his way to the bank. The bank was a potential, in spite of the barnacles that were fast growing over it. Something could be done with it—something vital and exciting. The secret was locked in its safes and tight little drawers.

It was then that he heard the musical chiming of sleigh bells, the sound of voices. The knocker was struck briskly and Jerome heard the descent of a maid, the opening of doors. He stood up, pleased. If he was not mistaken, that was the general, and his pretty daughters. He went into the hall to greet them.

"Ho," cried the general, in the process of being relieved of his coat, "there you are! I thought you had all been buried in the snow, and we came up in Christian charity to rescue you. Didn't we, loves?" he asked of Josephine and Sally, who were smoothing their ringlets.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, sir," said Jerome, with genuine pleasure.

Sally rolled her big black eyes at him, blushed, looked demurely in the direction of her toes. Josephine, as usual, was silent, grave and reserved.

THE general noted Jerome's look, and said, "Thought it would cheer the girls to bring them into your sprightly company. Josephine especially. She has the vapors, haven't you, my love?" And he put his one arm about the girl.

She withdrew from the circle of his arm, but with a swift glance of affection at him. "The winter, papa," she murmured. "I do not like the winter."

"No, it was always a hothouse flower!" exclaimed the general, drawing the girls with him into the library. "But my Sally, here, is a robust little baggage. She flies about on ice skates. She glides about most indecorously on sleds. Why don't you marry her, eh, Jerome?" asked the general, standing with his darlings on the hearth. "One hundred thousand dollars goes with the filly paid on delivery," he told Jerome.

Sally blushed furiously at her father's words her eyes sparkled beneath her lowered lashes.

Jerome laughed. He regarded Sally with interest She was most engaging in her crimson wool and velvet and braided bodice He saw her bright cheeks firm as an apple, and a shining.

"Miss Sally may have plans of her own, he said lightly. "After all, she is very young and I am an old man."

"Nonsense," said the general vigorously "I was eighteen years older than my Jerusha—and she was much older than I, really Ho! Ho!" He seated his daughters with old-fashioned courtesy. The general stood with Jerome on the hearth. He added beaming on Sally, "Yes, one hundred thousand, on delivery. And half my estate, when I kick the bucket."

Jerome interrupted swiftly, in order to spare Sally's blushes—though, to tell the truth, the young lady did not apparently find the conversation distasteful. "Miss Sally and I have much in common, and I look forward to making our acquaintance strong in the future. If I have her consent?" and he bowed to the girl again.

She looked up from the depths of her chair, like a sleek little kitten, blushed again, simpered. It was an intelligent face, he observed, and a very pretty one, and one hundred thousand immediate dollars were not to be despised. Too, if he understood women at all, there was promise of excitement in that dainty little body. No prude, Sally. She had life and gaiety and verve. A man could do much worse.

He sat down near her. The general remained on the hearth. He accepted one of Jerome's cheroots, and looked on the while decanter with pleasure. He helped himself drinking with prodigious enjoyment.

"Where's William?" he demanded.

"My father is resting in his room. Shall call him? And my sister will be glad to see the young ladies."

"Never mind. Let us have a few moments to ourselves. I never see you alone," complained the general. "I even thought of going to the bank to see you. And I have been in the infernal place for ten years. 'Give him a day, three days,' I said to the girls, 'and he'll be hotfooting it back to New York with his tail between his legs!'

George S. Kaufman asked Oscar Levant if he understood the point system of rationing. "Very simple," said Oscar. "You point to what you want, and the grocer says you can't have it."

—Toledo Blade.

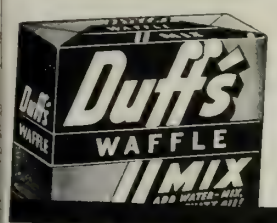
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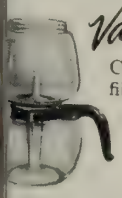


Add Water —that's all!

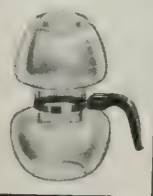
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instead, there you are, sticking it out. What's the attraction, eh?" His wicked blue eyes fixed themselves with shrewd mirth upon Jerome.

Jerome smiled. "A number of things, all very boring, I presume. Besides, I have really no place else to go."

There were sounds on the staircase and Dorothea entered. She favored the general with a stately smile, and accepted the kisses of the young ladies. The general led her gallantly to a chair.

"My dear Dorothea!" he exclaimed. "I trust we did not disturb you?"

"Not at all, general. Papa will be down shortly. You will remain for tea, general?"

"That is my plan," he answered.

Dorothea turned to Jerome. "Will you ring the bell? And I shall inform papa at once that the general is here, and the young ladies."

In a short while Mr. Lindsey came down, accompanied by Philip, who held his arm. In the ensuing confusion of greetings and amenities, the general said, in a loud voice:

"William, I am pleased with your son. Did you know he is going to marry my daughter Sally?"

Jerome remembered that Carlyle once said, "Gunpowder has made men all of one height." But Jerome added, from his present illuminating experiences, "Uniformity, however, reduces men to pygmies."

He was cautious in allowing himself to believe that uniformity was settling over America. It was only when he was beginning to collect a nice set of bruises on his mental body that he realized that there seemed to be a grim and collective effort to reduce American life, business and enterprise to a gray and drab uniformity. Men were not only commanded to be of the same height, but their stature was being reduced.

He, who rarely allowed his emotions to become involved in anything, found himself quite emotionally and furiously in revolt. There seemed a universal plot against the former diversity and variety of American life. The boisterousness and color, the swashbuckling vitality, the gay and riotous unpredictability of the American people were being obliterated. Worst of all, it seemed deliberate. Why was this?

JEROME, incredulous at first, began to see why. America had arrived at the age of machines.

Jerome had never been aware of the intrusion of the machine, either into his own life or into the lives of his friends. His companions were singularly free from any suspicion that the pleasant handwrought world about them was threatened by mechanics. If some new machine was heralded in the public press as guaranteed to do the work of one hundred men while guided by only one man, they would murmur, "How dull." One of Jerome's friends, however, blessed or cursed by a greater imagination than the others, had remarked, "If machines make many things quickly, then they will be able to make them cheaper, and neither in wardrobe nor conveyance, in books nor furniture, will it be possible to distinguish between the gentleman and the plebeian."

The idea had struck Jerome and he found himself discussing it one evening with his friend, Mr. Jay Regan. Jerome had ridiculed the thought, but Mr. Regan's ambushed eyes had begun to sparkle. He had nodded and said:

"The complete industrialization of America has begun. The war has given it impetus. If America is to grow, to expand over her vast territories, then the hand must be implemented by the machine. Necessity is always the mother of invention, and the machine is America's necessity. Mechanics will, and must, become the very life of this country."

Jerome sardonically murmured his friends' remark: "How dull."

"Not dull!" Mr. Regan had exclaimed. "Most exciting! Think of the huge production of commodities, the expansion, the wealth! We shall pass from an almost

(Continued on Page 55)

Holiday helpers!
Every-day helpers!

...THE 7 DELICIOUS KRAFT CHEESE SPREADS



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MORE FOR YOU! As the Government needs less cheddar, there's *more* of these favorite Kraft varieties for you. Watch for sharp-flavored Old English and the famous, medium-mellow Kraft American that *always* melt to perfection!

Fix your holiday snack trays fancy *and fast* with some of the seven delicious Kraft Cheese Spreads! Here we have open-face and rolled sandwiches using quick-spreading Kraft Pimento and Olive-Pimento Spreads. Zestful Roka and Kraft Relish Spreads would be grand, too! And for hearty *everyday* sandwiches, don't forget Old English Spread, Kraft Limburger and Kraft Pineapple Spread, the children's favorite. The *Kraft* name is your guide to wholesome, nutritious and tempting cheese spreads—*real* quality.

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Are you in the know?



The lathered lady is—

- ☐ *Brushing up on beauty*
- ☐ *Banishing 5 o'clock shadow*
- ☐ *A little shaver*

Borrow Dad's shaving brush, soap your face, and start brushing up on beauty. It's stimulating . . . and the thorough cleansing helps, if you've a tendency to blackheads. Now is the time to safeguard your complexion. And, to safeguard your *daintiness*. You see, *now Kotex contains a deodorant* to help you stay daisy-fresh on certain days. Mind you, the deodorant can't shake out—because it is processed right into each Kotex napkin, not merely dusted on! How carefree you'll feel with this new Kotex "extra"—and not one extra penny to pay!



It's a bright trick to go Christmas dating with—

- ☐ *Mistletoe on your mind*
- ☐ *Baubles in your hair*
- ☐ *Your heart on your sleeve*

Catch a beau with mistletoe? Or by letting him think you're a smitten kitten? Try a smarter way. Be original. Look charming. It's a bright trick to wear a wee cluster of Christmas tree ornaments in your hair. You can be the belle of Noël—and be poised for *all* occasions (even "those")—when your mind's at ease. Kotex keeps you so. Yes, thanks to the special *safety center* of Kotex you get *plus* protection, for this patented Kotex feature keeps moisture away from the sides of the pad. Helps spare you embarrassing accidents.



Is this nifty giftie—

- ☐ *A compact*
- ☐ *A bracelet*
- ☐ *Both*

Here's a fetching new twist for the wrist—a bracelet-compact (complete with mirror). Dreamed up to give you a free hand, at sports or whenever a purse seems cumbersome. For free action on *calendar* days, remember to choose the napkin designed to give you chafeless comfort: Kotex. There's lasting softness in Kotex—unlike pads that bunch and rope. Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. You'll have nary a care when you choose Kotex.

Can you define the "Cold Shoulder"?

- ☐ *Spreading the frosting*
- ☐ *A call to arms*
- ☐ *A formal dress*

Just what its name implies—the little numbah illustrated. A new formal dress with one shoulder bare. (Relax—no barer than a bathing suit!) Very dapper indeed for party evenings, when you're set to defy competition. *Hold* that mood! At "those" times, too. With Kotex as your ally no revealing outlines *dare* compete with the smoothness of your frock, your poise. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. So, say goodbye to outlines!



A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX* NAPKIN

AT NO EXTRA COST . . .



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

(Continued from Page 53)

defenseless position in the family of nations to the most powerful, the leader. Through the machine."

Jerome had become interested, in spite of himself. He said, "But mechanics, superimposed on life, will murder the importance of the individual."

Mr. Regan had considered it. Then he said slowly, "Yes. I can see that. Subordinated by the machine, Americans can become lifeless and mechanical, servants, not masters, of mechanics. That must be combated by those with vision. Uniformity in anything is death-dealing. There is nothing so uniform as a cemetery."

Old Jay was right, Jerome reflected. Mankind tended to uniformity. It saved individual effort and ardor. The masters took advantage of this natural trend in the nature of men. Man preferred to subordinate rather than to sublimate.

Jerome was filled with violent hatred. It was not that he cared much for the degradation of his fellow men to the service of a few. But he felt his own dignity and potency as an individual threatened. What was happening in Riversend was happening all over America. Jerome enjoyed his hatred passionately, for the thing he hated had always been his hatred: uniformity, hopelessness and the dull march of days. He had always avoided them, making his individual escape, and believing that his derision could keep the horror at bay. Now he saw that the horror was a spreading gray fog over America. It was everywhere.

The three or four weeks during which Alfred was away became a time of feverish activity and thought to Jerome. He was at the bank at eight in the morning. He demanded that all books be opened for him. He read ledger after ledger, report after report, endless files of correspondence. Often Jerome arrived home hardly in time for dinner. Even then, he brought ledgers and records to read in his own room.

"If I had my time over again," counseled a maiden lady of advanced years, "I'd get married before I had sense enough not to."

Dorothea, observing this incredible manifestation of energy on the part of her brother, thought with passionate indignation, *He is trying to undermine Alfred. He is trying to be important, to make a name for himself. He is trying to influence papa, hypocritically, for really he can have no genuine interest in the bank.* She could not know, as usual, that Jerome's interest was in himself.

Mr. Lindsey, for all his weariness and illness, knew that something was going on, but he did not speak of it to his son. He wished Jerome would tell him what was on his mind. But he was both afraid and vaguely aware that Jerome would be uncommunicative. However, an idea of his own was forming in his thoughts. He, too, had begun to ask himself, *Is it really possible that Jerome is taking an interest? Has it really captured his imagination? If so, then I must consult* —— But the man he intended to consult was not Alfred.

WHEN Jerome saw his father at dinner, his conversation was always sprightly, but superficial. And Mr. Lindsey, as usual, was delighted and amused.

One evening as they sat near the library fire, Jerome said casually to his father, "Did you know that a fellow by the name of King Gunsey wants to build a factory in Riversend to manufacture farm implements?"

Mr. Lindsey aroused himself feebly, frowned a little and murmured, "Alfred did mention it—er—agree?"

"He did not. I gathered, from the correspondence, that he considered Mr. Munsey's offer to be compounded of mayhem, and a refutation of Alfred's belief in the divine right of the poor to starve peacefully, and a sinister desire by the manufacturer to paint the landed gentry's houses with soot."

Mr. Lindsey sternly prevented himself from smiling. "How did you discover all this?"

"Curiosity, as well as love, laughs at locksmiths."

Mr. Lindsey was shocked. "You ought not to have done that to Alfred, Jerome! You had only to ask him ——"

"How could I?" Jerome pointed out reasonably. "When I had no idea what I was looking for?"

But Mr. Lindsey was really perturbed. His New England conscience grumbled alarmingly. How unscrupulous Jerome was! He said, "Well. What else did you discover while you were laughing at locksmiths?"

Unaware of what was transpiring during his absence, Alfred had quite recklessly extended his honeymoon from three to four weeks. Though he had a stern belief in the sanctity of the Sabbath, he was compelled to violate the holy day and arrive home the last Sunday in January.

A thaw had set in, and all the countryside was awash with slush and sleet. Dorothea was "indisposed," Philip was abed with influenza, and it was impossible for Mr. Lindsey to accompany the carriage to the depot to gather the bridal pair. Alfred believed that Jerome, at least, would be at the depot to greet him and welcome him home.

But Jerome was not there. He was working against time. He was completing his impertinent investigations into Alfred's affairs. He closed, and hid, the last ledgers just as the carriage climbed the winding driveway to the door. He looked down from his windows, passed his hands over his ruffled hair and then, humming lightly, descended to the hall below.

ALFRED and Amalie were standing before the fire, removing their gloves, while a maid gathered up their cloaks. Alfred was murmuring something to his wife, and she had turned to him, smiling. Jerome saw that she was rather pale and quiet and abstracted, in her dark gray traveling dress, dark gray bonnet and veil. She was very composed, and very still.

Jerome greeted them affably, shook hands with Alfred, then turned to Amalie. "Would it be in order," he asked, "to kiss the returning bride?"

She looked bored. "It would not be in order," she responded, and looked at the fire indifferently.

Alfred appeared smug and satisfied. He laid his hand possessively on Amalie's arm as he asked Jerome about the family. He was genuinely concerned at the report of his uncle's increased illness, Dorothea's indisposition and Philip's influenza. At the mention of Philip, Amalie looked up and addressed herself directly to Jerome.

"Is he very ill? I must go to him at once."

She turned away abruptly and ran lightly up the stairs. She discovered that her breath was short and her heart beating heavily as she arrived at the upper landing. She also felt extremely ill, and had to pause in the warm dusk for a few moments. Then she went down the hall to Philip's room, knocked gently, then entered.

Philip was lying on his pillows, coughing feebly. But when he saw Amalie, he raised himself on his pillows, his eyes sparkling, and stretched out his hands to her with a cry.

She came to him at once and kissed him warmly. She sat beside him, holding one of his hands.

"Oh, Miss Amalie!" he exclaimed. "I have missed you so much."

"And I have missed you, too, darling," she said. "You received my letters?"

"Yes. I saved them all." He laughed a little feebly. "They were so amusing. Do have tea with me here, Miss Amalie."

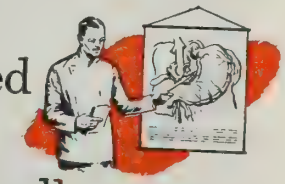
"If you wish it, darling," she said. She smiled while his wise young eyes studied her. "What is it, Philip?" she asked.

"You have changed, Miss Amalie," he murmured. "You seem so tired and pale."

She rubbed his hand strongly, and her smile was forced. "Well, it was a dreary journey home. And our four weeks were very festive." She opened her bag and produced a small box. She held it high for Philip to see. "You have no idea what this is!" she

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cried. "But you must guess. I will allow you three guesses."

His eyes sparkled with anticipation. "A ring! A set of cuff links! Oh—I can't think! Please let me see it."

She put the box into his hands, and his fingers shook as he opened it. Then he gave a cry of delight. Revealed on white velvet was a beautiful gold watch, a repeater. While he held it, dazed and awed, the tiny golden bell inside sounded the quarter hour on a series of fairy notes. He could not speak. He could only raise his eyes and look at Amalie with an expression of ecstasy.

"Look at the back, Philip," she whispered.

He turned it over. There was engraving on the smooth gold: "To Philip from his loving Mother, January 29, 1869."

The boy read the inscription, then, with touching simplicity, put his parched lips to it. Tears ran down his cheeks.

Amalie caught Philip in her arms and held him to her. "My dear, my darling," she whispered.

When the maid brought Philip's tea, she informed Amalie that the gentlemen were awaiting her. But Amalie, expressing her regrets, ordered that tea be brought for her in Philip's room.

Amalie fastened the emerald earrings carefully in her ears. She looked into her mirror. She saw her pale face, framed in its glistening waves of black hair. She reached into the depths of a drawer, withdrew a scrap of red flannel, moistened it at her lips and rubbed the flannel deftly on her cheeks. She was rewarded by a faint glow, which, however, only increased the dark hollowness of her violet eyes. She stood away from the candle-lighted mirror and carefully studied her slender figure Her gown, with its heavy drapes and folds, was becoming and demure, yet she mysteriously imparted to it a kind of drama and excitement.

The dim, firelit room behind her was warm and still. Alfred was completing his dressing in the small room adjoining.

Amalie went to the windows and pushed aside the draperies. She could see nothing, not even a twinkling light from the valley. She stood and listened to the restless wind and rain. Her hands tightened on the draperies, and a sick wave of heat ran over her flesh. Memories of the past four weeks flashed in her mind. She had been everything that Alfred had desired; she had been much admired at the hotel at which they had stayed. She thought of the nights she had endured. Endured. She could not release herself from the thought. She said to herself, *What a fool I was, to deceive myself that his solid quiet and composure extended to—all things!* How jejune she had been, she who had prided herself on not possessing any illusions. *I knew everything, and I knew nothing*, she thought, with profound and loathing ridicule of herself. She had been as inexperienced and as innocent as any of the simpering young ladies she had despised, for all her boldness and her cynical conversation.

HER sick terror and loathing increased. But she fixed her thoughts decisively on Alfred's virtues, his truly deep love for her, the comfort and security he had given her with his name. She glanced at the emeralds in the bracelet on her wrist, the flashing diamond on her finger. Fortune had given her this face, and this figure, and with them she had purchased all the enviable things she had dreamed of and had desired.

She thought, *It ought not to be so for women. We ought not to have to wonder if our faces and our bodies are of sufficient pleasantness to attract security and food and shelter to us, in the form of a man.*

A sudden rage engulfed her. She closed her hand about the bracelet, as if to wrench it off. And then she said to herself, *He is good, he is kind, he is almost always gentle, except —— I can offer him no reproach. It is I who am the fool. I have made a most excellent bargain. I am even fond of him. I have gained more than he has. For what he has given me, I have only to please.* Her smile became wry.

So Alfred found her, coming out of the dressing room. "My love," he said, "is not that dress just a trifle—extreme?"

She started, then turned slowly to him. Her pallor was luminous. But she made herself smile. "Extreme?" she asked. "I think not. It has such a high neck, and long sleeves."

Alfred considered her acutely. The gown was indeed quite respectable, with its conservative bodice and its modest bustle. Such a gown on Dorothea would have appeared drab and nondescript. Yet his wife gave it a most curious air, almost theatrical. Alfred did not recognize style when he saw it. He thought it "unrefined."

HE studied her face and her hair. A faint sharp thrill ran through him. "You are charming, my love," he said, and drew her to him and kissed her cheek in a properly husbandlike dignity. "But those emerald earrings: I confess they give you a rather bold air. Would you please me, and remove them?"

She withdrew herself from his arms, removed the jewelry.

Alfred watched, pleased. "There, that is better. We have a certain decorum to uphold in Riversend."

"Are we to have guests tonight?" she asked.

"No. There will be only Uncle William and ourselves. Jerome, I understand, is dining with General Tayntor tonight." He smiled. "I was given a hint by Dorothea that a match is in the making there. With Miss Sally."

He did not see how still Amalie's hands had become on the jewelry box, how white her knuckles. "Miss Sally? The little girl with the big black eyes?"

"Yes. A lovely child, and with a considerable fortune. If it is true, Jerome has done excellently for himself."

Amalie said, in her strangely dull voice, "Will they live here also?"

"I believe so. The house is large enough."

Amalie said, "Alfred, cannot we leave here? Cannot we have a home of our own? Just you and I and Philip? I would not care if it were less grand. Only that we can be alone."

Alfred was startled, then tremendously pleased. He said, "Would you really like that, my darling?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

He put his hand on the back of her head and pressed her face against his shoulder. He said, in a low voice, "It would please me more than anything, my dearest. But we must subordinate our wishes. There is Uncle William to consider."

She stood quietly in the circle of his arm and tried to restrain the violence of her repulsion at the sound of his sanctimonious and consciously upright sentiments. With what derision she had heard them so often. She had detested them as hypocrisy.

And then it came to her with amazement that she had been wrong. Alfred had spoken honestly, partly out of a narrow but profound depth of honor and partly out of stern justice. If he saw that injustice might be closing in upon him, he was reminding himself that it was only fair that Mr. Lindsey's real son should be first in his favor. Alfred was a realist, then, even against himself.

Amalie stood within his arms and hated herself. She lifted her head and said, with involuntary vehemence, "It is not fair! No one considers you! You are so good, Alfred. So very good! Yet that goodness means nothing now that a dissolute and dishonorable man has returned to the house you have earned and to enjoy the work you have done!"

He looked down at her, dumfounded, and saw the purplish blaze of her infuriated eyes

(Continued on Page 58)

Benjamin Franklin's mother-in-law hesitated at letting her daughter marry a printer, as there were already two printing offices in the colonies and she was uncertain whether the country would support a third.

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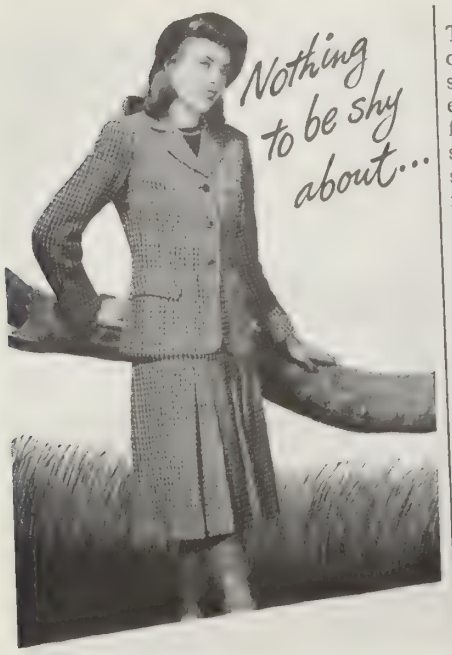
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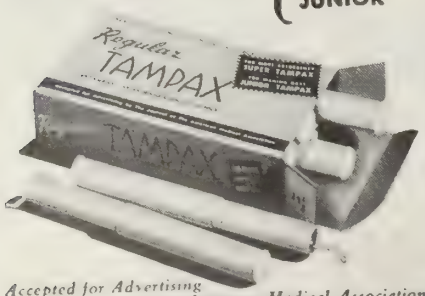
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(Continued from Page 56)

Then he was putting her aside and saying quietly, "Amalie, my dear, you do not understand. Whatever I have done is only a fair exchange for what Uncle William has done for me. I am no hypocrite, and I will not say that Jerome's return has not been a shock. For days I was considerably tormented. For days I hoped it was only a whim. When I saw it was not, I hated him."

Now Alfred smiled, but it was a sad and curiously defenseless smile, and she knew, instinctively, that he was telling her things he would never have told another.

"You see, I am not good. I am not really good at all. I hate Jerome. I hate him, in spite of the fact that I know that Uncle William could not really do anything but what he is doing. I think, in my heart, that I have always hated Jerome, because he is so much cleverer than I, and inspires so much more admiration. There is something about him which draws others to him. You see, my darling, I have always been so lonely."

He took her hand, and she saw him through a haze of tears. She gazed at him with astonishment. He was not so unimaginative then. Her hand tightened about his.

"Do not have any illusions about me, Amalie," he was saying. "I am not a resigned man by nature. I am ambitious. Yes. And I hate Jerome. I know I am the better man, and I intend that others shall recognize that also. You see, now, that I am not kind, or forbearing, though I try to understand, and try to be just."

She said, and her voice shook, "I never really knew you, Alfred."

He raised her hand to his lips, and she looked at his strong round head and smiled through her tears. She said to herself, *I will do all I can. I will make myself what he wishes. I will devote myself to him. How was it possible that I was so blind, and so stupid, and so greedy? How can I ever repay him?* She felt his lips on her hand, and they did not make her flesh grow rigid as they had done before.

The bell sounded softly through the warm stillness of the house, and together they went down the stairway hand in hand, as they had never gone before.

In February, Mr. Lindsey suffered a heart seizure which almost ended his life. He survived, but so painfully that those who loved him could not consider his escape from death merciful. Dorothea and Amalie nursed him. For several days his son and nephew did not go to the bank, as the physician had warned them that he might die at any moment. If he survived the first week, the physician informed them, his chances for life were increased enormously.

Dorothea acquired a reluctant respect for her sister-in-law in these sad days. For Amalie devoted herself almost with fanaticism to the care of Mr. Lindsey. Nothing was too hard, too unpleasant to do for him. It was she who lifted the tormented body in her arms while Dorothea or a maid adjusted his bedding. It was she who seemed tireless, and insisted upon the night vigil.

Mr. Lindsey survived the crucial week. On the tenth day, he smiled at Amalie during the night and whispered a word of gratitude. On the eleventh day, Alfred and Jerome returned to the bank.

After two weeks, visitors were allowed to come to Hilltop and drink tea while they inquired after Mr. Lindsey's health. But it was not until six weeks had passed that Amalie felt that she need not spend the night with Mr. Lindsey, and she and Dorothea divided up the daylight hours of care between them.

Mr. Lindsey grew stronger as March came in. Dorothea read to him, but he soon put a stop to this. Her harsh and monotonous voice tired him. But Amalie's voice, deep and clear, soothed him, and he would listen to her for hours.

One day he said, "My dear, you are very thin and pale. I have been too much for you, I am afraid."

"No, Uncle William. You are never too much for anyone," she answered gently.

But he sighed. "You must promise me to walk in the air, and take rides. Otherwise I shall reproach myself. You look quite haunted, my poor child."

"I promise," she said comfortingly.

It was a Sunday afternoon, and upon Mr. Lindsey's insistence she left him for an hour or two. She put on her heavy gown of brown wool, and the sealskin jacket Alfred had bought for her, and her fur-trimmed bonnet. She thrust her hands into her muff and stole downstairs. Not wishing to speak to anyone, she crept out of the house, closing the door noiselessly behind her.

It was five o'clock. The snow had retreated to a white line against the brick walls of the garden, and lay in leprous patches on the hillside. The trees were still bare. But the sky was a pure ultramarine, profound and deep, and the evening star rose in it like a point of silver flame.

Amalie walked slowly down the slope to the copse of pines. She pushed through them, and they had an odor pungent and fresh. Her feet sank into the earth, over the softness of the needles. She reached the other side, then stopped abruptly. For there, smoking and looking at the sky, stood Jerome.

Amalie did not move. But Jerome said, quietly and casually, "Good evening."

She half turned away, instinctively, then halted and said indifferently, "Good evening. The air is nice, isn't it?"

"You ought to enjoy it. You have not had much opportunity lately."

She laughed a little. "Everyone seems intent on making me feel myself a martyr. I am not, really." She became conscious that her heart was beating with strong and painful rapidity, her breath felt like a surge of suffocating air in her constricted throat.

His voice came to her dimly: "I have not thanked you before, for your care of my father. But I cannot thank you fully. That would be impossible."

She spoke huskily: "It was nothing. I am so very fond of him."

"And he is fond of you," Jerome said. She had never heard his voice so gentle.

She looked down at the valley, and did not answer. Her heart had subsided into tremendous slow beats, as if it were stifling, and the sickening anguish which filled her had become a physical and crushing thing.

Jerome regarded her profile, which revealed nothing at all except the stiff and sunken expression about her pale lips. "It is almost spring," he said. "Soon this valley will be hidden in trees, and the grass will be green on these hills. I haven't seen our garden in summer for years. I never thought the idea of a garden could be so pleasant. It is agreeable to think that we can now talk of other things besides my father's illness, and can make plans," he went on. She knew that he was smiling, but could only wonder if the darkness which was deepening slowly about her was real, or imagined. He said, "It is fairly settled that Sally Tayntor and I are to be married in September."

She opened her mouth, but the thickness in her throat kept back her voice. She thought, *I must go back. If I do not, I shall cry out, or scream.* She drew in a deep breath, and found that she could speak again.

"That will please your father, I know."

"It will please everyone, especially me," he said lightly. "Sally is a very dear girl."

He flicked at a black and sodden leaf on the wet earth with his cane. Amalie raised her eyes and he saw her stark anguish.

He said softly, "I hope you have long pardoned my insolence to you. I can only say that I was a fool. I'd like to know that you do not think too harshly of me."

"No," she whispered. "Oh, no."

"You are very good," he said gravely. "You have forgiven me, then?"

Her lips moved, but he heard no words. He held out his hand to her. She stared at it for a moment, then withdrew her hand from her muff and gave it to him.

"Shall we go back now?" he asked. "I thought I heard the dinner bell."

They moved through the pines and climbed the slope together. They entered



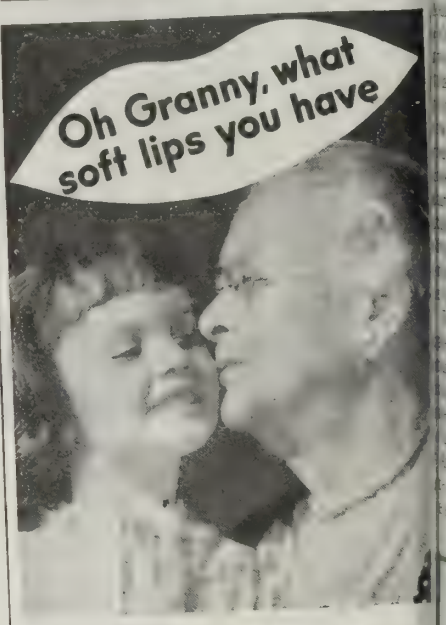
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the hall, and Amalie went alone up the stairs. Someone had lighted the lamp in her bedroom. It threw its soft light on the carpet. A fire crackled in the grate. Amalie sat down on the bed. Her whole body was trembling. Then she turned, burying her face in a pillow. "O God," she said aloud, in a sharp voice. "O God, God."

It was on April twenty-eighth that Brig. Gen. Wainwright Tayntor celebrated the betrothal of his daughter, Miss Sally Atchison Tayntor, to Mr. Jerome Lindsey, the marriage to take place in September.

Miss Sally's father was jubilant, and Miss Sally, herself, a constant glow of blushes and delight. The general's mansion was lit from top to bottom when the guests began to arrive. Relatives from Boston, Philadelphia and New York were already snugly quartered in guest bedchambers.

All agreed that for lavishness of entertainment, for the splendor of women's gowns, for hilarity and handsomeness, the reception was unsurpassed in the history of Riversend. The bride-to-be, in her pale blue Worth gown looped with pink velvet rosebuds, was dazzling. The bridegroom-to-be, according to the ladies, was devastating. There was no false note in the whole evening.

Even Miss Dorothea Lindsey, noted in the past for her grimness, appeared almost gay. She had emerged from her constant grays and blacks, and wore a gown of deep purple foulard. It was true that she was very old—almost forty, in fact—but there was such an air about her that she might be considered much younger by a casual eye. Several bachelors became interested. After all, there was no inconsiderable fortune in the background.

Mr. Lindsey had insisted upon being present. Emaciated, weak and exhausted though he was, he sat and smiled and conversed with his old friends.

Those who had maliciously expected some flamboyant display of toilette from Mrs. Alfred Lindsey were disappointed. Her gown of dim rose velvet and lace was cut on the most conservative lines. It was noted, also, that she had lost flesh, and that she appeared to be very weary. Was it possible, whispered the ladies, that young Mrs. Lindsey was already —— They scrutinized her figure closely. Of course she had been married hardly four months, and stays were very tight. However, it would be an excellent thing for Alfred, poor gentleman, who had only that miserable little cripple as evidence of his first marriage.

The Widow Kingsley decided to investigate. She found Amalie alone, kissed the young woman heartily and then, after an exchange of somewhat listless amenities, asked abruptly, "My dear, are you going to have a baby?"

Amalie did not blush or start. Her white face only set itself into rigid lines. "No," she said quietly. "At least, not yet."

The widow eyed the other woman cunningly over her vigorously waving fan. "Nothing so settling for a wife as having babies. You must have half a dozen."

Amalie smiled slightly. "I shall remember your advice, dear Mrs. Kingsley."

"Never had any myself," confided the widow. "Never liked 'em. Of course, that is very unnatural of me. I am a most unnatural woman. But in a world so hell-bent always on being natural and dull, it is pleasant to be unnatural."

Amalie's smile was a little less forced. "I understand that it is the unnatural people who make history. Moreover, they have a hypnotical effect on the natural."

The other woman chuckled. "I suspect you are right. I have hypnotized three men into marrying me. Gentlemen of substance. Look at me: I am not in the least dazzling or alluring. Yet three gentlemen of fortune married me, and adored me. That is hypnotic. Do you blame 'em?" she demanded.

Amalie gave her full attention for the first time. "No," she said thoughtfully, "I do not blame them. They must have found you exciting after association with so many insipid women."

The widow, pleased, tapped the girl smartly on the arm with her fan. "I love you, my child. Not once have you said, 'You must have been handsome, or charming.' You have a good eye. I was always very ugly, but I was always very entertaining. A man may tire of a pretty face and a beautiful figure—which he immediately sets out to ruin—but he never tires of a woman who entertains him. My father had a favorite story," she went on, eying the dancers with pleasure. "It was about Samuel Johnson. Sam had a very gay wife, who frequently left him to travel about the Continent with charming rakes. Sam always took her back. Once his friends remonstrated. He replied, 'But she is always so gay and fresh when she returns, and has so many delightful stories to tell.' My love, if I had daughters, I would make them memorize that story in their very cradles." The widow shook her head. "Men are such irresponsible and inconsistent creatures."

But Amalie was not listening. Jerome had just danced by with Miss Sally. Jerome had been smiling down at her, and his arm had been close. Amalie's eyes closed spasmodically, and a look of suffering whitened her mouth and grayed her face.

The Widow Kingsley, with her astuteness, saw all this. She rose, waited a moment, then tapped Amalie sharply on the arm. "Have you ever been in the market, my dear? No? There is a saying that one must 'cut his losses' occasionally. That you must do. Take my advice, for I am an old woman, and I have learned common sense."

Amalie stared at her.

Mrs. Kingsley nodded grimly. "Yes, my love. It is a sad day when a woman is less

(Continued on Page 61)



"Sure, I heard you call. I thought it was a hunter."

Granddaughter of Theodore Roosevelt

Daughter of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, lovely young Paulina Longworth Sturm is the granddaughter of Theodore Roosevelt. She is devoted to Pond's. "I'm especially fond of the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream, because I'm outdoors a lot—and wind and sun *do* roughen my skin if I'm not careful," Mrs. Sturm says. "But the Mask is a grand complexion 'fix-up'! It makes my skin feel softer and fresher right away!"



Charming devotée of the 1-Minute Mask—Paulina Longworth Sturm

Give your skin a clearer look . . . a softer feel—in 60 seconds!

Whenever your skin looks "roughed-up" and dull—give yourself this quick complexion "restyling"...

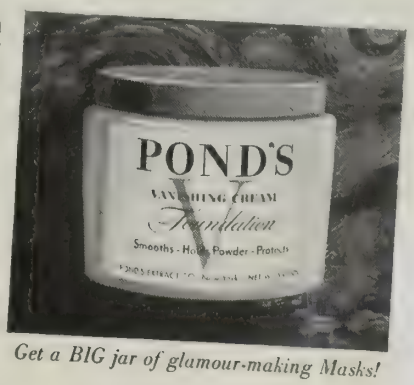
Spread a cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream whitely over your face—everything but your eyes.

Leave this refreshing Mask on for one full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens tiny dead skin flakes and tight-stuck dirt particles. Dissolves them!

"*Results show so quickly!* As soon as I tissue off the 1-Minute Mask I can see the difference in my skin," Mrs. Sturm says. *You'll* love the clearer, brighter look of *your* complexion, too . . . its smoother "feel"!

Ideal powder base . . .

For a quick-and-silky foundation, spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. *Not greasy or drying! Holds powder!*



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!



Little...for such a little while!

TIME—for you to do things for your children—does not linger. It does not wait for difficult times to be over. *Now*, today, the children are growing. *Now* they are going to school. *Now*, every day, they need the foods that help them grow up strong and sturdy.



No wonder so many of you mothers are grateful today for Nucoa!

For you know you must not skimp on a child's spread for bread. It does more than make the breakfast toast, the school lunch sandwiches, the baked potato and the hot vegetables taste delicious. It supplies food energy that growing children need. It supplies Vitamin A, essential for good growth, normal eyesight and general well-being.

15,000 U. S. P. units of Vitamin A now in every pound of Nucoa!

No other churned spread for bread can be counted on as a finer source of Vitamin A than Nucoa. The first margarine to add Vitamin A, Nucoa is also first to supply 15,000 U.S.P. units, *guaranteed* in every pound, winter and summer.

For real flavor goodness that "melts in your mouth," put Nucoa on your table. Its chief ingredients—pure vegetable oils and fresh pasteurized, cultured skim milk—are riches from America's own farms. And Nucoa is freshly made the year round, on order only. It always tastes sweet and fresh.

Appetizing Tricks with Nucoa



Jelly-Nucoa: Cream together ½ cup Nucoa and ½ cup favorite jelly. Spread generously on enriched bread for jiffy-quick wholesome school lunch sandwiches.



The Art of Coloring: Tint Nucoa for table use with the pure Color-Wafer inserted in each package. The trick—for ease and no streaking—is to soften the Nucoa first until it creams readily. For cooking, use Nucoa as it comes—pure white.



Nutritious **NUCOA**

(Continued from Page 59)

wise than a man." She rustled away, shouting to an acquaintance.

Amalie stared at herself in the mirror over her dressing table. The candlelight revealed her face in all its white torture. She said, *I am not wise. I was never wise.* She could not move; she had sat like this for fifteen minutes, making no effort to undress, her hands lying numbly among the crystal and gilt bottles that littered the lace which covered the table. She did not hear the dressing-room door open and close. So she started violently when she heard Alfred's voice:

"My dear, you are not undressed. Do you know it is long after midnight?"

She said, in a dull and mechanical tone, "I am sorry. I am so tired. I was just resting, Alfred." She stood up.

He stood near her, in his crimson dressing gown. He was hesitating, and his smile was awkward. But there was a heavy flush on his face. He drew her into his arms and kissed her lingeringly. He whispered, "Darling, do you know it has been long over two months ——" He felt her grow hard as stone in his arms. He exclaimed, "What is it, Amalie? Are you ill?"

Frantically, he looked at her table, found her smelling salts, uncorked the bottle, held it to her nose. He lowered her to the chair. He knelt beside her, shook her beseechingly.

"What is it, Amalie, my darling?"

She leaned against him, drawing deep breaths. But she did not look at him as she murmured, "I am only tired. It has been a long evening." She paused. Her murmur was lower. "You—you must give me a little while, Alfred." She raised her head and tried to meet his eyes. "You do understand?"

"Certainly!" he cried. But he did not. It was enough for him, then, to see that she had recovered somewhat. His heart slowed its frantic beating.

He thought, *There is no understanding woman. It is true that she told me that she did not love me, but was fond of me, and would try to make me a good wife. I knew all that, before. But she did not shrink from me, when I took her as my wife; she was gentle and compliant. I expected nothing else.* He drew a deep and reassuring breath. *One must remember that they are delicate creatures at best, and inexplicable. One has only to be patient.*

And then he had an electric thought, powerful and thrilling. He knelt beside her, held her to him. He whispered, "Is it possible, Amalie, that—that ——"

SHE was silent in his arms. She was not acquainted with duplicity, with treachery. But now, in her extremity, she whispered in turn, "I—do not—know ——"

He laughed softly. "You must go to Doctor Hawley, Amalie. Tomorrow. My darling, it is only true!"

If this marvelous, this glorious thing were true, then all was explained: her shrinking from him, her avoidance of him. It explained fully, even more than her "tiredness" and her reaction from the strain of long weeks of nursing his uncle. He was content. Very tenderly he helped her undress. While he did so he talked lightly and lovingly, and with hushed laughter. He kissed her hands, her throat, her shoulders, with no passion, and only with love and delight.

Mr. Lindsey, Philip and Amalie sat in the warm sun of early May. To Mr. Lindsey, at least, the hills had never been so green, so softly rimmed with mauve; so tender. He was sitting in the sun, with his cashmere shawl over his knees, his long white head bare to the gentle wind. Amalie and Philip were beside him. Amalie had been reading Plato's Phaedo. But now Mr. Lindsey touched her shoulder gently.

"Please, my love, that is enough," he said. "Even Plato can become tiresome. He was always so logical."

Amalie glanced up in surprise. Then she saw Mr. Lindsey's face, and closed the book.

MR. LINDSEY regarded Amalie with sudden concentration. How had it escaped him that she was so pale and thin, so subdued and listless these days? Something had happened to this girl, whom he loved more than he had ever loved his daughter.

He said, "Amalie. Is there something wrong? You do not look well. How stupid of me not to have seen it before."

She was smiling at him now. "Please do not alarm yourself, dear Uncle William. It is just that—that the spring weather, so warm, is tiring me."

"You have not been well since I was ill!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "It was too much for you." But he did not believe it.

"I was so very anxious about you," she said.

He leaned back in his chair, and was silent. Philip, in his turn, regarded his stepmother with loving concern. His hand stole involuntarily to her, and she took it, pressing it, smiling reassuringly at him.

Mr. Lindsey returned his attention to her. "Is it not possible that you could accompany Philip and me to Saratoga, Amalie?"

"No, it would not be fair to Dorothea, to leave her with—everything," said Amalie, in her dull voice. "Besides, I have already suggested it to Alfred. I have pointed out to him that when he leaves you and Philip in Saratoga, and goes on to his business in New York, I should love to go with him. But he believes, and wisely, that I should remain here."

A dim flush crept over her face, rose to her forehead, and she thought to herself, *When he returns, I will end the farce. I will have recovered a little of my strength and my reason. I will have had time for perspective.*

They heard carriage wheels on the graveled drive, and the sound of Alfred's and Jerome's voices. The two men came around the side of the house and greeted them pleasantly.

"A lovely day," said Alfred, taking off his hat and lifting his head to the quickening breeze.

"I have just been saying to Alfred that work is a crime when the weather is good," said Jerome, glancing casually at the three with an affable smile.

Alfred, the humorless, suddenly became censorious. "A man must work to live," he said sententiously. And frowned. He and Jerome had reached quite an accord since

Fifth Christmas

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

What shall we give him, who has never known
The shape of fear, the outline made of steel,
The shadow on a wind of violence blown,
The apprehension than reality more real?
Shall there be guns scaled to his childish hand,
Planes like the one his brother flies today,
Destroyers by a crew of tin men manned
Whose battles all are won in dreaming play?

Where shall we find them now, those other toys
Belonging to another world, a place
Ours no more. . . . Is there for little boys
Something to brighten those candid eyes, that face
Transformed with wonder like a passing breath?
Here is a child who never heard of death.

1. Who'd think to look at smiling Sue
That milk-time used to be her cue
To weep and storm and act so wild—
She didn't seem like Mother's child!



2. But of a sudden Mother learned
That cries to smiles are quickly turned
The chocolate-flavored BOSCO way—
For it makes milk a treat each day!

3. SUPPLIES IRON AND VITAMIN D, TOO!
Chocolate-flavored Bosco is more than just a syrup that makes milk taste delicious! Four teaspoons added to the "daily quart" give a normal child *both* the Iron and Vitamin D she needs *every day*. Bosco is so easy to mix, a child can do it. Simply stir into milk . . . it blends in *smooth*. Economical! Ask for Bosco when you shop!



Today's Bosco is the same high-quality product as ever. You may not find it at your grocer's at all times due to sugar shortage, but when you do—what a satisfaction to know you're getting the best!



Smart folks live here!

Right, Santa! They're smart on two counts. There's nothing to compare with Victory Bonds as a gift. And there's nothing to compare with Canada Dry Ginger Ale as a beverage. It's taste-tingling. It bubbles joyously into your glass and into your very spirits . . . at holiday time or any time. True, it's sometimes hard to get Canada Dry these days. But when you do, it's the same delicious, sparkling refresher you've always known. In changing times, its quality has remained unchanged.

VICTORY LOAN

The sugar shortage continues to curtail production of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Since Canada Dry believes it is fairer to distribute this limited supply equitably to all areas, your dealer may occasionally be short. Just keep asking for it.

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

SO DELICIOUS, SO PURE, SO REFRESHING . . . ENJOYED THE WORLD OVER!

Mr. Lindsey's illness, and he earnestly hoped that his cousin was not about to relapse into incorrigibility and his old unpredictable heresies.

"We are all packed, papa," said Philip timidly.

Alfred turned his attention to his son. "Are you, Philip?" he asked in a kindly tone. "I do hope you and your grandpa will benefit from the waters. I will return for you in two weeks, and I hope to see both of you very rosy and fat."

He held out his hand to his wife, and she took it. She stood beside him for a moment as he put his arm about her. Her head was bent. Jerome studied them intently, from the background, and his face was impassive.

It had been very warm during the day. But at noon the sun became curiously brazen yet dull. A little later the sky turned saffron, and a yellowish light lay over the hills and the valley, ominous and appallingly silent.

It was Sunday, but the bells from the valley churches had not reached Hilltop. Everything was muffled. The last servant had gone by two o'clock, Dorothea graciously allowing them an extra holiday because of the absence of three members of the family. Shortly after two, in the wake of the servants, she called for the family carriage for herself. Her best friend, the wife of one of the local lawyers, had been taken seriously ill, and Dorothea intended to spend the rest of the day with her. As she prepared to leave, anxiously glancing at the saffron sky, she complained of Jerome's inconsiderateness. He might have waited for her in the small buggy, and thus have given Joe, the coachman, an earlier start on his unexpected holiday. But no, he must be off to see Sally Tayntor at a very early hour, and she, Dorothea, must lumber down into the valley in this heavy and stately vehicle. Now Joe must wait for her, unless Jerome could be induced to bring his sister back when she desired.

"I shall send a message to him," she said to Amalie. "I do wish, my dear, that you would come with me. It would be a change for you."

"No, please," said Amalie. "I—I have a headache. I intend to nap this afternoon. Will you return in time for supper?"

"I am afraid not." Dorothea adjusted her bonnet with a mittened hand. "But I understand that a cold luncheon has been set out for you." She paused. "I do not quite like it that you will be here all alone, with not even a single servant, unless you can call old Hiram in the barns any protection."

"I do not need protection," said Amalie, smiling faintly. "Please do not concern yourself with me, Dorothea. I will be asleep in half an hour."

Dorothea considered, staring at the girl fixedly. But at that moment the sun came out from behind the yellow vapor and threw a cataract of strong and golden light over the whole landscape. That decided Dorothea. She said, "I will try to return as soon as possible. Rest, if you can. You are not looking very well." She drove off in the carriage. The top was down, but Dorothea hoisted her black parasol over her head.

AMALIE watched her go. The old familiar lassitude was creeping over her again, the old dreadful weight dragging at her heart. She stood beside the piano and looked down at the keys. Her hands lay on the piano soundlessly. She stared before her.

I cannot endure it, she thought. *I shall have to go away. Forever. Oh, Alfred, Alfred. What have I done to you? You never deserved me. Where shall I go? What shall I do? I am a coward, because I can never forget. It is always with me.*

She put her hands suddenly over her eyes. She heard the sound of her own weeping, desolate and abandoned. After a little she was quiet. She knew there was no escape; she could not leave Alfred, who loved her, and his uncle, and his son, who trusted her and loved her also. She had nowhere to go. She trembled with the urge for flight, but there was no spot on earth where she could live in peace, or hide.

She thought of the long life before her. How could she endure it, to see him every day, to see him with Sally, to hear his voice, listen to his laugh and the sound of his footsteps? How could she endure to be Alfred's wife, Alfred who had no fault and no folly, except the fault and the folly of having wanted her? She tried, as she had tried so often before, to picture the kindness in his eyes for her, the tenderness, the thoughtfulness. And then she could only shiver and cry out feebly, as if sick with torment.

IT was a long time before she became aware that it was quite dark in the room. Lifting her swollen eyes, she looked at the windows. They were rectangles of ashen shadow. Suddenly that shadow was torn by fiery lightning which blazed into the room like the flash of an explosion. It was followed by the most stunning crash, which caused a curious subdued rattling all over the house.

Instinctively terrified, Amalie started to her feet. Now she heard the sudden screaming of the awakened gale, tearing and pounding at the windows, the moaning of the trees, the prolonged rustling of grass. With it, after a moment or two, came the rain, like a wall of glistening water illuminated, at intervals, by fresh explosive flashes. The old strong house shivered. A tree near by was struck, and immediately the air was permeated by a smell of ozone.

Amalie was overwhelmed with sheer primitive fright. She was alone in the house. If it were struck, thrown down about her, there was no one to help. She sank upon the piano stool, covering her ears with her hands, closing her eyes. Then, in a moment's comparative quiet, broken only by the wind and the rushing rain, she heard a sound, even through her hands.

It was a sound as if a door had opened and closed hastily. She started up, and her voice was wild with hope as she called out. But no one replied. It was only the banging of a shutter, she thought.

The fire and the fury were resumed, with more intensity.

She could not stay alone in this vast room. At least there was a spurious protection in her room, in her bed. She could draw the curtains; she could cover her ears with the pillows.

She ran toward the doorway, wincing away from the lightning, her heart beating with pure terror, her gown streaming behind her. It was not until she reached the doorway that she saw that Jerome stood there, watching her.

She stopped in the very midst of her headlong flight, her arms flung out instinctively to balance herself, her face gleaming frantically in the semidarkness. He held out his arms to her, and came slowly toward her. She watched him come. Her own arms dropped. She waited numbly. He reached her, and took her in his arms and held her to him gently.

And then she was clinging to him, sobbing wildly, clutching the wet cloth of his sleeve, crying out the most incoherent, the most heartbreaking words, as if her last control was gone. She felt his lips on hers, his tender and soothing reassurance, the pressure of his arms, the devouring and leaping hunger in her heart, and, finally, a terrible and soaring joy that seemed part of the lightning and the thunder.

(To be Continued)

We cannot eat the fruit while the tree is in blossom.

In a long journey and a small inn, one knows one's company.

The fool wonders, the wise man asks.

One dog barks at nothing: the rest bark at him.

He is lucky who forgets what cannot be mended.

See how summer-bright even gray-day meals can be!

So many colorful ways beets and carrots can help you!
And Del Monte brings them to you at their finest—ready to use.
A pair of "flavor finds"—watch for them at your grocer's!





Treat the folks to one of these beet hearties!

Rich-red, clean-cut, full-flavored—that's Del Monte Diced Beets! And no long scrubbing, boiling, dicing for *you!*

Family favorite: Del Monte Diced Beets in Harvard sauce flavored with cloves. Onion garnish.

Saladventure: Del Monte Diced Beets with sliced oranges and onions, zippy French dressing.

Man-style relish: Beets in vinegar with bay leaf, onions, peppercorns, celery seed, cloves.

Red Flannel Hash: Mix one jar of Del Monte Diced Beets, drained, with 3 cups regular meat hash; fry slowly in butter till done.

Tasty teammates: Make nests of seasoned, mashed yellow turnips. Fill with hot buttered beets.

Remember! Del Monte puts

flavor first

- ✓ **In Growing**
- ✓ **In Picking**
- ✓ **In Packing**
- ✓ **In Testing**

Del Monte BEETS

Count on carrots to highlight plain menus!

You bet! These firm, tender cubes are the quality you've always wanted in canned carrots. You get the color and flavor—Del Monte does the hard work!

Celery Victor: Lightly bind head of celery with string; simmer in rich stock till just tender. Marinate overnight with Del Monte Carrots in a fine French dressing.

Fine on fish: Del Monte Diced Carrots with capers or minced pimiento in medium white sauce.

Lunch hunch: Make baked ring of carrots, eggs, milk, seasonings. Fill with creamed peas or sea food.

Hit with ham: Del Monte Diced Carrots drained, heated in thickened, buttery orange sauce.

Del Monte CARROTS



Buy Bonds, Support the Victory Loan!

Leftovers

I love you



you're very nutritious

ZESTY MEAT SAUCE—Blend 1 tablesp. melted butter or margarine with 2 tablesp. flour. Add 1 cup boiling water and 2 bouillon cubes. Cook until thick. Add 3 tablesp. French's Mustard and 1 tablesp. French's Worcestershire Sauce. Pour over sliced or cubed leftover meat and heat to serve.

you taste just delicious!

CHEF'S CASSEROLE—Combine 1 cup cooked rice, 1 cup cooked fish, ½ cup milk, 1 egg beaten, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon French's Mustard. Pour into greased casserole and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Serves 3-4.

FREE! NEW RECIPE BOOK . . . "MEALTIME MAGIC." Send your name and address to The R. T. French Company, 1242 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, New York, for free copy.



Largest selling prepared mustard in U.S.A. today

Also made in Canada

WHAT YOU WANT IN YOUR HEART

(Continued from Page 20)

gray, too, and skimpy. "The Lord be praised." He kept saying it over and over.

"Yeah." Jed looked around the shed, eager to stem the outpouring. "Anything else to do here before supper?"

"Just to pick up that fodder I dropped, and tote the milk in." He began to scramble and Jed stopped him.

"Here. I'll do it."

The cow turned to stare at him with huge, lucent eyes as he put the feed in her stall. He stroked her once, letting his hand linger on her creamy neck. Jim Peters had always been prideful about his cows, and this one was no exception.

"She's a new one," Jed said. "Her name Bess?"

His father chuckled; a rusty sound, but a good one. "Always is, ain't it?"

"Far back as I can recollect." It saved having to get used to a different name, Jim claimed.

They went toward the house, with Jed carrying the pail carefully because the feel of it was so different from the things he had carried since he left home.

"Where you want it, ma?" he said at the kitchen door.

"Leave it out there, son," she told him; "you can put it in the springhouse later. And you-all hurry and wash, because supper's near 'bout ready."

When his father had finished, Jed stripped off his shirt and washed in the basin on the back porch, inured to the cold water and the mountain chill, then he dug a clean khaki shirt from his bag.

Tomorrow, he thought, *I can get out of these clothes for the rest of my life. Pa's probably worn out the ones I left, but I'll get me some new ones.*

It occurred to him, with the inevitable surprise and disbelief, that he had a lot of money and War Bonds saved up—more than he had ever dreamed of having. A first sergeant made good money, provided he didn't go hog-wild over women or the cheap junk they dangled before the eyes of American suckers over there. And Jed hadn't gone wild; the iron of poverty had entered too early and deeply into his soul. It seemed strange and somehow wrong to get paid so well for killing, and yet that was the way things were, so he had money.

His mother worried over the meal as they sat down. "I wanted to have a real *good* supper the first night, but I wasn't sure you'd be here."

He smiled slowly. "This is better than anything I've had since I left."

Corn bread, but light and golden; collard greens cooked with a strip of fat meat; fried country ham and yellow yams. The wood stove shed warmth over the kitchen, a kerosene lamp above the table threw pale light on the white cloth. When he was familiar again a checked oilcloth would serve, and that would be even better.

Sara Peters smiled uncertainly at him. "Will you say grace, Jed?"

His mind fumbled frantically along dusty shelves until it found the proper words. "O Lord, make us thankful for these and all Thy blessings ——"

They said the "amen" together, with fervor and wonder.

"Now tell me the news around here," he said when the plates were served. "Broadfields still living down the road?" He couldn't ask about Memory yet. He stepped warily around her name, meaning to come to it casually and later.

"Yes, they're still there." Sara was answering him. "Having trouble like everybody else, with nobody to help out on the place. Annie went down to Grandville to work in the shell plant, and there's only Shad and Jane and little Sammy left."

His skin tightened. He hadn't thought of the shell plant; maybe Memory had gone there too. He walked in a smaller circle around her name. "Many of the folks been working there?"

"A good many." Sara took pity on him. "Memory stayed on at home. She thought some about going, but Mrs. Darnell had pneumonia fever awhile back and she's not been able to do much, so Memory stayed." Sara rose to get hot corn bread and spoke with her back to him. "She was asking about you the other day and I told her I guessed you'd be coming soon."

He ate with seeming intentness. "I'll walk over to see her before long."

Sara didn't answer. He knew it was because she wanted to prod him and didn't dare; because she wanted to say, "Tomorrow morning, Jed. The first thing." Sara had always loved Memory Darnell.

They sat on after the meal, talking with more ease as the edges of their mutual strangeness grew smoother. They asked him about his travels and he told them the small, safe things. "The French people have flat fruit trees growing against the walls; they cut off all the branches except one row on each side. And grapevines on wires, the same way."

Both Jim and Sara exclaimed over that. "For the land's sake, why?"

He shook his head. "They say things bear better and it saves space. They use every inch of ground; it's so crowded they have to."

Nothing of the other things he had done. It was strange that a man of peace, just because he could shoot a squirrel in the head and walk tirelessly without sound, should have to learn a stealthy, personal sort of killing. Shooting at a company over a hill was one thing; stalking a particular man, in a certain dark place at a certain time, was different and infinitely more horrible. He wanted the mountains to wash the dark stain from his mind.

He had a room to himself tonight, because Jim wasn't coming back. He had never had a whole room in his life and he wasn't sure he liked it. He had hungered for space and quiet, but this loneliness was terrible: you kept forgetting that the three walked hand in hand. When he had stripped naked and was ready for bed he went instead to the porch and stood looking across to the mountains that were hunched in the darkness like prehistoric beasts. An owl cried in the distance, leaves nudged one another in the oak beside the house, and there was no other sound.

Despair closed his throat. This was what he had carried in his heart—this was what he had fought to come back to—and all it held tonight was a stark and terrible emptiness.

I'll go to see Memory tomorrow, he thought. *In the morning. I can fix the steps and the gate after that.*

He shivered and went in to bed, pulling the quilts close under his chin.

The morning was different. As he followed the road toward Memory's house the morning glittered and laughed at him, so that his head came up and his shoulders squared. He wondered, in this newly minted confidence, whether he did well to come so soon, before he knew what he would say to her or what he wanted of her. Coming so soon was almost the same as declaring yourself.

As he rounded the bend he saw her behind the house, hanging clothes on a line. His heart broke into a run, but that was because she would be the first girl of his own kind that he had seen in more than three years. He had seen nice girls, but none who was his kind in the sense that Memory was. She had on overalls and a white shirt—an innovation, surely, and the result of women's new jobs and ideas, he supposed—but she was slim and womanly even in overalls. He could see her hair shining in the sunlight.

He came on her stealthily from behind. "Hello, Memory."

She spun and he watched her face whiten under its tan. "Jed! Oh, Jed!" She held out her hands and he took them slowly. They were cool and damp from the clothes; strong, supple hands that trembled in his. Or was it, he wondered, his own hands that were trembling?

"How are you, Memory?" His voice sounded rusty.

She smiled and shook her head. "All right, I guess. Oh, Jed, it's so good to see you. Come in the house and sit down and tell me about yourself. Ma and pa drove into town right after breakfast; they'll be so disappointed to miss you."

(Continued on Page 66)



"Out of the manger is out of bounds!"



DO YOU KNOW THAT

Well-nourished children think better?

Many people think of food only as something to keep the body healthy and active.

But the mind, too, responds to proper nourishment.

In fact, an active mind is so dependent upon a well-nourished body that the kind of food a child eats can make a difference in his work at school.

It would be a simple matter—wouldn't it?—to feed children if they always liked everything that was good for them.

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So they usually eat what they should eat only after a lot of argument and persuasion.

Naturally, you haven't always time to argue—least of all, at breakfast. Yet breakfast is a very important meal for a child.

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Post's Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal is as nourishing as nature can make it. Yet it tastes so good that children dive right in and spoon it up with delight.



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Nature put a world of nourishment into the wheat. The vitamins, minerals, and rich food value that the sun and rain and good earth develop so fully in wheat is in every bowl of Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal.

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And to make life still easier for you—it takes just three minutes to cook Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal.

Buy a package at your grocer's today. Try it out at breakfast tomorrow!



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CHILD OR ADULT—THE MIND WORKS BEST WHEN THE BODY IS WELL NOURISHED



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☐ ORIENTAL SAPPHIRE

☐ For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size Chen Yu Lipsticks to match the Lacquer shades I have checked.

Name_____

(Continued from Page 64)

He knew the information was given as an assurance of privacy, but he was still wary of houses. "Let's sit out here in the sun, after we get the clothes up." He began to hang them on the line, laughing at her protests. "I washed my own all the time, child—when they got washed. I've got used to doing a lot of things I used to expect women to do for me."

They sat on the back steps afterward, letting the sun soak into their bodies.

"You're awful thin, Jed." She searched his gaunt dark face. "I believe you've been starved."

"Oh, no. I never was fat, and I've—moved around a lot."

To his relief, she didn't ask about his other life, or even seem interested. Her world was here and he had come back to it; that was enough. "How does it feel to be home?"

"Fine. Better than anything that ever happened to me." But even as he heard the words he doubted them.

Memory's eyes came back to his face. "Do you reckon it'll go on feeling that way?" she asked slowly. "Or will it seem too quiet and lonesome after all the places and people you've seen? When you get used to being here, I mean?"

He met her steady look and was ashamed to lie to such eyes as Memory's. They were clear as a trout stream. "I—don't know," he faltered. "Last night I went out on the porch and—Memory, it sort of scared me. The quiet, I mean, and all that space."

Her head was bent, making a lovely arc of her body. "That's what I meant. It must seem awful lonesome and kind of dead, after you've gotten used to other places."

He watched the sunlight strike sparks from her hair. "Have you ever felt that way? Ever wanted to live somewhere else?"

"I thought maybe I did." Honesty was a part of her too. "I wanted to go down and work in the shell plant, but after a while I was glad I couldn't. When I go to Grandville and see all the people and stores and automobiles I wish I could live there, but then when I get home I'm glad I can't." She raised her head slowly. "But don't you stay here, Jed, if you don't want to. It's beautiful and—peaceful—but it's hard work all the time and not much fun. Some people are born to it; that's all."

"I know." He looked at his hands and looked away from them, remembering the things they had had to do. "I always thought I was one of those people, even when I was in big cities with a lot of excitement. But after last night I'm not sure."

He felt her hand on his and looked up in surprise. It wasn't like Memory to be forward, and he saw that she wasn't being forward now. She was pleading with him.

"You do what you want to do in your heart, Jed. You take your time and think it out. After all you've been through, it'd be awful for you to feel trapped and disappointed."

Warmth poured through him from the touch of her hand. He leaned toward her to look deeper into her eyes, then put his mouth very softly on hers. He hadn't kissed her in a long time and he was almost afraid of her, but she sat very still under the caress. It satisfied him only briefly; a hot and hungry urgency took hold of him and he moved hurriedly away from her. He would never know Memory—that way—unless a preacher made it right.

"I've got to go," he said huskily. "I just came over to say hello, and I promised pa I'd fix the gate."

She stood up, not pleading or clinging to him, but there were bright beads on her lashes. "I guess you'll find a lot that needs doing. But come back, if you're a mind to."

"I am," he said. "Good-by—dear." It wasn't a mountain word, but he had learned a great many words that were strange her He walked away quickly and didn't lo back.

The days were all right. During the da he could work and sweat, letting his musc do the needful thinking. He rehung t gate and braced the steps; he shocked co and cut hay; he cleaned the chicken roo and weeded the vegetable garden. The s was good on his back; after last winter, thought, there could never be too much s in his life. He went twice to see Memo but their talk was slow and limping; trouble was between them like a na sword. And when Saturday came he hitch up the wagon and drove to town to se part of what he had and buy a part of w he needed. There were no stores catering his whole need, nor any money in the wo to buy it. The rusty car had no tires, o would have gone in that.

"I'm going to see about some tire town," he told his father. "If I can't get there, I'll go down to Grandville next we

Jim nodded, half awed at such casual of going down to Grandville. "I've got paper for 'em, but I've been a little sho cash. It'd be mighty handy, but don't stint yourself for us, son."

"I'm not; don't you worry." He coul speak of all his money; somehow the tho of it shamed him. "I'll be wanting th myself." *To take Memory to the movies*

On Saturdays the town belonged mo its own than to the Villagers. He d mind his faded d pants and the me shirt, but he still h have Sunday clothes. hitched and went a his business of selling buying: eggs and b for coffee and mea sign in the window men's shop halted "End of the Season All Stocks Greatly duced." The shop one of the migratory and he had never e it in his life, but too pushed open the door and strode i heeding.

"I want a suit of clothes," he to startled clerk. "And some shirts and th

There were no suits like the ones always worn; there were only coat pants that didn't match, like those th mer people wore. Even "greatly red they cost more than he had ever pa the fabrics were soft as a bird's breas hands and he let the clerk persuade try them on. The effect puzzled hi didn't look or feel like himself, but he all right. A girl stopped buying five ties ("cravats," the sign said) and st him as he came out to stand before mirrors.

"Where's the vest?" he asked.

"It doesn't have one." The cle staring at him too. "I'd suggest a t over—like this."

The pull-over turned out to be a softer than anything he had ever tou except Memory's mouth.

None of the garments matched, b colors went gently together and t better than anything he had ever wo hardly knew you had on clothes; m new ones.

"I'll take 'em," he said abruptly I want three more shirts and some s an extra pair of pants." He always Sunday clothes with two pairs of pa shop didn't carry shoes, so those wo to wait till he went to Grandville.

And that was how he knew—in o thought—that, tires or no, he was Grandville.

He wrote a check on the town bar all his money and War Bonds lay— check than he had ever written— told that the pants would be re couple of hours. The girl was still ties when he came out of the fittin his own clothes, and something str pened to her face when she saw

A woman will spend half her days trying to find out something, the discovery of which will make her unhappy for the rest of her life.

—M. SWITZER: Meditations. (Kelly-Springfield.)

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—Industrial & Engineering Chemistry.

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didn't pay any attention; she was blond and narrow and rich-looking, but not half as pretty as Memory.

He wore the clothes when he went to see Memory that night, and because she had known he was coming she was dressed up too. Her dress was sweet and right-looking, but it had come from Grandville instead of a Village shop.

She stared at him, with a look that was different from the other girl's; a look that had a kind of dread in it.

"Jed!" The word was torn from her. "You look so—so beautiful it scares me."

Even his ears turned red. "That's crazy, Memory," he said. "I look just like I always did."

"No."

"It's these clothes," he apologized. "They're all I could buy and I had to have 'em before church tomorrow." He changed the subject quickly. "I wish I could take you to the movies, but I couldn't get any tires for the car. I'll get 'em next week."

Memory's face grew very still. "You're going to Grandville." It wasn't a question.

"Just for a day. Maybe two."

She shook her head. "Stay longer than that, Jed. Stay—till you find out." She turned her face away and he knew she was crying. It broke something inside him, because Memory wasn't the crying sort. He pulled her into his arms and put his face on her hair.

"Don't, dear." His voice crooned over her. "Don't cry, Memory. I'm just going down there to buy automobile tires, honey."

But he knew it was a lie and Memory knew it too. They stood very still, holding on to each other, and after a while they kissed—a quiet, desperate kiss that was more like a valedictory than a pledge.

She stepped back from his arms. "If you really want to go to the movies," she said slowly, "pa said we could use our car. He knew you hadn't had time to get yours fixed up."

He agreed quickly, because he was afraid to spend this evening alone with her. A movie would be a lot safer. "That's mighty nice of him. There's a good movie on—with music and Technicolor."

GOING down on the bus was very different from coming up. A part of him stayed at the farm, so that he wondered angrily if it would be this way the rest of his life: if he would always be torn and divided, wholly belonging nowhere. His mother had guessed; she had reacted to his new clothes as Memory had, finding in them an end and a beginning. He didn't feel that way about them; he had bought them because they were all he could find up here, and since they were comfortable he ignored them.

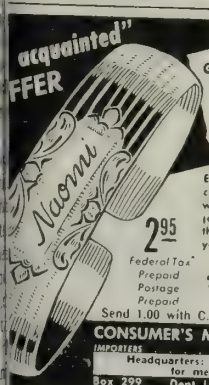
But Sara hadn't protested. She had hugged him roughly and said, "I'm glad you're going, son. You stay awhile and have a good time if you're so minded. We've been getting along for four years and we can keep on. Don't you worry." It was the nearest she had ever come to confessing her knowledge of him; maybe it was the nearest she would ever come.

Three hours later he was in Grandville. He got off the bus, carrying his old suitcase this time, and went up Market Street to the Grand Hotel. He had never even entered the lobby before, but he had been in bigger hotels in bigger places and he knew now that a hotel wasn't anything. All kinds of people—gangsters and broads and what not—could stay in a hotel if they paid their bills and didn't make any trouble. He took a single room and gave the bellboy a dime for carrying a suitcase he could just as well have carried himself. When the boy had gone he walked to a window and stood looking down into the street.

By his newer standards it wasn't much of a place—maybe sixty or seventy thousand people—but his awe of it was too old to be easily banished. It looked dingy and unlovely from up here, but it was Grandville—and as great a distance as his mind could span.

Because the shoes and tires were his only tangible purposes he went out and walked

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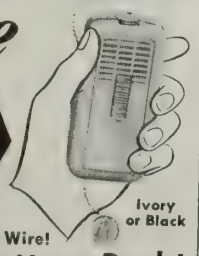
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slowly along the streets, looking in store windows until he found the kind of shoes he wanted. He bought them and paid with money and a coupon from his newly acquired ration book. It seemed strange that necessities here should be hemmed by regulations, when a soldier just asked for what he needed and got it, but he could understand it well enough. These regulations were the reason a soldier had only to ask.

He wore the shoes, because they removed the last disharmony in his appearance, and went out and walked again. Being here, in a big town, made him think of some of the men he had known; men whose roots were sunk in a different soil from his, some of them in bigger and more distant places than this.

There was Tom Whitman, who had taught in a university and whose words Jed sometimes understood only with his heart. ("I was a fool when this war started, Jed, and, God forgive me, I made fools of my students. I thought history had a fixed orbit. If I ever get back I'll spend the rest of my days telling students that it hasn't. Your kind of men knew better than that from the beginning.") Tom had been his friend—had *made* himself his friend—not finding anything strange in their differences. Jed had felt closer to Tom than to any man he had ever known, and yet—if Tom had lived in Grandville, Jed would never have sought him out now. Tom would have welcomed him truly enough, but after a while the talk would have thinned and died, like a flatlands creek in summer.

Or there was Ben Shore, whose father was so rich—somebody said—that he didn't even know, himself, how much money he had. Ben had been his friend, too, but things were different over there. Things that mattered at home were lost and forgotten—until you came home.

The sidewalks felt hot and hard under his feet; the people in automobiles blew their horns fretfully instead of looking or slowing up. Because he had rediscovered silence, Jed was once more aware of the cacophony of sound, so that the new lines around his mouth looked deep and tight.

He bought his tires finally—after going to four places before he found the right size—and when he had finished the transaction he discovered that he was sweating and strangely tired. Pavements drove a man's spine halfway through his skull. Remembering a little bar off the lobby of the Grand Hotel, he decided to go back to it and drink a bottle of beer.

The little room was dim and crowded; raucous with voices made louder in order to be heard above other voices. But it was air-conditioned and there was a vacant stool at the bar. He ordered his beer and drank the first half thirstily, then began to relax. There was something about people and noise that tightened your skin, so that you found yourself moving with the same jerky haste as everybody else.

A waiter touched his shoulder. "Excuse me, sir. There's a lady wants to speak to you."

Jed stared at him. "What?"

"That young lady in that booth"—the waiter slanted his head—"she said to tell you to come over there."

Jed turned slowly on his stool to look at the girl. She was a blonde, but he didn't recognize her, so he was sure she had mistaken him for somebody else. But she made a quick imperious gesture with her head and he got down, carrying his glass, to go and show her that she was wrong. By the time he had reached the booth he recognized her as the girl who had been buying five-dollar ties.

"Hello, Adonis," the girl said. "Sit down—and tell me what you're doing in a place like this."

There wasn't anything to do but obey her. "My name's Peters," he explained, wondering about the "Adonis." "Jed Peters. I came to buy some tires for an old beat-up car."

She laughed at him, but there was no scorn in it—just a kind of friendly amusement.

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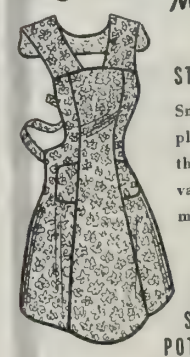
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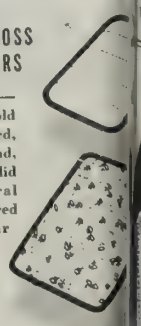


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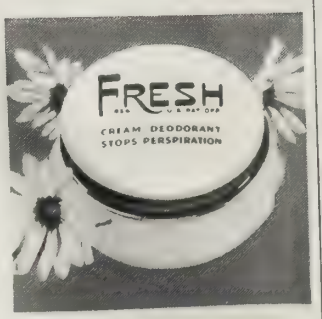
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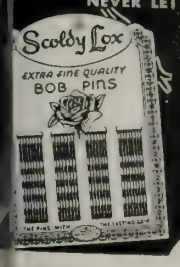
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"You're priceless; I knew you would be. My name's Charles—Lina Charles—and I'd been sitting here wondering why on earth I did come. Now I know."

Her forwardness jarred him, but he bowed politely. "I'm glad to meet you."

He *was* glad; he had been lost and lonely beyond any words he had. He was puzzled by the girl, though. In spite of having picked him up in a bar, she didn't look or act like a tramp; she looked and acted like what she was—one of the summer people.

She was still smiling at him, so that her teeth looked very white between the brilliant color on her mouth. "You haven't asked me what I'm doing here."

"No. Do you want me to?"

Her laugh bubbled again. "You're more than priceless. I was just trying to keep the conversation going."

"All right." He smiled a little himself. "Then what *are* you doing here?"

"Shopping." She had a gesture of being bored with it. "Before I go back to New York to school. The family's still in the mountains and the house is closed, so I had to stay here at the hotel."

He wondered what sort of family let a schoolgirl stay at a hotel and pick up men in a bar. On the other hand, she didn't look like his idea of a schoolgirl; she looked like she was able to take care of herself. "I see," he said gravely, and drank his beer. She was down to the olive in her Martini, so he caught the waiter's eye and raised a finger. The girl watched him intently.

"You're also a large question mark," she said. "Sometimes you drive a one-horse wagon and wear blue jeans, then you sit in a bar looking like anybody's pin-up, and order a drink as if you'd done it all your life."

There is a time when nothing may be said, a time when something may, but no time when all things may.

When we can't make light of our troubles, we can keep them dark.

—ANON.

He turned a slow, hot red. "It don't take much to learn about bars. You find that out even before you learn to do a left oblique."

"Oh. Then you've been in the Army."

"Yeah." The waiter came and Jed looked at the girl. "The same?" She nodded and he gave the order, with another beer for himself.

"Overseas?" she asked next.

He nodded briefly, not wanting to talk about it with her. She seemed to understand, because she changed the subject.

"I'm glad you're not going back to those mountains."

His nerves tightened. "What makes you think I'm not?"

"The way you look now—everything." She frowned at him, startled. "*Are* you?"

His mouth was stubborn. "I belong there. It's home." But was it? Sitting here, with this girl and the beer warming his blood, he thought of the valley as a strange, lost world—a kind of poor-man's Shangri-La.

"But you can't!" the girl cried. She had lost her bright indifference. "It would be criminal."

Her horror brought back all his love for the mountains. He swung his head slowly, to indicate the smoke-blue bar. "You think this is any better?"

She shrugged. "This is a small-town hotel. There are better places, if you want a comparison."

He didn't, particularly, because he and Lina Charles would never see things alike. "I been in a few of those, too," he said. "Fifty dollars in a single night, just to get drunk. Forty-five of it to watch women dance with no clothes on to speak of. You can have 'em."

"But there's a lot more to it than night clubs."

(Continued on Page 71)

Going Places with TUSSY

Cocktails at the Mayflower



Lovely at lower left: This weather will drive me wild! I just can't keep my complexion looking like anything smoother than a grater!

First blonde—hair down: Now that you've mentioned it ... I might add that your hands are looking a little on the red side. Haven't you ever heard of Tussy *Wind and Weather Lotion?*

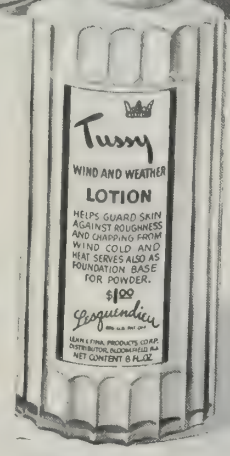
Handsome male between them: Hey ... *even* I have heard of that! Sis is always raving about it. Smells pretty nice!

Second blonde—hair up: I use Tussy *Wind and Weather Lotion* for everything ... scratchy elbows ... bare legs ... chapped hands ... powder base. It's so soothing ... so softening! Just wonderful!

TUSSY WIND AND WEATHER LOTION

The original Wind and Weather Lotion for softening and smoothing the skin in spite of raw winds, rough weather! $1 and $2, plus tax.

Tussy Cosmetiques, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.



Tussy

FOR THAT YOUNG, YOUNG LOOK

Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corporation, Bloomfield, N. J.

Journey into TOMORROW

This is not just a picture of a boy and girl going off to school. This is a picture of American youth journeying into the future.

Journeying eagerly and unafraid, knowing not what's coming but happily and healthily confident they will be equal to it.

And they do not walk alone.

Looking forward to coming things, we too see a future for America eagerly to be faced.

We see a world made hungry for the good things of life by years of concentration on war and its destruction.



Men of science are moving forward with new methods and improved products. Turned to the uses of war, peace-built techniques proved valuable beyond all words to our fighting men. And with the return of peace, ever-better ways of doing things will result in a flood of new benefits to mankind.

From all this will come opportunity in many forms.

Opportunity to build the many things the world cries out for.

Opportunity for good wages for those ready to earn them.

Opportunity to continue the forward drive which brough your present General Motors car to its high state The same sort of year-by-year progress that gav even the lowest priced cars the smoothness of Knee Action, the beauty of Body by Fisher, the security o turret top and steadily increasing economy, power an efficiency in their engines.

Plainly, no one can tell these youngster now what their future cars will be like. No their homes, refrigerators, radios and such

But they don't need to worry about that.

For in this land, where nothing has lon halted the steady march of human pro ress, tomorrow will be better than toda

And General Motors, holding steadfast its purpose of building "more and bet things for more people," will do its f part to see that it is.

GENERAL MOTORS
MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH • GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

KEEP
AMERICA STRONG
★
Buy Victory Bonds

(Continued from Page 69)

"For you, sure." He was tired of the argument; it had already been held too often between Jed Peters and himself. "The school I went to stopped at the ninth grade," he said, as if that settled everything.

"But the Government will send you to school."

"To learn to be a carpenter or a mechanic. Or"—he laughed—"all I need is three more years and then I could be a freshman in college—when I was thirty years old. And I never was much good at books, any time; I don't like 'em."

That was true enough. He hated books; he'd read a few in the camp libraries. His inurable realism despised the easy ones because the people in them were paper dolls; is mind closed against the abstruse versity of the hard ones. Books were for peole like Tom Whitman.

The girl rocked her head. "You're impossible. But anyhow, I'm glad I found you." er eyes considered him frankly for a long oment. "If you were to ask me to have nner with you," she said suddenly, "I ink I'd break the date I have now."

He was surprised, although he shouldn't ve been by this time. It just took him a hile to get used to a girl who didn't hesitate go after something she wanted, instead of iting till it was offered. He wondered if all girls in her world were like this, and shed the question aside because the idea eating with her was strange and exciting.

"All right." He grinned his slow, oneed grin. "Will you break your date and —dinner—with me?"

"I'd love to." She looked at her watch, t said six-thirty, and stood up. "I'd bet- go up and dress. I'll meet you in the by in half an hour."

he kept him waiting fifteen minutes and had on a whole new outfit when she lly came. Her pale hair fascinated him ause it hung to her shoulders and then ed in instead of out. He wondered how got it to stay that way, and he had a y desire to run his fingers through it.

Where do you want to eat?" he asked, out commenting on her appearance or eing late. It was way past his supper- , but that didn't matter.

There's a place out from town. Not very y, but they have good steaks sometimes. an go in my car."

followed her out and helped her into a ster with red plaid seats and the top d back. Wind whispered in his ears as rove away; then, as she swung into the way, the wind began to roar at him. She too fast, but he couldn't see the slightgn of the Martinis.

place was called The Brown Jug and eaks cost two dollars and a half apiece. ountain soul writhed at the extrava-, but he sensed that girls like Lina es came high. And maybe they were it.

talked a lot, asking him questions that swered reluctantly: about his family e farm, and what people did for a good p there, especially in the winter. And g the last question, it occurred to him s reply was not so different from what f Grandville people would have had

visit around, and go to church and vies, and sometimes we have dances." dances were different, of course; the was little and bare; the movie thedn't have any gold stuff plastered But if they were what you liked and ed to ——

old him about what she did, too, in ork, and about the men who wanted y her. She told a lot of things, he , that were too personal and that o be kept secret, but there was an iar excitement in just listening to her He liked the way her eyes laughed, way she treated him as if she'd im all her life.

when he smiled slowly she broke a in half and stared at him, so long erly that his heart began to pound urs.

"Jed Peters." She whispered it, trying out the sound, then shook her head. "You oughtn't to be allowed to run around loose."

He stared back at her. "What do you mean?"

"If you don't know, I won't be the one to tell you."

She went on with what she had been telling him, so that he didn't have time to puzzle out her meaning, but he had the new feeling that she was talking from the top of her mind, just to kill silence. He wondered why city people always felt like you had to talk—even when you had nothing to say.

It was ten o'clock when they left the place, and because he had been up since five he was suddenly numb from wanting to sleep. He sat silent in his corner, not knowing that the girl kept looking at him from the ends of her eyes with a little smile on her lips. He was thinking that it had been a fine evening in spite of its cost, and that he could carry the thought of it hidden in his heart, and take it out when nobody was looking.

Old Words

BY DOROTHY BOICOURT

These are old words we speak,
worn smooth and thin
With usage, like a cherished
wedding ring,
Whose soft, dull beauty passes
anything
The shops can offer. We will not
begin
To coin new phrases for an old
delight.
We will content us that our fathers
knew
Waves of the tide that runs between
us two.
Time has sufficed to make the
wording right.

Yet there is newness in the casual
phrase,
As you have said it—it is young,
As every spring is young. The
essence stays,
A sweet enchantment captured by
the tongue—
And yet, the words "I love you"
seem to start,
Fresh and alive, unpatterned from
the heart.

When the elevator stopped at her floor in the hotel he got out with her to see her safely down the hall, and when she had unlocked the door he began his little speech. "I'm mighty glad to have met you ——"

She stood in the door and smiled at him in a funny, puzzled way. "Don't you even kiss your dates good night?"

He didn't want to kiss her—it could be that he was afraid. But what else could he do? He muttered, "I do if they don't mind," and stepped inside her room.

He meant it for a good-night kiss and it began that way—with her as well as with him. He never knew what happened, but all at once he was holding the girl's slight, sweet-smelling body crushed against his and the girl's hands were behind his head, holding his mouth harder against hers. There was a roaring in his ears and a wild rocking of the floor under his feet, and there was a black panic in his heart. He pushed her away—but not because he wanted to—and finally the room and the girl came back into focus.

"I guess you aren't as well able to look after yourself as I thought you were," he said hoarsely. "I guess your family ought to take better care of you. One of these days you might pick up the wrong kind of guy."

He turned away, fumbling for the doorknob, and behind him the girl cried "Jed!" in a shaky, urgent voice.

He faced her slowly and unwillingly. There were tears in her eyes, but she was standing very straight.

"You think I *meant* that to happen?"

He looked at her hard before he answered. She was as shocked and scared as he was; it showed in her eyes and the way her chin was trembling. "No," he said. "I don't think so. I think you just went ahead and did what you felt like doing, and didn't even stop to wonder what came next. You're thinking about it now and you're sorry, but by this time that might not have done any good."

HER head bent under the reproof, so that he saw only the top of her silky hair. He didn't want to touch it any more, because he knew that a man would never dare trust her completely. She wouldn't mean any harm, but if she wanted something new she'd reach for it; she might even love a man and marry him, and then find somebody she liked better, the way a lot of other summer people did.

She looked up, smiling a little. "You're in love with somebody, aren't you?"

"Yes." For the first time, he was completely sure. He added softly, "Her name's—Memory."

"Memory." The girl echoed its strange, lovely sound and shook her head. "Nobody could compete with a girl named Memory."

"I guess not," he said. "Not with me, anyhow."

He held out his hand, then changed his mind and bent and kissed the girl very quietly. Now that Memory's name hung spoken in the air, he wasn't afraid of anything; he could only feel sorry for Lina Charles because she would never in her life be safe and peaceful the way he could be with Memory. Because she had so many things that people thought were important and still she didn't have anything.

"Good-by, Lina," he said.

Jed Peters reached home the next afternoon, just between sunset and the edge of dark. He swung off the bus and walked up the rocky lane, not even stopping at his own house except to set the suitcase over the fence, then went on up the road toward Memory.

The Darnells were eating supper, but it was Memory who answered his knock. She said his name, and put all the world's music into it.

"Will you come out with me a minute?" he asked. "I haven't even been home yet."

They went down the steps and toward the bench under the big tree; then, still standing, they faced each other.

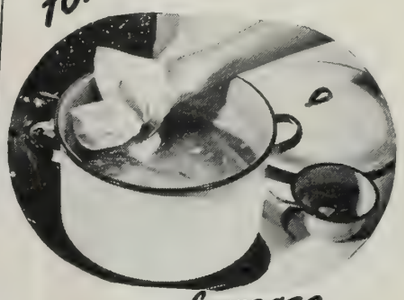
"I don't know the right words," he faltered. "I've come back and I'm going to stay. I want you for my wife because you're all I've ever loved—that way—and all I'll ever love. But I've got to tell you something first, Memory, before you say yes or no." He pulled a deep breath into his lungs. "Times, dear, the hunger will be in me for something different. I'll wonder if I did right, even when I know in my heart I did. I can give you a little better house than my folks've got, or maybe fix up theirs, since pa's failing fast and I'll have to take over the farm. I can give you that, and a little besides; but the other thing'll be there, too, and maybe sometimes I'll be hard to live with." His voice faded out and he waited, not breathing for fear Memory wouldn't want him with the hunger in him for something she couldn't give. But he couldn't begin their life with a lie.

"I know about it, Jed," she said. "I believe I know it as well as you do. If it gets too bad I'll go wherever you want to go. Or I'll wait, if you'd rather go alone."

He shook his head. "I won't go. And I'd never want to go without you anyhow—anywhere."

He stretched out his arms and she came quickly. It was very different from holding that other girl; he wasn't afraid of wanting Memory this way—and every other way—because very soon, and Memory was willing, the preacher would make it right.

Look what ScotTowels DO for 7¢ a week!



* ...get rid of grease

An ice cube wrapped in a ScotTowel lifts grease from hot soup. Grease congeals on towel.



* ...get rid of spills

Reach for a ScotTowel. A quick, neat clean-up . . . and no stained towels to scrub out and boil!



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How to say "Merry Christmas," at breakfast





● Just serve V-8* Cocktail before the morning meal!—any morning—every morning! It's so zestful, so deliciously refreshing, you're apt to forget it's *doubly* good. For the combined vegetable juices of V-8 contain nutrients from a whole garden of the *tastier* fresh vegetables in every satisfying sip. So for its flavor and its *natural* goodness have a generous supply—once tasted you'll want to serve V-8 for lunch and dinner as well—and at sandwich-time, too. Buy V-8 by the case—it's a better buy.

Ask for V-8 at your food store, fountain and restaurant

DRINK V-8 EVERY DAY FOR VEGETABLES THE TASTY WAY

HAS YOUR HUSBAND COME HOME TO THE RIGHT WOMAN?

(Continued from Page 41)

security. But she does need *and want him* for companionship, for love, for fulfillment.

Churning around in her emotions are such questions as: Will he resent her working afterward? Her outside contacts? Her independence? And if he does, what will her reaction be? A blowup? Insistence that she has a right to be a person? Or submission and retirement, for the sake of his feelings, with cankerous enmity just slightly below the surface?

This particular Mrs. A—having attained intellectual maturity in her work—will probably work out a deep and abiding solution with her husband whereby, except for occasional bumps, they will both give. She will share some of these new contacts with him, and give up others. She will discuss all problems with him before making a mutual decision. The money she earns will be pooled with his for some good and satisfying mutual aim—a home, furniture, children, travel, a hobby. In other words, she will work for democracy in the home.

But there are thousands of other Mrs. A's who may not have reached this same degree of mental and emotional maturity. For them, reconverting to a domestic pattern is a major step in which they feel they are doing all the giving. Trading eight hours of clean methodical work at a factory to go back to a sixteen-hour day of mopping floors, washing dishes and cooking, with no pay check at the end of the week, strikes them as an unfair and unattractive exchange. Some of them reject any thought of reconverting themselves to this with such vigorous words as: "Why should we go back again to being economic drudges and slaves, just to keep a man's ego happy? The man who feels he's less a man just because his wife works and contributes to the family income is outmoded and medieval. It's time for those men to redo their egos!"

> **The great secret of successful marriage is to treat all disasters as incidents and none of the incidents as disasters.**
> —HAROLD NICHOLSON.

If returning G. I.'s come home with the same definition of a wife they went away with—and all indications confirm that they will—then there are rocks ahead for a vast number of marriages. According to a recent survey made by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, 50 per cent of the women now holding war jobs have indicated their desire to work after the war. In some communities the percentage runs as high as 70 per cent of those now working. All together this adds up to more than 2,000,000 women in industry alone, who have made up their minds to go on working after husband G. I. takes off his uniform. Yet husbands are so opposed to it that the congressman of a New England state has already expressed the fear that returning veterans will organize against women in industry as they have against labor unions.

THEN there is the second wife type—Mrs. B. When the Army snatched her sturdy oak, she undertook responsibility because it was her only chance for survival. In the interim she has had to balance the budget, mete out discipline to young Johnny, decide whether daughter Mary should go to a vocational school, how the house should be remodeled in order to take in a roomer. But she has hated each decision and the responsibility that has gone with it, and has prayed earnestly for the happy day when her husband would walk in the door. For at that moment she could unload and hand every scrap of responsibility back to him:

"Johnny's so wild. You have no idea! He's always in trouble, and he won't mind me or anyone else. You'll have to crack down on him. And wait until I tell you about Mary—after all that money I spent on her business course, she's decided she wants to go into a beauty parlor. That boy she's so moony about isn't doing her any good either. She was out with him until way after two o'clock the other night. Not that she'd have any date to herself around here—not with the way the roomer is always underfoot. But how can I get rid of her? I just can't put her out, can I, after I promised her she could have the room for a year when she came. You'll have to do it."

This, apparently, is the last thing the returning G. I. wants when he first comes home. And for very sound reasons. He isn't ready emotionally to become the family man.

COL. WILLIAM C. MENNINGER, head psychiatrist in the War Department, says emotions are like muscles. They atrophy if they aren't used. A man who has lain in bed two years can't take a ten-mile walk the first day he gets up. Nor can a combat soldier, whose constant emotion has been fear for two or three years, immediately become a home-loving husband upon discharge. In the Army he has gone through what doctors call regression of ego—funneling his many complex emotions to a simpler level. For the love of home, his wife and children, he has had to substitute buddy love, company love, and fear, fear, fear. It will take him two to three months to discard the one set of instincts and acquire the new ones. It may also take that same length of time before he can feel or begin to express himself in any physical tenderness toward his wife. This has nothing whatever to do with psychoneurosis, Army and Navy doctors assure us, but is just a normal reaction to the whole situation.

It accounts, however, for a large lump of current unhappiness and misunderstanding between Mrs. G. I. and her war-conditioned husband. What she regards as indifference is probably only the customary transition period for him. But since a woman's love is nourished by the knowledge *and constant proof* that she is cherished and beloved, nothing so shakes her as unresponsiveness and physical coldness from her husband. She jumps to angry conclusions: he no longer loves her; he's in love with someone he met overseas.

Hilda Ramsdale's case is a good example. Her sergeant husband came back from Italy to their home in the suburbs of Baltimore. He gathered his three lusty children on his lap, and for two days fed them a rich mélange of war stories, candy and fatherly doting. By the third day, though, he was complaining about their incessant noise and because they didn't obey him promptly as his platoon had. On the fourth he was fit to be tied—slapping the youngsters out of the house in a rage, and telling Hilda succinctly just what was wrong with her discipline and training. Obviously his dreams of home sweet-home had been silent ones with no allowance for sound track.

Hilda wasn't deaf. She had put up with that tumult, had cooked, cleaned up after the brood, and each week banked very tidy sums from the sale of the natty little house dresses she'd made on her sewing machine 365 days a year for the three years he'd been away. But instead of blowing up as she felt entitled to, she drew on some of the patience and wisdom she had been accumulating while her sergeant had been away.

She went down the street three blocks to an elderly couple and rented a room at the house for her husband. He slept there one night, lolled around during the day reading his newspapers and magazines in quiet, and came over home for one or two meals a day. A month of this and the ex-sergeant moved back into his own home, completely conditioned to the noises of family life, the tolerant father and demonstrative husband

(Continued on Page 74)

How to be a Judge of Good Food!

Even a meal that fairly *asks* to be eaten can't be judged solely by its looks.
For how can you be sure it will *taste* as good as it looks?
How can you be sure you haven't "cooked away" flavors, vitamins, and other values before foods reach your table—or that these qualities haven't been impaired by storage or transit?
Trust canned foods, say modern food authorities*—and the pictures below explain why.

*For example, see Aug. 10, 1944 "*Journal of Nutrition*"

Good things to eat... chicken soup, crackers, green beans, sweet potatoes, whole ham, cranberry jelly, plum pudding, glacé fruits, coffee—"and they all came out of a can!



TOO LONG COOKING, in too much water, destroys not only the natural flavors but also certain *vitamins* in vegetables. Yet many "home cooks" frequently make this costly mistake—and then pour the excess water, laden with nutritional values, *down the drain.*



"PRESSURE COOKING" is the modern method used in most canneries. In fact, each can is really a miniature "pressure cooker." All air is excluded from the can, then the food is cooked *right in the can* with a minimum of water. Flavors, vitamins, minerals are *sealed in* by the steel-and-tin can!



THE SPECTROPHOTOMETER is but one of many scientific devices employed by food chemists. Its job is to measure vitamin A content—*after* the food is canned. All canned foods are rigidly inspected, tested, and graded before they are shipped to your grocer. No wonder they're so good you serve them proudly! And how convenient and economical they are!

CANNED FOODS ARE

SAFE from dirt, germs, odors.

SAFE from air, light, moisture.

SAFE even after a can is opened—because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

WHEN YOUR
FEET HURT
YOU HURT ALL OVER



DON'T suffer from your feet. It's needless! Dr. Scholl, the noted foot authority, has formulated a Foot Comfort Remedy, Appliance, Arch Support, Pad or Plaster for the relief of every common foot trouble. Their cost is very small. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters everywhere. Insist on Dr. Scholl's in the familiar yellow package.

FALLEN ARCHES
Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve tired, aching feet, foot and leg pains, when due to weak or fallen arches. $3.50 pair.

WEAK ARCHES
Dr. Scholl's Plastic Laminex Arch Supports, help quickly relieve painful foot arch weakness. Featherlight, water-thin. $6.50 pair.

PAIN HERE?
Dr. Scholl's LuPAD, a soft featherweight cushion, loops over fore part of foot; relieves pains, callouses at ball. Washable. $1.00 pr.

CORNS—SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; stop shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain, soothe, ease pressure on sore spot; quickly loosen and remove callouses. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, relieve tender and enlarged joints; lift shoe pressure. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

HOT, TIRED FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves, refreshes feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet, due to exertion or fatigue. 35¢.

FOOT ODOR
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder soothes, refreshes tender, chafed, hot feet; eases tight shoes; helps dispel offensive foot odor. 35¢.

BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 50¢ each. *Leather Bunion Protector*, 75¢ each.

ATHLETE'S FOOT
Dr. Scholl's Solvex relieves itching feet and toes; kills fungi it contacts; helps heal Athlete's Foot. Liquid, Ointment or Powder, 50¢.

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REMEDIES · PADS · PLASTERS · ARCH SUPPORTS
FOR MOST ALL COMMON FOOT TROUBLES

FREE Foot Book, also sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns. Address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Name .....

Address A12

(Continued from Page 72)

again. Moreover, he was quite anxious to take part of the load off her shoulders.

The third emotional front today is presented by women who have been married two and three years, and yet have never experienced matrimony. After Pearl Harbor war brides began going to the altar at the rate of 1000 a day. Since then, except for furlough interludes, they have not lived with their men. This is not a minority group: it is the highest of all wife types, according to a recently concluded survey by the War Production Board. The directors of the board were interested in knowing how many of this crop of war brides were interested in fixtures for permanent homes. Over a period of time checkers were sent to marriage-license bureaus to question these brides. It turned out 80 per cent did not expect to live with their husbands and had no idea of establishing a permanent home until much later.

Consequently these couples have had no chance to adjust and ease into reality by piecemeal process under the first fine glow of love as they put down roots in a mutual home. Now when the husbands come home, the community and their friends treat them as old married couples. Actually their relationship is more like a second marriage, a marriage for convenience and without young love.

For in the long, uncertain interval since their marriage most of these war brides have continued their little-girl existences—living with parents. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, a survey by a veterans' service bureau revealed that in nine cases out of ten servicemen's wives had gone back to live with mother and father. Other towns in the Middle West and the South average seven cases out of ten. This means the girl wife has gone back to an established home, to mom's ways and mom's routine. Mom and dad are there to make decisions for her, to lend a hand if she gets in a money jam. And mom will always mind the baby if daughter wants to go out and have a little fun.

All of this is a bad psychological muddle for any returning soldier. Deposit a man matured by Cassino and Bastogne in that locale and he realizes he's wed to a juvenile. And in the next breath he may also realize that he is quite without paternal feelings for her. He isn't interested in bringing her up mentally; he wants an adult mind, or else.

Discharge centers along the Atlantic Coast tell of dozens of such cases each day a transport arrives from Europe. One middle-aged tankman of twenty-five threw a packet of letters he had just received down on the discharge officer's desk, and said, "I'm not going home. I never want to see my wife again. She's no older now than the day we were married. She's still prattling on about what the other girls wear to play bridge in, whether she liked the movie she saw last night, and complaining about the crowds in the busses. I won't go home to a baby, and no one can make me!"

A CURIOUS thing about this war maturity is that it doesn't visit young men only. Older men, men who have been married fifteen years, are experiencing it. Five family-welfare associations in five big Eastern cities report thirty such cases within the past two months. Typical of these is the major, with two daughters in high school, who wrote his wife from Italy telling her in abrupt, succinct words that he was completely fed up with her little-girl mind. "Two children," he wrote, "I am prepared to bring up, but three is too many, especially when one of them is thirty-eight." He instructed her to start proceedings at once, so the divorce would be granted by the time he reached this country.

Some wives, sensing the stirrings of this new maturity in their husbands' first letters, took steps to meet it. They enrolled in one or two of the free courses in geography, civics, history and social studies given—and still being given—in thousands of neighborhood schools and churches across the country. Others took up their high-school or college studies where they left off—some via home-study manuals, some via evening classes, some as regular day pupils. One farm wife turned her egg money, not into new furniture, new gadgets or clothes, but into buying some twenty-five authoritative books on scientific farming, all the way from soil composition to hydroponics.

A model in New York City handled her case this way. "When my husband," she explains, "went away he was the life-of-the-party kind; if there wasn't a party, Benny would make one. Then his letters began talking about people and the houses they lived in, their laws, and the raw deal they got from their government, and such things. At first it scared me. But I decided I'd better not let him come back and find me the same dumb cluck—you know, beautiful, but just a doll. I got books out of the library—I even bought some—and really studied about the places Benny was fighting in. I decided I was going to be able to talk about something at night with him besides what the grocery clerk said or what the landlady told me."

But service wives who haven't grown up, who haven't studied or done anything to broaden their sympathies and interests, are facing thorny reunions with their husbands. And since maturity isn't something to be bought by the yard, solutions will not be jiffy affairs.

Wife type D has the easiest job of reconverting—provided she owns a little humor and an ordinary degree of common sense. She is the woman who has lived in a predominantly feminine atmosphere while her husband has been away. She has lived in a women's boardinghouse, has shared an apartment with other girls, or moved in with a widowed sister or aunt.

On being asked how she managed to keep so young, an old Negress said: "When I works, I works hard; when I sits, I sits loose; an' when I worries, I goes to sleep." —SCOTTISH HOME AND COUNTRY.

Mere masculinity interposed on this feminine routine is cataclysmic. There is the evening's ritual of cold cream and hair curlers. Certainly she can't deliberately horrify the returning veteran by going to bed that way at night. She has to dig up time out of an already overcrowded day to do this. She has to kiss good-by to snacks out of paper bags at any old time of the day or night, and set herself to a schedule of two, and maybe three at first, substantial meals at regular hours. He has had careful nutrition in the Army, with a maximum of vitamins and minerals. He expects this at home, likewise a better brand of housekeeping. Every indication is that his home standards have gone up. Stockings washed in the hand basin and underwear drying all over the bathroom are out. Also, she has got to accustom her ear to some very plain Anglo-Saxon words. He's going to talk the tongue he talked for three years with his buddies; and that's realistic, graphic, robust. Let her wrap herself in genteel protest, and she'll find herself being called a sissy or a stale-date.

For her, and the other three wife types, all this means more steps, more work, more deliberate effort. But it also means a better chance for love. There are domestic fireworks ahead for these wives, undoubtedly. By striving and maneuvering and diagraming their reconversion, these fireworks will probably be just the pin-wheel variety of fizz and whoosh which snuff out quickly. Otherwise a devastating blaze may be kindled.

Each year some 4,000,000 hopefuls marry. Each year one out of six of these marriages ends in divorce. That is—each year until this one. The figures have shot up all over the country since V-E Day. Service centers, community counseling bureaus and the Red Cross report an overwhelming succession of veterans and veterans' wives seeking divorce information. People whose business it is to study trends, clinically and unemotionally, predict that by 1948 the unhappiness ratio will be one divorce to every four marriages.

The general supposition is that war divorces are different: that they are induced by the restless exaggerated emotions which are epidemic in war years. But the supposition is not true. The elements that create divorces in peacetime also create them in wartime—they just work faster and a little more furiously. Census Bureau records show that in causes cruelty accounts for three out of six divorces, desertion two out of six, and that either neglect or adultery is responsible for the remaining one.

Cruelty, of course, is the technical charge on statute books. It includes varying definitions and interpretations of cruelty—mental, moral, spiritual and extreme physical barbarity. The National Family Welfare Association, with some 244 branches in the United States which handle more than 200,000 individual family problems in the course of a year, says their findings indicate that the basic ingredient in all these cruelty charges is disillusion.

THE faculty of building up illusion—which does pretty well in the human breast in normal times—flourishes, naturally, during years when war is at the job of heightening and distorting emotions. It ferments furlough infatuations into unpremeditated marriages. It translates correspondence courtships—where character is authored by the page—into paper marriages. Both are highly volatile emotional risks, and statistics are all against such slight-acquaintance marriages.

Also, sweet unreal fantasy is an occupational disease with husband G. I. In the foxhole and on his time off, he literally feeds on rosy dreams of his dear, dear home. When it turns out to be the same old place, he's stunned and resentful. While he is thus romanticizing at a distance, Mrs. G. I. has probably been looking at the same holes in the screen, at the same leaky faucet, having squabbles with the grocer, but serenely dreaming of the day when Joe will come home and mend the screen, fix the faucet, mop the grocery shop up with the grocer, and bear her off to that little orange grove in California.

The extent and universality of such domestic fantasies is indicated by the recent Army survey which established the fact that at the end of their terminal leave 75 per cent of the discharged veterans do not go back, out of personal choice, to their former jobs and environment. Men who were brought up in the Bronx are going west to farms and small towns in Montana, Oregon, Idaho. Arkansas G. I.'s want to try their hand at technical work in St. Louis or Chicago.

If Mrs. G. I. is bewildered by this, if her brand of reconversion doesn't turn the trick, she still has an excellent chance at remedy. She can take her acutely personal problem to a marriage counselor, where she may learn it is also the acutely personal problem of twenty or thirty or a hundred thousand other women. Learning this is a tonic to her pained and bruised feelings, and with this she has the benefit of a clear and impartial light on her impasse.

Marriage counsel has become a necessary part of American life. Some 250 college courses this year are giving lessons in living together in marriage. Thousands of marriage counselors, dealing in common sense and impartiality, are functioning steadily, unobtrusively, effectively in thousands of American cities and towns. They are available, with or without fees, in the 250 or more branches of various family-welfare associations, in more than 200 Jewish and Catholic social-service offices, and in some 25 marriage-counseling bureaus maintained by well-known doctors and psychologists.

The records of these marriage repair shops produce the same heartening averages. Two thirds of the thousands of cases they advise each year are reconciled; with an average of two out of every five being solved by three-way discussions. Sometimes it's as simple as showing a wife her ex-G. I.'s accusation that she's a sloppy housekeeper is

(Continued on Page 76)



Smoother than ever — it's a new ride!



This new Ford car—so big and smartly styled—offers more new developments than most pre-war yearly models . . . New-type springs—long and slow-acting—give you a velvety ride that's smooth and level . . . Brakes, too, offer major new advancements. They're oversize hydraulics that give "cushioned stops"—quick but quiet. Less pedal pressure needed . . . Under that trim, broad hood there's stepped-up power—and remarkable thrift in gas and oil . . . Inside, new luxury awaits you. Colorful fabrics and trim in distinctive two-tone combinations. Smartly tailored seats that are wide and deep . . . Two great engines to choose from: The V-8, now increased from 90 to 100 horsepower; the 90 horsepower Six . . . Yes, everywhere you look, you'll find advancements in this youthful new car . . . Ask your Ford dealer about the smartest Ford cars ever built.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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THERE'S A *Ford* IN YOUR FUTURE



"Quick, Mother, the Loan Shelf!"

WHAT? *Your* mother never had a Loan Shelf? You never heard of one? Neither did we, until Matilda Rose McLaren of Springfield, Illinois, wrote us this story:

Her father was a country doctor, in the horse-and-buggy days when hospitals were few and hard to get to. So, when he was called—for anything from typhoid to a blessed event—his wife would rush for the doctor's Loan Shelf.

"She'd assemble atomizers, hot water bottles, crutches, anything the case seemed to call for . . . and pack them into Doc's buggy to be loaned to the patient 'for the duration'."

More often than anything else, says daughter Matilda, into that buggy-back went sheets. *Pequot* sheets!

"Our only method of sterilization was boiling and more boiling, then drying in the blistering sun. And Mother said she'd never trust any but her favorite Pequot sheets to stand up under all that."

The doctor has retired now, and so have many of the Pequots. But last Summer Matilda Rose went home for a visit . . . and there on her bed was *one of those old Loan Shelf sheets*—still crisp and white and inviting!

•

And here's good news for you who want sheets of this old-time sturdiness: Every day more Pequots become available for civilians. If your store should be short, it won't be long till a new supply comes along. So keep asking for Pequots, *America's most popular sheets!*

Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking — so long-wearing

BUY VICTORY BONDS

(Continued from Page 74)

quite just, and thereby sending her post-haste to one of the 13,156 centers for adult education in homemaking now available in the United States. If there isn't a school in her neighborhood, the counselor will tell her that any group of ten women can ask their state department of vocational education to form, with its funds, an adult class in homemaking. On the other hand, not-so-simple husband-and-wife situations may require twenty to twenty-five conferences before they are ironed out.

One of the crucial, but simpler, G. I. cases which turned up in a Philadelphia marriage bureau recently was that of a desperately unhappy wife of a young paratrooper. At seventeen, she had married after a whirlwind courtship. But a month later, when her cadet husband went off to camp, she could not accompany him as they had planned—she had to get a layette together. He rushed home on furlough a year later, and almost immediately she had become pregnant again. So for three years she had an incessant round of diapers, feeding schedules and the kitchen sink. When her young paratrooper husband arrived home he didn't lose a minute tackling his job of family man. With a sense of having lost three years away from his profession, he worked fast, furiously and far into his evenings to make up. Also, he saved every penny he could get his hands on.

Under this regime his wife confessed she had had tantrums, had moped and drooped. She came to the counselors talking divorce. The burden was too oppressive, she said drearily; she wanted to send the children to their grandparents, divorce her husband and go off to college for several years, where she could have fun. The counselors talked to the outraged young husband. It was two hours before they could convince him his twenty-year-old wife's craving for amusement was normal. Their advice was that he put a large portion of his salary into an amusement fund, out of which he could hire someone to mind the babies two nights a week while he and his wife went dancing or to the theater. It is working beautifully. Both are doing better jobs individually; both want to be together; both are content.

Another Mrs. G. I. came into a New York bureau to tell about her twenty-two-year-old husband who had had very little combat, but who in three years of Army life had served in some eight or ten base operation camps. She had schooled herself, she said, to overlook the fact that he wasn't interested in going back to his law courses. It wasn't a question of finances with them, whether he worked or not. He had plenty of money, and they were living comfortably in a large de luxe apartment with her family, who were well off. It was a question of getting along with him hour in and hour out. He couldn't seem to make up his mind about anything now—which suit he'd put on, whether he wanted scrambled eggs or fried, which direction he'd walk on his way through the park. She was told to keep hands off; to let him muddle through these decisions alone; not on any account to start forcibly making up his mind for him. This was difficult, because she was a vigorous forthright person; but she rode a tight rein on herself from then on.

But in a month she was back again. Her husband had done a sudden about-face, she said. The morning after the cook and butler decamped, he suddenly started functioning—but how! He organized the whole family, from grandmother to grammar-school brother, allotted tasks, duties and functions to each one, set up an inspection unit, and likewise a family court to review infringements and mete out punishment. Instead of chaos, things were getting done—but he was an acute pain in the neck to everyone.

The counselors explained both of these phases were natural products of Army life, where the commanding officer does a man's thinking for him, and where tasks are regimented. Obviously, the counselors said, it was up to her to make her family see this and promise to go along with him until he got his balance again—probably in another six months. But it didn't take that long. Without conflicting emotional scenes with his wife, without broad ribbing from her and the others in the family to pull the props out from under him, this ex-soldier was his agreeable tolerant self again in three months, *and* back at law school.

Marriage-repair bureaus repeat one article of faith over and over again to warring G. I.'s and Mrs. G. I.'s—that it is not safety or prosperity or glamour or sex that holds a home together, but cultivating common interests, bearing burdens mutually and working together toward a mutual goal. Hold a family council together, they urge, as soon as he is ready for it, and draft out a mutual program for work and recreation. Then try this out six months together, they say, before even talking of divorce.

One seasoned doctor observer of marriages says, "No greater mistake is commonly made than to think a successful marriage ever 'settles down.' It must be a dynamic relationship, a continuous adjustment of two changing personalities surrounded by perpetually changing scenes." Then he adds, "And remember—marriage is always more fun than being single!"

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

ABOUT the time a woman gives up the hope of making herself glamorous, her daughters decide it can be done.

The time to spank is when a parent grows tired of maneuvering.

Raising children is like baking bread: it has to be a slow process or you end up with an overdone crust and an underdone interior.

The final stage in being a parent is not to be apparent.

The cart before the horse means adulthood before childhood.

Child of new neighbor: "My mother has done a pretty good job of training me, but there's one thing she's never been able to get me to do—and that's to stop talking."

Just as a kitten in its play is learning agility in catching mice, so a youngster in his first love affair is learning skill in choosing a mate.

Children, unlike other animals, possess none of the homing instinct.

A man can be judged by the kind of woman who married him.

The trouble with some relatives is that they not only follow a couple up the aisle of the church, but into the new home.

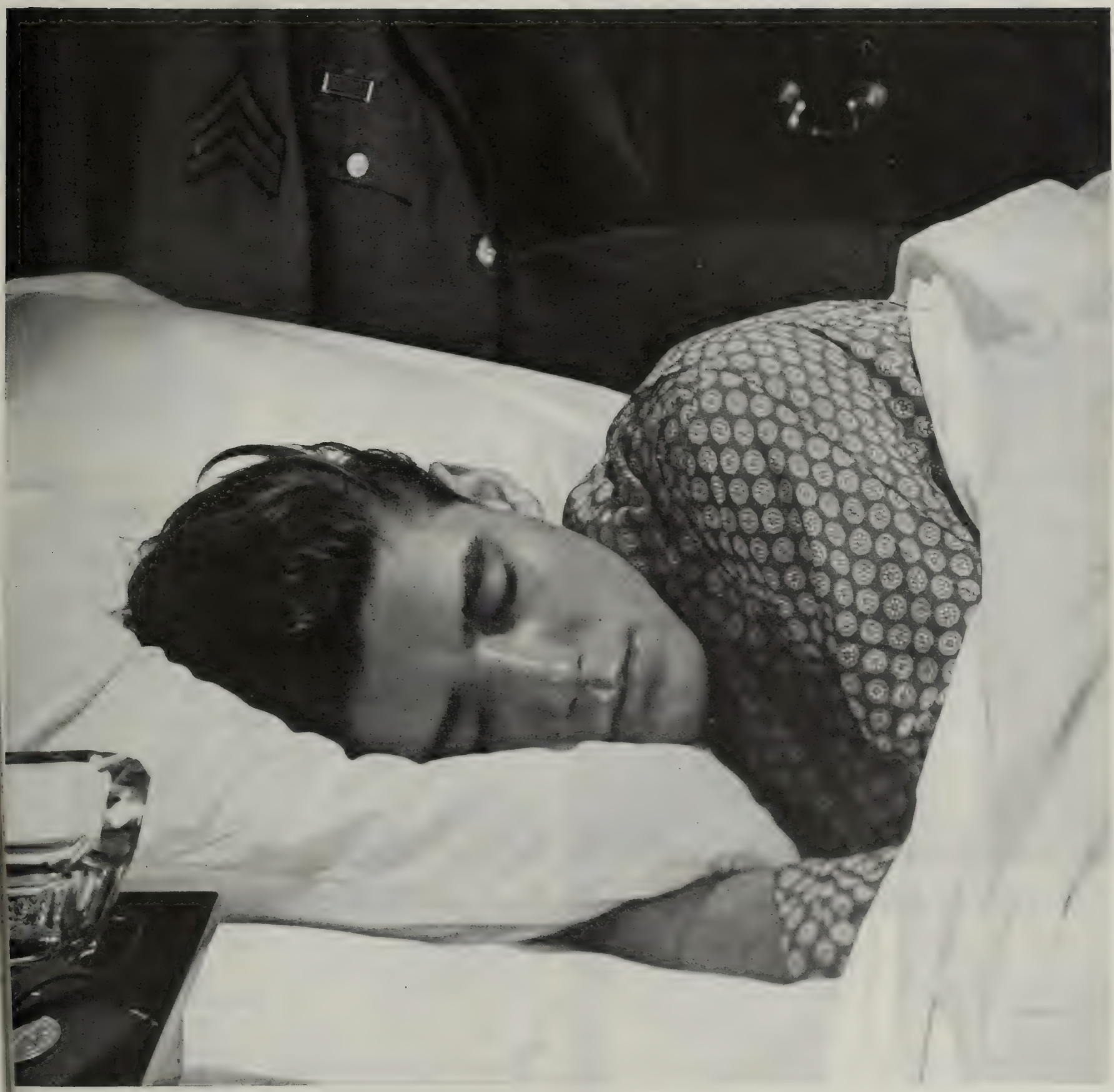
A child who hasn't learned to enjoy plain food will miss one of life's greatest pleasures.

Luck: getting a runner in the stocking that has a hole in the heel.

Nothing surpasses the art of storytelling in giving children a perfect childhood.

The amusing thing about having a husband get the evening paper first is that he spends the rest of the night asking, "Have you read such-and-such?"

No business a man has is more important than that of being a "regular fellow" in the eyes of his children.



Far cry from a foxhole! Army life was never like this for this ex-G.I., now drifting off on this dream of a dream mattress—Beautyrest, made by Simmons Company!

And before long you, too, will be relaxing on a Beautyrest —a NEW Beautyrest—for Beautyrests are coming back!

Coming back with those 837 famous coils. And they'll *still* be individually pocketed . . . to yield independently to every curve and turn of your body . . . to provide you with "mid-mattress comfort" clear to the edges. And your Beautyrest's deep sides will stay always firm and resilient, thanks to that patented "sag-proof" border.

If you can wait a little longer for a Beautyrest, by all means do so! If you simply *have* to have a new mattress now, buy one of Simmons' other fine innerspring mattresses . . . made as only Simmons can make them! Remember, the name "Simmons" on a mattress is your assurance of good workmanship and restful relaxation.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

Made by **SIMMONS COMPANY**

Say
Shefford
for fine cheese



Hot Shefford Cheese "Party Idea"

A Pot of Sunshine to add glamour and gaiety to holiday festivities—a hot spread for hors d'oeuvres made from Shefford Chevelle* Brand Cheese food. Guests "spread their own."

If you appreciate quality as well as nutritious proteins in cheese, say "Shefford" for fine cheese—whether it's Shefford Chevelle Cheese food, Shefford American or any other Shefford Cheese.

SHEFFORD CHEESE CO., INC. . . . Green Bay, Wisconsin

SAVORY CHEVELLE SPREAD—Place in saucepan ¼ pound Shefford Chevelle, 2½ tablespoons salad dressing, ¼ teaspoon grated onion, ¾ teaspoon prepared mustard and 3 tablespoons milk. Cook over low heat until Chevelle melts, stirring to blend and to avoid sticking. Serve in a bowl and sprinkle with paprika. Spread, hot or cold, on crackers, toast or potato chips.

**Chevelle is a trade-mark owned by Shefford Cheese Co., Inc.*



Whether you **melt it, spread it, slice it,** be sure to say Shefford

NOËL, NOËL

(Continued from Page 43)

can keep on and on, for it's one of those never-get-enough eatables. So provide plenty, mixing it up as I've pointed out:

To 1 can liver *pâté* add 1 hard-cooked egg, finely chopped, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion and 2 to 3 teaspoons mayonnaise to moisten. Mix well. Spread on toast or toasted crackers.

Bright as a button. You may have chicken now without feeling like Ike on the neighbor's fence, after all these long lean days, when just to hear a rooster crow was enough to give you the jitters. With perfect equanimity you can smell it a-b'ilin' in the pot, or make that good cream gravy and dish up a basket or even a bucket of biscuit to go with it. Or you can go right ahead and roast and baste and taste the green sage and marjoram stuffing as it oozes in the oven. Yes, ma'am, chicken days are here again. So here's a new chicken, ham and cranberry salad mold, for ham is traipsing right along with chicken, and it has paid us to wait. And now for the receipt.

CHICKEN, HAM AND CRANBERRY SALAD RING

Cook a 3½ to 4 pound chicken until tender, adding salt, celery leaves, parsley and onion to the water—and if you leave out *any* leaf thing, you know which! Begins with *p*. Cool the chicken. Remove all the meat from the bones and all the skin and gristle. Cut into small pieces. You'll get about 2 cups of chicken. Now bring to a boil 4 cups cranberries and 2 cups boiling water. Add 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, and cook five minutes. Stir in 4 teaspoons unflavored gelatin that has been softened five minutes in ¼ cup cold water. Cool in a pan of ice water or in the refrigerator until thick and sirupy. While this is going on, add 1 cup diced cooked ham and ½ cup diced celery to the chicken. Blend ¼ cup cream and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard into 1 cup mayonnaise and mix into the chicken, ham and celery. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Soften 1½ envelopes (1½ tablespoons) unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water and dissolve thoroughly over hot water. Stir into the chicken-salad mixture. Mix well. Pour half the cranberry mixture into the bottom of a 6-cup ring mold or loaf pan. Chill in a pan of ice water until firm. Then pour the chicken-salad mixture in over the cranberry layer. The chicken-salad mixture sets very quickly; it's better to have the cranberry mixture well on toward setting before you add the gelatin to the salad mixture. When this second layer is set, cover with the remaining half of the cranberry mixture and chill until it's thoroughly set and firm. Garnish with greens and crystallized cranberries, if you happen to have.

Spoke of a hot dish, didn't I? And it's not only hot to start with, but it will keep hot, too, but not too long when they begin to dip in.

If ever there was a month cut out for oysters, it is December—well, November is, too, and you can't go wrong on January, but don't call me too orthodox if I keep to the middle of the stream. Have the oysters as hot as hot, always. I'll be round to taste, so watch that stew, have an eye to that scallop. You know how I am about oysters. But Christmas will come and go and New Year's be here if I don't get around to telling about a scallop of oysters and corn.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS AND CORN

Prepare 3 cups cracker crumbs. (Don't use cracker meal for this. It is too fine—too fine for most things, to my notion.) Drain 16 oysters and save 1 cup liquor. Have ready 4 cups cream-style corn, mixed with ½ cup cream, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Now melt ½ cup butter or margarine in a skillet over low heat. Add the cracker crumbs; season with ½ teaspoon salt and toss them all together. Take a fairly deep casserole so you have three layers of crumbs, beginning and ending with crumbs, with the corn and oysters in between. Just put 1 cup buttered

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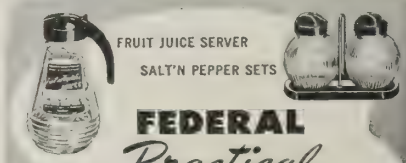
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ICE CREAM—no cooking or rewhipping. Pure sweet cream flavor. Smooth. Evaporated milk may be used. Sure to be pure—YOU make it.
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The gathering of maple sap starts with a rush when the frosty nights of early spring are followed by days of brilliant, warm sunshine.

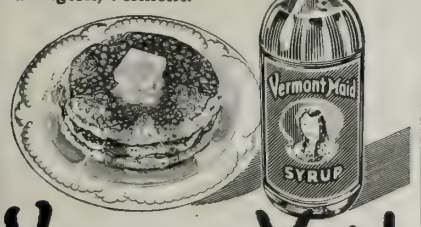
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Burpee's *Fluffy-Ruffles* **GIANT PETUNIAS** 25¢ pkt. 10¢
Exquisitely ruffled and fringed, over 5 in. across. All colors, mixed. 25c-Packet of Seeds for 10c--*send dime today!*
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The DASH that makes the DISH

crumbs in a layer on the bottom of the casserole. Cover with half the corn. Arrange half of the oysters over the top. Season lightly with salt and pepper and moisten with part of the oyster liquor. Add another layer of crumbs, another layer of corn, oysters, and so to the finish of crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., about forty minutes. This much will serve 8.

I think you will be really charmed with this hot dish. Have a lot of hot rolls on hand, and jellies and pickles and any relishes that suit your fancy.

Fairy doings. It's not only in the moonlit glen, down where the witches implore the moon and the star dust gleams on their silver shoon, that the fairies gather again. They come in the wake of a silver ship; not cold, not cold is the spun-glass tip of a magic jeweled spoon. And on Christmas Eve it's a rigadoon you hear as they soar and dip. For these are things not made with hands, nor caught in a fairy ship.

PINEAPPLE-AVOCADO ICE CREAM

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water. Combine 1 cup milk, 2 egg yolks, ½ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt in top of double boiler. Beat with a rotary egg beater until the ingredients are well blended. Place over hot water and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture coats the spoon. Remove from the hot water. Add the softened gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool. Add 1½ teaspoons vanilla and 2 cups light cream. Turn mixture into tray of automatic refrigerator and freeze until one half to three quarters of an inch around the edge has frozen firm. Remove to chilled bowl and beat smooth. Have ready 1 cup crushed pineapple mixed with ½ cup sieved avocado and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Fold into the ice cream. Now beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry, with ¼ cup sugar. Fold into mixture. Return to tray and finish freezing. Stir the ice cream after it has been freezing for half an hour and again after another half hour.

These won't last. They are jewels that melt in the mouth. That is all. Little caps for the fairy queen, but anyone will forget about hats and caps and jewels and lose all the manners one was ever taught and eat them up and up and up. That's how delicately delicious they are; and with that fairy-green ice cream, they'll be a jewel symphony. This is how you turn them out.

JEWEL MERINGUES

Beat ½ cup egg whites with ¼ teaspoon salt until stiff but not dry. Add 1 cup powdered sugar gradually, a tablespoon at a time. Beat after all the sugar is used until the mixture will "crease" and can be cut through with a clean knife. If sugar is added too fast, the meringue will not be stiff enough. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Shape with pastry bag or tube into small spiral cones, or shape them with a spoon on a well-greased cooky sheet. Sprinkle with mixed candied fruits cut into small pieces—citron, candied cherries, orange and lemon peel or any other jewel-colored fruit. Bake in a very slow oven, 250-275° F., for about forty-five minutes. They shouldn't really brown at all, but stay very light. Slip off with a spatula.

Now it may be said. I haven't mentioned it before, but I will now. Just a word. Let's not forget that this is our first warless Christmas in five years. These have been long, long years and dark days. But now we're out of the sound of war and the thought of fighting should be behind us.

I think we should celebrate this glorious season; if quietly, because of some sadness in our hearts, let's not take happiness away that is in another's heart. Nor make it less with gloomy face and downcast eyes. Let's be as gay as in our minds it's meant to be.

So, from way out here to way out there, once more, dear friends of mine, from me to you—A Merry Christmas, and a white one. And next month I shall tell you a tall tale about my Christmas present—well, you won't believe it, but it's true. (Her name is Amber.) Give you three guesses. And I *don't* need a saddle.

"SW-E-L-L-L"
...sang out the prima donna



Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup

Roaster-fresh because *in Nescafé* all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is *sealed in* by added carbohydrates.

"THE THUNDER OF APPLAUSE," sighed the opera star, "*is* thrilling. But a cup of *really* roaster-fresh coffee...ah-h, *how* I'd sing for *that!*" "Well, Madame," chimed in the Maestro, "try *this!*"...and with a flourish he instantly made a cup of Nescafé. She took one taste, and sang out..."Swell-l-l-l!"



You'll say so, too. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only *Nestlé's* knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster...*then instantly its flavor is sealed in! You* release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

So easy to prepare...no coffee maker to get ready or clean up...no grounds to dispose of. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste...you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.

NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.



QUALITY

(Continued from Page 18)

at first. But when she went on to the pastor's sermon—"I take-a my text from the one-eye chapter of the two-eye John"—she had them shrieking with laughter. They roared and whooped. Chester, clapping his hands, cried, "Pat, you're wonderful! Why didn't you tell me you could do this sort of thing?"

Exultation, a brief, wild moment of freedom, of daring. But when she went into the kitchen to help bring in the refreshments, the colored maid had looked at her. It was a long look, weighted with scorn. "Think you're pretty smart, don't you!" she said out of the corner of her mouth. "Got them all fooled, haven't you?"

Pinkey dropped the plate and turned away. "It burned me, it was hot," she cried. But it was the cold striking through her. She told them she had a headache; she went to her room and locked the door.

The next day she had to go to the hospital. But the whisper had run before her, not to her friends or to the other nurses, but there just the same. That colored visiting doctor, the Canadian whom she had always avoided, had looked at her strangely. And the scrubwoman in the ward, a stout, jolly black woman. When Pinkey had to tell her that the mop had been left out of place, she said under her breath, "I don't take orders from the likes of you."

Then all the fears came out from where they were buried. She went to her room, packed, and wrote a letter to Chester. One thing comforted her now: Chester would never know why she had written him that their marriage was impossible, he would never know why she had left without even saying good-by. Luckily no one had known their plans. That made it easier.

The road she had followed joined the open highway now. On each side were Negro cabins. Pinkey passed them all. Then she turned off, by a path that notched the road bank. Set back beyond an oak tree hung with moss there was another cabin, older than the rest. It sat sideways to the road, as if its loyalty were divided between the paved highway and the big house that was just visible beyond, through the trees.

Pinkey went along the narrow dirt path, up the steps to the sagging porch. There she stopped and stood looking in at the open cabin door.

The room was dark and hard to make out. A little sun came in by the eastern windows and the patchwork quilt on the cot bed caught the light. For a moment that was all Pinkey could see. Then other things took on shape. She saw the dark walls plastered with faded newspapers, the hickory chairs with cowhide seats and Granny's rocking chair that had lost its rockers. She saw the black wood stove with the stovepipe crooking into the chimney hole, the curtain across one corner of the room, Granny's clothes hanging behind it.

Pinkey shivered and drew back. She had forgotten—or had she ever known?—how awful it was, how bleak and bare and sordid And nothing had changed.

She walked to the edge of the porch an looked off through the trees. The big hous was still there, withdrawn as always, yet in escapable. Only the trees had grown, an the garden shrubs, shutting it in upon itsel The big house, where she could not go.

Pinkey turned. A path led in through th grove from the other road beyond, and some one was coming along it—a woman with white-sheeted bundle of clothes balanced o her head, a white apron over her dark dres In the distance she was squat and grotesque But little by little, approaching, she gath ered human dignity.

By now she must have seen that someon was waiting at the cabin door. When sh came to the end of the porch she lifted he hands and slid the bundle to the floor. Ther straightening, she said, "Good morning ma'am. I's just getting home my wash."

Pinkey stood there, cold and still. Sh looked at the limp full skirts, ludicrousl long; she looked at the incredible shoes Where on earth did one get such shoes? Ou of someone's attic, no doubt. A quaint ol body like this—she was the kind people gav things to. An old-fashioned mammy, the said with pride. Yes, sir, a type all ove from the gray braided wool of her head t her run-over, bursting, button shoes.

The old woman's breath whistled throug the gaps between her teeth, her little eye deep-sunk in their sockets, round and blac and bright as shoe buttons, blinked. Sl mounted the steps. "Is it Aunt Dicey you looking for, ma'am? 'Cause here I l and ——" Abruptly, she was silent. Suc a stillness came over her that even her hea stopped shaking.

Pinkey forced words from her lips. "Y Granny, it's me."

She watched the old cheek tremble, t old face work, the lips fumble soundless after words. Suddenly, without warnir something clamped tight around Pinkey heart and squeezed all breathing from h lungs. Out of her childhood, out of h deepest self, a turmoil of emotion welled and took her by surprise. She sank do and hid her face in her grandmother's ski

"Pinkey child, my little Pinkey," the woman murmured. "O Lord, I thank y for bringing her home again, my Pink She done been a far piece and a long journ and this here be the morning of her retur The slow, Biblical words went on and "There, there, honey," Granny said on same breath with her resounding am "Don't fret, child. You's home now, h safe and sound."

"Home?" The word broke in two the sound of Pinkey's own voice broke spell that had been laid upon her. All things that had tormented her returned

Granny seemed to sense a change in and she changed too. She stiffened, and

(Continued on Page 82)

Next Month

"If you want to hang on to Ned, you oughtn't to try so hard. It's just too plain that you're hanging on, Julia—that's what I mean when I say you ought to have more pride. It's no marriage when a wife has to try so hard to make it last."

And it didn't last. Years later, Eliza knew that her divided heart grew out of her parents' divorce. "I'll never marry," she said.

NELIA GARDNER WHITE *has written a powerful novel of divorce and of a love that survives everything, in*

The Heart Divided

COMPLETE IN THE JANUARY JOURNAL



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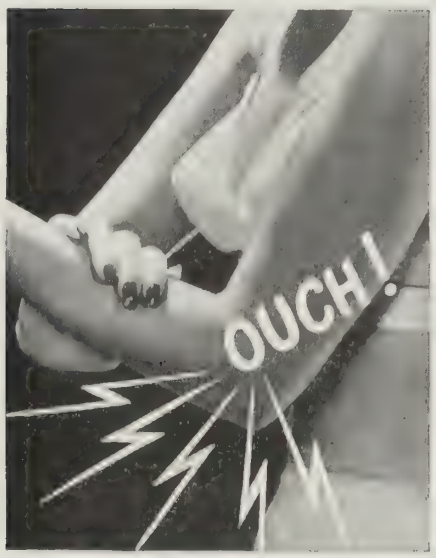
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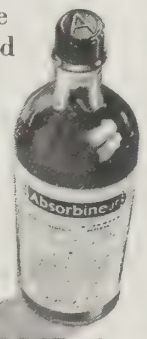
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W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE Jr.

(Continued from Page 80)

hand caught at Pinkey's shoulder. "You is safe and sound, ain't you? Answer me the truth now. On your knees, before God."

Pinkey knew what she was being asked. The question was an echo out of the past, out of her own mother's home-coming. For her mother had come home to bear her child and die. Pinkey jerked her shoulder free, but she kept her head bowed.

Granny was talking, all breathless and quavery. "Tell Granny—tell her, child. Is you—is you—in trouble?"

Pinkey's lips twisted. "Not that kind of trouble." She looked up to see Granny's hand wiping away little drops of sweat that glistened in the puckers of her upper lip.

"And you done graduate at the nursing school like you promise you going to do?"

Pinkey repeated the words as if they were part of some ancient home-coming ritual. "Yes, I have graduated at the nursing school as I promised I would do."

"Praise be!" Granny whispered. She drew a long breath, she folded her hands across her sagging breasts and again spoke to the Lord. "O Lord, lemme tell you about this child. I done raise her the best I knowed and I raise her right. Ain't I raise Miss Em's little Lucy? And all the little girls in Miss Emma's school, ain't I learned them their manners and behavior? Yes, Lord. Truth, Jesus! Gentle and mannered and kept to herself, never running and romping with all the little colored children down the road, that's how I kept her. And I sent her away where she could get the best there be. I save my money and I keep my work, come rain, come rheumatiz, come the winter weather. I raise her just like a white child and ——"

"Like a white child!" Pinkey caught up the words and flung them at her grandmother. "A white child? No, that's what I am not, what I can never be."

Granny said, "Hush, child, I'm praying to the Lord because it were the Lord help me day and night, through the long years. Now come on in, honey. Reckon I'd better scrape around and get you a mite of breakfast."

Granny was putting wood on the fire. "I'll have something ready in a jiffy, honey. Oh, my, oh me, it sure do me good, you setting there. My baby, growed up and come home to Granny. Kind of peaked and pale, though. Riding such a far piece on the cars, maybe. But we'll soon fix that!"

She was happy, Pinkey thought with bitterness. She believed everything was just perfect, that it was all working out as she had planned it long ago. Pinkey leaned forward, arms resting on the table, hands locked tight together while all this morning's impotent fury swept through her again. Like a white child—yes, that had been wrong. But there had been a wrong farther back than that, one that was deeper and more fundamental. Oh, what was it that had happened long ago, so that now—Pinkey turned resentful gray eyes on the tattered walls of the cabin—so that now she was here, in this place? The question trembled on her thin red lips, the question she had always pushed back into her subconscious.

"G-RANNY ——" Her voice cracked. The words would not come. When her grandmother said, "What's that you say, honey?" she answered sullenly, "How did you know I would come back?" For she had not meant to. Even before she met Chester she had thought she could just pay her debt by sending money. "How did you know I'd come back?" she repeated.

Granny did not look around. She was carefully measuring out coffee. She said, "Why, that was what I sent you off for, so as you'd come back. Come back to help the sick and the halt and the needy."

"Didn't you ever think I might want to stay on up there?"

The old woman stood still for a long moment. Without looking around, she asked in a dead, unbreathing voice, "Did you?"

Pinkey leaned her head on her hands. A longing for that life she had lost wrenched her like a nausea. She could feel Granny's eyes upon her, but she could not look up.

Granny said, "There's some things you just got to trust the Lord about. That's what I done. And it do happen sometimes He know better how to manage than anything that ever come into your mind to think of for yourself." Then she went from the room by the open passageway at the rear.

Pinkey got to her feet. She walked restlessly about, then went to the shed room. It had always been hers, so in this unchanging world to which she had returned it would be hers now. Yes, here was the white iron bed she had once thought so beautiful. Granny had bought it for her new, out of the catalogue. It was the only new thing in the room. There was the chest of drawers with the broken leg that let it rock with a touch. There was the blurry looking glass.

Granny came in and spoke from the doorway. "Ain't no different, honey. Seemed if I didn't move nothing, it would be a magnet, drawing you back. And that's what it done, glory be!"

Pinkey made no answer. She walked to the washstand and looked up at the faded flyspecked print that hung there, curling up at one corner where the tack had come out. It showed a man in a plumed hat, some hero of other days. She used to lie in bed and look at it. But now those lips, half smiling,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Luxury Note

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

Garments custom-made, $100.
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In more than generous quota.
Dull care dismays her not a jot,
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A close-knit inner quality
Invisibly sustains her.
A source of strength no man may see
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There's not a goal she may not win,
No ban she may not hurdle,
The confident young lady in
The hundred-dollar girdle.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

confident—they were like Chester's. With a quick movement Pinkey reached up and jerked the picture down.

"You don't want no pictures on your wall, honey?" Granny asked mildly.

There was something maddening in the very meekness of that patient voice. Pinkey felt the angry blood rush to her head. "No, no! Not on my wall or in my mind or anywhere! Tear them all out. They should never have been there." She turned on her grandmother. "It's you—you should not have brought me up like a white child, when I wasn't, when I never could be ——"

"Stop." It was only a single word, softly spoken, yet under its impact Pinkey was silent. The old woman went on. "You wish you'd growed up ignorant and no-account? You wish you'd have to take in washing all your life, like I done?"

"N-no, but don't you see ——"

Again Granny stopped her. There was nothing meek or patient in her manner now. The words rang out sharp and accusing. "Now you let me say something once and for all and never again. Why is it you write me less and less, as time go by? Why is it after you go to the hospital I don't get no letter at all? And all the time I send money just the same every month of the year. You think an old woman, ignorant and poor—you think she don't know nothing. But I tell you there be some things ain't taughtable, in the places where learning is taught. Some things ain't come by but by living, by living long and hard. And this here is one thing I know. I know what you done. I raised you the best I could, I sent you off to get you educated and all. But you hark to me now. I never told you to pretend you is what you ain't. That were a sin before God. And it be you that done it, not me."

Pinkey had turned away. "I haven't done anything wrong." She flung the words over her shoulder. "It's right to deny what—what's bad, what you hate."

"Who is you to say what's bad and what ain't? Down on your knees, I tell you!" She came across the floor, one hand uplifted as if to strike.

Sullenly, driven to it, Pinkey got down, as she was told. She had to cover her face with her hands to shut away the burning scorn in those dark eyes.

"That's right, that's where you belong. Now you tell the Lord what you done and ax him to forgive you, and save your immortal soul. Then you come on out here and eat your breakfast and don't never let me hear another word about such business."

IT IS possible to put on the semblance of living and wear it like a cloak. Pinkey found that she could eat and move about the cabin and yard and speak when spoken to, and yet all the while be off, a thousand-odd miles away. The days went by, and April opened into May. Granny let her do as she pleased, let her sit in the sun, left her undisturbed to read and reread the few books she had brought in her trunk.

One morning when Pinkey took her place at the table, she looked down and really saw for the first time the darned white linen napkin that somebody must have cast aside or given to Granny; she saw the plate with the painted pear in the middle, the gold-banded real china cup in the odd white saucer, the tall goblet. They were old, familiar things, things she had once treasured. Why did Granny get them all out for her? Was she trying to make her notice, was she trying to make her come alive again?

Pinkey stirred uneasily in her chair. Couldn't Granny be satisfied with just having her here? Wasn't that enough? In a minute she would be saying something about going to Doctor Joe's to see about nursing. Pinkey was not going to nurse again, not ever. Or not for a long time, anyway. Granny was not going to arrange her life for her. Here she was now with the milk in that old fruit jar, just standing here patiently waiting to pour it.

Pinkey jerked her hand away from the stem of the goblet. "Go ahead, fill it up."

But before she poured the milk, Granny reached out one little dark hand. "Your old singing glass, the one I used to let you drink out of on birthdays and Christmases." As she spoke, she struck it sharply with her fingernail. The sound rang out above her words, it hung poised on the air, clear as a frosty morning. "All the time people come by here wanting to buy that goblet. Antique, they call it. But I hang on to it because you like it. Old Miss give it to me, long ago."

Pinkey made an impatient movement. "Do you have to say 'Old Miss'?"

"Why, that's who it were, honey."

Pinkey began to eat. Everything tasted better than usual, maybe because the air was unseasonably cool today. She drank the milk, drained the last drop, set the glass down. "Granny," she demanded, "tell me—what was it like, slavery?"

"Well, child, I don't know as I ever thought much about it, one way or the other. I was born just before freedom come. Hadn't ought to be troubling yourself about what-all's past and gone, honey. Put me in mind of Mr. Ham."

"Who?"

"Miss Em's husband. Before your time, he were. Always bent double over some book, reading about what-all happen long ago. Look like he plumb forgot about here and now. Well, sir, when his time come and he up and died—took kind of sudden at the last—he were the most surprised-looking corpse I ever laid eyes on. Umph-umm. It ain't good, living out of your time. It ain't good." She brought in a bundle of clothes

(Continued on Page 84)

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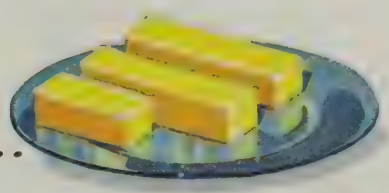


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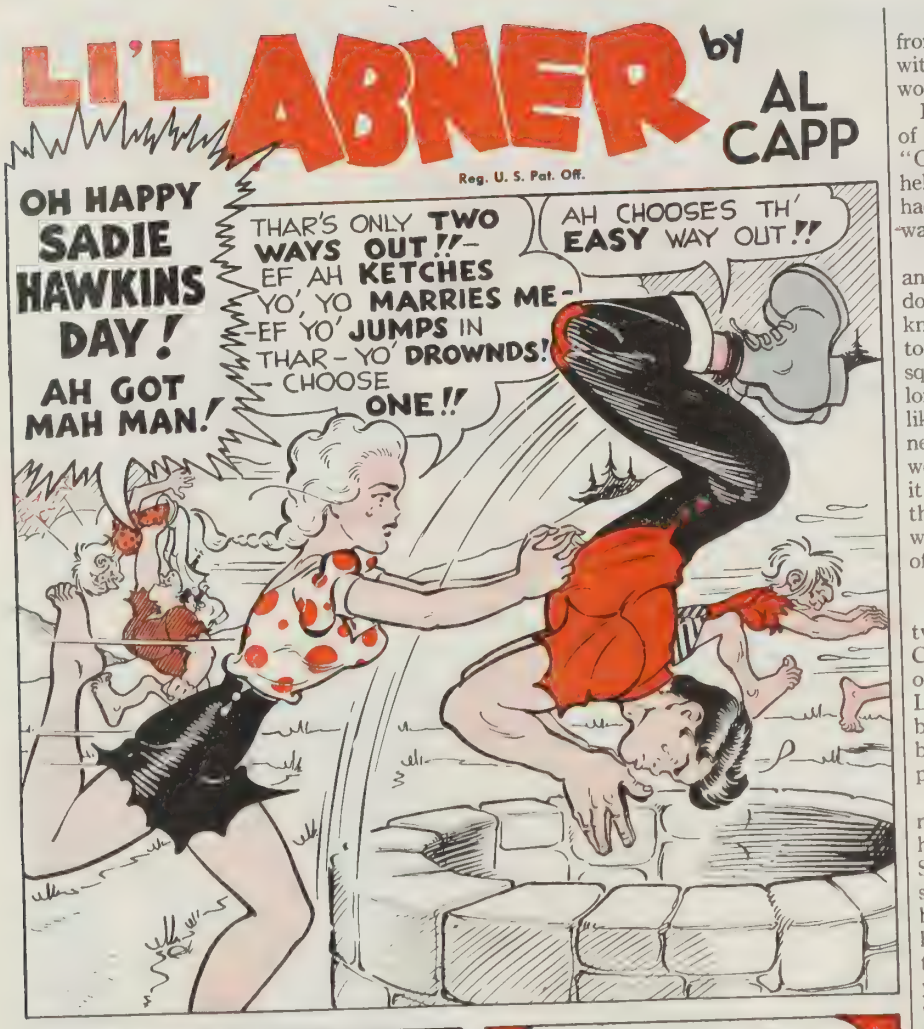
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(Continued from Page 82)

from the front porch. "Got to be getting on with my work. If you don't get ahead of work, it gets ahead of you."

Pinkey watched her untie the four corners of the sheet and begin sorting the clothes. "Granny," she began abruptly, lest she be held dumb by some queer reticence such as had struck her that first day, "Granny, who was my father?"

A grieving look came over the old woman's face. At last she said, "That something don't nobody know and won't nobody ever know. Your ma come home sick and nigh on to her time. She brung you into the world, a squally pinkey little mite, and she took one long breath and she let it out slow and long, like she were powerful weary. And she just never drawed it in no more. That was how it were." Granny lifted one hand and passed it across her eyes as if she would wipe away the picture she had conjured up. "Never a word about what-all happen when she was off and away."

"Away? Where had she been?"

Granny had a towel in her hands now, twisting it. Her face twisted too. "It were Chicago, that much I know. Right after the other war, the one they call World War One. Lots of folks went north then. Word come back about good jobs and high money and big doings. And your ma, look like she were possessed to go."

Pinkey put her elbow on the table and rested her head in her hand. So her mother had tried to get away from this country. She had gone out seeking something, and she had come back—to die. What lay in between her going in hope and eagerness and her bitter return? Maybe it was better not to know. Pinkey drew a long breath. "Didn't you want to go yourself, when everybody was going?"

"Me, honey?" Granny chuckled. "Of course, lots older than me went. But this was my home where all my children growed up and scatter from and it wouldn't be right if I wasn't here if any of them took sick and had to onscatter. Like your little ma done. Then there was Old Miss. She hung on like a last leaf, and Miss Em need me. So I figgered my duty was clear and my work cut out to hand. No need of going traipsing high and wide looking for it."

Pinkey sat silent. Her mother seemed nearer to her right now than this old woman who belonged to a yet more distant day and a more old-fashioned way of thought. Duty, hard work. What had she got out of it? This mean little cabin, this lowly way of living, this wash to do. Always the washing, no matter what came. This was how she had made the money she had sent so faithfully. Pinkey had always known, but now it came over her like something new.

"What do you get for a wash like this?"

"Why, honey, this here's one of my best—it's Doctor Joe's. He pays me good and I get it in the middle of the week so it's so much extra, in a way. Mondays I get Mrs. Wooley's and Judge Walker's, and of course there's Miss Em's, though that don't count, far as money goes."

"What do you mean, it doesn't count?"

"I don't get cash money for it. Miss Em ain't got no cash."

PINKEY pushed away the thought of Miss Em. She was thinking of Granny now. "I don't understand how you have kept it up all this time, Granny. Never missing a single month till just lately."

"What you mean, till lately? I never missed once, excusing the time I was down with the pneumony, three years ago." She straightened up, her little old eyes troubled.

Pinkey shook her head. "I hadn't received anything since before Christmas."

"Humph! I took it to Jake, just like I been doing ever since his pa die last summer. How come you ain't got it?"

"I don't know."

Granny had gone back to her clothes, mumbling to herself. "Got to ask that Jake about it. His pa never would keep nothing back, I know that. But Jake—I'm kind of jubidicious about him. That woman he took up with lately—Rozelia, her name." Granny, with a curl of her lips, made it plain what she thought of Rozelia. "I'd get right after Jake about that money, only I is bound to get these clothes on the line before noon."

Pinkey had risen with sudden resolution. "I'll go see Jake. Where does he live?"

THE morning sun was bright, the sky a pale June blue, as Pinkey went bareheaded down the highway. She had come to a cut in the hillside where the road slashed its way through. All the countryside was laid out before her. For this was the high point. Off to the left the roofs and chimneys of Liberty Grove floated on a sea of green treetops. Only the white-pillared cupola of the county courthouse rose higher than the rest. That was white-town, withdrawn and separate.

Pinkey's concern was closer at hand, here in the hollow below her, Negro-town—if one could give the name of "town" to so small a clutter of cabins. Set at odd angles to the road, as if its coming had taken them by surprise, they were weathered silver under the sun. Some had a lapful of red roses or prince's-feathers or sunflowers. Some held out before them green umbrellas, precise, symmetrical—their shade-giving chinaberry trees. But most of them lay naked and dingy, huddled close together as if against a common danger. Slowly Pinkey began to walk down the hill.

She had just passed the small frame schoolhouse when a crowd of children burst from its door. They were laughing and calling to one another, and the sound of their voices was soft and vague, as if their words had been sheared of all consonants. Pinkey slowed her steps so they would overtake her. She wanted to hear what they were saying, and maybe join in talk with them. But they went by quickly, hushing their chatter.

When the sun is overhead, many a piece of glass believes itself a diamond.

—PAUL ELDRIDGE.

They had all passed when along came two stragglers. One was a girl of ten, perhaps, in a blue print dress. She was very dark, almost black. The little boy was paler, *café-au-lait*, and he limped. His leg was twisted below the knee; it was just a bone with no flesh at all, only the shrunken coffee-colored skin to cover it. He had on an imitation-leather helmet, the chin straps dangling. His short gray pants looked as if they had been made from a man's old trousers, and his heavy sweater was too big, the sleeves too long. Neither of the children looked directly at Pinkey, yet she knew they were aware of her.

"Hello," she said.

The little boy turned big dark eyes upon her and made no answer. His face had no trace of baby plumpness; it was the wizened face of a little old man.

"Hello; there," Pinkey said again.

"Speak to the lady, Teejoe. Say howdy to her." They had all stopped, on the edge of the road.

Teejoe said nothing. Then, jerkily, he pivoted on his good leg, away from Pinkey. She could see the rigid cords at the back of his neck. With the toe of his twisted foot, he scratched at the yellow clay of the roadside. The small clods turned only a little, but his foot went on raking at them doggedly.

Pinkey put one hand to her throat. Once she had seen a rooster, a red-combed cock with feathers burnished in the sun, raking the earth with a defiant claw. This—this was such a gesture, pitiful travesty though it was. "He—he hates me," she whispered.

"Naw'm! Oh, naw'm," the little girl cried. "Make like he hate evathing. He don't mean nothing. Come on, Teejoe, act pretty now."

But Teejoe, without a glance, began to limp along the road, silent in his dignity. The little girl followed. Pinkey moved alongside them.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Name Gladys, ma'am."

"Is he your little brother?"

(Continued on Page 87)

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...han Mo-La-Jac Farms

...LIFORNIA
...ambra
...erly Hills
...bank
...ndale
...ewood
...a Beach
... Angeles
...adena Adohr Farms
Golden State
...amento Golden State
...Francisco Golden State
...a Barb'ra Golden State

INDIANA
E. Chicago Prairie View
Elkhart Eby's Dairy
Wambaugh Dairy Products
Fort Wayne Eskay Dairy Co.
Allen Dairy Prods.
Gary & Hammond
Cloverleaf Dairy Co.
Dixie Dairy Co.
Hobart Hillcrest Farm D.
Indianap's Capitol Dairies
Wm. H. Roberts & Sons
Lafayette Furnas Ice Cr.
Marion Pure Milk Co.
Richmond Wayne Dairy
South Bend Reliable Dairy

MASSACHUSETTS (Con.)
Marlboro Deerfoot Farms
Methuen Greycourt Farm
Milford R.W. Coffin & Sons
Natick Sunshine Dairy
New Bedford Frates Dairy
Gulf Hill Farm
N. Adams
Fillmore Farms, Inc.
Northampton United Dairy
No. Easton Langwater Farm
Pittsfield Crescent Cr'y.
Pittsfield Milk Exchange
Rockport Dr. Babson Farm
Shrewsbury Hillcrest Dairy
Jensen's Wayside Dairy

NEW JERSEY
All Northern Counties
Alderney Dairy
Audubon Abbotts Dairies
Bloomfield Mt. Vernon F'ms
Bridgeton Rainier's Dairies
Camden Abbotts Dairies
Chatham Florham Park D.
Clifton Sisco Dairy
Convent Hollow Hill Farm
Cranford Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Elizabeth Dairyland Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Fanwood Wood Brook Farms
Florham Park Dairies Inc.

NEW JERSEY (Con.)
Union Ideal Dairy Farms
Mt. Vernon Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Westfield Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Westville Abbotts Dairies
Westwood Franklin Lake
Whitehouse Durling Farms
Woodbury Abbotts Dairies
NEW YORK
Albany Mark W. Stevens
Boulevard Dairy Co.
Norman's Kill Dairy
Auburn Guernsey F'rms, Inc.
Buffalo Beck's Dairy

OHIO (Con.)
Dayton Grocer's Coop.
Himes Brothers Dairy
Shoemake Farms, Inc.
Dover Cappeldale Farms
Hamilton McGreevy Dairy
Lancaster Bennett Dairy
Mansfield Raemelton Farm
Mt. Vernon Jewell Milk
Sandusky Esmond Dairy
Springfield Citizen's Dairy
& Lynn Guernsey Farm
Stow Stow Dairy
Toledo Babcock Dairy Co.
Wooster Ideal Dairy
Youngstown Sanitary Milk

PENNSYLVANIA (Con.)
Lebanon Hershey Choc. Co.
Lewistown Pure Milk Co.
Mechanicsb'g Konhaus F'm
Monongahela Hank's Dairy
Mapleview
Norristown Holiday Dairy
Levengood Dairy
Parkers Landing
Parker's View Farm
Phila. Breuninger's Dairy
(Main Line) Brookmead
Pittsburgh Lewis Dairies
Page Milk Co.
Pottstown Levengood Dairy
Sunny Slope Dairy

VERMONT
Bennington Fillmore F
Brattleboro
Shaw-Bellville Dairy
Springfield Estey's D
VIRGINIA
Alexandria Dairy Prod
Bristol Pinemont F
Denbigh Burkholder D
Fairfax Willowmere F
Fredericksb'g Farmers
Galax Round Hill F
Kenbridge Guernsey D
Lynchburg Westover D
Lynnhaven Bayville F
Martinsville Fisher F

GOLDEN GUERNSEY

...VORITE OF A MILK-DRINKING NATION

There's good health hidden in the delicious refreshment of GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk! GOLDEN GUERNSEY appeals to everyone—including thousands of returning servicemen who vote milk *their* favorite drink, too. (Those many millions of quarts they've enjoyed at Army Posts and Service Centers prove that!)

Why is GOLDEN GUERNSEY so popular? First — that incomparable flavor—consistently creamy-rich. Then, the deep cream line — a *full half-pint* of nourishing cream tops each quart! And this extra cream represents *extra* Vitamin A, to aid good vision and increase germ resistance. Besides, GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk contains an abundance of healthful food solids throughout. It's the kind of food that's good for everyone, and everyone finds good!

GOLDEN GUERNSEY, INC., Peterborough, N. H. is a non-profit agricultural corporation. The words GOLDEN GUERNSEY on milk are the certificate of GOLDEN GUERNSEY, INC., that milk so marked conforms to its high standards, as well as requirements of City and State health authorities. It comes only from Guernsey cows, is *always* kept separate. Naturally, such rigid control produces a fine-flavored, truly high-quality milk. Ask *your* milkman about GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk—for health and pleasure!



ONE QUART OF GOLDEN GUERNSEY GIVES YOU
48% OF YOUR DAILY VITAMIN A NEEDS

IN ADDITION TO { 27% OF CALORIE NEEDS; 40% OF PROTEIN NEEDS; 160% OF CALCIUM NEEDS }



...NIA (Con.)
...nica Adohr Farms
Golden State
Clowes' Dairy
...ffappyholme Dairy

...ADO
Carlson-Frink Co.
City Park Dairy
...s Guernsey Dairy

...TICUT
Brock-Hall
Wood Ford Farm
The Rider Dairy
Brock-Hall
Dewhirst Dairy
The Rider Dairy

...unny Valley F'ms
Brock-Hall
...rms Nyala Farm
...Round Hill Farm
...unny Valley F'ms
...ryant & Chapman
H. P. Hood
...n
...rock's Lakeview
Brock-Hall
New Haven D.
Brock-Hall
...-New Haven D.
...n Brock-Hall
...Clark Dairy, Inc.
...w Haven Dairy

...nny Valley F'ms
Brock-Hall
...aple Hill Dairy
...w Haven Dairy
Mt. Fair Farm

...RE
...Hill Girt F'ms
West End Dairy

...Dinsmore Dairy
...Lakemont Dairy

...Ponce de Leon

...Bowman Dairy
...redehoft Dairy
...dglydale Dairy
...Stamer's Dairy
Union Dairy
...verview Dairy

INDIANA (Con.)
Valparaiso Blalock Dairy
IOWA
Ames F. H. Logsdon
Davenport Wyanet Farms
Fort Dodge Creamery Co.
KENTUCKY
Ashland Hickory Hill Dairy
Harlan Chappell's Dairy
Louisville Cherokee S. Milk
Owensboro Model D'y, Inc.
Princeton Cream & Butter
Winchester Marsh Dairy Co.
MAINE
Anson A. H. Ouellette
Farmington Richvale Farm
Kingfield Maple Lane Farm
Madison A. H. Ouellette
MARYLAND
Baltimore Green Spring D'y
Church Hill Kennersley F'm
Frederick Ideal Farms Dairy
Hagerstown Eden Plains D.
Woodside Hall Farms
Hyattsville Harvey Dairy
Lanham Moughon Farms
Port Deposit Mt. Ararat F'ms
Rockville Sycamore Dairy
Salisbury City Dairy
Homestead Dairy
Snow Hill Mt. Ephraim F'ms
Williamsport
Woodside Hall
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston and Vicinity
Deerfoot F.—White Bros.
H. P. Hood & Sons
Wethersfield Farm
Whiting Milk Co.
Bradford Robert H. Sawyer
Brockton H. P. Hood
Cape Cod H. P. Hood
White Brothers
Chicopee F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Duxbury White Brothers
E. Bridgewater H. P. Hood
Fitchburg Tri-City CoOp.
Framingham Deerfoot Farms
Sunshine Dairy
Gloucester Dr. Babson Farm
Greenf'ld Sheldegren Farm
Haverhill Rob't. H. Sawyer
Holyoke F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Shadylawn Farm
Littleton J. Fred Herpy
Longmeadow F. B. Mallory
Lowell John Kydd & Sons

MASSACHUSETTS (Con.)
So. Dartmouth Gull Hill Farm
So. Hadley Chadylawn Farm
Springfield F. B. Mallory, Inc.
General Ice Cream Corp.
United Dairy System, Inc.
Taunton H. P. Hood
Westfield F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Worcester Deerfoot Farms
Hillcrest Dairy
Jensen's Wayside Dairy
United Dairy System, Inc.
MICHIGAN
Bay City Bay City Dairy
Flint Genesee Dairy
Grand Rapids Rosemont F.
Kalamazoo Lockshore Farm
Lansing Heatherwood Farm
Midland Dairy Co.
Rochester Great Oaks Dairy
Saginaw Huebner Dairy
Saginaw Dairy
MINNESOTA
Austin Marigold Dairies
Barnum Barnum Creamery
Faribault Marigold Dairies
Farmington Brandtjen Farms
Mankato H. N. Best & Son
Marigold Dairies
Minneapolis Ewald Bros.
Moorhead Fairmont Cr'y.
Owatonna Marigold D'ries
Pipestone Allen Gewecke
Rochester Marigold Dairies
St. Paul Sanitary Dairies
Winona Marigold Dairies
MISSISSIPPI
Gulfport Robinwood Farm
Horn Lake Gayoso Farms
MISSOURI
Jefferson City
Vogel's Guernsey Farm
St. Louis St. Louis Dairy
MONTANA
Billings Billings Dairy
NEBRASKA
Lincoln Skyline Dairy
Omaha Roberts Dairy
NEVADA
Reno Model Dairy
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Milford Crosby Farm
Peterborough Old Town F'm
Salem Rockingham Farm

NEW JERSEY (Con.)
Haddonfield Abbotts D'ries
Haddon Heights Abbotts D.
Hightstown Conover's-
Hightstown Guernsey D'y
Hillside (with Elizabeth)
Mt. Vernon Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Irvington Alderney Dairy
Mt. Vernon Farms
Phil Knorr—Sunrise D.
Port Murray Dairy
Kearney Mt. Vernon Farms
Linden Mt. Vernon Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Madison
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Medford Locust Lane Dairy
Mendham Audley Farms
Merchantville Abbotts D.
Millside Farms
Parks Dairies, Inc.
Metuchen Wood Brook F'ms
Midland Park Franklin Lake
Millburn
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Middlesex Union Counties
Forsgate Farms, Inc.
Moorestown Locust Lane
Newark Alderney Dairy
Dairyland—Mt. Vernon
Sunrise—Wood Brook
New Brunswick Krauzer's
Kreiger—Mayer's Sanitary
Middlesex Farm—Paulus
—Schmidt's—Wood Brook
No. Arlington Forest Dairy
Paterson Franklin Lake
Peapack-Gladstone Dairy
Perth Amboy Wood Brook
Supreme Milk & Cream
Plainfield Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Point Pleasant
Van Schoick's Dairy
Port Murray Dairy
Princeton Rockwood Dairy
Rahway Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Ridgewood Franklin Lake
Camden County Abbotts D.
Millside F.—Parks D'ries
Roselle & Roselle Park
Sunrise D.—Wood Brook F.
Summit Canoe Brook Farm
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.

NEW YORK (Con.)
Clayton Merle L. Youngs
Harrison Dellwood Dairy
Hoosick Falls Fillmore F'ms
Irvington Dellwood Dairy
Mamaroneck Dellwood D.
Mill Neck Beaverbrook Farm
Mt. Vernon Dellwood D'ry
Newburgh Forge Hill Farm
New Rochelle Dellw'd D'y
Oswego Oswego Dairy
Pattersonville W.W. Jeffers
Plattsburg Dairy Co.
Rochester Schreiner Milk
Nakoma F.D.—Hudson D.
Rye Dellwood Dairy
Scarsdale Dellwood Dairy
Schenectady Connelly Bros.
Syracuse Guernsey Co-Op.
Tarrytown Dellwood Dairy
Troy Collar City Creamery
Utica Sunshine Dairy
White Plains Dellwood D'y
Yonkers Dellwood Dairy
NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville Southern Dairies
Boone New River Dairy
Brevard Transylvania D'ries
Concord Clear Springs Farm
Durham Durham Dairy
Elkin Klondike Farm
Hendersonville
McNaughton Farms
High Point Clover Brand
Lexington Coble Dairies
Mount Airy Hatcher's D'y
Mt. Pleasant Green Hills
Roanoke Rapids
Chockoyette Farm
Winston-Salem Selected D'y
NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo Fairmont Creamery
OHIO
Akron Akron Pure Milk
Belle Isle F.—Mountrose D.
Chestnut Ridge Dairy
Cincinnati Opekasit Farms
G. H. Berling Dairy Co.
J. H. Berling Dairy
Cleveland & Suburbs
Dairymen's O. Farmers'
O. A. Dean Dairy Co.
Franchester Farms
H. J. Munz Dairy
Schneider-Bruce Dairy
Telling-Belle Vernon Co.

OKLAHOMA
Ardmore Primrose Farm
Tom Cooper Farms
Enid Jerry Oven Farm
Oklahoma City
Meadow Lodge Farms
OREGON
Medford Cloverhill Farm
Portland Fairview Farms
Shedd Prairie Rose Dairy
PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown Hess Lehigh
Altoona J. E. Harshbarger
Ambler Meyer's Dairy
Ambridge Taylor Milk Co.
Beaver Falls Bonnie View
Berwick Berwick Creamery
Corner Park Farm
Berwyn Chesterbrook Farm
Bethlehem Mowrer's Dairy
Big Run William Irvin Co.
Brockport Keystone Dairy
Butler Moser's Dairy
Carbondale
Bethany-Homestead Farms
Chadds Ford Hill Girt Farms
Chambersburg Dairy
Chester Miller-Flounders
Cornwall Fairview Farms
Donora Triumphant Dairy
Doylestown Smith's San.D'y
Gardenville Farms
Easton Moyer's Dairy
Easton Sanitary Milk Co.
Elizabeth Mentor Farms
Ellwood City Fisher's D'y
Erie Fromknecht Dairy
Yaple's Dairy
Fayette City Patterson D'y
Greensburg Rathgeb's D'y
Silvis Farms
Hamburg Paul R. Kohler
Smith's Model Dairy
Harrisburg Dairies
Hatboro Ivycrest Dairies
Hazelton S. C. Price
Modern Sanitary Dairy
Honesdale
Bethany-Homestead Farms
Hummelstown Geo. Fromm
Indiana Indiana Dairy Co.
Jenkintown Taylor's Dairy
Johnstown Sanitary Dairy
Somerset Dairy Co.
Kane Ideal Farms

PENNSYLVANIA (Con.)
Pottsville J. H. Brokoff
Pulaski Pleasant Acres
Quarryville Norwood F'ms
Reading Clover Farms
St. Lawrence Dairy
Red Lion Warners Dairy
Roxborough Missimer-
Wood-Narcissa Dairies
Scranton Glendale Farms
Shamokin Sanitary Milk
Shippenville Gruber & Son
Sligo Shook's Dairy
Spring City
Sunny Slope Dairy, Inc.
Tamaqua Emerich's Dairy
Terre Hill White Oak Farm
Tunkhan'ck Shadow Brook
Uniontown Garner Dairy
Friendship Hill Dairy
Wayne Brookmead Dairies
Waynesboro Antietam Farm
West Chester Eachus Dairy
Wilkes-Barre Glendale F'ms
Goodleigh Farms
Wilkinsburg Chas. G. Turner
Williamsport Milk Products
York Warner's Dairy
York Sanitary Milk
RHODE ISLAND
Cranston H. P. Hood
Pawtucket H. P. Hood
Providence H. P. Hood
Warwick H. P. Hood
Woonsocket H. P. Hood
SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston West End Dairy
Chester Hillbright Dairy
Columbia Edisto Farms Dairy
Moncks Corner Gippy Ptn.
Union Union Dairy
Yemassee
Brays Island Plantation
SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls Lakeside Dairy
TENNESSEE
Bristol Pinemont Farms
Memphis Gayoso Farms
TEXAS
Dallas Cabell's, Inc.
San Antonio Dairyland
UTAH
Logan Cache Meadow
Ogden Arden-Sunfreze

VIRGINIA (Con.)
Norfolk Bayville Farms
Portsmouth Pine Grove Farm
Pulaski Buena Vista Farm
Radford
Clover Creamery Co., Inc.
Richmond Curles Neck D's
Richmond D.—Virginia D.
Roanoke Clover Creamery
Garst Bros. D.—Roanoke D.
Staunton Augusta D's, Inc.
Virginia Beach Bayville F'm
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Thompson's D.—Wakefield D.
WASHINGTON
Bellingham Hillview Dairy
Bremerton Price's G. Dairy
Olympia Meyer's Dairy
Post Orchard Price's Dairy
Seattle Marymoor Farm
Golden Arrow Dairy
Vancouver Golden West D'y
Middale Guernsey Dairy
WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston
Imperial Ice Cream Co.
WISCONSIN
Ashland Howard Joyce
Chippewa Falls
Clover Dairy Co.
Eau Claire Uecke Dairy
Dolly Madison Dairies
Fond du Lac Luxerin Farm
Green Bay Delwiche Farms
Kaukauna Modern Dairy
Kenosha Milk Pro's. Co-Op.
La Crosse Dolly Madison
Madison Bowman Farm D'y
Manitowoc Sorge Dairy
Menasha Gear Dairy Co.
Milwaukee Golden
Guernsey Dairy Co-Op.
Oconomowoc Shoreland F.
Racine Progressive Dairy
Stevens Pt. Altenburg Dairy
Superior Russell Creamery
Tomahawk Ta-Ma-Awk D.
Waukesha Fox's G'nsey D'y
Wausau Bridgeman-Russell
West Bend Decorah Farm D'y
Wisconsin Rapids
Wis. Valley Creamery
Wrightstown Modern Dairy



Finest finale for a M-M-Merry Christmas

Finest

RECIPE FOR PEACH MERINGUE TORTE

4 egg whites
½ teasp. cream tartar
½ teasp. salt
1 cup sugar
1 can Stokely's *Finest* Tree-Ripened Freestone Sliced Peaches
½ pint whipping cream

Fit greased brown paper in bottom of greased round 9x2 in. pan. Beat egg whites foamy; add cream tartar and salt; beat stiff. Beat in 2 tablesp. sugar at a time. Spread in pan. Bake in slow oven (275° F.) 1 hour, or until dry. Cool slightly; loosen sides; remove. When cold, fill with drained peaches; top with whipped cream. Add 8 hungry people—and bask in their delighted praises! For here is the King of Desserts . . . crowned with juicy, mouth-watering peaches, picked from selected orchards for luscious, tree-ripened perfection, packed immediately for you who insist on *nothing but the Finest* . . . as always, Stokely's *Finest!*

Always Delicious

Products of Stokely-Van Camp, Inc.
Indianapolis

(Continued from Page 84)

"Yassum."

"What grade are you in, Gladys?" Now the little girl was silent. The two of them—withdrawn and hostile—Pinkey could not bear it. "Speak up! Can't you answer?"

"Yassum. I—I's in the first grade, ma'am."

"Oh." A big girl. Ten or eleven at least. Only in the first grade. But—that was the reason. "Listen," Pinkey said harshly, "I was ten years old before I ever saw the inside of a schoolhouse. What grade are you in, Teejoe?"

He walked faster, finger tips pulling at the front of his sweater now, widening the torn place there.

"Don't do that, Teejoe," Gladys said. "Tell the lady what grade you in." She gave him a slap. "You tell her what grade you in!"

"No, no!" Pinkey cried. "You mustn't ——"

But Teejoe had evaded the blow. He hit back with flapping sleeves and little lost hands. Then, missing, he lowered his helmeted head and butted. Gladys caught him, held him off, giggling a nervous little giggle while he plunged and butted and never reached her.

"Don't, Teejoe. Please!" Pinkey went around them and round again, saying, "I'm sorry—I didn't mean—no, no ——"

Gladys kept on giggling, holding him with wiry, strong arms. "He do thisaway sometime, ma'am. He—he don't talk much, ma'am. He—he ain't—but just—in the kindergarter, ma'am."

"Don't, don't say 'ma'am' to me!" Pinkey cried. She did not know how sharply she had spoken till she saw both children jump away as if she had struck at them, Gladys dragging Teejoe by the shoulders.

"N-no, ma'am," Gladys whispered.

"Oh, go on, go away"—Pinkey waved them ahead—"go on and catch up with the rest of them."

They ran down the road, Teejoe stumbling and hopping, turned and disappeared in the cabin, like chicks frightened into their coop. Pinkey pressed cold hands to her cheeks. What was the matter with her? What was the matter with them? Why—was it—like this? Teejoe, that little Teejoe! She lifted her head and saw in a small garden by the roadside two women watching her. One had an apron half filled with greens, the other leaned on a hoe. As Pinkey looked, they turned and walked away. Did they think she had done some harm to those children, frightened them, or were they like this because maybe they thought she was—white? And white women, perhaps, did not walk through Negro-town.

She forced herself to speak. "Good morning."

"Mornin', ma'am, mornin'," they said in their plaintive voices.

"Nice day," Pinkey said.

"Yes, ma'am, sure is," they murmured.

Pinkey went on. Here was the little store, gray-faced, narrow, with only a door in the middle, no windows. Outside, a man sat on a bench and leaned against the wall. He was an old man with a gray mat of wool on his head, a guitar across his knees and a tin cup hung round his neck.

He turned his head a little as Pinkey passed. "Holp the blind, please ma'am, holp the blind."

As Pinkey dropped her change into the cup she saw his eyes, gray, opaque. Cataracts, and operable, she thought.

"Thanky, ma'am, thanky and the Lawd bless you, ma'am." His fingers felt of the coin, and he took up his guitar and began to play. It was a nondescript little tune that followed Pinkey down the road.

Then she came into the noise of a child's crying, while another chanted the same words over and over in a high persistent key. A little girl sat on the porch floor of a cabin, playing with a dolly as ragged as she.

"I ain't, I ain't," she sang. The crying came from inside the house, and along with it there was coughing.

Pinkey slowed her step. That cough—feeble, soft—she could not pass it unmoved, for she knew what it meant. "What's the matter with her? What's she crying for, the one in there?"

The child put the doll behind her with a quick secretive movement. "She sick."

"I know she's sick. But you don't have to cry just because you're sick. Who's looking after her? Where's her mother?"

"She work." The little girl began to edge away toward the end of the porch.

"Is that her doll?" Pinkey asked, crossing the distance from road to porch. She had guessed right, for the child dropped it and fled round the house. Pinkey stooped and picked up the doll. It had a wisp of dirty yellow hair, a battered face from which the wide blue eyes looked out with innocence.

PINKEY went to the door of the cabin and pushed it wide. It was dark inside, for the shades were down. There was a wooden bed covered with a pink-tufted cotton bedspread, a table with soiled dishes, an oilstove with a clutter of pots and pans.

In the far corner was the cot where the child lay. She had risen to her elbow, and her pale face seemed to draw to itself all the light of the room. Her eyes, black and liquid, were fixed on Pinkey, wide with terror, as she shrank down into her corner.

"Hello," Pinkey said.

"No, no—don't take me away! Please, white lady, don't take me!" Her voice was a thin whisper.

"Take you away? I don't know what you are talking about. Here's your doll."

But the child made no move toward it. "You're not going to—to take me?"

"No. Why would I?"

There was no answer. The luminous dark eyes moved from the doll to Pinkey's other hand, at her side. "You got—something—for me?"

"Your doll. Here." Pinkey held it out to her. "What more do you want?"

The child squirmed uneasily. "S-sometimes—white ladies brings something."

"Well, I didn't bring anything. And I'm no white lady, either."

"Ma-a'am?" The little girl leaned forward, her great eyes growing bigger still. "Ma'am?" A spell of coughing caught her and choked back the words.

Pinkey did not want to stay. There was nothing she could do—nothing, that is, that could be of any real, any lasting help. She had only come in to bring the doll. But one little hand was holding her by the skirt. Pinkey turned. In the doorway was a shabby mulatto woman with a baby in her arms.

"Morning, ma'am," she said. "Ain't no use, ma'am, even if they is got room for her now. Her ma ain't never going to let her go. She say she let Lily go—that were her sister—and she die. And if this one got to die, she ain't going to have her die off at no sanitarium, ma'am."

"I haven't anything to do with that. I was just walking by and heard her. The other child had taken her doll and she was crying for it. Here—here it is." Pinkey picked it up from the floor where it had fallen and laid it on the cot.

"Thank the lady, Birdie. Say thank you pretty now."

But Birdie was silent. She had let go of Pinkey's skirt. Pinkey, looking down at her, tried to speak. But she had no words.

The woman's whiny monotone went on. "I looks after her the best I can, ma'am, but I got my wash to do. I does the best I can while Birdie's ma is gone to work, but ——"

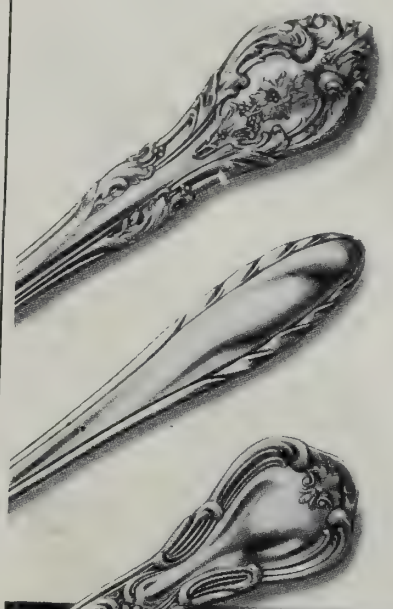
Pinkey tore herself away from the child's gaze. "I've got to go. I was just—just passing by." She waved the woman out of her way and ran, out into the air and the sunshine.

Now, Pinkey thought, hurrying down the road, now to find Jake and get the money for

The great truths of life are simple. It is because we speculate about them that they grow involved.

—E. V. H. Quoted in World Digest.

Lucky, Lucky me!



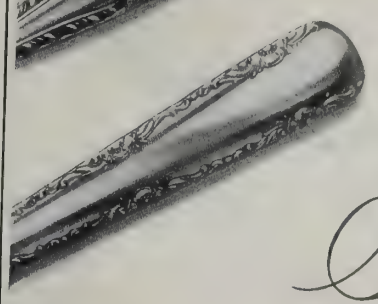
"Home . . . to the prettiest little mother, and the biggest little daughter, and the coziest little house! You polished the silver for me, yourself? It's as bright as your eyes! . . . Lucky, lucky me!"

Gorham Sterling is now available in about a dozen favorite patterns, averaging about $23* per 6-piece place-setting . . . cream soup spoon, teaspoon, luncheon knife and fork, salad fork and butter spreader. Iced-tea spoons and serving pieces by Spring, we hope!





From top to bottom:
KING EDWARD
LYRIC
CHANTILLY
GREENBRIER
ENGLISH GADROON
CAMELLIA
*20% Federal Tax included



Gorham
STERLING
America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831

© 1945, The Gorham Co.

PROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND



1. "Aw heck!" my small niece pouted as I arrived home from marketing, "Auntie won't take us to the movies after all. She hasn't started supper, an' that takes *hours!*"

2. "You will too take us, won't ya Mom?" my Sally demanded. "You can do *anything!* Betcha you can fix supper faster 'n lightning!" I patted my daughter's curls as I answered, "Well, not quite—but I *can* have dinner ready in twelve minutes!"



3. How glad I was I'd bought a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner as my grocer suggested! In no time, we were smacking our lips over the delicious sauce and spaghetti and cheese, all from one handy carton.



4. The two youngsters loved their movie, but as Sally said, "That Spaghetti Dinner was the swellest part of our party! Let's have it lots—an' next time maybe you'll let ME fix it, it's so easy!"

Spaghetti A La
HECTOR BOIARDI*

Ready in 12 minutes!

The handy Chef Boy-Ar-Dee carton contains:

1 pkg. extra-fine durum wheat Spaghetti
1 large jar of delicious Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce
1 canister specially-blended Parmesan style grated cheese

Cook spaghetti in salted boiling water for 12 minutes. Meanwhile, let the sauce heat over a low flame. Drain spaghetti . . . combine with sauce . . . then top with the grated cheese —and lady, take a bow! Your family will say it's the best spaghetti dinner they ever tasted. Children love it. Serves 3 or more —few pennies a portion.

*Pronounced BOY-AR-DEE



Chef BOY·AR·DEE
Spaghetti Dinner

Granny. When she had passed the little whitewashed church, she began counting houses. The third on this side would be Jake's, Granny had said. And here it was, new, unpainted, beginning to weather, so that it had a brownish, dirty look. There was a small porch across the front and on the porch a swing, hung by two iron chains. The man sitting there moved just enough to make the chains creak. He was a light-brown Negro in a greenish suit that was new-looking but small, so that his wrists seemed too long, his tan-shod feet too far out of the trousers.

Turning in by the short gravel path, Pinkey knew that he was watching her. "Is this Jake Waters?" She stood in the middle of the path.

"Yes—ma'am," he drawled, standing.

"I am Pat—I mean, Pinkey Johnson. Mrs. Dicey Johnson's granddaughter. I have come to ask about the money that ——" The almost comical change that came over him made her stop short.

He came down the steps. "I declare! Mighty glad to see you, Miss Pinkey." He gave her hand a quick shake. "You come right up on the porch and set down."

Pinkey drew away. "I haven't time to sit, thanks. I just came to get the money and ——"

"Not fixing to leave right away, is you? We need folks like you down here, Miss Pinkey. Reckon you know there are big things stirring."

"Um-m'm—about the money ——"

"Oh, I can explain how it was about the money. You needn't feel no concern about that. Just you tell me one thing." His eyes narrowed till they were dark slits in his smooth, brown face. "Miss Pinkey, is you satisfied with the way the world treat you?"

The question caught her off guard; it went straight to the heart of her bitterness. "How could I be?"

"I knowed it! Now you tell me another thing—didn't you never think to do nothing about it?"

"Is there anything—one—can do?"

"There's a plenty. And now's the time. We're going to get somewheres for sure this time!" Jake held up his outspread hand and checked off the fingers as he spoke. "We is going to get our share. Of jobs. We is going to get our share of relief when relief time come. And we is going to get a new deal with po-lice and judges what we had a say in electing. We is going to ride the cars free."

"Free?"

"Free-moving. No more Jim Crowing. Nor in the movies. Nor the schools."

"How are you going to get all those things?" Pinkey demanded sharply.

"Oh, we got this business doped out cold. Me and some others been working on it some time now. Got it all doped out."

Pinkey turned away. He had stood here talking, big-mouthed and self-important, and he was just trying to impress her—and get her to think of something else besides the money she had come to get. "You don't know what you are talking about. You are just repeating what you've heard somebody say. And I am not interested in anything you—or you and some of your friends—have got doped out. I just came here to ——"

"Oh, but Miss Pinkey, wait a minute. It's thisaway—I mean ——" He shifted uneasily under her clear, scornful gaze. "Tell the truth, Miss Pinkey, I—I reckon I ain't—like the folks you been used to knowing up North. I ain't—oh, I dunno—I can talk good enough for most of the folks down here, but I can't talk it up right for—for anybody like you. I got a friend coming down from the North sometime soon. I'll bring him round and let him do the talking. Name of Arch Naughton. Newspaperman. I'll bring him round to see you." His confidence had come back.

"All right," Pinkey said without enthusiasm. "And now, about the money ——"

He cocked his head to one side, narrowed his eyes. "Well, now, of course. About the money. It's thisaway about that. Your granny hadn't heard from you in a mighty long time and I didn't want to be putting the idea into her head something might have happen to you. But nowise did I want her sending off money and maybe somebody else getting it. Just took it on myself not to worry her about it, and that's all there is to the money business."

"Well, then, if you could give it to me now?"

Jake threw back his head and laughed.

"Must be you is got used to folks with pockets full of money! Me, I never carry no cash money on me. And I sure can't get to the bank this day. Be past two before I could possibly make it. Bank close at two."

"Then," said Pinkey, "why can't you let me take whatever you happen to have on hand, and the rest on Monday when you can get to the bank?"

"Sure, I can do that all right. Don't keep much about the house, but—just a minute and I'll look around."

Pinkey stood on the gravel path, waiting. The field was green with feathery weeds and broom sedge moving lightly in the breeze. And now across it, by a winding path, a young woman came with an undulating motion, a swaying of the hips, so that she seemed to float upon the grassy waves. The hoops that hung from her ears were gold, the pail swinging at her side was silver in the sun, her skin was burnished copper. The neat black dress she wore, the prim white collar and cuffs, seemed only to intensify the savage exultation of her body. She crossed the highway and, without looking in Pinkey's direction, cut through the yard toward the back of Jake's house. Could this be the woman Granny mentioned—Rozelia?

You can tell a city girl from a country girl when it's windy. The country lass will grab her skirts—the city babe grabs her hat.

Jake came down the steps, a brown paper envelope in his hand. From it he took a ten-dollar bill and a five. "This is every bit of cash I've got in the house right now, Miss Pinkey." The envelope fluttered to the ground as he held out the money to her.

"Thanks. And Monday ——" She paused. The woman had come around the house, her eyes on the brown envelope at Pinkey's feet.

Jake's eyes followed Pinkey's. "Oh—d-didn't see you coming, Rozelia. I am sure glad you ——" His lips seemed to grow too stiff for speech.

Rozelia stood there looking down at the envelope on the gravel walk. "What you doing with my money?" The words barely brushed her red lips with their passing.

So that was it, Pinkey thought, and folded the bills neatly. They were hers now. Let Rozelia and Jake settle their differences after she was gone. She turned away.

"Zelia"—Jake's voice was high with entreaty—"lookahere! This is Mrs. Dicey Johnson's granddaughter, Miss Pinkey."

"Oh, yeah?" Zelia drawled. In one swift movement she was blocking Pinkey's way. "Well, Miss Pinkey, this happens to be my money what I keeps in that there brown envelope, and you can just hand it over."

Pinkey drew back, her eyes holding Rozelia's. She was aware of people coming from the houses next door and beyond, watching, silent, intent. But this was ridiculous! She spoke sharply. "Jake owed me this money and he has paid it. I see no reason for dramatics over so simple a thing as ——" She was putting the bills in her pocket when Rozelia's hand shot out and clamped round her wrist.

"Come high, don't you?" she sneered.

Pinkey caught her breath in two little gasps. "Why—you ——" She wrenched her wrist, but unavailingly, against the tightening fingers.

"You come here foolin' with my man and you gets in trouble. Now drap that money!"

Pinkey held it all the tighter. "Let go of me," she said through her teeth. She drew back her free hand and gave Rozelia a cruel hard blow across the cheek.

(Continued on Page 90)

MEAT'S STORY OF THE YEAR

THE "MAGIC AMINOS"

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Just as World War II dramatized the use of radar and atom-splitting, it has dramatized the spectacular restorative ability of proteins and the aminos they are made of.



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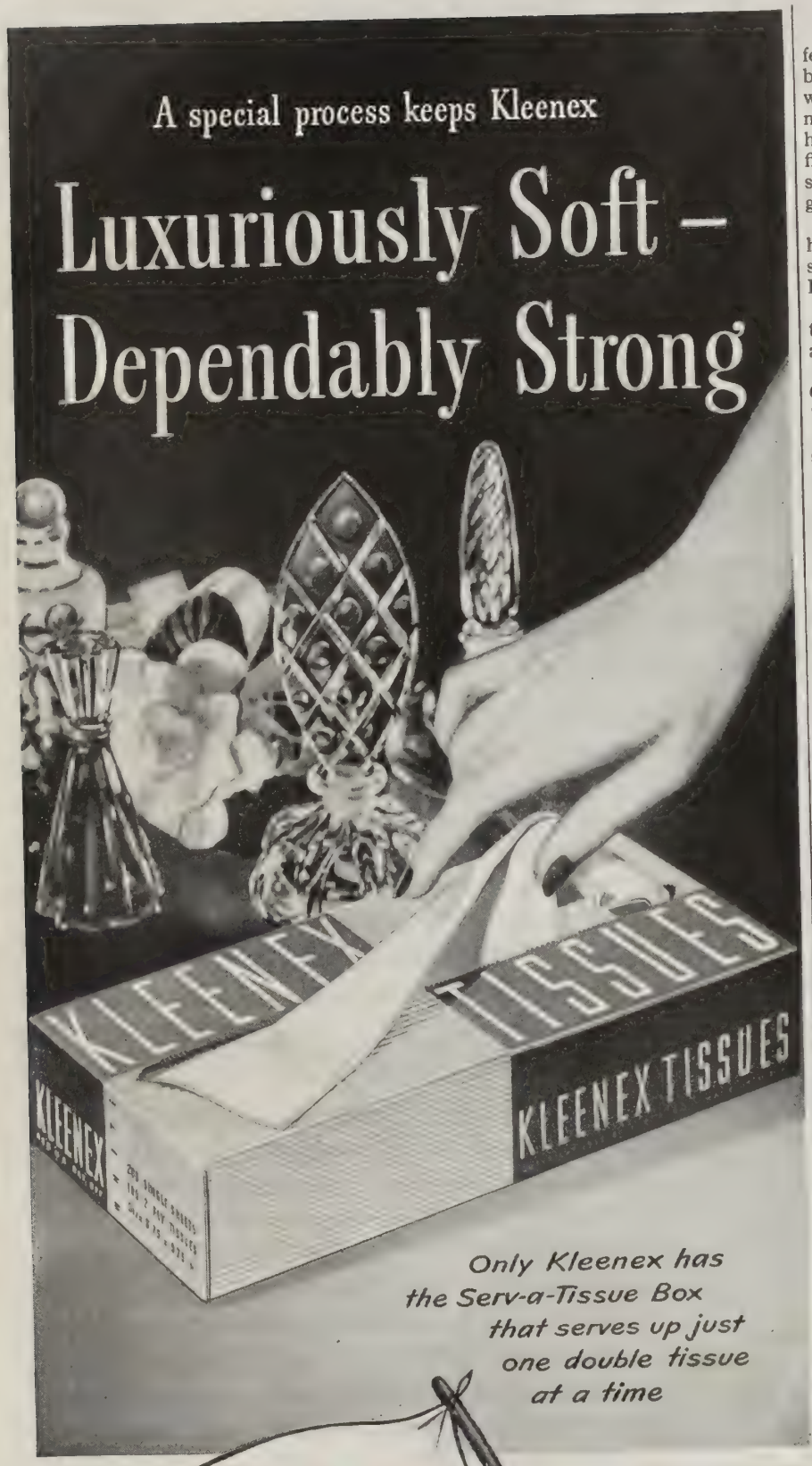
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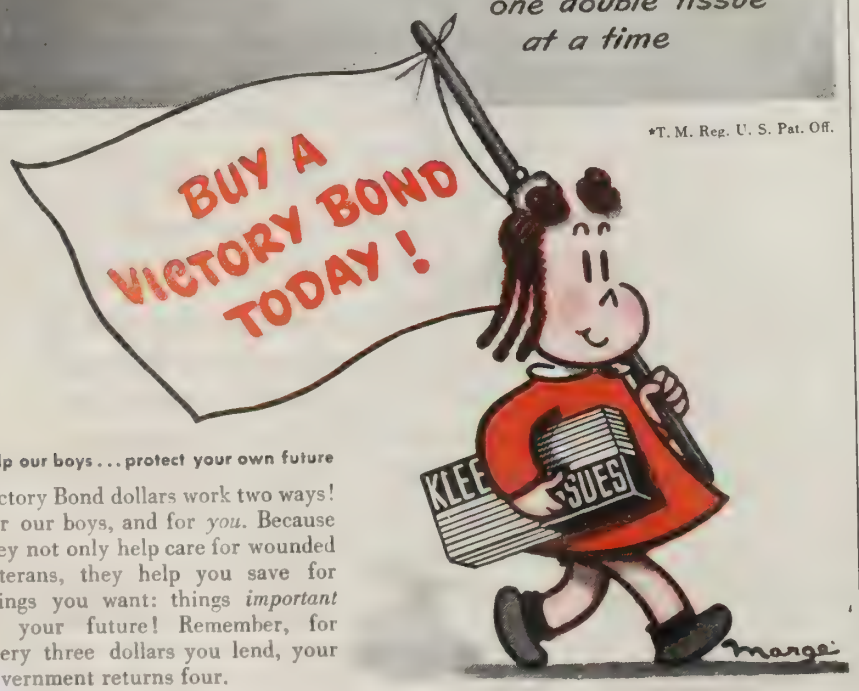
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Back the Victory Loan

(Continued from Page 88)

A little grunt was the only sign that she felt it. "Leggo my money," Rozelia mumbled, eyelids drooping, body curving downward. "Teach you come here foolin' with my man." Rozelia had jerked upright again; she had something in her hand. She gave it a flip and a razor blade flew open, bright in the sun. "Slit your arm wide open if you don't gimme that money and git."

Someone in the crowd screamed. On the highway, with squealing brakes, a car skidded to a stop and two men sprang out. Policemen, Pinkey saw with a gasp of relief.

Jake had put himself between Rozelia and the officers. "Ain't nothing at all, suh. Just a little misunderstanding—all settled now."

The officers paid no attention to him. One of them came lumbering up to Pinkey. "They been bothering you, ma'am?"

Before she could answer, the other man said, "Pull up your dress, girl." Pinkey turned startled eyes on him—a big man with a sunburned rugged face. He was standing before Rozelia, one wide freckled hand resting on his holster.

Rozelia tossed her head so the hoops in her ears swung back and forth against her cheeks. Her folded hands parted slowly, moving outspread to her hips and down her thighs, her fingers curving into her skirt, lifting it in little twitches that kept time with the almost imperceptible swaying of her hips. The crowd was silent. Rozelia had her skirt up high above her knees now, showing the tops of her black stockings and the copper of her legs. A small smile played in the corners of her mouth. She was having a good time, Pinkey saw with astonishment.

"Girl's got a razor in her garter, chief," the officer reported in a bored tone.

Pinkey closed her mouth. So that was it. She might have known.

"Okay, Bill, get it," the chief said.

THE officer bent and jerked out the razor. Rozelia giggled as she straightened her stocking. "Shut up," he told her.

The chief waited till the razor was safely stowed in the other man's pocket. Then he turned to Pinkey. "Reckon it's just as well we come up when we did, ma'am. Just what was the trouble?"

As he waited for her answer, the chief's eyes fastened on Pinkey's wrist and she realized she had been rubbing the red mark there. She pulled the sleeve down. "I—it's all right. I don't care to make any charges."

"But just a minute, ma'am. We're obliged to look into things a little more. Judging by your talk, I reckon you're a stranger to this part of the country and you don't understand how we have to handle things here. Now this man, Jake. Did he molest you?"

Pinkey hesitated. This policeman took her for a Northern visitor—white. "No, he didn't bother me," she answered clearly.

"And the woman? This ain't the first time she's got herself in trouble. A bad lot. If she even so much as thought about threatening you we got to know about it, ma'am."

Pinkey looked at Rozelia, standing there with that innocent air, and her anger rose. Rozelia ought not to get off scot-free. Drawing a razor like that—no telling what would have happened in another minute. Pinkey drew a long breath. "I came here to collect money from Jake," she said crisply. "I was just leaving when she ——"

Rozelia's smothered laughter broke in on Pinkey's words. "That gal make me die alaughing, how she fool evabody. What for you white men ama'aming her? Nothing but a low-down, thieving nigger's all she be."

The red-faced officer went over to her. "Shut up," he said. He lifted a freckled hand, and struck her full across the mouth.

Rozelia spat out a bloody gold tooth and spoke as though there had been no interruption. "She's the one make trouble. Come here after my man, stealing my money. If you don't believe me ——"

The red-faced officer lifted his hand again.

Pinkey cried, "No, don't!" And when he shot her an amazed glance, she added sharply, "Don't do that!"

The chief finished a slow scrutiny of Rozelia and turned to Pinkey. "Didn't you

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hear what she said? Say, what's going on here? He's got to slap her down, unless"—he dropped his voice and sent the words out like muffled shots of warning—"unless—it—is—true."

Pinkey flung back her hair. She had come down into Negro-town wanting to acknowledge herself, to be acknowledged. Well, here was her chance. She opened her lips.

Rozelia's voice rang out, high and taunting. "I'll tell em for you, lily-face. You is old Aunt Dicey's gran'daughter, that's who you is! An' you dassent say you ain't."

The people standing round drew in a deep long breath and let it out in a little moan, broken with phrases: "Well, hush my mouth . . . sho' nuff . . . Lord-a-mussy."

"Yes," Pinkey said in a cold still voice, "yes, of course. That is perfectly true. My grandmother is Mrs. Dicey Johnson."

The red-faced man grew purple.

"Hold it, Bill." The chief turned to the crowd. "Here, you! Any of you see what happened here?"

"Nawsuh, nawsuh. . . . Didn't see nothing."

"Then get along with you. Scatter now. And the rest of you"—his glance took in Rozelia, Jake and Pinkey—"come on. You can tell it to the judge."

"Do you mean," Pinkey asked, incredulous, "that I am—under arrest?"

He laughed shortly. "What do you think? Come on down to the car."

Pinkey held back. "On what charge am I being arrested?"

"See here," the red-faced man said, "this is a routine case of disturbing the peace. Want to make anything more of it?" He lifted one hand, but he did not strike.

Pinkey got into the car, two bright red spots burning on her cheeks. She sat rigid on the edge of the seat. She looked at the two men in the front seat. Officers of the law. Servants of the people. No servants of hers, nor of her people—and now for the first time she found herself thinking, her people. She was the same person he had been a few minutes earlier when they thought her white. Why, because she was not white, should she be at once assumed guilty, arrested? She clenched her hands.

The car turned off the highway by a gravel road that led in the direction of town. They came to the business section—just two blocks of it, once the filling station and the warehouse had been passed, with the courthouse square ahead. The police car stopped before a red-brick, two-story building with "Planters' Bank—1889" across the front. Separating the bank from the drugstore was a steep narrow stairway, and it was up these stairs that they were taken now.

WHEN they got to the top, they were in a large upper hallway. The chief officer went into the front room. The other officer leaned against the wall and lighted a cigarette.

From the room came a murmur of voices. Pinkey caught her name, Jake's, and the question, "What'll I do with them, judge? Lock them up?"

A quiet voice answered, "Old Dicey's granddaughter? No, I wouldn't do that. Might as well bring them in."

Immediately the chief officer came to the door and said, "Okay now," and they went in.

It was a big, bare-looking room with closed half-drawn yellow shades at the windows. There were two empty benches against inside the door and, directly opposite, a middle-aged man sat behind a flat-top desk. He was bent over, writing. The officer motioned Pinkey, Jake and Rozelia to stand before him. There were several men working at a paper-strewn table under the window.

The judge lifted his head. While the chief officer was calling their names, recounting what he had seen and done, the judge's eyes, deep-set and gray, passed over them casually and yet with a kind of weary shrewdness.

"Yassuh," Rozelia began, when the judge put a question. "I had a razor all right. But she was reaching for hern, she was fixin' to git me." She pointed an accusing finger at Pinkey. "She the one made all the trouble."

The judge silenced her with a wave of the hand. He looked at the officer. "You find anything on the other one?"

"No, sir, I didn't." And at a nod from the judge he came over to Pinkey, ran his hands through her coat pockets, gave her skirt a brief twitch to the top of her stockings.

Pinkey stood stiff and silent. However, there was something in the judge's attitude that gave a measure of dignity to the proceedings, and when Rozelia muttered, "She had plenty chance to th'ow it out," he turned on her a grave considering glance, as if he allowed the possibility.

THE judge had finished with Rozelia. "Now, Jake, let's see about you."

As Jake answered the judge's questions, Pinkey could scarcely believe this could be the same person who had talked so blusteringly of rights and demands. For he was altogether obsequious now. "Just one of them little things will happen sometime, suh. Zelia got a temper, but she mean well, suh. Just spoke too fast. It was all a mistake anyhow, straightened out fine now."

Pinkey looked at the judge to see how he was taking all this. He gave her a nod. "Let's hear what you have to say."

In her most crisp and impersonal tone, Pinkey explained the debt she had come to collect from Jake, described Rozelia's behavior, adding that she had never seen either of them before that morning.

"As I see it, then," the judge summed things up, "you, Jake, owed this money to Dicey, gave it to her granddaughter, who now has it. But you took Rozelia's two bills to pay the debt, and so the misunderstanding arose. Now you agree to repay this money to Rozelia, and she agrees to that, and there's an end to it. Rozelia, I could send you up for this razor-pulling business. And I will, if I hear one more word about you and a razor. Now go."

Rozelia's eyes widened. "You mean I can just exit right out of here, suh?"

"Right."

"Thanky, suh," she said, meek and subdued. But she crossed the room to the door with a saucy swing of her hips and a rolling of black eyes that said plainly enough to Jake that he had better watch his step and she would be waiting for him.

When the door had closed behind her, the judge spoke to Jake. "I've been hearing things about you, Jake. I've heard talk of your being mixed up with some radicals that come down here trying to stir up bad feeling. No"—he waved him to silence—"don't bother to deny it; there's been no charge brought against you. I'm just telling you, for your own good. We need leaders among the colored people. You are one of the men I was hoping would rise to such a position. That's why I don't like to hear of your being mixed up with these radicals."

"That's right, suh," Jake agreed. "Don't take no stock in that sort of doings."

The judge silenced him with a wave of the hand—as if he knew the truth and preferred not to be lied to, beyond a certain point. "That'll do, Jake. You can go now."

"Thanky, suh, much obliged to you, Judge Walker." He went out.

Pinkey looked back at the judge, startled. Judge Walker. Granny did his washing. She had probably ironed the very shirt he wore.

First Snowfall

By Catherine Haydon Jacobs

Never let me miss
The first snowfall.
All I ask is this:
Call!

Call me to the window,
Wake me if I sleep;
Here is one excitement
I must keep.

Never let me lose
The joy of knowing
That winter is here;
That it is snowing.



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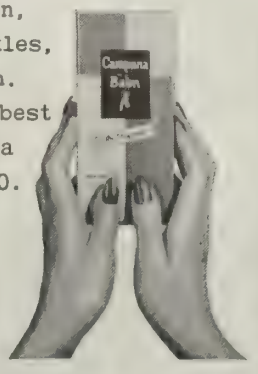
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ECONOMICAL: Rich, concentrated—one drop serves both hands.

ACTS FAST: Chapped, rough hands respond overnight.

"Well, Pinkey," he said, "I've known your grandmother a long time. She is a good woman. I've always thought highly of her—and I would like to be able to think as well of you." His tone was disarmingly gentle. "I am not saying you have not told me the whole truth in this matter; in fact, you may very well have done so. And if there is money due your grandmother or you, and Jake doesn't pay it, just let me know and I will bring some sort of pressure to bear." He paused, as if expecting some response.

Pinkey said nothing. How was she to reconcile this kindliness with the manner in which she had been arrested and brought here?

Judge Walker leaned back in his chair. "Now as to you, yourself," he began slowly. "You and others like you are in a peculiarly difficult position. You have grown out of the stratum where one acts as the impulse of the moment suggests. You have taken on the standards and restraints of a civilization in which you are allowed few of its rewards. It is hard to persist in well-doing without a certain—a certain approval from society, a kind of moral support from one's fellow men. It is hard to stand alone—I don't know ——" He turned and studied Pinkey as if he wondered if she knew what he was talking about.

Pinkey could not speak, she could only stand looking at him stupidly, amazed by his understanding.

Judge Walker sighed and continued, "I hope you will be a credit—and a comfort—to your grandmother." He made a little gesture of dismissal.

RAIN beat on the roof of the cabin. Pinkey rolled over and slept again, though it was midmorning. In the front room Aunt Dicey was ironing. Each time she put a finished piece on the mounting pile of ironed clothes, she stopped to look at a letter that lay on the table. There were two stamps, one with an airplane on it, the other with a boy on a motorcycle. It read, "Miss Patricia Johnson, Hadley Road, Liberty Grove, Mississippi." Aunt Dicey could not read the writing, but the postman had told her what it said. "Somebody in a powerful hurry," he added, grinning.

When a step sounded on the porch, she set her iron on the stove and shuffled hurriedly to the door. "Who that, now?"

Jake stood there in a dripping, shiny raincoat. "Good morning, Sister Johnson. I told Miss Pinkey I'd be here sure and here I is. A man of my word, that's me."

"Come on in, Jake," Aunt Dicey said. "But don't make no noise. Pinkey's asleep. Pull up a chair and set. I've got to get on with my work, but I've done so much ironing in my life I don't have to pay it no mind. For a fact, I sometimes think I could do just as good in my sleep."

Jake ran the tip of his tongue round his lips. "Yes, ma'am, you is a worker all right. A worker from way back yonder." He was silent for a little. Then he said, "I didn't see Miss Pinkey at church yesterday."

Aunt Dicey's face clouded. "She was kind of tired. It's a change, coming down here where it's so hot, and she ain't used to it."

"Well, some folks don't settle easy," Jake said, watching her from under sleepy lids. "They keep thinking about where they been and what-all they seen, and they get to hankering to be back where they's got used to being at."

Aunt Dicey's dark hands moved uncertainly over the board, straightening the shirt that was spread there. "No, Jake, she don't want to go back. She—she's just restless. But one thing is sure, she's going to be mighty glad to get that money."

Jake ran his tongue over his lips. "Sister Johnson, didn't it ever come to you—give that much money to anybody that's got the going-away blues and like as not they're going to go?"

Aunt Dicey was motionless. "I never thought of that."

"Now, wouldn't it be better for me to just keep the rest of that money for a little—just till she come round to herself and settle down?"

"Humph, I can keep it good as you."

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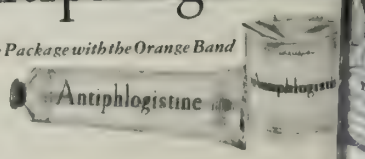
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"Yeah, but you is her granny. You is too softhearted. She could get it out of you, account of how you love her."

"Tell me the truth about that money. Got any of it with you?"

He pulled a five-dollar bill out of his wallet and tossed it carelessly on the ironing board. "All I can say is might be it's providential you ain't getting it all in a lump, sister."

Aunt Dicey put the money in the pocket of her skirt. "Now what I want to know is—is I going to get it all back, piece by piece?"

"Yes, ma'am, sister. Every month. I could pay you right down, only it would cramp me something awful. And besides, I figger it's a kindness not to. Because if I does, you going to lose your granddaughter double quick."

Aunt Dicey sighed. "Might be." She folded the shirt she had been working on and took it to the other end of the table. Her eyes lingered on the letter lying there.

Jake followed her glance. He leaned over and studied the address. "Seem like it trouble you in your mind, sister—this here letter."

"It do, it do for a fact, Jake." She put out one hand and took up the letter gingerly, as if it were alive and poisonous.

"H'm-m-m, seem like a grandma got a right to know what's going on, don't it?" He reached over and took the letter, prying gently at the flap.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Aunt Dicey snatched it from him. "You ain't going to read that letter—and I ain't either." Her eyes flashed with quick decision. She caught up an iron lid lifter from the back of the stove and, lifting a lid, thrust the letter down into the fire. She replaced the lid with a hand that trembled and rattled it noisily into place. "I don't know if I done right or if I done wrong," she faltered. "Seem like the Lord told me to burn it up." She looked at Jake and her eyes narrowed. "Might have been the devil!"

A specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less.
—DR. WILLIAM J. MAYO:
So Say the Wise—Cooley. (Sully Press, Inc.)

Jake put on a pious air. "Well, Sister Johnson, we does the best we knows, each according to his lights, like the Good Book say."

"Truth, Jesus," Aunt Dicey sighed. But still she stood there twisting her hands together miserably.

Jake got to his feet. "You knows as well as me, sister, no nigger write like that, with two stamps and his name in the corner and a M.D. meaning doctor after his name."

She bowed her head. "I knows, I knows."

"You done burn the letter, but that won't stop nothing. I got a feeling a fast letter come like this is a shadow running before."

"What you mean?"

"Folks acoming, they comes treading on their shadows."

"Lord-a-mussy! You reckon?"

"I got a feeling." He nodded with conviction.

"Oh, Jake, help me, tell me what to do!"

Jake put his hands in his coat pockets and came around to her side with a swaggering step. "I can stop him. I got his name and address right here in my head. I could send a telegram. That'd stop him fast."

"A telegram," Aunt Dicey breathed with awe.

"Just leave it all to me." Jake took up his raincoat and wriggled his arms into it. "Just one little matter. Telegrams cost money."

Aunt Dicey felt in her pocket for the five-dollar bill. "Yes, of course."

"Telegrams cost money, sister. Believe me, I knows. I send plenty in my business. But you just gimme the bill and what more it comes to I'll foot out of my own pocket." He held out his hand for the money.

Aunt Dicey gave it to him, saying, "Thank you, Jake." But when he had gone she stood with her head bowed. "Lord, it don't seem right. But I couldn't have no white man

(Continued on Page 95)



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PACKED IN HOLIDAY GIFT CARTONS

(Continued from Page 93)

oming down here, messing things up for Pinkey. Don't you see, Lord, there wasn't othing else to do?"

Pinkey sat at the table, eating a breakfast hat was really lunch too. Granny, waiting h her with cheerfulness that was belied by he anxious look in her old eyes, said, "Here, ave some good hot coffee."

Pinkey waved it aside impatiently. Granny, I've had enough of this lying ound. I've got to be doing something."

Aunt Dicey clapped her hands together ftly. "That's right, honey. I knowed u'd come to it. And I got it all fixed up th Doctor Joe. He said tell you to come see him any day. He got plenty work ——"

"No, no, I couldn't go to town." She sat ent, thinking. Here was one of her diffi- lties. She wanted to be doing something, t shrank from going among people.

"Honey, you mean you ain't never going nurse?"

"No-o—just not yet. Oh, Granny, don't h me so." But she knew she was being reasonable. The spring had gone by, and f the summer. "Granny, I want to know nething. Was my mother light—light- mplected?"

Granny rattled the dishes as she cleared table. "She were the lightest-complected ll my children."

And—and my grandfather?"

I got married the summer I was seventeen. Miss give me a wedding. Candles and ers and Miss Em playing the wedding rch on the piano."

You mean—in the house there?"

Right in the big front room. House rants always had weddings in the big se. And Mr. Stevie—that were Miss Em's her—Mr. Stevie cutting the pigeon wing t on Old Miss' best carpet!"

omething in her voice made Pinkey look harply. "What became of him?"

Who, Mr. Stevie?" Granny was wiping dishes now, her back to Pinkey. "He run place, Mr. Stevie did, and a fine, high- oing one he was too—till the day that a y rope give and a bale of hay drap on Me and Miss Em wait on him like by till he die. Never a word of complain- he just took what come to him, like the sent it. Never say one word about am letting go the wrong rope so the bale ust as he come under. But William, like it settle on him, what he done, and ine and shrivel till for a fact, there 't nothing left on him but black skin ones when he die. Lord-a-mercy, what's nto me, talking about the old days!"

asked you about my grandfather," y said. And it might be, she thought all at once, that Granny had told her about him. Yes, it might be that Granny had really told her about her grandfather.

Another thought struck her. Why—why had William let go the rope so that the bale fell down at just that moment? She bent over, dropping her head in her hands, seeing it all now. The past—it was terrible, too, like the present. She had done wrong to pry into it. Yet Granny—her tone had been one of tolerance, even of indulgence. There had been no trace of bitterness in it. How could that be?

Then in one innocent-seeming moment, Granny, rolling up a sprinkled sheet, brought all her cleverness to naught and at the same time explained herself. "You got good blood in you, honey. Blood counts in people just like it do in a horse or a hunting dog. Mr. Stevie, he never would have no kind of animal on the place that wasn't a thoroughbred. My white folks is always been quality, from way back yonder. It would shame me to have my white folks anything but quality."

Pinkey walked to the window and stood with her back to the room. She understood now, and somehow it was nearer to her and more important than the tragedy of her mother's life. She saw Granny here in this setting, ignorantly glad to have a "bright" child, who would be, she thought, better than the rest. And the man from the big house—he had not been thinking at all. Oh, couldn't Granny have seen it was better to be wholly of one race than to be a tortured mixture? And he—a proud man whose dogs and horses must be thoroughbreds—how could he be so careless of his own seed, the most precious of all? How could he doom a part of himself to be always outcast?

The steam from the boiling kettle on the stove had misted over the window in front of Pinkey. She lifted her hand and cleared a circle on the pane so she could see the big house through the trees. What a shabby, run-down place it was! The ell roof sagged, moss-grown and spongy with age. The fluted column of the gallery, visible from this angle, had a crumbling look because the paint had dried and curled away from the wood. And the family that had lived in the house, they too had gone to death and ruin. There was only Miss Em now.

Granny spoke: "I got to mend Mrs. Wooley's nightgown. Reckon you could thread me a needle, honey?"

"I'll mend it," Pinkey said, and took up the sewing basket from the table beside her.

"That'd sure help me out, child. Here's a blouse with a button hanging too. I got to go over to the big house, see how Miss Em is. She's been kind of ailing lately." As always before going to the big house, she put on a clean white apron.



Pinkey took the sewing basket and the mending to the porch where the light was better. She sat down on the steps and threaded her needle and got to work.

A car stopped on the highway. Pinkey could see that it was a car of an expensive make. Jake was getting out, and another man was following him, a small yellow man, thin, stoop-shouldered, with an impatient, quick step. He wore a black beret which gave him an alien and affected look.

When they came inside the yard, Pinkey said coolly, "Hello, Jake."

"Howdy, Miss Pinkey." Jake beamed. "This here is the man I was telling about—Mr. Arch Naughton, from New York. Figger you and him ought to meet."

"Hello," Pinkey said.

He stood silent, yet without embarrassment, his pale, almost colorless eyes passing over Pinkey and from her to the cabin behind her. He seemed to be reading all her life in that brief glance. He spoke to Jake. "You can pick me up at four o'clock. That's all now." His voice was nasal and harsh, his manner arrogant.

Jake lingered uncertainly, then turned. Arch Naughton came and sat on the steps. He put a cigarette between his lips and then held out the pack to Pinkey. She shook her head. She did not like Arch Naughton's manner, or his attitude toward Jake. Yet, in spite of herself, there was something about this man that stirred her interest.

Arch lighted his cigarette. "Well," he said, "tell me about yourself."

Pinkey's tone was cool. "I dare say you already know as much as there is any reason for you to know about me."

His pale eyes dilated till they were almost black. "H'm-m-m. You don't miss anything, do you? Intelligent. And complete, with Boston accent and everything."

"I lived twelve years in that part of the country."

"Yes, I know. Nurse. Jake told me. Passed as white, got yourself into an emotional jam and ran away home."

A little gasp escaped Pinkey's lips. "How did you ——"

"Obvious. Written all over you." A smile twitched at his heavy lips. "We understand each other. Let's get down to business."

Then he began to talk. All the words Jake had rattled off so glibly, parrot-like, were living, burning experiences in Arch's life. Going the country over, wherever there was trouble, he had twice escaped death at the hands of a mob. He had been in the thick of race riots. He had tried to vote in Southern elections, he had applied for jobs where he had heard there was racial discrimination, and on each of these experiences he had turned the searing light of publicity. He had written about them in flaming, bitter words.

"Publicity," Pinkey said. "So that is how you are going to do it. But these conditions you are trying to remedy are so varied and far-reaching. How can publicity alone—I mean, is that enough?"

"Of course not," Arch said impatiently. "It is the first step, that's all. Tell it and tell it and tell it again till we get the whole country roused, till there's bound to be action."

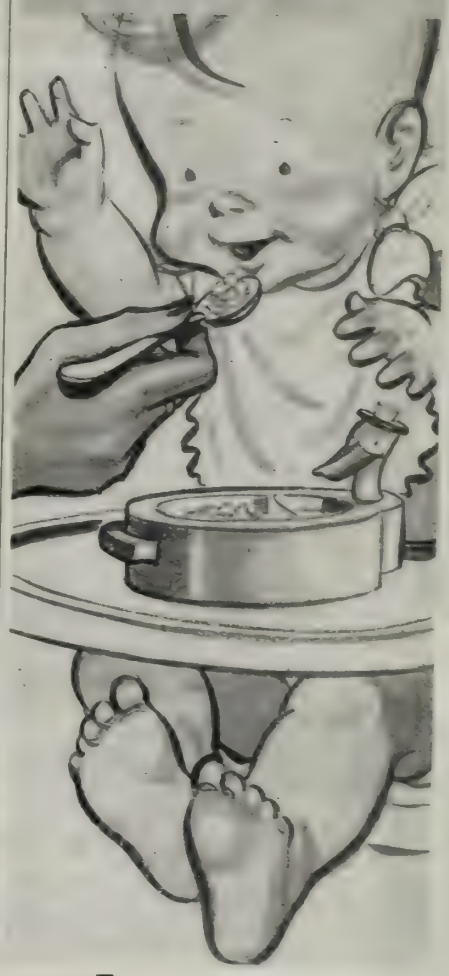
"What kind of action?"

"Say, you don't know the first thing about this business, do you?" He studied her a moment and added, "I'll tell you what kind of action—legislation. Oh, I know there are plenty of laws now that are not enforced. But with Federal laws, enforced by Federal authorities—that'll be different. There will be power back of that. Force."

Pinkey said, "That will make trouble."

Arch Naughton sprang up. He walked back and forth. "Trouble—of course it will make trouble. Say, what is the matter with you? You haven't been living down here but a few months and the first thing you think of is the trouble it is going to make. Like all the rest down here. Scared to do anything. Go slow, go slow, they say. Got to think about the white folks. Where has all that kind of talk got us in the last eighty years? Exactly nowhere. We're going to

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Pinkey nodded. "But—when?"

Arch stopped his pacing up and down. "Thinking about yourself, aren't you? Thinking 'Is it going to happen in time to help me?'"

Pinkey's eyes fell before the knowing look in his. "Don't you ever think of yourself?"

"Sure I do. I'm not blaming you. Though I do think that, for an intelligent girl with all you've got, you are acting like a fool."

Pinkey flung up her head. "What do you mean?"

"This'll make you mad. But what is the sense in your sitting here eating your heart out? You got scared out of passing. Well, forget it. It was a stupid thing to begin anyway. Why, girl, don't you know you could marry anybody?"

"What do you mean, anybody?"

"Listen. I'll bet you anything the man you're such a fool about is young, good-looking, just starting out in the world, not dry behind the ears and absolutely unaware of the hell you were going through. Isn't that so?"

"Well, in a way."

"Of course, you don't need to tell me. I know. Why, with your color alone, you could marry into our very top class, and when you add to that your education, your looks, and that—oh, call it personality—you could marry a man of distinction, a man who has made his mark in the world and has something to offer. Money, position, everything. Not just some —— —— who thinks he's better than you are anyway and, if he knew who you were, might condescend to make you his mistress. But marry you—pfui!" He turned away and spat.

Pinkey sat speechless, hating him for the things he was saying. At the same time, it was a relief to hear them spoken.

Arch came and sat down beside her, not touching her and yet, by his presence, giving her a kind of comfort. "You think you've had it tough. Well, let me tell you about me." His father, he said, was an official high in the city government, giving a name that even Pinkey recognized. "My mother was his wife's personal maid," he added in the same offhand way. Then, his narrow face distorted with bitterness, he made Pinkey see the crowded room where he had spent his childhood. He left nothing untold—the intimacies, the quarrels, the slow, sordid warping of his mind and body.

Arch Naughton's voice went on. He had got his education, he had won through to his mastery over words, to make them say what he meant, to sting and corrode. "But it is too slow, too slow," he cried, clenching his fist and striking the floor beside him. "All these people—they are ignorant and afraid. And they won't be moved!"

Pinkey drew a long breath. He had moved her to pity and aversion and to anger. And yet to admiration too.

"Now we begin to know each other," Arch said, and stood abruptly. "I'll be seeing you." With no more good-by than that, he was gone. The car was in the road. Pinkey did not know how long it had been waiting.

Arch did not come again, but he wrote every few weeks—impersonal letters, for the most part, about his work. Then came a letter telling Pinkey he thought he might wangle a job for her in his organization. Would she consider it? She had a great advantage, he said, in that she could pass for white and so go safely into places where he was barred.

But Pinkey was not sure. "Not yet," she wrote. "Maybe later."

When Granny urged her, she would not be persuaded to church or to Doctor Joe's office in search of work. Yet she was not idle now. The years of hospital training had made work her habit and she could not shake it off. She helped with the washing and ironing, she scrubbed floors, she cooked.

(Continued on Page 98)



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(Continued from Page 96)

Granny spent more and more time at the big house. Miss Em was failing, she said. Miss Em depended on her.

"But why must you go?" Pinkey asked, resenting it that what she did herself only released Granny to go there.

"She look to me," Granny replied stubbornly. "We been through a lot of living side by side, Miss Em and me. I couldn't fail her. Oh, she got plenty of friends, Miss Em has. But relatives, ain't any left."

"None at all?"

"Only Mr. Wooley. He's a kind of cousin. Cousin twice remove, Miss Em say. And when he marry this Mrs. Wooley, she say he done remove himself clean out of sight, far as she is concerned."

Pinkey had been washing the windows and now was polishing off a pane. "Why didn't she marry?"

"Oh, she marry, all right, honey. I told you about Mr. Ham. He work in the bank. Look like he was always sickly. So when the pneumonia got him—whew, he was gone like that. Poor Miss Em. Look like she didn't have no luck with her children neither. Two of them born dead, and then little Miss Lucy. Miss Em was plumb wrapped up in that child."

"What happened to her?"

Granny shook her head. "Used to run all over the place on tiptoe, so light she didn't scarce touch the ground. Soft-looking, like a kitten for play. Brown hair and big gray eyes. But little as she were, I've seen her stand right up to Miss Em like nobody else in this world ever dare to." She sighed.

Pinkey had finished the last window now. She leaned against the window frame and looked at the smoke-darkened walls. Suppose she got to work and painted them. It would lighten the room, make it clean.

"Lots of children die that summer she were ten," Granny went on. "A kind of croup come on them and they couldn't breathe. I held her up all that night, but couldn't nothing help her, poor little lamb."

"Diphtheria," Pinkey said.

"What's that, honey?"

"I was thinking," Pinkey said, "that I might paint these walls. White."

"Paint? Paint cost money, and these old boards'd soak up a barrel."

"I know. Whitewash might be better. If I only had some—and a brush."

"I got an old brush in the shed room, honey. And they is a brand-new sack of lime in there too." She took up her apron. "Miss Em been looking for me this last hour." Mumbling to herself, she shuffled out the door.

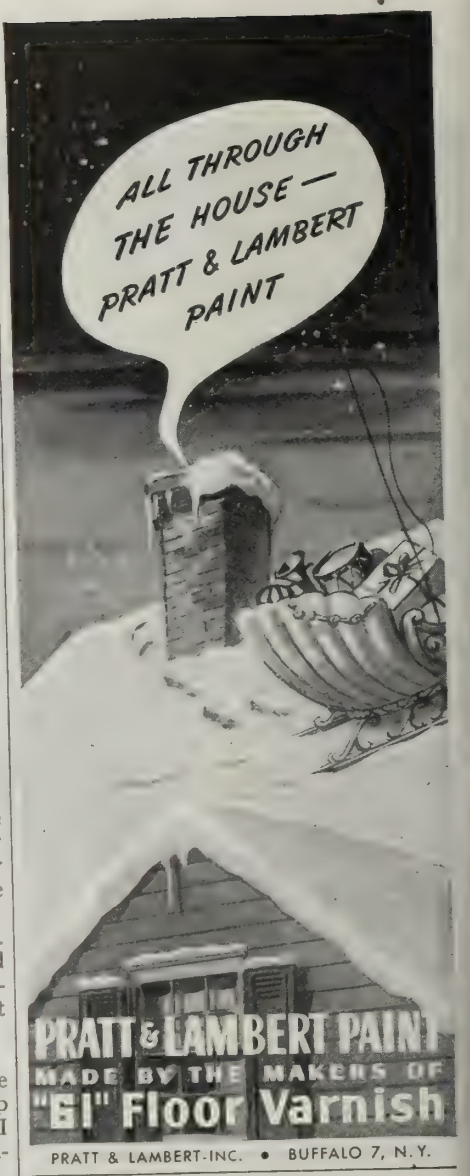
Pinkey stood, watching her go limping down the path that curved away to the big house. She gave a little shrug and turned away. She was through with mooning over things. She was going to mix some whitewash and get to work on the walls.

The bright October sun shone in on Pinkey and her sewing. Every now and then she looked around with satisfaction. The whitewashed walls lightened the room wonderfully. She had rubbed down the old pine table and scoured the pine floor boards till they were soft and mellow-looking. She had faggoted together chicken-feed sacks for window curtains and dyed them a coppery orange. Now she was making a matching cover for Granny's cot bed.

Granny came in with an apronful of greens. "Sure have got a nice little fall garden this year," she said, getting down the dishpan and dumping in the turnip tops. "You might look them over, honey, and put them on to boil. I got to get on over to the big house. Turnip greens take time, if you want good potlicker."

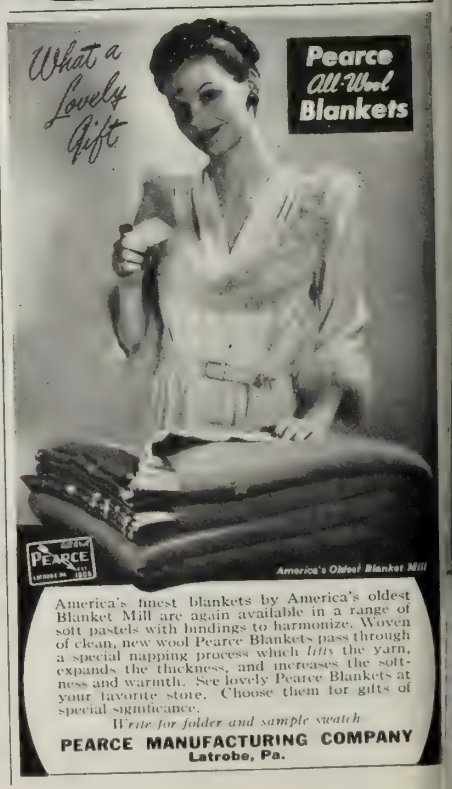
Pinkey agreed, and put her sewing aside. She brought in a bucket of fresh water, set it on the table and put her attention on separating the little bunches of turnip greens and washing each tender young leaf.

Standing there, with her back to the open door of the cabin, she heard no step on the dirt path, only a voice saying, "Good morning; can you tell me where Miss ——" then Chester's cry, "Pat! Is it really you?"



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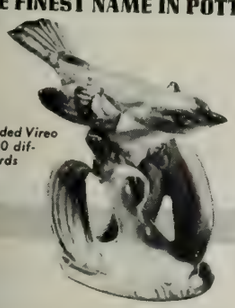
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It could not be true. She was dreaming. Out of bitterness and longing she had conjured up his voice from the past. That was all it could be. But she turned, and saw him standing in the doorway, coming toward her.

"Pat! After all this time—not knowing—and what a job finding you! I've got only a few days' leave—first I've had since you left. Never would have found you if I hadn't stopped a postman down the road. He said you might be here. I was heading for the big house over there, but I thought I'd ask first. What luck, finding you!"

Pinkey drew a long quivering breath. "I told you not to look for me."

He went on talking. "I got your school address from the hospital, and the school gave me this. But I got no answer to my letter." He tossed his hat on the table, glancing around the room. "What are you doing here, slumming?"

"No, I'm not slumming." Pinkey turned her face from him, looking down at the bare scrubbed floor. If he had come before she worked on the cabin, he would have known at once. That would have been easier. Even now—anyone Southern-born would know.

"Well, why did you run out on me? What's it all about?"

Pinkey flung back her head. "I live here. That's why I ran out on you. That's why I am ——" She choked.

"Do you mean that because you live in a house like this —— Say, I don't get it."

Pinkey's voice rang out, harsh and vehement. "Can't you understand? Do I have to put it into words?"

He came and stood in front of her. "I'm afraid that's just what you will have to do, Pat. All I can see is that here you are in this house—and unreasonably upset about it."

On an old sundial in the garden of a Kerry house I once read this inscription: THINK AND THANK.

—LADY GORDON.

She flung back her head and faced him. "Listen, there is an old colored woman that can't read or write, a washerwoman, people call Aunt Dicey. There's her basket she carries on her head. There on the stove are the irons she heats to iron with. Ever since I was born and before that, too, she has washed and carried the clean clothes to people's back doors. She did it for me. So she could send me off to school. So I could learn to be a nurse. She's my grandmother."

Chester's mouth fell open. He looked quite foolish, Pinkey thought, and at that moment she hated him. He was like someone who has been hit on the head and yet stands, dazed and incredulous. He sat down, dropped his face in his hands.

After a minute Pinkey moved a little toward him. She could not bear it, seeing him stricken so. She put one hand out toward him, but he did not look up and she drew it back. She began to speak, gently, as if to a child. She told him what her life had been.

"I didn't understand at first," she ended. "I was too young when I went away to school. No one there knew about me and I didn't say anything, that was all. Later I couldn't. I met you and I tried to keep you away, to make you stay at a distance. That's true, isn't it?"

He nodded, not speaking.

"First I thought I'd just get me something to remember. Afterward a kind of daring came over me, with your love, so I thought I could have everything. Then—I got frightened. I saw I couldn't go on with it. So I came away. I wanted to spare us—this." She was silent, her eyes on the floor.

She heard him get to his feet. He said, with bitterness, "Now I know why that fellow asked me if I had your address—that—that Negro doctor at the hospital. Frank Canady is his name. He—he knew." Without a word he went down the steps and along the dirt path to the road.

It was very early in the morning. Pinkey had finished her coffee and gone to stand in



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What's Bakin'?



I'll bet you stayed at home all day
To turn out baked beans fixed this way



They're oven-baked--but not by me
I buy the good HEINZ kind you see

THEY SAVE YOU MONEY, TIME AS WELL
AND HAVE A RUDDY SAUCE THAT'S SWELL!



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Drenched in a Ruddy Tomato Sauce

the open back door. The cool, damp air eased her throbbing head. She would think no more of the things that had cut deep. She would put those things behind. The raw hurt remained, but she could not help that.

She heard her grandmother's step, heavy, uneven, in the front room. She turned. "Granny, what's the matter?"

Granny's lips had a queer, blanched look; her head, all her body trembled. "Got up like I always do. Then I had a feeling come over me, and the feeling took on sound, and the sound was like a voice.' Miss Em, go to Miss Em.' I drop everything and go." The old woman's breath came fast, as if she had been running. "Lucky I went. It were the Lord telling me. I done what I could for her—the pain had caught her in bed before she got up. Then I run down to the store where they could phone from. Doctor Joe pick me up coming back, he come that fast."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Doctor Joe say it is her heart giving out. Miss Em, she's bad off, Doctor Joe say. She's got to have a nurse and there ain't one he can lay his hand on for love or money, if she had the money to pay one, which she ain't. But I say, 'Doctor Joe, never you mind. My Pinkey's here and she's a nurse and a good one.' He's there now, with Miss Em, waiting for you."

"You told him I would come? That I would nurse her? In that house?"

"Why, yes, of course, honey."

Pinkey walked to the window and stood looking out. "It's not fair to ask it of me."

"But, honey, it's Miss Em!"

Pinkey turned. "Miss Em ordered me away from that house herself."

"What you talking about, child?"

"I was six or maybe seven, I don't know. And one day I went round to the front of the big house. I had never been there before. You kept me close. I couldn't go any nearer to the big-house grounds. But one day I disobeyed. I went through the little gate into the side garden. I came to the front steps. And there on one side was the big japonica tree. It was covered with buds and there was just one flower that had opened, one perfect flower. Pure white. I was reaching up to pull it down—just to look at, not to take. I knew better than that. Then I saw her on the gallery. She had been watching me all the time. When she saw me looking at her, she pushed at the air with her hands, as if she were pushing away something horrible. 'Go! Go away from here!' she cried. That was all she said, but there was something about the way she said it"—Pinkey shivered—"I can hear her now."

Granny was shaking her head. "Child, you can't hold that against Miss Em. It were only because you put her in mind of little Miss Lucy. And Lord knows there was a time when you was little when you might have been Miss Lucy herself. And Miss Em, look like it were pure torment to her, seeing you well and strong and her little Lucy dead and gone these many year. That's why I kept you out of her sight. It ain't right to hold it against her."

PINKEY had turned away, all her body stiff and stubborn. "You have no right to ask me to enter that house! I'm not going."

Granny sat down heavily. "Poor Miss Em, lying there so little and thin and pitiful. And that winter I was down with the pneumony, she come and fed me with a spoon and she wash my old black body and she empty my slops and ——"

"She—she—Miss Em ——"

"Before God she did!" Granny got to her feet. She came around the table so swiftly it was as if she covered the distance in one single movement. "Where you been living, girl? Didn't they learn you nothing? Don't you know—quality folks can do anything? Anything! What sort of stuff you made of? Is I put all my work on you and you turn out to be nothing but low-down trash? Now you listen to me. You put on your apron and get on up to the big house and nurse Miss Em the best you know or I swear to God I is going to whip the living daylights out of you! And may the Lord give me strength to do it."

Pinkey put out her hand and laid it on the old woman's arm, feeling it tremble under her fingers. "Come, Granny," she said gently, "come lie down and rest a little."

The strength seemed to go out of Granny. She let herself be helped to the cot bed. It was as if she had used up all her words and had no more within her.

Pinkey smoothed the pillow. "I know quality when I see it," she said, straightening, her jaw set.

Pinkey went up the steps of the big house. The tarnished silver doorknob turned easily. She flung the door wide and went in on a shaft of sunlight, leaving the door open behind her. She went on up the stairs.

A man's voice called, "That you, Aunt Dicey?"

Pinkey did not answer till she had reached the open door of the front room. "Her granddaughter," she said—and caught her breath in a little gasp.

Miss Em! Was this Miss Em? She lay in the big four-poster, her head propped high on the white pillows, eyes closed, her hand inert on the covers which stirred but faintly with her shallow breathing. Her hair was white as the pillows. She was not at all the way she had looked on the gallery that day. She looked like—like the death mask of George Washington, done in ivory. But thin, finely worn, down to the bone. Even in her unconsciousness, she dominated the room.

Doctor Joe stood by the eastern window, writing on his prescription pad. "Oh, yes, Pinkey, isn't it?" he said without looking. "Glad you've come. Miss Em—she's at pretty low ebb. Under the hypo now, no fear of disturbing her."

Pinkey relaxed a little. He had a good doctor's voice, quiet and reassuring.

Capping his pen, the doctor turned and looked at her, his bushy brows drawn. "Oh, you're Pinkey. I didn't realize ——"

She stood unflinching under his scrutiny. She felt the impact of his surprise.

"Yes, a nurse, of course. Your granny's talked a lot about you. Now about Miss Em—some things here I jotted down for you, the medicines and all. Though there's really not much, only to keep her warm and comfortable as you can. She's too old to stand an operation, of course. Gallstones—and she's got a coronary trouble too." He read over what he had written. "Have you ever—ah—given a hypodermic?"

"I am a graduate nurse, doctor," she said, touching the pin she wore on her shoulder.

"Oh, I see. I'm mighty glad to leave Miss Em with a graduate nurse. No phone in this house, you know, and I'm hard to get hold of." He went to the bedside, pushed back the little embroidered ruffle that edged Miss Em's sleeve band and placed his fingers on her wrist. He nodded. "Better than I expected." Then he started for the door. But on the threshold he turned. "Of course you know—or do you?—that Miss Em can't afford to pay for a trained nurse."

Pinkey shook her head. "No, doctor, money could not pay me for this. I—I am doing it for my grandmother."

It was a keen glance he gave her, a diagnostician's glance. He said nothing, only nodded, but the gesture was one of respect.

PINKEY stood motionless till she heard the front door close behind him. Then she got out her chart, unpacked her rubbing alcohol and all the small things she carried in her bag. She went over the doctor's directions, arranging everything neatly on the sewing table under the window.

Granny came and stayed while Pinkey went home for dinner. She came again at suppertime, and still there had been no change in Miss Em. When it grew dark, Pinkey sat in the chintz-covered wing chair by the fire. She must have dozed a little, for she was all at once aware that the log had burned through to fall in the embers. It was blazing up brightly. At the same moment she felt as if she were being watched. She went to the bedside. Miss Em's eyes were still closed, but there was an alteration. By some change of tension in the small facial muscles, her face had taken on a soft and glowing look.

Pinkey went back to her chair. After a little, she again had that curious feeling of being watched. She turned, and this time caught Miss Em looking at her. She went to her at once.

"Who are you?" Miss Em demanded in a voice that was surprisingly strong.

"I am your nurse. The doctor left some medicine for you to take as soon as you woke I'll get it." She started toward the table where the medicines were.

Miss Em stopped her with an imperious gesture. "Dicey's girl, Pinkey, aren't you?"

Pinkey stiffened, she could not answer at once. It was as if Miss Em had struck her down.

"Don't stand there. Go around to the foot of the bed so I can see you. You needn think I am going to take any more of Jo McGill's stupid dope. When I quit th world I mean to go in full possession of my faculties."

Pinkey went on to the table. "He left some pills. If you are in pain ——"

"Of course I am in pain. What do yo think, that one dies in ease and ecstas What is this thing at my feet?"

"That is a hot-water bottle. Your fe were cold and ——"

"Take it out. I won't have it. A brick much better. There, on the hearth. Go i it in the embers."

Miss Em did not need a nurse, Pink thought, as she bent over the hearth. Wh she needed was a small dumb slave to do bidding.

"Now," Miss Em went on, "go to wardrobe and open it. That's right. N look on the second shelf and you will fin pièce of old blanket to wrap the brick in.'

On one side of the wardrobe there w dresses hanging. The shelves were on other side, neat shelves with everything place. And here was the blanket.

"Take your hand out of there!" M Em's voice rang out sharp and accusing don't want you ever taking down th things. I said the second shelf."

Pinkey got the blanket and closed wardrobe doors. Then she came and stoo the foot of the bed. "Miss Em," she quietly, "I am not dishonest."

Miss Em looked at her for a long mom and Pinkey looked back at her, stea without wavering. Then Miss Em

(Continued on Page 102)

Mechanical Suffocation

MECHANICAL suffocation, chiefly smothering by bedclothes, accounts annually for approximately one fourth of the accidental deaths among children under five.

● **Most of these deaths, according to the National Safety Council statistics, were children under one year of age.**

It is especially difficult to keep baby safely covered during the winter months, but danger may be eliminated by using sleeping garments and bedclothes designed to keep the baby warm without entangling him. Baby should sleep alone in a safely constructed crib without pillows or toys. Soft pillows cause the death of many infants each year, according to the council.



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He'll love these Fruit Cake Bars!"

BUTTERLESS, EGGLESS—WITH A REAL "FRUIT CAKE" FLAVOR!

Service folks, home folks . . . *everybody* raves about these tempting, taste-tickling Fruit Cake Bars! Their spicy aroma, raisin-rich goodness, and old-time "fruit cake" flavor make a *special* hit at holiday time.

Not only easy to eat, but also easy to make! Success is assured when you use Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Enriched Flour. Painstaking care in *wheat selection, blending, milling,* and *testing* (including tests by General Mills' Betty Crocker Staff under "home" conditions) assures you *unvarying quality,* from sack to sack.

Buy a sack of Gold Medal today. Use it in *all* your baking! Together with the Betty Crocker recipes in every sack, you'll find Gold Medal is your simplest, easiest, surest way to baking success.

General Mills

Send him these cookies that carry memories of home! (It's not too late if he's stationed in this country. But *do* bake and mail soon!)



Betty Crocker FRUIT CAKE BARS

Perfect results assured only with Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour

Mix in saucepan:
- *1 cup brown sugar (packed in cup)
- 1¼ cups water
- ⅓ cup shortening
- 2 cups seeded raisins
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ½ tsp. cloves

Boil for 3 minutes. *Cool.*

Then add . . . . . **1 tsp. salt

and . . . . . **1 tsp. soda dissolved in 2 tsp. water

Blend in . . . . . 2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL Enriched Flour mixed with **1 tsp. baking powder

POUR into greased and floured 8" square pan. BAKE *50 to 60 minutes* in *slow moderate oven* (325°). Cool in pan . . . then cut into 24 bars (about 1" x 2½"). Roll in confectioners' sugar, if desired. *OR* FROST with Lemon Icing (*recipe below*). *OR* DIP candied cherries, blanched almonds, tiny colored candies or cut-up gumdrops in small amount of hot syrup or honey . . . and arrange on uniced Fruit Cake Bars.

**When using Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of South) omit baking powder and salt. Use only ½ tsp. soda.

LEMON ICING: Gradually beat ½ cup confectioners' sugar into 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Add a dash of salt, and ¼ tsp. lemon extract. (After being spread on cookies, the icing will become stiff, with a dry finish, as it stands.)

***TO SAVE ON SUGAR** *in Fruit Cake Bars: In place of 1 cup brown sugar, use ½ cup either corn syrup or honey and ½ cup brown sugar.*

Cooky Pointers

1. *To pack successfully,* use box heavier than ordinary pasteboard. Use filler of crushed or cut-up paper on top and bottom, and between each layer of cookies. Wrap each cooky in waxed paper.

2. *If brown sugar has become hard* and lumpy, heat it in a moderate oven a few minutes. It will become soft and free of lumps. But use it immediately, as sugar will harden again upon standing.

3. *Fruit Cake Bars* become even richer and more flavorful when they are stored. To keep them deliciously moist, be sure to place them in a jar or can with a tight cover.

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...the samples are ...lly wedded into ...*anced blend* . . . ...for *all-purpose* ...g. After testing, milling they are *lab-*... baked under scientific conditions.

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...y, Gold Medal ...is tested by the ...al Mills Betty ...r Staff (our Su... Court!) under "home" conditi... for your use in home recipes.

RECIPE-PROVED



GET FAR FINER CAKES IN ½ THE MIXING TIME!

Thanks to the revolutionary New Betty Crocker Method with Gold Medal Flour! You don't cream shortening . . . don't beat eggs. Mix everything in one bowl . . . in only 4 minutes. See recipe folder in Gold Medal sacks for details.

Eventually Why Not Now?

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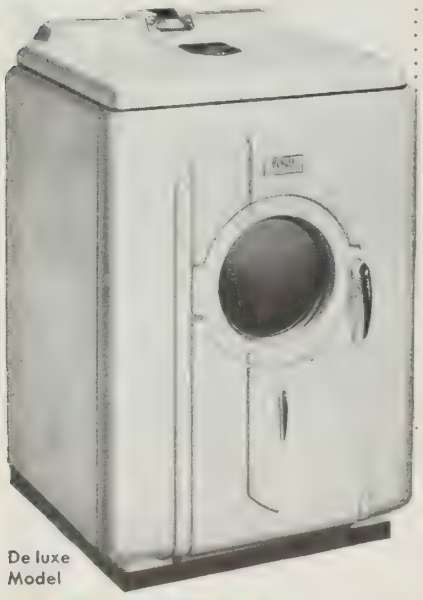
Lucky wife, thoughtful husband! For the Bendix automatic Home Laundry literally takes all "work" out of washday! Yet it is economical, too—for it saves soap, saves hot water, and is far easier on clothes!

Here's what this washday wonder does! Merely click the dial—and your clothes are washed, rinsed and damp-dried, automatically! Your Bendix even cleans itself—and shuts itself off. Clothes come out sparkling clean and ready for the line or dryer—without your hands ever having touched water! You can leave the house if you like—for your Bendix doesn't even need "watching."

Hundreds of thousands of owners have told their friends the marvels of the one-and-only Bendix. Now, you can see them for yourself, at your own dealer's, *today!* Make sure you're on his "first to be served" list.

LOOK for the Bendix automatic Home Laundry Neon Signs. They identify your dealer.

LOOK for your Bendix Dealer's name in the Classified Section of your telephone book.



De luxe Model

What you do: put in clothes, set a dial, add soap.

What the BENDIX does: fills itself, tumbles clothes clean, thoroughly tumble rinses, dries clothes ready for the line or dryer, cleans and empties itself, and shuts off—all automatically! The Bendix takes only 4 square feet of floor space—fits perfectly in kitchen, bathroom, utility room or laundry.



EXCLUSIVE TUMBLE ACTION: tumbles clothes through suds 60 times a minute, yet so gently that even fine fabrics launder beautifully.

BENDIX automatic Home Laundry

Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend, Ind. Pioneers and Perfectors of the Automatic "Washer"

(Continued from Page 100)

"Don't be impudent." Yet something had passed between them in that silent, long look so that Pinkey was not offended by the words. In some curious way she understood not at all, she had triumphed. "Now I will take one of those silly pills."

But even as she put out her hand for it, the pain seized her, and the terrible choking nausea. Then for a little while Pinkey was all nurse and Miss Em all patient while they wrestled together against the common enemy. Never had Pinkey worked with greater sureness and dexterity. When at last Miss Em lay back, limp and spent, but breathing normally, she thought that her doughty old superintendent would have given her a nod of approval for this night's work.

As Pinkey straightened the covers, Miss Em asked, without opening her eyes, "Why are you here nursing me?"

"Because my grandmother asked me to," Pinkey said. And then on impulse she added, "She said she would whip the living daylights out of me if I didn't."

Miss Em made a funny little sound. "Don't make me laugh, it hurts too much." Her hands relaxed. "Dicey! Nobody like her." Then she slept.

Miss Em lay propped high on the pillows, her eyes, dark and sharp, following Pinkey's every movement. A dozen times a day she said, "No, no, not that way!" And one day, when Pinkey's sleeve caught on the pincushion that stayed in the exact center of the bureau top, she scolded, "Now, see what you have done! My pincushion knocked over, my best brooch broken, no doubt."

Pinkey picked up the pin without speaking, for she could not give Miss Em the satisfaction of seeing any reaction to her unreasonableness. It was a rather large, showy brooch with a cameolike center.

"Well, you've looked at it long enough now, what do you think of it?" Miss Em demanded.

"It's very nice."

"No, no. What do you really think?"

"It is one of those rather clever imitations one can buy for ninety-eight cents, perhaps, in one of the chain stores," Pinkey answered. For when Miss Em asked a question, she wanted the truth. That much Pinkey had learned.

"H'm-m-m. Anybody can see that." And yet she had a pleased look twitching at her thin lips, as if she liked Pinkey's knowing that it was just an imitation.

It seemed sometimes as if Miss Em were, in fact, trying her out, testing her. Why? Just a sick old woman, trying to get a little entertainment out of dull and pain-filled days, Pinkey thought, with a tolerance that she had not always felt.

UNDERNEATH it all, there was a sort of contest going on between them, wordless, unceasing. Their only truce was when the pain struck. Pain and the imminence of death wiped out all the antagonism, all the barriers between them. Once when Miss Em lay back on her pillows, spent and breathless, Pinkey thought she said, "Good girl." It moved her. Why should she care what Miss Em thought of her? But she did care, and she treasured that one reluctant bit of praise. For her part, Pinkey often told herself she had to hand it to Miss Em, the way she endured pain.

So the days added up to weeks, and then, surprisingly, Miss Em took a definite turn for the better. One November morning she was able to sit up for a while in the low chair by the fire. After that she sat up longer each day. Unfortunately, as she grew stronger, she became increasingly difficult. Finally one afternoon, at the limit of her patience, Pinkey built up the fire, put the little bell within Miss Em's reach and left her.

With her cape around her shoulders, she sat on the porch of the kitchen ell. There she was far enough away to relax and savor a few moments of peace. She sat on the top step with her knees drawn up, her head bowed, and Granny had come to the foot of the steps before she heard her.

"What is it, honey? Is she took worse—Miss Em?"

Pinkey's laugh was grim. "She's better, that's the trouble. The better she gets, the worse she is."

Granny nodded understandingly. "I—I sure do thank you for taking care of her."

"No, you mustn't thank me." After a moment Pinkey added, "I'm not doing it just for you any more, Granny. I—I don't know. Maybe I'm doing it for myself. You see, it has taught me something for certain. Nursing is my business. I like it and I'm not going to give it up." She looked toward the house, listening.

Granny's eyes were bright. But all she said was, "I didn't hear nothing. Was it Miss Em knocking on the floor?"

"No, she rings the bell when she wants me." Pinkey got to her feet. "It might be the front-door knocker."

"HERE, honey, wait a minute. I like to have forgot." Granny brought two letters from her pocket. As she handed them to Pinkey she added, "There was one come soon after you come home. I hadn't ought to have, but I burned it up. I was afeard."

"Oh, that doesn't matter now, Granny. It doesn't matter at all." Pinkey straightened her shoulders. The letter Chester had sent—maybe it was better that she had not received it. Anyway, all that was over now.

Granny drew a long breath. "Sure is a weight off my mind."

The knocker sounded again, and Pinkey started for the back hall. She looked down at the letters. One was from Arch Naughton. The other was postmarked Boston, and she did not know the handwriting. She tucked both letters in her blouse pocket and flung open the door.

A large woman with an extraordinary magenta hat was just starting away. "Oh!" she exclaimed, turning back. "I've been knocking for at least fifteen minutes. Tell Miss Em her cousin, Mrs. Wooley, is here."

Pinkey closed the door. "I will see if she feels like seeing you. She has been quite ill."

"Yes, I know all about that. You tell her it's her Cousin Melba, and she will see me all right." She lifted her voice and cast it up the stairs. "And how is dear Cousin Em today?"

"She is improving, I believe."

But Mrs. Wooley was bending over, examining the little table that stood just inside the front door. "I don't know—Sheraton perhaps," she murmured.

"Plain Victorian, I think, Mrs. Wooley." Pinkey went on up the stairs. Crossing the landing, she heard Mrs. Wooley's "Well! Well!"—two little explosions.

Miss Em said grimly, "Help me back to bed. I'm not strong enough yet to take it any way but lying down. Don't leave me alone with her. And when I knock over my bell, tell her I have to have an enema or something so she will have to go."

"But ——"

"Go on now and do as you're told."

"Very well, Miss Em."

Mrs. Wooley came in with a bright smile and a twittery, playful voice. "Why, Cousin Em, what do you mean getting sick like this?" She bent down and dabbed a kiss on the yellow cheek Miss Em turned her.

"When you're eighty years old, Melba, you can expect to be sick. Sit down."

"Now, now!" She shook a plump finger. "Eighty years young is what we say."

"No, it's old. It takes a lot of living to get there, and pure endurance. Eighty years young, indeed! It's all of a piece with saying somebody has passed on. When I'm dead I want to be called dead, and don't you forget it."

"Yes, oh yes, Cousin Em, of course, I'll be glad to—I mean ——" Pinkey drew the

> **The mother of a family said to me the other day, "When I recall the way in which girls were dressed in my youth, I wonder how any of us ever got a husband."**
>
> —ELIOT GREGORY: Worldly Ways & Byways. (Scribner's.)

(Continued on Page 105)



DOT: Goodness, you're *quick*! I wanted to help clean up.

PEG: Thanks, but it's easy when your cleanser doesn't scratch.

DOT: Guess I'm stupid—but what have scratches got to do with easy cleaning?

PEG: Plenty! Every scratch is a *dirt-trap* that makes you scrub and slows you down.

DOT: We-ell . . . mebbe so. But I don't see how a cleanser can do a thorough job unless it's coarse and gritty.

PEG: Then you've never tried Bon Ami! It slides grease off as clean and easy as you please. And as long as I've used it, it . . .

DOT: I know—it "hasn't scratched yet!"

PEG: Right! What's more, Bon Ami rinses away *completely* in a jiffy. No grit, no mess.

DOT: And no red, rough hands, either—if *yours* are any sample! That settles it—from now on Bon Ami's my one-and-only cleanser.

Bon Ami



THE SPEEDY CLEANSER *that "hasn't scratched yet!"*



Bon Ami Powder is a quick, easy-to-use cleanser for bathtubs, sinks, enamel stoves, refrigerators and general cleaning. **Bon Ami Cake** is a favorite for cleaning windows, mirrors, metal fixtures.



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(Continued from Page 102)

chintz-covered chair closer to the side of the bed. Mrs. Wooley unfastened her coat and sat down, saying, "Thank you, that's all, now. I'll be sitting with Miss Em for a bit."

It was a plain dismissal, and Pinkey looked hopefully to Miss Em. But Miss Em was examining the ruffled cuff of her long white sleeve and gave her not a glance. So there was nothing for Pinkey to do but go rather uncomfortably to the table and begin arranging her things. She could feel Mrs. Wooley's glances, almost see her nodding and pointing to her back and making gestures, trying to get Miss Em to dismiss her.

But Miss Em only asked, "What's the matter, Melba? A mosquito bothering you?"

"No, no matter. I mean, we'll talk about that later. By the way, Pinkey—that is your name, isn't it?—would you step out to my car and make sure I put the brake on? I am so absent-minded."

Pinkey, going down the stairs, could not help hearing Mrs. Wooley's dramatic whisper:

"Listen to me, Cousin Em. This girl, Pinkey, I came to warn you about her. Rozelia—that's my cook—well, she says ——"

Pinkey went on to the car, parked on the side of the road. The brake was on, as she had thought to find it. Before going back, she would sit on the front step and read her letters. But the minute she sat down she heard Miss Em's bell.

As she closed the front door behind her, Pinkey could hear Mrs. Wooley's voice. 'But Cousin Em, she is dangerous. Rozelia was terrified. And all over some man."

"That will do, Melba. I do not care to oil my ears with kitchen gossip."

"But I'm only telling you for your own good. Do you want to wake up some morning with your throat slit wide open?"

"Rather an easy way of dying if I didn't wake, and if I did, of real interest to medical science. Come in in, Pinkey, I just knocked over my little bell and it rolled under the bed. See if you can find it."

Keep yourself from the anger of a great man, from the tumult of a mob, from a man of ill fame, from a widow that has been thrice married, from a wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy.

Pinkey got down on her knees and found the bell. Then, standing by the bed, her fingers on Miss Em's pulse, she said in her most professional manner, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Wooley, but I think Miss Em should rest now. You will find your brake on, just as you left it."

"Oh—you going, Melba? It's nice of you—I mean, coming to see me. By the way, tell me if you like that little brooch on my bureau."

"Oh, Cousin Em, it's just lovely. A real heirloom."

"Yes, I thought you liked jewelry. Just wanted to make sure. I was thinking of making my will."

Mrs. Wooley gave a little gasp. "But Cousin Em, you mustn't think of such a thing. You'll live years and years, dear."

Miss Em said, "H'm-m-m, Pinkey is a nurse, graduated at one of the best hospitals in the country. Let's see what she thinks. Pinkey, is it time I was making my will?"

PINKEY hesitated. But Miss Em's sharp, dark eyes held hers. When Miss Em looked for that, she wanted the truth. "If you are not going to make a will, Miss Em, it is time you were getting it done."

"There, Melba. A nurse's opinion, and quite sensible, especially as it agrees with what I think myself."

There were steps in the hallway and Doctor Joe came in.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here, Joe," Mrs. Wooley cried. "I've been telling Cousin Em she is going to live for years and years and it's just being plain obstinate about it."

Doctor Joe set his hat and bag down on a chair. "Miss Em sure fooled me this time." He nodded to Pinkey and she stepped away from the bed. Taking her place, he felt Miss Em's pulse. "Pretty good. Been sitting up?" Longer every day. But what's the matter with you? Been up all night?"

"Um-m-m, yes, ma'am. Baby case, down the road a piece. But mother and child doing well when I left just now."

"Pinkey," Miss Em ordered crisply, "go down to the dining room and get the round silver tray and three small glasses from the cabinet by the window."

"I could do with a shot of your blackberry cordial, Miss Em." Doctor Joe sat down in the little chair by the window.

Pinkey was at the door when it occurred to her that Miss Em had not told her where the cordial was. "Where will I find the cordial, Miss Em?"

"Just do as you are told, Pinkey." Miss Em turned to Mrs. Wooley. "Sit down, Melba, and have a glass before you go."

PINKEY went quietly out. But she was angry all through. Miss Em was just trying to humiliate her. When she came back with the tray she walked in stiffly, placed it on the bedside table, ignoring the flask of cordial that had miraculously appeared there in her absence. Then with all her protest in her spine, she turned and started out again.

Miss Em spoke. "Pinkey, I want you to stay within call."

Pinkey turned and looked at her. Then, without replying, she went on. She was furious with Miss Em.

Going down the hall, she heard Mrs. Wooley. "Such impudence! I don't see how you put up with that girl, Cousin Em."

Doctor Joe said, "That girl is a darn good nurse, Melba. She's the one that pulled Miss Em through. I didn't do it."

Pinkey closed her door and leaned against it. She didn't care now what Miss Em said, or Mrs. Wooley either. Doctor Joe's words made up for everything she'd endured since she came to the big house.

Pinkey sat in her room with a sheet of paper crushed in her hands. Arch Naughton's letter lay open beside her, a brief note to say he would stop to see her before long and tell her more about the job he wanted her to take.

The other letter—Pinkey stared unseeingly across the room. She was remembering Chester in the doorway of the cabin, saying in a bitter tone, "Now I know why that fellow, that Negro doctor, asked me for your address." After his return to Boston, Chester must have sought out Frank Canady and given him the address. In doing that, it was as if he said to her, "Here's one of your own kind. I'm through." That would have hurt, a few months ago. Now, after the first moment, she was only angry. Did that mean, then, that Chester had lost the power to hurt her? Had she really got over him? Perhaps. Love needed something to live on. It could not exist in a vacuum.

After a little she smoothed out Frank's letter and read it again. He said that he was writing because he needed some information. He wanted to practice in Mississippi, among his own people, but before settling anywhere in the state, he had to know something of the conditions there.

Well, Pinkey thought, putting the letter back in its envelope, she would like to have Frank Canady here. He might be able to do something for little Teejoe, and for Birdie.

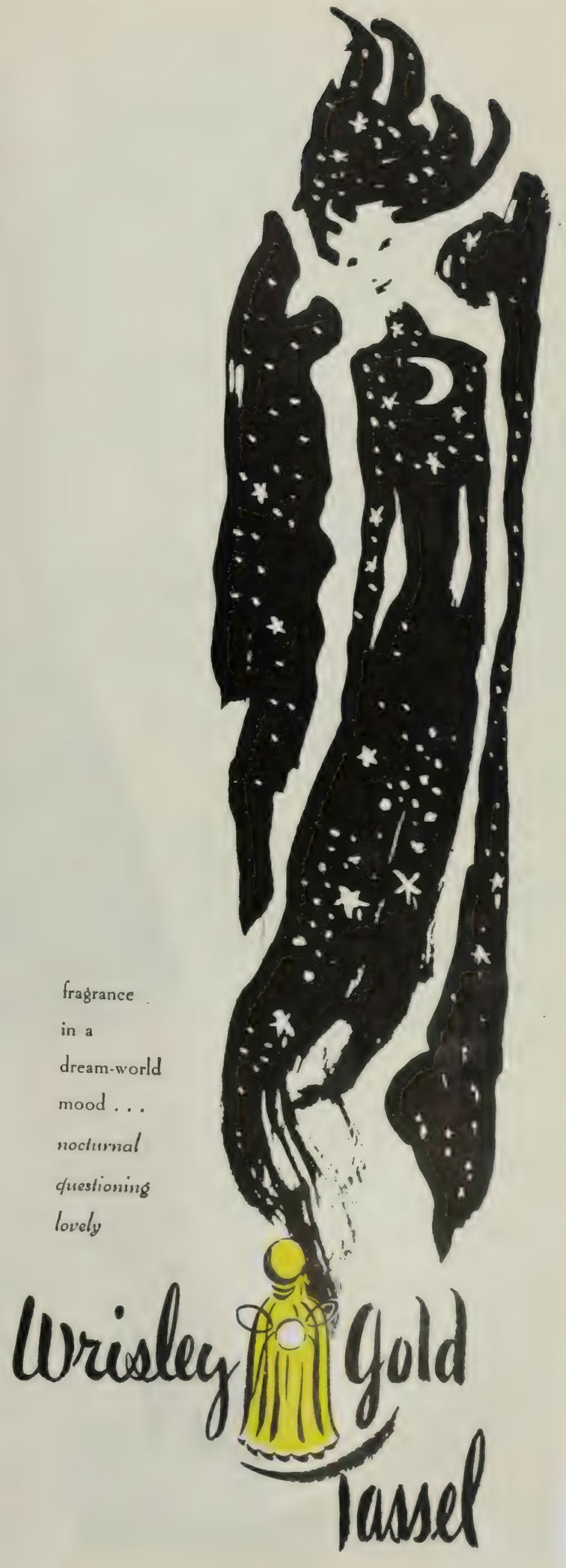
While she sat there, voices came to her from Miss Em's room. Doctor Joe must have opened the window. Mrs. Wooley was saying, "Well, the Bible says so and that's good enough for me. Drawers of water and hewers of wood, that's what it says. The Lord made them to be servants and that's why they are different."

"All I know, Melba, is that when I cut through the skin of the blackest one of them, there ain't any difference I can see." That was Doctor Joe.

Pinkey rested her chin in her hands and listened. Not that she wanted to eavesdrop, but Miss Em had said to stay within call.

Mrs. Wooley was protesting. "I don't think you ought to talk like that. Oh, dear

(Continued on Page 107)

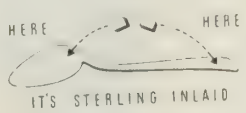


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(Continued from Page 105)

me, time I was flying! Jeffy will be home from the office!"

"Hope we haven't tired you out, Miss Em," Doctor Joe said, "but you're so much better ——"

Pinkey stood up and waited till she heard them on the stair. She caught Doctor Joe on the landing, and Mrs. Wooley went on ahead. When she put her question about Frank Canady, Doctor Joe said:

"What sort of training has he had?"

"He's a graduate of one of the best medical schools in Canada and he's had nearly a year in Boston, doing special work."

"Good. He'd be welcome any time, and right now he'd be a godsend. Tell him to come on. We have reciprocity between Mississippi and Canada—he wouldn't have to take any more exams."

"About the hospitals—he's said to be good in surgery—is there any chance of his getting on the staff?"

Doctor Joe shook his head. "I don't believe that has ever happened, though there's no law against it."

Pinkey thanked him and went back to Miss Em. She would write Frank Canady after she got Miss Em settled for the night.

But this was one of the times when Miss Em did not settle. She had a little nap just before her supper and, when Pinkey was rubbing her back, she snapped, "Don't rub me so hard. You just wake me up, and I'm already as wide awake as a rooster. Talk some, can't you?"

It was a little difficult, talking to order. Pinkey still had her letters on her mind, so she said, "I had an offer of a position today."

"Nursing?"

"No, Miss Em."

"What kind of position?"

Pinkey got the bottle and poured alcohol into the palm of her hand. Miss Em would not like it, probably, but why not get her reaction to Arch's work? So, bending to rub again, she explained what the position would mean. Then she gave some account of what Arch was trying to do.

Miss Em was silent for so long that Pinkey thought she had gone to sleep. Gently she straightened the covers.

"My pillows," Miss Em ordered, and turned over, her eyes bright and wide awake. "Yes"—she settled back comfortably—"I have known there were such things going on. Inevitable, I dare say. But a good part of it is just stirring up trouble. All this to-do about segregation! Why should you mind being in a special car? Oh, get laws to make a just-as-good car. Do the same thing with schools. But why throw a lot of people together when you know that there would be clashes. Stupid!"

"But don't you see"—Pinkey screwed the top on the bottle—"don't you understand how humiliating it is to be told to sit in this place and not that, ordered to go in by one door and not the other—when this is supposed to be a free country?"

"Free, free, nobody is free. We are all bound by limitations of one sort or another."

"Miss Em, you don't think it is right for the colored people to be deprived of the vote, do you? If this is a democracy ——"

"This is a democracy, but you have to be practical, Pinkey. You will never get it in the parts of the South where you are in a majority. White people just would not stand for it. If any of you want to vote, you'd better move North or West. Go where there are jobs and where there are less than five per cent of colored people. Lots of the states in the West are like that. After a few hundred years, things may be different down here. But not before."

"Miss Em, there are some things that won't wait a hundred years." And she told about Birdie and Teejoe—and what Frank Canady wanted to do.

"Well," said Miss Em, "you're right—there are things that can't wait. Tell your doctor friend to come on and get to work. If they won't let him into the hospitals, tell him to start one of his own. Now get me some hot milk."

That night, in her room at last, Pinkey wrote a long letter to Frank Canady.

Miss Em was in her chair by the fire, a small quilt over her knees. "I want you to send Dicey up for the afternoon, Pinkey. I have some things for her to do. Go along now, don't dawdle." Pinkey had no more than reached for the doorknob when, as usual, Miss Em stopped her. "Wait. I suppose you will be going to see that sick child, Birdie?"

"Yes, Miss Em."

Miss Em threw the quilt from her knees, tottered over to the wardrobe. She brought out a pair of blunt-pointed scissors with a faded blue ribbon through the handle.

"Here," she said, "take these scissors to the child, together with those magazines I gave you the other day. Maybe she likes to cut out pictures. Most children do."

It was a beautiful day, sunny, cold and yet mild. December—the snow would be falling in New England. Pinkey could think of it now without homesickness. She went through the cut and there, laid out below her, was Negro-town, more drab and dingy than ever. All the houses were closed against the cold, drawn in and silent.

Birdie's house seemed more lifeless than the rest. Pinkey stood on the little porch looking at the board that was nailed slantwise across the door. Then she went round to the back. There, hanging clothes on the line, was the mulatto woman who had come into Birdie's room that first day.

"Where's Birdie?

"Who that?" The woman peered round a flapping sheet and, seeing Pinkey, she cried, "Oh, it's you, ain't it! I didn't know you that other day you come. Pity Birdie couldn't have seen you in that pretty suit."

Pinkey broke in on the woman's words: "Where is she?"

"Oh, they carried her out in the country where her ma come from. But you couldn't never get there in time. They was going to have the funeral this morning."

"The funeral," Pinkey repeated dully.

"Yes. Her dying last night, they thought they might as well go on even if it was so cold and all because her ma couldn't take but the one day off. Didn't have no struggle, just took off in her sleep."

Pinkey shook her head, turned away. She went back to the highway and set out for home, her eyes on the ground. Too late. She might have helped the child to get well, or she could at least have given her pleasure. But she had put it off too long.

It was too late to help Birdie, but there were others. Walking down the road, Pinkey began to shape an idea in her mind. If Doctor Joe would give her a case now and then, so she could earn some money, she might put in the rest of her time here, among these people who had so little and needed so much. If Frank Canady came, they could work together.

It was toward morning when Pinkey woke suddenly and sat up, listening. Miss Em was calling. The attack was brief, but Miss Em did not rally from it as she should. At intervals through the morning, even during her bath, she seemed to doze. Pinkey told Granny that Doctor Joe ought to be called. By the time he got there, Miss Em was propped up on her pillows, only a little more pale and worn than usual.

Doctor Joe ambled across the room to the bedside. "Well, thought you were at death's door, the way Aunt Dicey took on over the phone. You've been up and doing too much, I reckon."

"Is it anybody's business if I do too much, I'd like to know? Surely at my age I might be allowed to do as I like."

Doctor Joe set his bag on the foot of the bed and felt for her pulse. "I reckon if

It's pretty hard to tell what does bring happiness. Poverty and wealth have both failed. —KIN HUBBARD.



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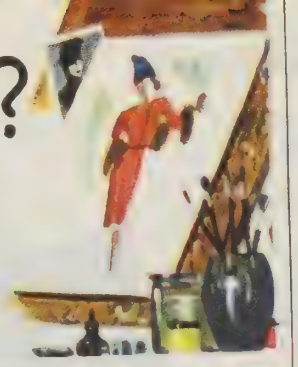
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I liked her the minute I met her. We got along wonderfully. And when I finally asked her to excuse me while I served dinner, she insisted on helping. I was sure she'd like my kitchen.



She did and was quite pleased when I told her I'd designed it myself. But it was the Shelvador* that bowled her over. "My dear," she exclaimed, "how convenient! All that extra front-row space!"





"Fred," she said at dinner, "you're a very lucky young man. Your fiancee is as practical as she is pretty. As a matter of fact, she's taught me a lesson in housekeeping. Take that Shelvador* —like owning two refrigerators. I'm going to buy one as soon as they're made again!"







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anybody can do as he pleases, it's you, Miss Em."

Pinkey, watching from across the bed, saw the quick attentive look that came over his face as his blunt fingers fastened on the wrist and he listened with the tips. She knew she had been right to call him.

All he said, however, was, "Better take it easy for a few days, Miss Em. Take one of these pills now and I'll leave some for you to have later."

"Pinkey, get me some fresh water," Miss Em said sharply.

Pinkey ran downstairs and pumped clear, cold water from the well. When she got back, Doctor Joe was capping his fountain pen, saying, "It's a good idea, Miss Em, old or young. I made mine years ago." Pinkey thought he was studying Miss Em, seeing how she dozed while he talked.

When he was silent at last, she opened her eyes and said tartly, "You needn't think I'm planning to die this minute, Joe. I'll be up to meet my classes after the holidays."

"Sure you will." Doctor Joe caught Pinkey's eye. She nodded and followed him to the hall for instructions.

Miss Em continued to doze at intervals throughout the day. Late in the afternoon, when the front-door knocker sounded, however, she demanded her bed jacket, her comb and brush. When Pinkey asked if she felt like seeing anyone, she said, "Certainly I do."

Pinkey ran down to the front door. She opened it to a small woman in a well-worn brown coat, a brown purse in one hand, a napkin-covered plate in the other.

"You must be Pinkey," she said. "I'm Miss Sue Ann Walker, and I've brought Miss Em some of my Christmas tea cakes. Do you think she feels like seeing me?"

"I know she wants to see you," Pinkey said, taking the plate. "Will you go right up?"

Miss Sue Ann, however, stopped in the middle of the hall and turned. Her voice dropped almost to a whisper. "I was hoping I'd get a word with you, Pinkey. I wanted to tell you how splendid we all think it is, your taking care of Miss Em like this."

"Thank you," Pinkey said formally.

Miss Sue Ann seemed to be waiting. She fumbled at her purse and took out a white envelope. "I'm one of Miss Em's old pupils. Some of us, when we heard about your taking care of her, we made up a little purse for you. Not much, but just—well, call it a Christmas present." She held out the envelope.

"Oh—thank you," Pinkey faltered, taking it. "Will you say to your friends that it is very kind of them?"

"Yes, I will."

In her own room, Pinkey opened the envelope. A five-dollar bill and a twenty! It was the first money she had received since she had been out of school and it gave her a wonderful feeling of independence. Now she would get Granny a new sweater for Christmas. And something more for the house, maybe.

From the next room came the sound of voices, Miss Sue Ann saying, "Well, you know how papa is, Miss Em, obstinate as a mule. But he's consented to go at last. Doctor Joe thinks six weeks at Hot Springs will put him on his feet." Pinkey went on planning. Then she heard the hall door flung open and Miss Sue Ann calling, "Oh, Pinkey, come quick!" She ran out into the hall. Miss Sue Ann caught her by the arm. "Quick—Miss Em, she's out of her head."

Miss Em lay high on the pillows, her eyes closed. When Pinkey's fingers felt for her pulse, she looked up and sighed, "Oh, there you are, Lucy, dear. Don't leave me." Then she seemed to sleep.

Miss Sue Ann stood at the foot of the bed clasping and unclasping her hands. "She called you Lucy—her little girl. Oh, dear, shall I run for the doctor?"

"I don't think it is necessary," Pinkey told her. "He was here this morning when she was like this, and told me what to do."

"But a minute ago she was just fine. She gave me this to give to papa and said—oh, dear, where is it—her will ——"

Pinkey saw a sheet of paper on the counterpane and handed it to her. "This it?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. But I do think I'd better phone Doctor Joe when I get home. I hate to go and leave her like this, but papa—I can't stay away too long."

"I can manage," Pinkey told her. "She will rouse up in a little while, I think."

But Miss Em was still lying with her eyes closed when Doctor Joe came by, just about sunset. He took her pulse and shook his head. "Not much we can do," he said regretfully. "Call me if you are in doubt about anything. She may rally. But—I don't know." He left it at that.

All the next day and the day after that Miss Em's mind wandered gently through the past. Pinkey stayed with her all day and night. Granny, hovering like a ghost in the hallway, offered to take Pinkey's place and give her some rest, but Pinkey said, "Later, maybe, Granny. She might need me tonight."

But all night there was no change. Miss Em lay with the hot brick at her feet, the hot-water bottle at her back, and still she felt cold to the touch. Pinkey built up the fire and sat beside it with her cape drawn close around her.

Dawn came and the clock on the mantel ticked loud in the silence. Suddenly it muted ticking seemed to whisper, "Listen listen." And Pinkey heard the new silence in the room—too great a silence. She ran to the bed. Miss Em's light breathing had stopped.

Pinkey stood looking down at the tired old face. She had known that this might happen at any moment yet now that it had happened, it was a shock. Miss Em—like that—gone. Just gone. It was as if someone dear to her had died. Miss Em was not dear to her, and yet there was something between them, even though she could not analyze it.

> A man's heart at thirty is either steeled or broken.
> —CHAMFORT.

She did what she had to do and set the room to rights for those who would come. Then she packed her little bag, threw her cape around her shoulders. "Good-by, Miss Em," she whispered, and then went on to tell Granny.

Pinkey was on her way to town to do her Christmas shopping, though Christmas had come and gone. She had scarcely noticed the day because Granny had caught a mild grippe, standing in the rain at the cemetery when Miss Em was buried. Pinkey had been busy for nearly a week, trying to keep her indoors. But today she felt it was safe to leave her. In her bag she had the money Miss Sue Ann had given her, the five-dollar bill and the twenty. She passed through the dingy end of white-town and came to the store marked, "General Merchandise."

"Something for you, dearie?" a mousely little woman behind the counter asked.

"I'm looking for a sweater."

"Right back here, please, ma'am."

Pinkey followed, and the clerk got out half a dozen sweaters in various colors. "About thirty-four you take, don't you, dearie?"

Pinkey did not like being called dearie. She answered stiffly, "It is not for myself. It is for an old woman." Then she thought better make no mistake here, so she added, "An old Negro woman."

"Oh, I see. What you want is one of these two-ninety-eights. Special markdowns. Here's a nice red one."

"That's not at all what I want," Pinkey said, pushing aside the coarse cotton garment. "Let me see a nice, soft, all-wool cardigan, gray or navy, a thirty-eight. It is a present for my grandmother."

"Oh." The little woman stared at her a moment. "I thought you said"—she turned and took down a box from the shelf behind her—"funny, I could have sworn—no, this is something lovely, soft and light

(Continued on Page 110)

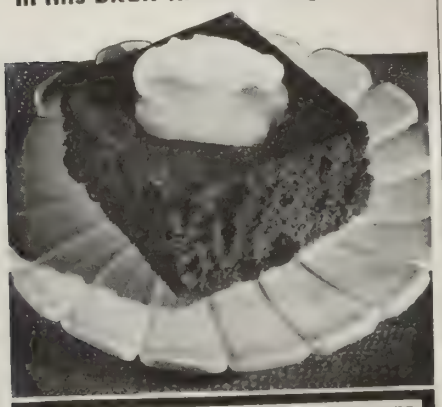
When DOLE PINEAPPLE returns to civilian life

Here's a promise that will be kept – as Dole Pineapple products come back home to take their familiar places on your grocer's shelves, you will find that they "haven't changed a bit." Each one will be as tempting as ever . . . as delicious as ever . . . as satisfying as ever . . . as plentiful as ever . . . and always *Hawaii's finest!*



SAVE SUGAR

NO SUGAR NEEDED
in this BRER RABBIT Gingerbread



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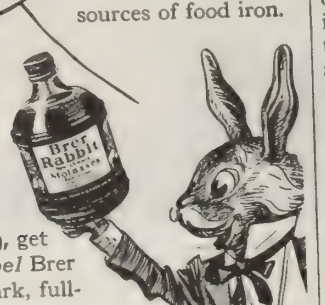
½ cup melted shortening—1¼ cups **Brer Rabbit GREEN LABEL Molasses**—1 egg (beaten)—2½ cups sifted flour—1½ teaspoons baking soda—½ teaspoon salt—1 teaspoon cinnamon—1 teaspoon ginger—½ teaspoon cloves—¾ cup hot water.

Combine shortening and molasses; add egg. Blend well. Mix and sift dry ingredients; add to first mixture alternately with the hot water. Bake in well-greased 9" x 9" x 2" pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Yields 16 delicious portions!

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OVER 60% NATURAL SUGAR — **That sugar** in Brer Rabbit Molasses comes straight from the cane. *Real* sugar—in its natural form.

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(Continued from Page 108)

warm. Eleven forty-nine, and the last one in stock."

Pinkey nodded. It was more than she had meant to pay, but she was annoyed and wanted to be done with it. She opened her purse and got out the twenty-dollar bill.

The woman took it. "My, a twenty! I don't know as we've got the change." She was interrupted by a sharp rapping on the counter at the front of the store.

"Miss Viola, come wait on me, please."

Pinkey looked around. Mrs. Wooley was at the stocking counter.

Miss Viola hurried forward, the sweater dangling from one hand, the twenty-dollar bill in the other. "Excuse me, please, ma'am. I've just got to slip this in the bag and get the change."

"Since when," Mrs. Wooley asked in a tone that brought other shoppers peering around, "has it been the policy of this store to wait on niggers before white people?"

"Oh!" Miss Viola gave a little gasp. She stood in the aisle, an almost comical picture of dismay.

Mrs. Wooley peered down at the bill in her hand. "What's that?"

"It's the—the money she paid me."

"A twenty-dollar bill?"

Pinkey stood rigid, waiting. She saw a man come from the back of the store. "What's the trouble? Oh, it's you, Mrs. Wooley. Now just tell me and I'll straighten it all out."

In the confused babble of voices that arose, Mrs. Wooley's words rang out. "I'll ask her myself. As Miss Em's rightful heir, it is definitely my business." Against the light, coming down the aisle, Mrs. Wooley, in her furry, short jacket, was like a giant bumblebee, buzzing toward Pinkey. "Where did you get this money, girl?"

Silently Pinkey counted ten before she answered, "I don't care to say where I got it, Mrs. Wooley."

"Of all the impudence! Well, it's the last you will ever get out of my poor dead cousin, I promise you that! I'm on my way to see my lawyer this minute." She turned. "Take it if you like, Mr. Goolby, but mark my words, it's blood money. That's what it is."

Mr. Goolby came up to Pinkey with the sweater in one hand, the money in the other. "See here, we can't have this sort of thing."

"Before I made the purchase, Mr. Goolby, I told your clerk that I wanted the sweater for an old Negro woman. I told her that it was for my grandmother. Don't you sell to colored people in this store?"

"Sure I do. I'm in business to sell goods and your money is good as anybody's, if it's honest money."

"This is honest money." Then, since no one was demanding to know where she got it, she added, "Miss Sue Ann Walker gave it to me. You can phone her at the library and ask, if you like."

"I'll do just that. And see to it that you don't run away in the meantime."

"I certainly won't run away and leave my twenty-dollar bill, Mr. Goolby."

He came back in a short time, went to the cash register, rang up the sale. He put the sweater in a bag, handing it to Pinkey without a word, counting out the change. Then he walked toward the back of the store while Pinkey in equal silence went to the front.

Thinking it over as she walked homeward, she wondered at herself for having kept her temper. She had come out ahead, all right. But as she neared home, her sense of triumph left her. It really seemed as if there must be some special reason to cause Mrs. Wooley to act so. She behaved as if Pinkey had injured her in some way. There was no explanation for that.

Late that afternoon, however, the explanation came. Pinkey was in the back yard getting the dry clothes off the lines. She saw a heavy figure in a brown overcoat and wide-brimmed hat coming through the iron gate from the big-house garden.

"It's Doctor Joe, Granny," she called, and went to meet him.

"Howdy, Aunt Dicey," he said, with a nod to Pinkey. "How are you? Got some news for you." He felt in his coat pocket and brought out a typewritten sheet. "Copy of Miss Em's will. Left her pa's law books to Mr. Wooley, family portraits, too, and her jewelry to Mrs. Wooley."

Granny nodded. "That's good, that's sure good. Mrs. Wooley do love all kinds of gewgaws and fixings."

"Then—listen to this." Doctor Joe had found his glasses, he put them on. "To my faithful servant, Dicey Johnson, colored, I leave all personal clothing of which I die possessed, together with the miniature of my daughter Lucy which may be found in the box in the right-hand corner of the stand at the head of my bed."

"Um-m-m." Granny was beyond words for a moment, then she said, "Well, I declare! That picture of little Miss Lucy! Miss Em prize it more than anything else she own. And her clothes." All at once her face crinkled into a smile and she chuckled aloud. "Miss Em knowed her and me was the only two people left in the world wear high shoes in the wintertime. Yessuh, I'll be proud to have Miss Em's clothes."

"That isn't all," Doctor Joe went on. "Miss Em left you the house, Pinkey, and everything in it, with the exceptions I mentioned. Here, read it for yourself."

Astounded, Pinkey read the paragraph he indicated. "The remainder of my estate . . . I give and bequeath to the aforesaid Dicey Johnson's granddaughter Pinkey, this bequest being an expression of my genuine regard for her and my confidence in the use to which she will put this property."

"Lawd-a-mussy," Granny breathed. "Is that what it say on the paper, Doctor Joe?"

"That's right," he nodded.

A cynic is a man who looks down on those above him.

—Irish Confectionery Trades Journal.

Adolescence—the age when a girl's voice changes from no to yes.

—Inspiration.

Pinkey saw that there was something he had not told them, and the stirring of excitement that had begun to spread through her like warm wine was stilled; her heart began to beat with a slow ominous throb. "What is it?"

"Well, Pinkey," Doctor Joe said, "that's the way she wrote it in her will. But if I were you I would not count on it just yet. The will may be contested. You see, the Wooleys—Mrs. especially had her head set on getting the old furniture. And Jeffers is the last of Miss Em's kin."

"But—how can the will be contested?"

"I reckon the idea would be to show that Miss Em was not of sane mind. Or that there was undue influence."

She stood motionless, looking at him. "Don't you think Miss Em was sane?"

"Far as I know, she was. Miss Sue Ann witnessed the signature the day it was dated. Miss Em signed the will twice, said she wanted no mistake, and I witnessed one of the signatures."

"Then the property ought to be mine!" Pinkey cried and was abruptly silent. There was something in Doctor Joe's square, jowled face that stopped her short.

"Here." He handed her the copy of the will. "But I don't believe I'd count on getting the house. Not just yet, Pinkey. Wait and see."

"That's right, Doctor Joe," Granny said, drawing a deep breath. "Better wait and see." She bobbed her head as he turned away. "Come on, honey. Got to get them clothes in before the sun go down."

Pinkey went into the cabin and sat down. No, she would never get the big house, never in the world, and Doctor Joe knew it. Yet even as she told herself that, she began to plan, first with bitterness, thinking what she might have had, then with a mounting enthusiasm that took no account of the realities.

The location was perfect, near enough to the Negro settlement, and yet out in the country. The cot beds of Miss Em's school would be the first hospital beds. The furniture would bring enough cash to get the bare necessities. Frank Canady would have a hospital to practice in.

Granny laid a hand on her shoulder. "Just try to remember how good it were of Miss Em, whether you get the place or not. Better just to think of that."

Pinkey shook off Granny's hand. "Miss Em left it to me! I'm going to have it."

Turning away, Granny made little mumbling sounds. She went to the cot bed against the wall and lay down and covered herself up with the quilt. Pinkey walked about the room, restless and excited. Oh, she must write Frank Canady at once.

She sat at the table, her pen scratching on the paper, when a step sounded on the porch. Granny was dozing and did not rouse. Pinkey ran to the door. "Who's there?"

"Hit's me, Miss Pinkey, Jake." When he had come in and sat down by the stove he said, "Well, Miss Pinkey, I hear as how you got some property coming to you. Whether you get it or not."

"What do you mean, whether I get it or not?"

"Well, it done stirred up considerable of a hornet's nest amongst the white folks. Or so I hear tell. Folks is plumb simmering about it. If I was you, I'd stick close to home for a while."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Nothing special. But I'd stick just the same."

Pinkey's eyes widened. The cases Arch Naughton had talked about flashed through her mind She faced Jake. "Just what is Mrs. Wooley saying?"

"Mrs. Wooley, she is powerful upset. Seem like she done gone clean out of her head when she hear about the will. That what Rozelia say."

"But it is Mr. Wooley who is Miss Em's real cousin."

"Mr. Wooley? She got him wropped round her little finger. She say he got to get a lawyer. So now he got that Mr. Jim Stanley and he is one powerful lawyer. He done file a complaint this morning, Zelia say."

"I'll have to have a lawyer, of course," Pinkey said, sitting straight, two bright spots of color burning her cheeks. "And I'll need money. I'll get Doctor Joe to put me on a case right away. I am going to fight this thing with all I've got!"

"Now you're talking," Jake cheered. "That's the spirit. My, but I wish Arch Naughton could of heerd you say that."

"Arch Naughton," Pinkey repeated slowly. "I don't know whether he would help ——"

"He still down in New Orleans. I could call him up for you. He's a man got lots of ideas."

"Will you do that for sure? Tonight?"

"Sure, sure I will, Miss Pinkey." He got to his feet. "Only thing, I doubt is I got the change. If you could give me some ——"

Pinkey ran and got her purse and gave him enough to make the call. After he had gone, she finished her letter, telling Frank Canady not only her plans but the difficulties that seemed to lie in the way. She put out the light and was tiptoeing to her room when Granny spoke from the cot bed.

"Pinkey," she said, sitting up, "I hear you talking about getting a lawyer and about that there Arch Naughton. Ain't nothing he can do but harm, mark my words. If you want a lawyer, there is Judge Walker. He is the best lawyer in the whole county, maybe in the state. You go to him first thing in the morning, because he is fixing to go over to Hot Springs. Now you listen to what I say. He won't tell you nothing ain't right. And he won't ask no pay for telling you. You can take the wash back same time."

"Yes," Pinkey agreed, "that is a good idea, Granny. I will go to see him."

Judge Walker's was the low gray house with red shutters. A little path curved from the drive to the back steps. Pinkey went up them and knocked on the kitchen door

(Continued on Page 112)





Sameness in color

The macaroni loaf, the lima beans, the cabbage are fine in flavor, but colorwise they make a pallid showing. No bright warmth—no color contrast.

Color does it!

Yes, color* invites *you to eat Green Giant Brand peas. When you taste their unique flavor and tenderness you'll be glad you were invited.





Contrast in color

Now you see both color and contrast. In the sprig of parsley, the yellow carrots, and in the cheery-young-green of Green Giant Brand peas. Mighty inviting, isn't it?



Whenever the friendly Green Giant smiles a greeting at you from the grocer's shelf, pick him up and take him home. For he's the promise of just about the best-eating peas you'll ever find in garden, market or can. Green Giant Brand peas are grown from our exclusive breed (S-537) and packed dewy fresh—three hours from field to can—always *at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.*

Green Giant Peas
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Is it Christmas in your Heart?

It may be hard to find the sparkle of tinsel, the shine of candles,

in hearts torn with sorrow, in changing times . . . but

faith still looms as high and as confident as the evergreen trees . . .

hope burns as brightly as the Yule log . . . and love sends

forth its guiding light as brilliantly as the Christmas Star.

While these three endure, Christmas too will live . . . the

spirit of peace and good-will somehow prevail. Mark the day

with gifts, then, in remembrance of things past, in trust of

things to come . . . and make the gifts as lovely as you can . . .

for even a little gift may have beauty . . . may, in truth BE beauty . . .

if it is a gift by ELIZABETH ARDEN.

Elizabeth Arden

(Continued from Page 110)

After a minute the door was flung open and Miss Sue Ann cried, "Oh, it's the clean clothes! I'm glad you got them here—I'm packing papa's suitcase right now." She took the bundle from Pinkey. "Thank you so much. Aunt Dicey isn't sick, is she?"

"No, Miss Sue Ann. I brought the wash because I wanted to ask Judge Walker something, if he can see me."

"Yes, of course. Come in."

Judge Walker's voice called from the next room, "Who are you talking to out there?"

Miss Sue Ann had begun opening the bundle. "It's your clothes, papa, and Pinkey wants to see you."

"Well, why doesn't she come on in?" His voice was impatient, almost querulous.

"Go in, Pinkey, but he mustn't talk too much. I've taken the morning off to see that he gets to the train. Go on in."

Pinkey entered what was apparently the dining room. Judge Walker sat in an armchair close to the fire. He looked older, and showed that he had been ill.

"Good morning, Judge Walker."

"Well, Pinkey." Somehow, it was not only a greeting but a sympathetic and encouraging phrase. "Things have been happening to you, haven't they? I suppose you are worrying about this will business?" His shrewd gray eyes searched her face.

"Yes, Judge Walker."

When she had told him all she knew, he said, "Of course, you will have to have a lawyer. Stanley is already engaged on the other side. There is only young Withers—he might take the case for you. You'll have to pay his fee before he will touch it."

"Is that customary, Judge Walker?"

"It happens to be his custom."

"But I will be able to pay, Judge Walker, if I can just get started nursing. If I can work a few weeks before the case comes up, I will have enough."

Judge Walker nodded. "You've got your granny's independent spirit, I see. That's a good thing. You tell Mr. Withers I sent you. I would handle it for you, of course, if I were going to be here, but I'll be away."

"Thank you, Judge Walker."

He made a little gesture of dismissal. "Good luck to you, however it goes."

Outside again, heading toward the main business street, Pinkey decided that she had better see Doctor Joe. His office was in a brick building just around the corner from the bank. From the sidewalk, looking through the uncurtained window, Pinkey saw into the reception room, saw the white patients sitting there. That was not the place for her to go. She went on to the corner of the building. There was a side door, and, opening it, she found that she had guessed right. The colored patients sat on a bench along the wall.

A STOUT black woman shoved along the bench, making room for Pinkey just as a door opened and Doctor Joe's head and white-coated shoulders appeared. His eyes rested on Pinkey. "What you doing here? Aunt Dicey down sick?"

"No, doctor. I just came to ask you something."

He looked at his wrist watch and, standing in the doorway, hair tousled, face gray with fatigue, said, "Up all night, operation at eleven. Just got five minutes. You'll have to come back tomorrow, all of you. Only I've got to change that dressing. You wait, boy. Come in, Pinkey." He shut the door behind her. "Okay, what you want?"

She had wanted to talk to him about her hospital plan, but this was no time to go into that. "I'll take just a minute, doctor," she told him. "I came to ask you for work. I need to make some money. I shall have to pay a lawyer."

"May as well face it, Pinkey. I couldn't possibly get you a case now. Too much feeling, too many tales running round. The best I can do is get you a job in the county hospital over at Hadley. As a maid."

A small involuntary exclamation escaped Pinkey. "And just give up nursing?"

"Not at all. In a week's time they would see what you could do and they'd give you plenty of nursing. I heard about a colored nurse the other day who got started like that. Think it was out in Texas. Anyway, it's all I can offer. Let me know what you decide."

Pinkey stood with her eyes on the linoleum floor. "Thank you, doctor," she said and went out. Even if she were willing to take the job, a maid's wages would not be enough to pay the lawyer.

A fine rain had begun to fall. She turned up her coat collar and, cold and miserable, set out for home. By the time she got there, her throat was aching.

Her tonsillitis lasted most of a week, during which the rain fell day after day. Pinkey had never felt so forlorn. She read and reread the summons that had come. What was the use? Could a miracle happen?

Then came Frank Canady's letter. He was full of enthusiasm for her plan. He thought there could be no doubt about the will's being upheld by the court and was eagerly awaiting more news.

HIS enthusiasm only sank Pinkey deeper in gloom. He had no notion of what she was up against. Now she would have to write and tell him. But she put off writing. Maybe, deep down, she still hoped for a miracle.

All at once spring was in the air, a shy, a tentative spring as yet, but undeniably here. The wall of woods beyond the field back of the cabin took on a misty mauve warmth in the morning sun. An old pear tree burst overnight into a pure white flame.

Pinkey, walking restlessly, looked through the trees to the big house.

"Hi, there! Looking your property over?" It was Arch Naughton coming up from the highway.

"It's not mine, and I doubt if it ever will be," she said. But Arch only laughed. She had never seen him so elated.

Sitting in the cabin, with the copy of the will spread before them, they talked it over. Arch shot questions at her. At last he leaned back and a satisfied little smile played round the corners of his mouth. "It's perfect, absolutely perfect."

"What do you mean?" Pinkey demanded.

"This is really going to be something. I'll spread it on the front page of every newspaper in the country."

"You mean I will get it—the house?"

"What's the matter with you, girl? Of course you'll get it! A perfect case of discrimination." He looked around and sat up abruptly. "Now to get busy while the light is good."

Pinkey leaned toward him. "But what must I do? Get this lawyer ——"

He turned on her. "Lawyer? We've got our own lawyer, one of the best in the country."

"But—how can I pay a lawyer like that?"

"Pay him?" Arch hooted. "He ought to be paying you. It's going to be the case of the year."

Granny, who had been sitting silent, spoke up now. "Better look out. Going to be trouble, sure as you's born."

Arch Naughton, getting his camera out, looked around with a grim twist of his lips. "You're mighty right there's going to be trouble, old woman. White folks call me Old Man Trouble, and that's what I am! Now you come on out in the back yard. I want a picture of you bending over the washtub—and plenty of soapsuds in it. Come on, I haven't got all day."

Granny mumbled and grumbled, but she let him pose her and take several pictures. Then she said she sure wasn't going to waste all that good soapsuds, so she took out a bundle of clothes and got to work in real earnest.

Arch began on Pinkey. He must have one picture of her in her uniform and cap with the hospital pin on her shoulder, another in her yellow sweater and skirt with her hair

Four fifths of the perjury of the world is expended on tombstones, women and competitors. —LORD DEWAR.

Hard on germs
Easy on your hands



POUR a little fresh-with-pine Sergeant's Disinfectant into the cleaning water. And you're ready to do a real cleaning job all over the house.

This modern, *pleasant-to-use* cleaning aid disinfects, deodorizes and kills many germs. Yet, it won't irritate the hands.

Sergeant's Disinfectant is fine for floors, woodwork, for regular cleaning in bathroom and kitchen. It cleans away a cause of garbage pail odors. Cleans and freshens sickroom, cellar, closets. Use a little full-strength in sink drains and toilet bowls.

Buy Sergeant's Disinfectant at drug or department store for pleasant cleaning.

Leaves a breath of the pine woods



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DISINFECTANT
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THOMASTON
Sheets
SINCE 1899 THEY HAVE MET THE TEST OF TIME

The miracle cleaning-lotion
Sani-Wax
Wipe it on—and you're done!





Dissolves grease, smoke, crayon, pencil and rubber heel-marks
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Saves Time, Money and Paint
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE
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loose and wind-blown as she stood under the live oak. He took her at the cabin door, and standing with the ell of the big house behind her. At last he was satisfied. He shut his camera, put it in his pocket. Pulling his beret down over his forehead, he set off toward the big-house garden gate.

Pinkey felt dizzy with excitement. "Arch, what are you going to do?"

"Listen," he told her sharply, "I know what I'm doing. Now get on home, and if anybody asks you, you haven't seen me."

Pinkey came slowly back to the cabin. Arch was probably just being melodramatic. He had had so much drama in his life that he invented it when there wasn't any.

Sure enough, when he came in again, he said, "Got what I went for, all right, and then some."

Pinkey watched him with wonder. He pawed through the garments in the clothes-basket, he turned over clothes that were on the ironing board. It was a good thing that Granny was still out back at her washing.

Suddenly Arch pounced on a nightgown sleeve that was sticking out from behind Granny's curtained closet. He snatched down the garment. Pinkey saw that it was one of Miss Em's gowns. Granny had not yet received her bequest, of course, but this was a gown that she had brought home to wash, before Miss Em's death, and she had just kept it.

"Here," Arch said, holding it out to Pinkey, "put it on."

Pinkey laughed. "Are you crazy?"

"Go on," he insisted. "Right over your clothes. I'm just going to snap a head and shoulders. I want that quaint, old-fashioned look to this one. It will have to be a time exposure—here, against the wall."

Pinkey, feeling rather foolish, did as she was told. She sat with the long full gown billowing about her. She buttoned up the little pearl buttons that ran down the front. It was certainly old-fashioned enough.

"That's a corker," Arch said. "Perfect." He closed the camera and added, "Now just sit tight and say nothing. Wilson will manage everything. Give me that summons, by the way. And remember, we'll see to everything. So long."

Pinkey was hanging up the wet garments as Granny tossed them into the basket on the well top. In three days now, her case would come up, and the lawyer was not yet there. She had had letters, she had signed papers and done everything she was told to do. But he ought to come.

She pushed a clothespin down on a flapping shirt and then turned toward the cabin. Through the notch to the highway she saw the shiny top of a long car; and that was certainly a knock at the front door.

"I'll get it," she told Granny, and ran up the back step.

THE man at the open door was a white man, a chauffeur in a smart navy-blue uniform. He tipped his visored cap. "Miss Pinkey Johnson?" There was a trace of accent in his speech.

"Yes."

"Mr. Wilson is in the car. He wishes to see you and your grandmother, Mrs. Dicey Johnson."

"Oh—yes." The lawyer's name was Wilson. Were they to go to the car? Could it be that Wilson was a white man?

"You will see Mr. Wilson in this room?" the man asked.

"Y-yes."

He turned on his heel and went back to the car. Pinkey stood staring after him. What sort of man could this Wilson be, sending his chauffeur ahead like a blare of trumpets? Well, she had better get Granny in.

Wilson entered, a small, dark man, with a cane, keen-faced, with a high forehead. The chauffeur followed with a brief case.

Granny made a little bow in the direction of the chauffeur and said, "Morning, suh, morning." She watched, open-mouthed, while Wilson sat down and the chauffeur unfastened the brief case, spread some papers on the table. For Wilson was as black a man

(Continued on Page 115)

They're back again!



The original Hood Over-The-Shoe Flight Boots are back again. Not enough for all right now—but these popular boots will be available in increasing volume during the winter season. Hood style rubber footwear assures protection and wear—for Hood is known for those time-tested methods of manufacture that mean longer service in every type of rubber footwear.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
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LOOK FOR THE HOOD ARROW WHEN YOU BUY THEM

Avon

COSMETICS

Bright gay Avon Christmas gifts. Purchasable only through Avon Representatives.

(Continued from Page 113)

as she had ever seen. Pinkey remained silent, standing beside Granny.

"Be seated," Wilson said. He took some glasses from his pocket and pinched them on his nose.

Pinkey sat, but Granny was no sooner down than, seeing the chauffeur still standing back of Wilson, she popped up again.

Wilson regarded her with annoyance. "It is apparent that you are laboring under a misapprehension, Mrs. Johnson," he said in broad Oxonian accent. "I am the employer, he the employed. I travel exclusively by private conveyance, not caring to subject myself to the indignity of the curious laws of this section. Since I shall be obliged to return to New Orleans this afternoon, let us proceed to the shaping of your case."

Abruptly discarding his mannerisms, he leaned forward and, fixing his eyes on Pinkey, began to question her. He nodded approval of her crisp, matter-of-fact answers. Then he put Granny through a similar examination.

Pinkey, listening, was reassured. This man was as clever as Arch Naughton had said, and when it suited him he could be direct and simple. Her confidence grew.

"The picture shapes itself," he said at last, "and it needs no touching up at all." He stood up, looked again at Pinkey and nodded. "Definitely photogenic, as our friend Naughton says."

Pinkey rose. "You think that we—will win the case?"

Wilson laughed without smiling. His eyes again traveled over her. "Naïve," he said. "And quite charming. Have no fear, my dear, no fear at all." He nodded and moved to the door, the chauffeur at his heels. Pinkey watched the long, sleek car move down the driveway.

On the morning of the hearing, Pinkey set out with Granny to walk to the courthouse. Arch Naughton had said something about coming to pick them up, but Pinkey did not know for sure whether he had arrived and dared not risk waiting for him.

Granny had on the black wool Miss Em had given her many years ago. But so conservative in dress had Miss Em always been that its simple shirtwaist style, with white collar and cuffs, was not much out-of-date. Her hat was a discarded one of Miss Em's, a severe black felt. The combination gave her a curiously staid and proper air.

Pinkey drew in deep breaths of the cool, moist air and tried to throw off her gathering tension. Arch's publicity troubled her. She could not stop thinking about the newspapers Wilson had left with her. The pictures themselves were good. Only one apparently had not come out—the one where she was wearing Miss Em's nightgown. Granny's at the washtub was natural as life, but the legend—"Ex-slave octogenarian who sacrificed all for glamorous granddaughter, says day of vengeance is at hand"—what sort of stuff was that? Pinkey's picture under the oak was especially good. But it had an equally misleading line below it—"Photogenic heiress to ancestral treasures looks forward to gay times in gloomy forbidden mansion of childhood." The whole slant was wrong, not to say untruthful.

ANOTHER thing that worried her was something Frank Canady had written, in answer to her letter telling of the contested will. He said, "Don't forget that this is a big job, and without the support and co-operation of the white people of the community, as well as the colored, it will be impossible."

She had not thought of that. She had been thinking only of being independent. But she saw now that Frank Canady was right.

"I wish Judge Walker hadn't had to go away," she said aloud.

"Amen, honey," Granny agreed. "I was thinking that very thing."

They had just come through the cut when a car passed them and then, with a shriek of brakes, ground to a stop. It turned and came back to stop beside them, a shabby car with a young black boy at the wheel.

Arch Naughton sprang out. "Didn't I tell you I'd pick you up?" As he spoke, he hustled Granny into the front seat, waving Pinkey in back, where he jumped in beside her. "Step on it, boy, we got no time to lose." He pulled a folded tabloid from his pocket. "Look at this, will you?"

Pinkey read the headline, "Ghosts of Mississippi Mansion Walk Again." She stared at the picture of herself, at her face, serious and wistful above the ruffled collar and old-fashioned yoke of Miss Em's nightgown. Arch had achieved the effect he wanted. It might have been an old portrait. Pinkey's eye ran down the page to another picture. Who was this little girl in a ruffle-necked dress with high puffed sleeves?

"I don't remember having any picture taken when I was that age."

Arch laughed. "It must be good if it fools even you. Don't you know who that is? That's Miss Em's little daughter Lucy, and a time I had getting that miniature. Had to crawl through a mess of thorns to get to a window I could pry up. Say, what's the matter with you?" He took the paper from her and put it back in his pocket. "I had some swell comments on that piece of work. Talk about sensations ——"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Inscription For a New Home

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

Open the new door, friend.
Call the hearth good.
Pile up the pine logs there.
Smell the sweet wood.

Gather with warm friends here;
Call them all close.
Give them a hand and fruit.
Love the small house.

First of all, plant with care
Oaks by the door,
These that are now what the
House was before.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Pinkey had turned away from him. She stared blindly out the window, only thankful that Granny, on the front seat, hadn't seen or heard. Oh, it was sickening!

"Say, what's griping you? Everything's going swell."

"Arch"—Pinkey turned toward him—"it's this publicity. I think it is—well, I don't like it. People here are going to be furious about all this—in the paper."

"Is that what's eating you!" Arch was scornful. "Who cares what they think? Besides, these dumb hicks never see anything but the local sheet. They don't know what's going on in the world."

"If I could only be sure of that! Arch, is Wilson going to win this case?"

"It's a walkover." He rubbed his hands together, looking out the window. "Boy, we got a good crowd."

They had come into the main street now and Pinkey saw that they were moving slowly because of the cars and wagons. The sidewalks, too, were filled with people, white and colored, all going in the same direction.

As the car slowed before the open gateway that enclosed the courthouse square, Arch leaned forward. "Drive round to the back, boy. You can take the driveway right up to the rear entrance." He added in a lower tone, "Don't much like the looks of those men in a bunch, there."

"Why don't you like their looks?" Pinkey demanded.

"Oh—I just don't want them in my pictures."

The back of the courthouse, Pinkey saw with relief, was deserted. They got out of the car and Arch led them into a long dim corridor. "You seem to know your way around here," she said.

"I make it my business to know more than one way out of any place I go in. Went all through here yesterday."

He guided them up a narrow stair. They passed through a hall and came into the already crowded courtroom.

Wilson, seated at a paper-strewn table just below the judge's raised stand, saw them coming and stood, bowing them to a place on the front bench. Pinkey had a dazed feeling so that everything around her seemed out of focus, blurred. She only saw, as she sat down, that the seats behind her were filled with colored people craning their necks to see. Their whispering came to her in little broken phrases. A buzzing came from the other side, too, across the aisle, the white side.

GRANNY, turning a little, nodded as she recognized colored friends. "Feel like I was at a funeral, for sure," she whispered.

Pinkey sat stiff and scarcely breathing. Wilson, to her right, was arranging papers on the table before him. Opposite him, on the white side of the room, she saw a similar table. A young man with carroty red hair sat on the corner of it, swinging one foot. He was talking with Mrs. Wooley—he must be her lawyer, Mr. Stanley.

Now the judge was coming in by a rear door. He was a sallow, middle-aged man with a vigorous step. He had none of Judge Walker's distinction or gentleness, but he gave an impression of power and authority.

An official of some sort—a sheriff or bailiff, perhaps—rapped on the flat-topped desk which was the judge's bench, and as the room quieted announced, "Court is now in session."

The judge sat down and scowled at the docket before him. "The case of Jeffers and Melba Wooley versus Pinkey Johnson, colored." Leaning forward, peering down over the bench, he demanded, "Are you ready for the trial?"

The two lawyers answered in unison, "We are ready, your honor."

Pinkey's heart pounded and there was such a roaring in her ears that for a moment she did not know what was going on. Then she saw Stanley on his feet, hands in his trousers pockets, head thrust forward. He spoke in an offhand, casual manner, but with discouraging confidence. He proposed to show, he said, that the defendant, Pinkey Johnson, was of violent nature, unscrupulous, quarrelsome. Incidentally, she had a police record. Miss Em was unquestionably senile. She was unduly influenced by the defendant and also under the influence of drugs. In view of these things, he asked that the will be set aside and the property inherited by the next of kin.

Wilson rose to give his answer to the charges. His manner, in striking contrast to Stanley's, was precise and formal. His speech was laden with legal terms, cluttered with cumbersome phrases. What was he saying? Only that he would show all the claims of the plaintiff to be untrue.

"The character of my client," Wilson continued, "her spirit and generosity, are amply evidenced by the fact that for a period of more than two months she gave her professional services without thought of payment. She, a graduate of one of the foremost hospital schools in the country and capable of commanding the highest salary, out of sympathy for one who was old and ill, took on this charity case and remained in attendance to the end."

Pinkey shook her head. That was a blunder, calling Miss Em a charity case. She could feel the waves of indignation from the other side of the courtroom.

With a nod to Stanley, the judge said, "Call your witnesses."

The clerk of the court was administering the oath to a police officer. It was one of the men who had brought Pinkey to the police court, the red-faced man who had struck at Rozelia.

(Continued on Page 117)



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(Continued from Page 115)

Stanley, having established the preliminary facts, began to question him. "Now will you tell us just what happened the day you had to pick up the defendant?"

"Well, sir, we were coming along through nigger-town and we saw this bunch of niggers there and two women, looked like they was having a fight. So we stops and here was this black girl, Rozelia, with a razor she claims she drew in self-defense when this Pinkey reached for hers. Well, we run them in along with the man they was fighting over. Judge Walker heard the case. That's all I know about it, suh."

Stanley turned and, with a wave of his hand, indicated to Wilson that he might question the witness.

Wilson stood. "When you arrested Miss Johnson, did you find a razor in her possession?"

"We didn't find any razor on Pinkey, if that's who you mean. Didn't search her till we got to court. She had plenty time to get rid of it."

"When did you search the other woman?"

The officer scowled. "Right there, where we picked them up."

"Why did you not then and there search my client?"

"Well"—he moved uneasily—"it just happened we didn't, that's all."

"What was the fine imposed on my client?"

"Wasn't any fine."

"A prison sentence, perhaps?"

"Naw, Judge Walker give them a talking o and let them go."

Wilson bowed slightly. "Ah. So my lient was cleared of all charges," he said.

"Well, I wouldn't say hat, not by a long shot."

"But if no fine was imosed, no sentence prounced, how could there ave been any guilt?"

The officer shifted his osition. "Lookahere, this as a case of two niggers a fight, that's all. If we it them all in jail every ne that happened, wouldn't be no room 't to put them in."

"And if the fight had been between a ite person and a colored person?"

The officer laughed shortly. "That'd be ferent, all right."

"I see. One justice for all," Wilson ered, and he gave a significant nod to reporters against the wall.

The judge said, without moving, "The pose of this hearing is to get at the facts arding the will in question. The lawyer the defense will kindly confine his comnt and questions to the case in hand. Call r next witness, Stanley."

LSON sat down. The rebuke seemed to se him. Apparently, the more antagoh he aroused, the better he liked it.

Aunt Dicey," Stanley said, "will you e up now, please?"

nkey touched her arm. "That's you, ny. Just tell them about Miss Em. It'll l right."

anny got to her feet and started toward witness stand, her head shaking the way d when she was excited.

dge Shoreham said, "Now, Aunt Dicey, just sit back and be comfortable and Mr. Stanley what he wants to know."

'essuh." But still she sat on the edge of hair, twisting her hands together.

nley said, "When was it you saw Miss rite something, Aunt Dicey?"

hat were the last day Miss Em set up, She was setting in her chair by the Miss Em wasn't feeling any too good, ut she were feeling good enough to do he please. You know how Miss Em suh. When she set her mind on doing ng, it were set."

's, I know, Aunt Dicey," Judge Shoreagreed. He liked Granny, he respected nkey thought, and he would believe he said.

ll, suh," Granny went on, "that were he she sent Pinkey off and had me come stay with her. When I come in, she say, 'Dicey, hold the ink bottle for me. There's something I must write and I've come near putting it off too long.' So, I done like she say and I stand there holding the ink bottle."

Stanley asked, "She didn't say she was writing her will, did she, Aunt Dicey?"

"Nawsuh, she didn't say."

"So you don't know for sure that that was her will she wrote then, do you?"

"Sure don't, suh."

"She might have been writing something else, mightn't she?"

"Yassuh, sure could, suh."

Wilson jumped to his feet. "Your honor, I object to the flagrant manner in which the lawyer for the plaintiff is leading the witness."

"The court understands what the lawyer for the plaintiff is doing. Objection overruled. Go on, Stanley."

"Now, Aunt Dicey, couldn't her will have been written later that night or next morning?"

"Yassuh, could, suh."

"Did Pinkey know where the pen and paper were?"

"Yassuh, I reckon so."

"So Pinkey could have gotten them out and helped Miss Em make her will after you went home that night?"

"Could be, suh."

Pinkey looked down at her hands, clenched tight in her lap. Granny was just agreeing to anything. Would it be possible for Wilson's questions to correct these wrong impressions?

But when Wilson's turn came, Granny all at once got one of her obstinate streaks. She seemed to resent Wilson's formal politeness. Pinkey knew Granny did not think it fitting that he should address her so, especially in the presence of white people.

"Now, Mrs. Johnson," Wilson said, "is it not true that you are perfectly well aware of the fact that the will in question was actually and without a shadow of doubt written on that afternoon when your granddaughter was out and you were there alone with her patient?"

Granny snorted. "How you expect anybody answer a question like that? So long it wrop his tail round his neck. Can't tell whether he's gwine or coming!"

A titter ran through the room.

Wilson rephrased his question and Granny answered, "Well, I did think it were her will, but Mr. Stanley say ——"

"Is it not true," Wilson interrupted, "that while the will was being written you stood where you could see every word that went on that sheet of paper?"

"Yes, that's right. I sure could."

"Well, now, as a matter of fact, didn't you read what she wrote, then and there, while she was writing it?"

Pinkey bit her lip. Granny hated having people know she could not read, and to have to say so before everyone ——

But Granny had turned on Wilson with scorn. "What you mean, nigger? What kind of upbringing is you got? Don't you know it ain't manners, reading what ain't meant for you to read?"

A ripple of laughter swept through the courtroom. It gained volume as Wilson's discomfiture became apparent. Wilson, with a shrug of his shoulders, sat down, leaving Granny to get up and make her way alone down the step and across to her place.

"I hope I done all right, honey," she whispered.

"You did fine, Granny," Pinkey said, but she was close to tears. Poor Granny did not know what she had done.

Doctor Joe's name was called; it was called more than once, but he did not come forward; he was not in the courtroom. Pinkey's heart sank lower still. She had been counting on him.

"Miss Sue Ann Walker," Stanley said. "Come on up, Miss Sue Ann, please."

(Continued on Page 119)

Men have less courage than women: imagine a man with ten cents in his pocket trying on ten suits of clothes.

—EVAN ESAR: Esar's Comic Dictionary. (Harvest House, New York.)

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(Continued from Page 117)

In the witness chair she sat with hands folded in her lap.

Stanley said, "Now Miss Sue Ann, suppose you tell us all about your last visit to Miss Em—the nineteenth, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Jim—Mr. Stanley, I mean. I went out that evening about four o'clock. Pinkey let me in. She said Miss Em hadn't been so well that day, but she knew she wanted to see me."

"And how did you find her?"

"Why, she was just fine. That is, she didn't look well, but I mean she talked like herself. She took this paper out from under her pillow and said it was her will and would I witness her signature. So I did. Then she said she wanted me to take it home to papa and keep it for her. We talked for a while and then all of a sudden she seemed to get confused."

"Now just what do you mean by that?"

"Well, she seemed to think I was a little girl going to school to her like I used to. I got frightened and called Pinkey. She came in and Miss Em didn't seem to know her. I wanted to call the doctor, but Pinkey said he had already been there and told her what to do; and while we were talking Miss Em dropped off to sleep and so I came on home, bringing the will with me. I did call Doctor Joe and he went out that night."

"You felt that Pinkey was not sufficiently concerned about her patient's condition?"

"N-no, I think she took wonderful care of Miss Em. It was just—well, papa said I'd better tell the doctor, so I did."

"Thank you, Miss Sue Ann, I think we understand." Stanley's lift of the eyebrows gave a different interpretation to her words. He nodded toward Wilson and sat down.

"Miss Walker, you have stated that Mrs. Emma Jeffers Woodbry, whom you refer to as Miss Em, did not recognize my client when you called her."

"Yes," Miss Sue Ann said guardedly.

"At that time, did Mrs. Woodbry call the defendant by any other name than the name by which it was her custom to call her?"

Miss Sue Ann hesitated. "Yes," she said at last.

"Ah—and by what name did she call my client?"

Miss Sue Ann looked up at the judge. "Is it necessary for me to answer that question?"

"It is," the judge nodded, brows drawn.

"She called her Lucy."

Wilson nodded. "And who was this Lucy for whom Miss Em mistook my client?"

The judge interrupted, "The court has ruled that questions must be limited to the matter in hand, which is the validity of the will. The lawyer for the defendant will keep this in mind."

"May it please the court, there is a direct bearing on the validity of the will, in this line of questioning, as will in a moment be apparent."

"Proceed, then."

Wilson repeated his question.

Miss Sue Ann said with dignity, "I did not say that Miss Em mistook Pinkey for anyone, I said that she called her by the name of Lucy, as she might have called anyone who happened to be there at that moment. Lucy was her little girl who died many years ago of diphtheria."

Wilson nodded meaningly. "May I call the court's attention to the fact that at that moment the deceased gave evidence of the mind of thought which earlier had determined her to make my client the beneficiary under her will?" He then went into a psychological dissertation on the hidden significance of substituting one name for another.

It was no doubt a learned exposition of a psychological theory, Pinkey thought, but was it here but a parading of Wilson's knowledge? She was glad when at last he finished and sat down.

Judge Shoreham said, "Doctor McGill is present in the courtroom. Will he please come forward?"

"Thanks, your honor," Doctor Joe said. He was sworn in and took his seat on the witness stand. "I had a case I could not leave any earlier, and I may be called back, so I'll be much obliged if you'll let me say my say and spare me all histrionics."

"Go ahead, doctor, and make your statement in your own way," the judge said.

"Well,"—Doctor Joe looked over the courtroom—"Miss Em was sane, all right, when she wrote that will. I witnessed it for her on the morning of the nineteenth. She didn't tell me what was in it, but she knew. She knew everything that was going on around her, she talked with her usual good sense. And she wasn't doped at any time, as some folks have been going around saying. She wouldn't even take the medicine I left for her, said I was trying to give her the habit, and she didn't propose to get it at her age to please any nincompoop of a doctor. As for Pinkey here, she's a darn good nurse. She did a good job on Miss Em. Don't know anybody could have done better. Now if Miss Em wanted to pay her by leaving her the house, that's fair enough and I don't see any reason why Pinkey shouldn't have it. That's all I've got to say."

The judge gave him a nod. Neither Stanley nor Wilson attempted any question. Pinkey sat with her lips parted, her breath coming quickly. Doctor Joe had been perfect. But Doctor Joe's attention was on Mrs. Wooley. As he crossed in front of her, she fairly bounced up and down on her seat.

"I—I just think you're awful. You—you ——"

"Sorry, Melba, but you're all wrong about this." He grunted and went on down the aisle.

Everybody had heard, a little gust of laughter swept the room and the tension was definitely eased. Pinkey thought that if the case could only rest here, she surely would have a chance. But Stanley was guiding Mrs. Wooley to the witness stand. She was talking to him all the time the clerk was saying, "Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" but she flung up one hand at the proper moment and cried, "I do, I do, I do."

"Now then, Mrs. Wooley," the judge said, "let's hear your side."

Mrs. Wooley drew a long breath. "I was out to see Cousin Em a little while before she got so much worse—mentally, I mean. The girl Pinkey, who was supposed to be taking care of Cousin Em, insisted on staying in the room even after I dismissed her. And Cousin Em was talking about making her will—she said she wanted me to have her jewelry because she knew how I loved it. Of course I said she ought not to be so sad, talking about dying and everything. Well, Cousin Em—and this will show you how that girl had her under her influence—Cousin Em actually asked her what she thought about it. Now would she have done that if she had been in her right mind? And this girl spoke up and said Cousin Em had better make her will if she ever was going to. I thought at the time it was just impudence, but later I saw that it was really a threat. Because Cousin Em said right off—as if she was afraid—yes, she thought so too. Oh, I saw plenty of signs of how she had Cousin Em right under her thumb, I don't care what the doctor says. But he was there himself when Pinkey asked where the blackberry cordial was. She wanted to know where it was for her own purposes, I don't doubt, and that time, us being there and all, she didn't dare do much, but she actually asked Miss Em where she kept it. Miss Em sent her out to get the glasses and then told me to get the cordial out of the little cabinet by her bed. She wanted to give Doctor Joe some because he looked so tired. I dare say later this girl pried around and found out where it was. She isn't a bit like Doctor Joe says. I knew it all along because Rozelia—that's my cook—had told me that this girl was dangerous and how she started to draw a razor on her, only Rozelia was quicker. And how she stole her money. I saw her myself in Goolby's store with a twenty-dollar bill right after Cousin Em died and I'd like to know where she got that from!" She paused for breath.

Stanley got to his feet. "I reckon you've about covered everything, Mrs. Wooley." He waved a hand in Wilson's direction.

Wilson rose and came forward with an air of exaggerated dignity. "May I ask if the witness wished to be alone with her late cousin in order to influence the cousin to will her the property in question?"

"Why, the idea! Nobody could influence Cousin Em —— Oh!" She clapped her hand over her mouth, as if she realized too late what she had said.

WILSON turned to the judge triumphantly. "May I call the court's attention to the fact that the plaintiff herself testifies that no one could influence the deceased and that it therefore is quite impossible for my client to have done so? And now, Mrs. Wooley," he continued, "upon this convivial occasion which you have described, were you or were you not medicinally in need of the drink known as blackberry cordial?"

There was a quickly hushed sputter of laughter from someone at the reporters' table. Elsewhere there was an ominous hush.

Judge Shoreham said severely, "Let the lawyer for the defense have a care that his questions be more pertinent to the case in hand and less impertinent to the honor and dignity of the court."

Mrs. Wooley said, "May I have a glass of water, please?"

During the brief pause while someone got the water, Pinkey caught Wilson by the sleeve. "Listen," she said, "this sort of thing doesn't do me any good. The judge will never decide for me ——"

Wilson laughed. "You don't think I expect him to, do you?"

"B-but ——"

"Don't be stupid. Of course we'll lose in this court. That's what we want. Appeal, another trial, more publicity—but we'll win in the end."

Pinkey was angry all through. "I'll give up the house altogether before I'll have you misrepresenting things, deliberately stirring up trouble."

"What's all this?" Judge Shoreham was leaning forward.

Pinkey sprang to her feet. "I have the right to dismiss my lawyer, do I not, your honor?"

"Why certainly you do, Pinkey. At any time."

Pinkey turned on Wilson, "Then——"

But Wilson was on his feet, interrupting furiously. "I resign from this case and hereby register my protest against the flagrant prejudice and discrimination shown by the court's rulings." He snatched his papers from the table and started down the aisle toward the rear door. Arch Naughton followed Wilson, swearing under his breath.

Above the rising hubbub, Pinkey's voice rang out. "I have dismissed my lawyer and now wish to withdraw all claims to the property."

There was a startled silence. "Well," said Judge Shoreham, "this is rather unusual procedure. Isn't there something you would like to add, Pinkey, before the case is closed and judgment pronounced?"

Pinkey sprang to her feet. "Yes, Judge Shoreham."

"Come up here, then, so everyone can hear you."

While she was being sworn in, she heard the murmur of amazement that was running through the room. She waited with hands at her sides till the silence was complete. Then, lifting her head, she said:

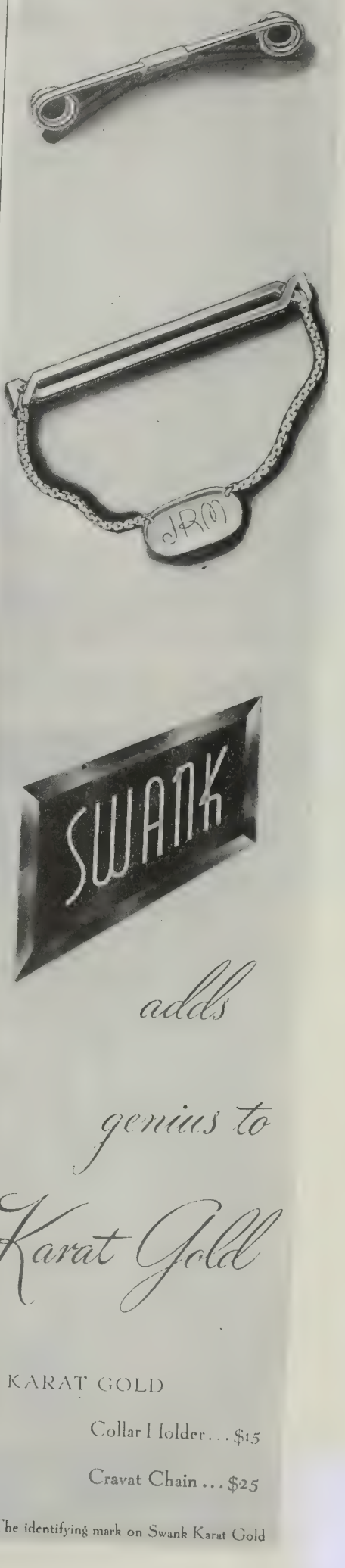
"First, about Miss Em. You heard Doctor Joe. I know, as he does, that she was of sane

(Continued on Page 121)

A young deacon had to read one of his own sermons to his bishop. The bishop heard it out in stony silence. Then, trembling, the curate said, "Will that do?"

"Do *what?*" the bishop said.

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(Continued from Page 119)

ınd. As for undue influence, more than one erson has already testified that nobody ›uld make Miss Em do anything."

"Ain't it the truth, amen," Granny cried.

Pinkey waited till the little ripple of nusement had died away. "But to me all ıose facts are beside the point. The real ıestion is this—will you allow a Negro to herit what has been legally left to her in a did will?" Pinkey paused, feeling the ocked impact of her words. "That is why lawyer could do me no good. For this is t fundamentally a matter of the law; it is yond the law. I think some of my people pe for too much from the mere passing of vs. We have more now than are lived up to. hink it is impossible to enforce such things m above. They have to come up from be-, out of the hearts of people, just as the provement of my people must begin at bottom. You cannot legislate integrity l kindness and understanding."

The room was very still now. Pinkey did know how it had come about, this change. t she could feel it.

I did not want the house so that I could in the midst of Miss Em's things. I don't n need the house to sell and get money myself. I am a nurse. Doctor Joe says I a good nurse—and I was proud to hear say it. As soon as I heard that Miss Em left the house to me, I saw how it could nade into a hospital—for my people. I e a friend, a colored man who is a doctor. wants to come here to practice. When I d that the will was to be contested, all ought about was fighting back and get- what I felt it was right for me to have. ›ught that if I could just get a judgment y favor, I could go ahead with my plans. ›w better now. This is a big undertaking I could not hope to succeed with people ng as I think you have felt about my ng the house. The doctor I spoke of is than I am. He said we could not swing thout the approval and help of all the nunity. So maybe it's impossible. But nk Miss Em would have liked it. We talked of the need of a hospital. I be- she was thinking of it when she worded ill as she did. Anyway"—Pinkey flung ords our defiantly—"that is one thing no one can take away from me—the ledge that Miss Em thought highly h of me to give me the property, and he gave it, as she said in the will, with lence in the use to which I would put it. that's all, I guess."

had forgotten all about the judge. She d now and looked at him. Then, with her eyes on the floor, she went back to her place.

She sat, paying no attention to Granny's comforting murmur, scarcely hearing the judge's voice. Then, all at once, the words began to take on meaning.

". . . from the evidence in the case . . . convinced that Miss Em was sound in mind though weak in body. The will is therefore declared to be good and valid and the executor shall carry out its terms as written." The judge rose, adding, "Court is now adjourned."

Pinkey sat motionless. The house was hers. But what about the hospital?

She could hear Mrs. Wooley's high voice from across the aisle: "Outrageous, that's what it is! Just a trick ——"

Granny nudged her. "Get up, honey," she said. "Here's Doctor Joe come to speak to you."

Pinkey stood. She opened her lips to thank him for his testimony, but he spoke first.

"Well, Pinkey, it's a good idea you've got there. Nobody knows better than I do how much a hospital is needed. You can count on me to help you, any way I can."

Not everyone felt as Doctor Joe did. Pinkey caught a word or two from one and a phrase from another who did not trouble to lower their voices. "A smart one, all right . . . too smart for a nigger . . . most white, that's why . . . ought to have run them niggers out of town."

Miss Sue Ann was smiling. "I think you spoke mighty well, Pinkey. I wish papa could have heard you. And you know, we have a garden club that every year takes on some kind of work that helps the community. Well, I think we might let your hospital be our project this year. I'll propose it at our next meeting."

One of the town ministers came up to say in a stiff and rather formal way that he hoped the good work would prosper.

Pinkey, standing beside Granny, saw all at once that those who were against her spoke the loudest, that was all. The majority of the jury to which she had appealed was for her. That was more than she had dared to hope for. She had won after all.

Then the colored people in their turn began to gather about her eagerly. Granny, who at last seemed to understand what had happened, Granny pointed the way for all the steps to come.

"Praise the Lord," she cried. "Didn't I tell you, honey, quality can do anything!"

(THE END)

COOLIDGE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 4)

e was embarrassed about showing it. ally, as time went by, I found him to human and thoughtful that I came to nclusion his outward reticence and ess were part of a protective shell.

* * *

summer nights when Mrs. Coolidge ay we sat on the back porch together oked and talked—he made me smoke black cigars and they nearly knocked . Often then he spoke at length of his d in Plymouth, of his deep affection mother, of her fair-haired beauty, of e for flowers, of her understanding of nd of the help she gave him in the ns he faced from day to day. He to remember every day he had spent r. She died when he was young, and ished his memories so that now they ing things, as real to him as the days was living. He communed with her, vith her and took every problem to

sh I could really speak to her," he night. "I wish that often."

* * *

ung to the habits of his boyhood as the memories. When we returned afternoon walks he would take me utler's pantry and make two sand- of Vermont cheese, one for himself and one for me. He cut the cheese carefully, measured the sandwiches one against the other, and if they were not equal would shave off a little more cheese to make them balance. Then he would give one to me and we would sit down and eat them. The cheese was as strong as a billy goat.

One day he said to me, "I'll bet no other President of the United States ever made cheese sandwiches for you."

"No," I said. "It is a great honor."

He added gloomily, "I have to furnish the cheese too."

He would go upstairs to his bedroom and eat crackers covered with preserves. He always kept a supply in his room. He ate nuts and peanuts, too, and the peanuts were unparched. It was amazing that he never got fat.

One day as we passed the stand of the White House peanut vender he sniffed at the roasting chestnuts, stopped, and put his hand into his pocket. It came out empty and he turned to me.

"Colonel," he said, "can you lend me ten?"

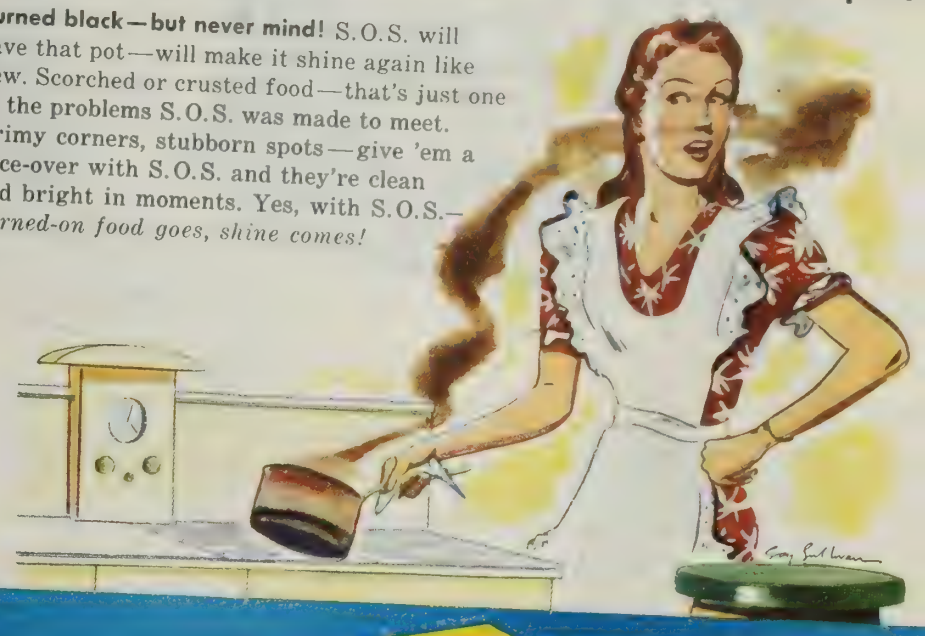
"Ten dollars?" I said, reaching for my wallet.

"No," he said, "ten cents."

I gave him a dime and he bought the chestnuts. Some time after our return to the

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EXCELLO KITCHEN TOWELS

Laundry Fresh

White House the elevator operator brought me an envelope. Inside it was a dime.

I became his banker on our walks, furnishing him with dimes and nickels for peanuts, magazines and newspapers. I kept an account of my advances in my notebook, and every once in a while he gave me fifty cents to clear up the debt. When I was not on duty he took his afternoon walks with other members of the detail. He took me up to his room one afternoon and while he changed his clothes I looked through the new Collier's we had just bought.

"I gave somebody a dime one afternoon to buy a Collier's and I didn't get my nickel back," he said. (Collier's did not cost a dime until Roosevelt's third term.)

"It wasn't I," I said.

"I don't know who it was," he said, "but somebody owes me a nickel."

"I don't owe you a nickel," I said.

"I didn't say you did," he said. "I don't know who he was, but he didn't give me back my nickel."

"Well," I said, "it wasn't I."

"Well," he said, "I'm not going to do anything about it. But he kept my nickel. He didn't give it back to me."

* * *

Not long after he entered the White House I saw evidence of his irascibility for the first time. He appeared one afternoon with a lock of sandy-colored hair showing from under the brim of his hat and the tip of his nose red. We walked rapidly toward Connecticut Avenue.

At Jackson Place he said in a low, surly tone, "I'm not going."

I didn't say anything.

A few blocks later he said, "I'm not going, I'm not going to let that wife of mine go."

Some sort of comment was called for, I thought, so I said, "You certainly ought to follow your own judgment."

After a few more blocks he said, "When I lived at the Hotel Willard and was Vice-President they didn't know I was in town. Now that I'm President they want to drag me up to their house for one of their suppers and show me off to a lot of people, and I'm not going."

I remembered the invitation now. It was from the current Washington social queen.

"I'm not going, and I'm not going to let that wife of mine go," he repeated.

He didn't, either.

In time I grew to expect anything of him, and he never failed me. One morning we were having "supper" in his room and I heard someone pacing up and down in front of the door. I was seated with my back to it and I looked nervously around several times as the pacing continued. The President noticed it.

"That's just ol' man Stearns," he said. "He wants to come in and have some of our supper, but I'm not going to let him. He's eaten enough of my food already this morning."

* * *

The Coolidges made their formal bow as White House host and hostess that winter and were amazingly successful, being gracious and friendly without ostentation or flurry. I had to coach the President on only one point. Being basically bored with the whole idea of the receiving line, he had a tendency to pull people past him as he shook their hands. He would grasp a man's hand and draw it in such a way that the man had either to keep walking or pull back. It made them mad, and I explained this to him. He promised to do better, and he did.

But he had his revenge on snobbery in another way. Whenever he spotted a particularly bejeweled dowager down the line, or a social leader of rank and distinction, he would nudge me and say, "Colonel, stop the line at that lady there. I've got to rest." Then, while the lady waited, he would go and sit down for five or ten minutes.

Mrs. Coolidge was the personification of charm. She more than made up for her husband's taciturnity. Everyone liked her, and she carried off the difficult role of First Lady beautifully. Without her the little fellow would have had a difficult time at the dinners, receptions and balls which custom forced him to attend.

Two of the guests present at all formal receptions were ex-President, then Chief Justice Taft and Mrs. Taft. One night Mrs. Taft wore a dress with a long train. Walking behind her in the line, the Chief Justice stepped on it. She remonstrated with him. He apologized. A few minutes later he stepped on it again.

"William!" she said, fixing him with a cold eye.

The Chief Justice was disgusted. "Oh, mother," he said. "Drat the old thing!"

* * *

Young Calvin, who liked to play tennis on the White House court, got a blister on his foot. Blood poisoning developed, and he became seriously ill. The President was a stricken man, going about as if in a dream. One day he went out and caught one of the many rabbits that live on the White House grounds. I watched him take the little animal in his arms and carry it inside to show to Calvin. He would have carried him the whole of the White House grounds, a handful at a time, if it would have done any good. There were no sulpha drugs in 1924. On July seventh young Calvin died. In his autobiography, years later, the President wrote:

"When he went, the power and the glory of the Presidency went with him."

Very early one morning when I came to the White House I saw a small boy standing at the fence, his face pressed against the iron railings. I asked him what he was doing up so early in the day. He looked up at me, his eyes large and round and sad.

"I thought I might see the President," he said. "I heard that he gets up early and takes a walk. I wanted to tell him how sorry I am that his little boy died.

"Come with me, I'll take you to the President," I said.

He took my hand and we walked into the grounds. In a few minutes the President came out and I presented the boy to him. The youngster was overwhelmed with awe and could not deliver his message, so I did it for him.

The President had a difficult time controlling his emotions. When the lad had gone and we were walking through Lafayette Park he said to me:

"Colonel, whenever a boy wants to see me always bring him in. Never turn one away or make him wait."

* * *

The President was not greatly perturbed about his inauguration in 1925. A few days before it happened I found him in the basement putting a black cat in a crate with a rooster, just to see what would happen.

* * *

Coolidge's stubbornness suffered a defeat that winter. Shortly after his election he made a trip to Chicago. Nothing would induce him to use a special train, and he rejected the idea of a special car when he found that he would have to pay a fee plus all the fares normally received from the car's occupants. He ended up by engaging a drawing room. This left him entirely at the mercy of the other passengers, for it was too warm for the car to keep the door of the room open, and everyone on the train walked by to take a look. He never tried it again.

He liked to eat in the dining car and always ordered a steak. He watched the steward examine each dish as the waiter brought them past. One day he found the muffins with currants in them. Carefully picking out a currant, he placed it on the edge of his plate.

"Look, mamma, what I found in my food," he said to Mrs. Coolidge.

The steward, thinking it was a dead fly, turned pale and went into a flurry of apologies. Then he began changing things at the table and shouting orders. When the President left the dining car the steward was

(Continued on Page 124)

> **Be friendly with the folks you know. If it weren't for them, you'd be a total stranger.** —NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM.

PLACES TO GO

THINGS TO DO

THINGS TO SEE

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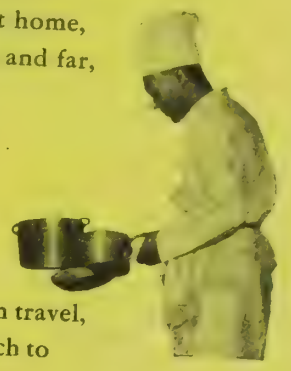
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(Continued from Page 122)

state of collapse. "One more trip like this and they can put me in my grave," he said.

* * *

The President was a good judge of cloth. When the first bolt of suiting was sent to him as a gift from the Vermont mills, and he saw what the tailor was able to do with it, he gave up ready-made clothes. He liked to look well, and he had a good build, without any fat. Yet under his trim suits he wore underwear three sizes too large for him, and held up his trousers with enormous suspenders. I remember how amazed I was the first time I discovered these habits. He had sent for me, and Brooks (the President's colored valet) ushered me in just as he was climbing into his breeches. I thought the oversize underwear and galluses were well-intentioned gifts, or a mistake. But they continued for all the years he was in the White House.

* * *

An electric horse was sent to the President. He was fascinated, and laughed so hard he had to sit down when I imitated a cowboy on a bucking bronco.

He would not get on himself, but he tried it out secretly and that afternoon took me up to his bedroom to show me his prowess. He insisted on keeping his hat on. I told him to hold tight while I pressed some more of the buttons. I got a good grip on his coat, then pushed the buttons. The horse jumped, the President lost his hat and almost lost his seat. I stopped the horse and he got off and spent about ten minutes trying to find out what made the thing jump. After that we rode every day, playing cowboy like a couple of kids.

* * *

We went to Lake Osgood, in the Adirondacks, one July, and I immediately set to work on the final stage of my campaign to convert the President into a fisherman. I proceeded carefully, for I had made bets with most of the White House staff and some of the Cabinet members, and I did not want to lose. They said I would never get him into a boat or get a fishing rod into his hand.

He would stand on the dock at the boathouse or on the bridge across the bay leading to the residence, and I would get into a guide boat and stand up to cast, demonstrating that the craft was safe and steady and in no danger of turning over. After I hooked a few fish he showed interest. I would put them on a line and show them to him when I came in.

Finally, when I had almost begun to lose hope, he said to me one morning, "I'd like to fish this afternoon."

Nothing happened for the first half hour. Then the President's spinner began to move along near the bank. His line went tight. It was a good-sized fish.

"What'll I do with it?" he yelled at me.

"Keep a taut line with the rod tip up and let him stay in the water," I said.

The President followed my instructions, and in about twenty minutes he had his fish alongside the boat. By this time he was wild with excitement.

"Get him in the boat! Get him in the boat!" he shouted to me.

"He's still your fish," I said, handing him the gaff. "Lift him into the boat with this."

He did, but not as I meant. Instead of aiming for one of the gills, he hooked the fish dead-center and with a tremendous heave jerked him into the boat. I covered my eyes with my hands. It was a beautiful northern pike, weighing six pounds. I put it on his fish string. When we landed I turned it over to the President, who took it in both hands and hurried up the path to the house.

As he approached the cabin he called loudly for Mrs. Coolidge. She came out on the porch to see what was up. Waving the fish at her, the little fellow cried:

"Mamma! Mamma! Look what I've caught!"

Thereafter we fished every day, rain or shine.

A person doesn't always have to answer the doorbell. The whole idea of the doorbell is to give its owner some freedom of choice.

—J. LYON: Manners of the Moment. (Thos. Y. Crowell.)

One day in Washington I urged the President to go to the Black Hills for his summer vacation. We walked down Connecticut Avenue discussing it.

"You can fish all day," I said. "You'll sleep well at night, and you can ride into the Executive Offices at Rapid City three or four times a week. You'll come back to Washington a new man."

"I'm not worried about myself," he said. "It's Mrs. Coolidge's health that bothers me. I don't think she can stand much more of this Washington climate and this official life."

"I'm getting mighty tired of it myself," I said. "I'm going to leave the detail, when you finish, and go out West where I can catch trout as long as my arm and shoot Chinese pheasants. I think I'll buy a small ranch near the Black Hills and put some cattle on it. I like that country."

"Can't you come with me?" he asked. "We can take a nice long trip across the country as soon as my term is over, and do all the hunting and fishing we want to without anybody bothering us. Then you can stay with me. Maybe I can get a job somewhere."

My reaction to the meaning of his words was slow. First I thought of his humility—an ex-President thinking there would be trouble about getting a job. Then I had a warm feeling all over at the realization that his affection for me was so genuine. He had made me his friend—why, I did not know, unless it was that we were both country boys who loved our mothers—and he wanted that friendship to endure, with its daily companionship, after he left the White House. Then it struck me that he was definitely saying he would not run for a third term. I decided to make sure.

"I'm ready to go any time you say," I said.

"Well, we haven't much longer to wait now," he said.

It was a natural and logical decision so far as he was concerned. The novelty of being President had worn off; the glory of it had gone with Calvin's death; there was no great national crisis which demanded a continuation of his leadership. From now on the office was more a burden than anything else. The steady grind of work was wearing him down, and the duties of First Lady, plus Washington's weather, were weakening Mrs. Coolidge's health.

He had another reason, too, a very practical one, quite in character with his level-headed thinking. But I did not find that out for many months.

* * *

Coolidge had not, I discovered later, discussed his decision against a third term with Mrs. Coolidge. When it was announced she laughed and said she was glad that after so many years of marriage her husband was still individual enough to make his decision without consulting her. When I asked her what she thought of his refusal to run again she said, "I have such faith in Mr. Coolidge's judgment that if he told me I would die tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, I would believe him."

* * *

We had a fine time at the rodeo. The President, in fact, was having the best time of his life. He was given a ten-gallon hat and he wore it as proudly as if he had been a boy. When some of his Eastern friends told him they thought he should not be photographed while wearing it, since it would expose him to ridicule, he looked at them in amazement. He could not understand such a snobbish attitude.

"They gave it to me," he said. "They want me to wear it, don't they?"

He was also given a cowboy outfit which he wore, and he was made an Indian chief. If he had fallen asleep over a Buffalo Bill dime novel at the age of twelve and had it all come true, he could not have been more tickled. I had the impression all the time

(Continued on Page 127)

TOWLE
STERLING

It's worth waiting for . . .



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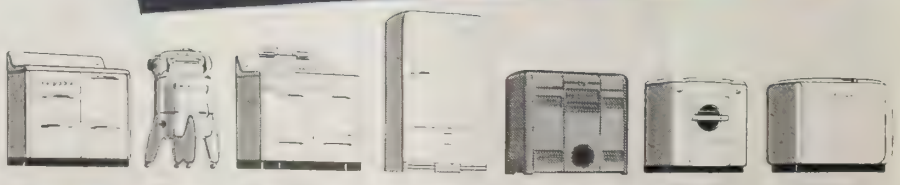
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(Continued from Page 124)

that he was living a boyhood that had been put off for forty years.

* * *

He had what I call a sense of play—something different and apart from a sense of humor. I think he liked me because I responded to this part of him, and would follow him instantly from a serious discussion to something frivolous. The little fellow did not believe in prohibition any more than did the rest of the sensible citizens, but he observed it strictly while in the White House because he considered it his duty to do so. His opinion of it was simple and forthright.

"Any law which inspires disrespect for the other laws—the good laws—is a bad law," he said to me.

It was strange that he, the most popular man in the country, was the direct opposite in every way of what the public was taking for its model. He not only disliked the things that were going on, he feared the results of them. During that fall there was a lot of talk in favor of nominating the then Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, at the Republican Convention the following June. One of Hoover's supporters dubbed him a "superman." As we strolled through the streets one afternoon the President said to me, after a long silence:

"Well, they're going to elect that superman Hoover, and he's going to have some trouble. He's going to have to spend money. But he won't spend enough. Then the Democrats will come in and they'll spend money like water. But they don't know anything about money. Then they will want me to come back and save some money for them. But I won't do it."

He said "I won't do it" in his most stubborn manner, and I knew he meant it. I also knew, then, his practical reason for not running again. He saw economic disaster ahead. In the years that followed I was amazed at the absolute accuracy of his prediction. Truly, he was a long-headed thinker.

* * *

In January he went to Cuba to attend the Sixth International Conference of American States at Havana. On returning, the party landed at Key West. Riding in the car with the mayor of Key West, the President was tired and more taciturn than usual. The mayor was self-conscious and tried to keep the conversation going. After several unsuccessful attempts to enlist the little fellow's interest, he launched into a peroration.

"Mr. President," he said, "I think your understanding of the problem of our Southern neighbors is amazing. I think your visit to Cuba and your address to the Pan-American delegates there assembled will be acclaimed as one of the outstanding achievements of your splendid administration. I heartily concur in the program and I know the nation agrees with me in this opinion."

"Mr. Mayor," the President said, "have you got any good picture shows in town?"

The mayor gulped and stuttered. "Why, yes, Mr. President," he was finally able to say. "We have four or five picture shows in Key West at present. Two of them, I am told, are very good."

The President looked at him solemnly and said, "Do you get free passes?" Before the poor, bewildered mayor could reply he continued: "They used to give me free passes when I was mayor of Northampton."

The mayor was licked. When we got to the special train all he could say was, "Good-by."

* * *

That spring I bought a brown suit. On the day I wore it for the first time, I selected a green tie as a fitting accessory. I noticed the President looking at me sharply several times during our morning walk, but he said nothing. I thought he was appraising the cloth in my suit. I expected him to tell me how much it cost, or to ask me what I paid for it and tell me that I had been cheated.

The afternoon schedule called for a visit to a specialist, to have the President's sinuses examined. As he came out to get into the car he stopped, looked sharply at me again, then turned and went back into the White House. He got into the elevator and went upstairs. The staff began to whisper among themselves. Nobody knew what was wrong.

"He sure looks mad," John Mays said.

When he returned he was composed. In his hand he carried a small brown paper bag. He handed it to me. "Take this," he said.

I put it in my pocket and we went on with the business of the afternoon. Only after we had returned to the White House and I was on my way to supper did I take the bag from my pocket and find out what was in it.

It was a brown tie.

* * *

Hoover was campaigning that summer and came to visit the President. The little fellow was very sour about it.

He sat on the front porch with Hoover while the photographers took pictures. He made no effort to converse with the nominee, and Hoover, a dreadfully shy and self-conscious man, could not keep things going. Finally the news cameramen asked the President to say something to Hoover.

"Let him talk," the little fellow said surlily. "He's going to be President."

* * *

During those last months of his administration the President consented to sit for a portrait which was to be hung in the famous Saddle and Sirloin Club of Chicago. The artist was Robert W. Grafton. He stayed at the Willard Hotel, and he told me his troubles. He made one attempt after another to get the President's likeness, to catch his personality, to divine his spirit. He failed utterly. The little fellow was too elusive. What he showed to the painter was not his real self. The intangible thing which formed his character would not come forth. Grafton was discouraged and nervous. He could not sleep. He became filled with despair. He was convinced that he could not execute the commission. He decided to make one last attempt and then give it up.

Grievances, unlike bedclothes, should be slept on before being aired.

—HUGH REDWOOD.

The sittings were being held in the northwest room on the second floor. It was a bright, clear, beautiful day when Grafton made his final effort. The President came in and went to the little dais on which his chair was set. He looked out the window at the sunshine and said to Grafton:

"Good morning. It might rain."

Grafton was so shaken that he upset a can of turpentine. As he watched it spread over the beautiful rug covering the floor, despair completely engulfed him. "Oh, Mr. President, I am so sorry!" he said. "Please have the rug sent to the cleaners and I will gladly pay the bill."

The President looked at him and a twinkle came into his eyes. "Now, don't you worry about the old rug," he said. "I'm going to move out of here in a few days."

Grafton stared, then relaxed and smiled. Without a word he seized his brushes and began to paint. The spell was broken, the problem was solved. Grafton finished his work in a short time and did a grand job. He caught the little fellow exactly—half owl, half elf.

My own estimate of him is just that: he looked wise and solemn—yet he was full of mischief and laughter. The two were blended in him more completely than in most people.

* * *

Calvin Coolidge may or may not have been a great President. That is for history to decide. To me he was fundamentally and primarily something which I treasure above all the things of earth: he was a good man. He was thoughtful, he was intelligent, he was sentimental, he was wise. There were times when he was irascible; there were occasions when I was glad to be away from him. But I found him in the large and full portions of existence an admirable and a satisfying man, a peaceful and pleasing and loyal friend. His feelings, like his thoughts, ran deep and did not swerve. I liked him as a man; I loved him as a friend.



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THE GIRL WHO HAD NO PRIDE

(Continued from Page 27)

It would have distressed her needlessly to have told her there had been no hearts cut into any tree, no valentines, no May baskets shyly hung, no love notes slipped between schoolbook pages. There had been two notes in all the time she lived next door, and she remembered them both very well.

One had been written at the time of the rabbit-raising venture, when they were about fifteen. It said: "Ginny, will you please look in your natural history and see how soon after rabbits mate they have their young? The mother and father rabbit have mated. (I think.)" Ginny still could remember the twitch on her mother's lips when, her natural history having failed her, she had taken the note to her.

The other one had come during the winter when they were seniors and she had scarlet fever. It said: "I hope you get well in time for your birthday so you can have your party and invite a new girl at school named Dallas something. Boy, is she a knockout."

The shade snapped up and Ginny pulled it back down. *Dallas is still a knockout. Men laugh off the stories about her, but their wives believe them. I believe them.*

She retrieved one of Heynonny's bones from the love seat. Heynonny, the black cocker, preferred to chew bones on the love seat. She always barked back when Ginny scolded her for it.

In the center of the room she moved the white hooked rug so that it covered the hot-air register completely. It would be just as well if the Bellflowers saw nothing to remind them to inquire about the heating system. The one-pipe furnace which the village repairman had patched up last fall "agin my better judgment, miss" could not be used at all this winter.

She stood back then and contemplated the room, her dark brows together. If that vase of white phlox on the drop-leaf table was moved a little to the left, anyone entering from the side door might not notice the stain where the water had leaked in last spring. The shingles were almost gone on that side of the house.

She moved the phlox and leaned to inhale the fragrance, her eyes dreamy. "*You paid twenty-six hundred for this dump and sold it for sixty-five hundred? Kid, you're clever.*" "Kid" was the nearest Mac ever got to an affectionate term. But he might—oh, just pretend—say, "Darling, you're wonderful."

And she would reply, "It's for you. Now you can buy that lot your uncle said he'd sell you in West Hartford. And what's left would be enough to get a house started." He would protest, and she would say, "Ah, but it's a present, Mac."

A bribe. That would be more like it. She glimpsed her face in the mirror hung over the table; the whiteness of the flowers reflected upward, highlighting her flushed cheeks. Sixty-five hundred dollars dumped into his lap, talking fast before there'd be a chance for him to say what she was almost sure he'd say. He'd say it kindly, with troubled gray eyes: "It was a mistake, our getting married. I guess you know that as well as I."

She pulled at the phlox, suddenly not liking the arrangement, and some of the wet-stemmed blooms fell on the table. No pride. She'd never had any pride at all where Mac was concerned. If her mother were alive she'd say it again, as she had that night just a little over three years ago.

Slowly she put the flowers into the water, but she wasn't seeing them half so clearly as she was seeing the little house where she and her mother had lived—a house very similar to this one. The small-paned windows had been amber from where she lay in the hammock that Sunday night in July. She could recapture, in spite of the white phlox, the scent of yellow roses sprawling in such profusion along the fence that separated their cottage from the big McBride place. She could still hear the creak of the hammock, the frog sounds from the reservoir, the radio program her mother was listening to inside as she knit.

Somebody sang You and I, which had been popular that season, and her mother had called, "Ginny, there's that song you like. I'll turn it up."

She had lain there listening and looking up at fireflies stabbing upward through the black-hickory leaves. Sometimes they blurred into softly shooting stars. *I don't know why I cry after all this time,* she had thought. *I've known it long enough, that Mac would marry Dallas.*

Mac, home on furlough, was arranging to sell the big house for his mother. She had married again, a man much younger than herself, and had gone to live in California. There'd be just pennies left after the bills were paid. Probably Dallas would mind about that. She might have to revise her plans for the sort of house she and Mac would have in West Hartford after the war. Mac had shown Ginny a rough sketch of the way the house would look. He was sold on solar heating, so the house would have a modern look. "And a sun deck here. But with a good high railing, so the kids won't fall off."

She pressed her bare arm hard against her eyes. *I can't stand it if they ever have a little boy who looks like Mac. Towheaded, with that cowlick. I hope all their children look like Dallas, with black hair and blue eyes and*

(Continued on Page 130)

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published monthly at Phila., Pa., for October 1, 1945.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bruce Gould, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Ladies' Home Journal and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.
Editors, Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, Hopewell, New Jersey.
Managing Editor, Laura Lou Brookman, Philadelphia, Pa.
Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

BRUCE GOULD,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of October, 1945.
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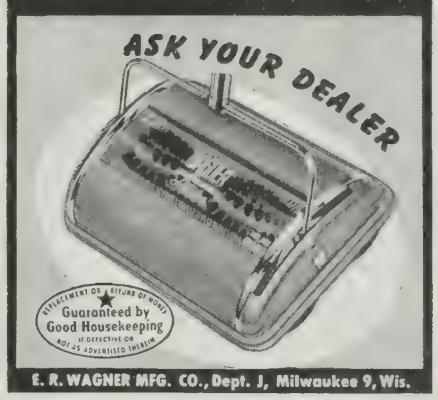
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(Continued from Page 128)

bee-stung lips. Kids like that, beautiful, don't get me.

She took her arm away from her eyes, and felt the night breeze cool against her wet cheeks. That was Mac's car coming up the hill with engine knocking. She had promised that tomorrow she would take it to the garage for him. Dallas was to be at the house to see if she thought they could use any of the furniture.

Gravel spun on the driveway above, and car lights were reflected briefly on the double garage doors, then turned off. She wiped her eyes on the fringe of the hammock. Mac was coming through the gap in the fence, a little overgrown with bushes now in the months he had been in the Army. He would be coming to talk about Dallas. Maybe the date was set, and he wanted her to be the first to know, because she was his best friend.

"Ginny?"

"Hi, Mac. Gee, you're home early. Want the hammock? I'd just as soon sit in the chair."

He took the chair. After a while he said it, as if he didn't have much breath: "Dallas is getting married next week. Some guy from Hartford. Rich." He put his hands over his face. "Oh, God, Ginny."

She sat up in the hammock. "Mac—oh, darling. No ——"

She saw him raise his face from his hands. He got up and came over and pulled her to her feet. Harshly he said, "Ginny, will you marry me?"

Perhaps a quarter of an hour later she had gone alone into the house. Her mother, a small dainty woman, with brows that were still black under waved white hair, bent over khaki wool. "Well, darling?"

"Dallas is throwing Mac over for somebody from Hartford. He wants me to marry him tomorrow. Oh, mother" — Ginny dropped on her knees beside her mother's chair—"oh, mother, isn't it wonderful?"

Her mother had smoothed her long rough hair with gentle fingers. After a while she said sorrowfully, "No, baby. It isn't wonderful at all. You'll only break your heart."

"Mother, what do you think, these past few years?"

"I know. I know. But this can be worse."

"Nothing could be worse. I want him any way I can get him."

"On the rebound? Ginny, haven't you any pride at all?"

IATE that night they were still talking. They sat in the kitchen drinking one cup of coffee after another, although her mother's doctor had restricted her to one cup a day.

"But you couldn't possibly marry him tomorrow, Ginny, even if you could get a license. You have no clothes fit for a bride."

"Mac never has noticed my clothes."

"That's just it. And your hair, it's so awful. I wish we could think of something attractive to do with your hair. And your nails—you've been biting them all summer. Oh, baby, I've done so badly by you. I always meant, someday, to take you in hand."

Ginny had patted her hand. "Darling, everything is going to be all right."

Nothing had been right. Slowly she put the last white flower back into the vase. She had thought there would be some magic ingredient in the intimacy of love. But there had been no magic one alone could bring. She had cried against his shoulder in the night, careful not to waken him.

She was to have joined him at a camp down South, and she had made ready to go, with all the clothes her mother had assembled. But on the eve of departure she had received word that he had been shipped.

THE clothes were upstairs, now, never worn, except for the blouse and skirt she had on now. She thought, *Some of them I shall never have the courage to wear. I am not the type for nightgowns with long sleeves and high necks, made of pink chiffon.*

She scooped the fallen phlox blossoms into her hand and looked at the clock. It was not yet eleven. Not quite time for the mailman or the Bellflowers, but almost time to make the gingerbread. She was counting rather heavily on the scent of spice in the air to evoke nostalgic memories and make Henry Bellflower reach for his checkbook.

In front of the kitchen fireplace was a table drawn up with one of her mother's red-and-white-checked cloths on it. A string of colored corn hung from the mantel. A basket of green peppers, red tomatoes, yellow squash and purple eggplant, picked carefully for color, sat on the wooden drainboard by the sink. Props all. *Very country kitchen,* she thought. *All it lacks is a basket of kittens under the stove.*

The mailbox banged shut just as she was putting the gingerbread into the hot oven. She burned her finger and sucked it as she ran down the drive. There should be a letter from Mac.

There was. Her practiced fingers felt it: one page. Mac's letters were never more than one or two pages. But then, a thick one would have scared her. A thick one might be detailing reasons for wanting a divorce, or enclosing papers for her to sign.

Heynonny came flying, ears straight out, from the direction of the vegetable garden. Her black nose was brown with dirt.

Ginny said, "Heynonny, I love you, only dig where it doesn't show, please. Look, I have a letter from Mac. How about that?"

The dog wiggled all over and nearly lost her balance.

Ginny put the letter in her pocket. For some reason she didn't analyze, she no longer tore off the end of the envelope with frantic fingers, but always waited until she was seated in the kitchen rocker to read it.

She made herself walk slowly back up the drive and look at the house. This was the way Henry Bellflower would see it as he drove in. Its salt-box roof line gave it an air of lying on one elbow under the arching elms. Almost certainly he would think it charming; anyone would who didn't know those Rosy Morn petunias and Heavenly Blue morning-glories had been planted not for their innocent loveliness alone, but with a strategic eye to hiding crumbling foundations, sagging rainspouts.

From out in back the chickens set up one of their periodic clamors. Incredible to remember that she once had thought raising chickens would be fun. It would be the happiest day of her life when they all were borne away, clacking senselessly in their crates. Or maybe Mr. Bellflower would want the chickens; she could afford to be generous.

(Continued on Page 132)

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she must have bought him

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(Continued from Page 130)

The kitchen was warm and spicy. Heynonny ran ahead and curled into her basket under the stove, her nose on her paws. Ginny sat down in the rocker. With care she opened the envelope, and spread the single sheet. It had been written on Saturday in San Francisco:

Dear Ginny: I get into New York on Monday by plane. I plan to go up to Hartford for a day or two, and then be at your house—probably Wednesday. You said there was a noon bus. Ginny, I guess you know as well as I do that there are some things we ought to talk over, but they might as well wait now until we see each other. As ever,

MAC.

She folded the letter. Mac was in Hartford now, had been there last night. Dallas lived in Hartford. *I hope I sell the house,* she said to herself, *so I can go away.* The Michelowskis down the road asked every day when they brought the milk how soon her husband was coming home. *How can I possibly tell them that Mac came back, but not to me?*

After a while she put the letter in her pocket and moved heavily to take the gingerbread out of the oven.

A car drove in. Heynonny barked and pushed the back screen door open and ran out. Ginny, turning the gingerbread out on a rack, looked out the window. Mrs. Bellflower, in a pink dress, was bending down to pat the dog. Henry Bellflower was standing with his hands on his hips looking up at the roof. *I've got to get out there,* Ginny thought.

Mrs. Bellflower made effusive introductions. Ginny took the hand of Henry Bellflower; it was dry and small, and so was he. His light blue eyes seemed not impressed by Ginny's smile, or her dropped-shoulder blouse, or her dog, or her house.

"I see a foreign name on the mailbox of your next neighbor down the road."

"The Michelowskis. But second generation. And such good Americans. Won't you come in, Mr. Bellflower?"

He grunted. "No. Want to look around outside first."

She went in the house with Mrs. Bellflower, who was explaining why the real-estate man had not come. Had he, Ginny wondered, taken one look at Henry, and decided he could do more profitable things with his time?

In the living room Mrs. Bellflower said with an anxious glance over her shoulder, "Oh, I do hope he likes it. He says he's sick of hearing me talk about it. Maybe I did rave too much, but I just love it. I could be so happy here. It's been years since I had a garden. But Henry says they aren't practical. He says an apartment is the most practical place for us to live. But we could come out here for summers. We can afford it."

Ginny touched the envelope in her pocket. "I'd like you to have it." But Henry Bellflower would never buy it. She knew that now.

SHE knew that even before he had come in at the dining-room entrance and she had heard him jumping on the dining-room floor; before he had moved the white hooked rug in the living room and looked accusingly at her; before he had gone down into the cellar and knocked his head on a beam and come up red in the face, brushing furnace soot off his coat.

He jammed his hat onto his head and went and sat in the car while Mrs. Bellflower told her good-by at the back door wistfully. "I'll never forget this place," she said. "I'm glad that at least I got to see it, and think about it for a little while." She took Ginny's hand. "My dear, I hope that you'll be very very happy here when that hubby of yours comes home."

"I know we will." Her smile felt brilliant.

Mrs. Bellflower leaned closer. "Send me an announcement when you have your first baby. I'd like to send you something. I just love to buy baby gifts. Gives me something to do, going through the stores."

"I will. Indeed I will." She thought, *Please go, Mrs. Bellflower, so that I can cry. For you and for me too.*

The noon bus was stopping out in front. She turned, still holding Mrs. Bellflower's hand. Mac, his hair burned lighter than his tanned face, was looking uncertainly toward the house.

Ginny ran. She had to, with Mrs. Bellflower standing there. She threw herself into his arms and cried, "Darling, darling!" She clung to his arm all the way back across the lawn to where Mrs. Bellflower stood, beaming, misty-eyed. She made introductions, and kept her radiant smile until they drove away.

SHE went into the house then, not looking at Mac. She tried to think of some way—convincingly light, to show she didn't care—to tell him that she had only been giving Mrs. Bellflower her happy ending.

Mac stopped inside the door. "Gosh, this is some place, Ginny. You didn't tell me it was like this."

She said, thankful for a way to bridge the awkwardness, "Look around if you want to. I'll get something to eat. I know you must be hungry."

She took the cream off a couple of quarts of rich Michelowski milk, and whipped it for the gingerbread, glad to have something to do with her trembling hands. She started coffee, and set out cold fried chicken. *I hope I never have to eat chicken again,* she thought, *but maybe Mac isn't so sick of it.* She sliced tomatoes and tiny cucumbers, and made bread-and-butter sandwiches.

Engaged couples are like a couple of explorers starting off with a bagful of sweetmeats as provisions.

—MARY BORDEN: The Technique of Marriage.

Mac, tall, and strange in this house, stood in the doorway. "Well. And how have you been, Ginny?"

"Just fine, thanks. And you?"

"Good. Got any beer?"

"No. I didn't know you were coming today. You said Wednesday."

"That's right. I hope it didn't put you out any, my coming sooner?"

"Not at all." She felt a sudden dreadful inclination toward hysteria. "Why don't you sit down, Mac? Everything's ready."

He sat down and looked at the food before him. "I see you're like your mother"—he made his tone hearty—"always plenty of food in the house." He took a piece of chicken and looked around. "This house is really quite a lot like that one."

"Yes. And of course the furniture is the same." At his gesture toward her empty plate she said, "Go ahead. I'm not hungry. All I want now is coffee."

He ate, and she sipped her coffee and got the first good look at his face. He was older; he had filled out, grown up to his big hands. Around his gray eyes were tiny lines, white in his brown face from squinting under the tropic sun. There was something quite different about his eyes, but for the moment she couldn't think just what it was.

His eyes were on her now, sober. "It hit me when your mother died, Ginny. She was swell. Darnedest thing, but when I got homesick out there it never was our big house I was homesick for. It was yours, with your mother in it. She never fussed at us like some mothers. She always let us do anything we wanted to." He finished his gingerbread and held his cup for more coffee. "Do you remember what a mess we used to make of that kitchen? Do you remember the time we made root beer and it exploded all over everything?"

She poured the coffee and thought, *All he wants to do is remember when we were kids. When I was more like a boy than a girl.*

"Yeah, she was a good sport. Nothing ever bothered her. Even our cat knew that. Remember the time she had kittens in your mother's best hat? She knew better than to have them in one of my mother's John Frederics!"

(Continued on Page 135)

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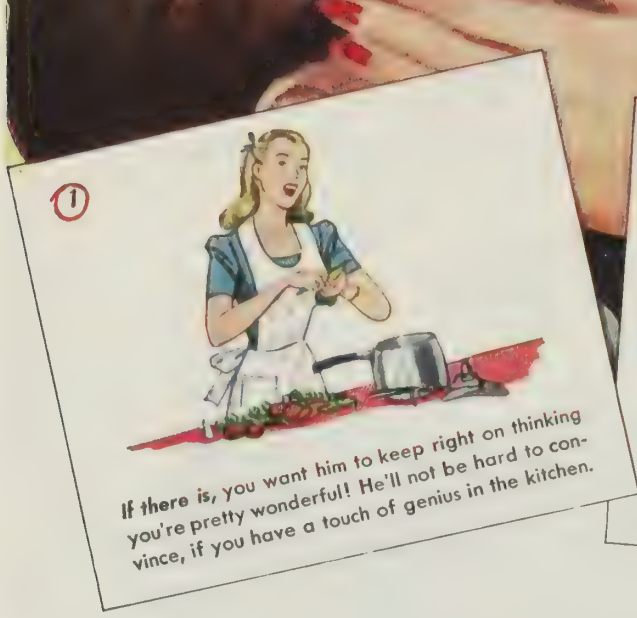
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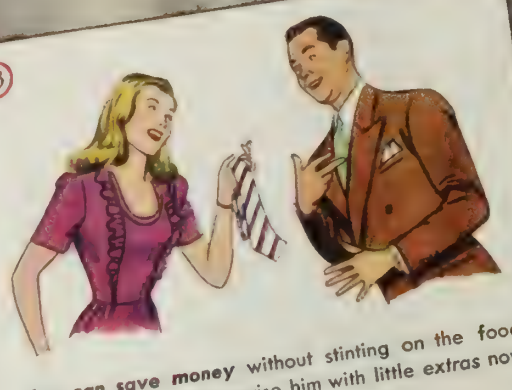
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(Continued from Page 132)

"I remember." She laughed. *Oh, ha, ha, ha. This can go on indefinitely, get us safely through the meal. We can keep remembering things like the root beer all over the kitchen and the kittens in mother's hat, and there won't be any danger of remembering anything like the little country preacher who was mowing his yard when we came. He put on his dignity with his frock coat, and he read the service in a really beautiful voice, as if he thought the old words about love and cherish were important. I was glad you gave him ten dollars. There was a Luna moth that flew against our window that night in the tourist home where we stayed. It would be a frightful break, wouldn't it, if I asked you if you remembered that?* "Mac, could I give you some more coffee?"

"Not right now." He pushed back his chair. "I think I'll take a look around outside. Want to come?"

"No, I'll wash these up. You go ahead."

She cleared the table. Presently he would figure out a way to tell her what he had come to say and then take the four-o'clock bus back. *All right, I won't try to keep him. I don't know any way to keep him.*

He came in when she was wiping the last of the dishes. "So you're going to sell, eh?"

"If I can find a buyer."

"Why not keep it?" he asked. "It's a well old place."

"That's what the prospects are supposed to think, Mac. Not you." She gave him a small smile. "The place is crumbling, the furnace is gone ——"

He interrupted. "Lot of things need doing, sure. But there's nothing that couldn't be done. We could probably do a lot of it ourselves. We used to work pretty well together, Ginny. Do you remember?"

She held a blue-flowered teacup in her hands. Her heart had begun a slow hammering.

"I was looking around out back. There's room for lots more chickens."

She opened her mouth and then closed it again. She found her voice. "Chickens are a lot of"—she gagged slightly—"fun."

"Oh, sure. I should think they would be. All those fluffy little yellow things, and then later broilers to eat whenever you want to, and baskets of nice white eggs. But I know there's plenty of work connected with it too. That'll be my department. That work's too heavy for a woman."

The blood pushed hot in her cheeks. She wiped the teacup some more. "It's pretty far from Hartford."

"I won't be going to Hartford. I told them at the office. You can forget about Hartford, Ginny. That's all—finished." He came over and took the cup out of her hands.

She looked up at him and in that moment she knew what was different about his eyes: the dreaming look was gone. She laid her cheek against his shoulder. *If there's anything I ought to know about Hartford, Mac, don't tell me. I don't care what happened. Much. I'll take you any way I can get you. No pride, that's me.*

"Kid," he said. "Ah, kid ——"

She gave a gasp that was tears and laughter too. She pressed closer into his arms. *I'll be cleaning out that chicken house yet,* she thought.

TOMORROW YOU MAY BE YOUNGER

(Continued from Page 23)

ır keeping the body young and protecting it gainst disease. It was at the same time the aster chef, preparing the food for the tisues in the proper form for its utilization; he body's public-health system, protecting against infection; the internal master uilder, planning and carrying out the conant regeneration of used-up tissues; the dy's sewage system for carrying off waste oducts; the manufacturer of substances r the healing of wounds; as well as the gineer constructing the skeleton of bone d elastic tissue to hold the framework of e living body together. It was, in sum, the ritable "fountain of youth" regulating the sic-metabolic processes of life, life's first e of struggle for its perpetuation as well its first line of defense against disease, age d death.

Here, at last, was the first scientific clue the secret of Methuselah. It is summed by Bogomolets in a phrase. In place of maxim, "A man is as old as his arteries." offers another: "A man is as old as his nective tissue." The Caucasian Methuse-s reached their ripe old age because some-w they had managed to keep their con-tive tissue young. Conversely, the jority of people grow old prematurely ause their connective-tissue system grows maturely old, a condition brought about, turn, through the gradual destruction of essential mechanism for eliminating the sons that slowly accumulate in the nective-tissue cells through the years. s polluting the spring of life at its source. his discovery of the role of the connec-tissue at once narrowed down the rch for an antidote against the cell poi-s that are primarily responsible for the g of the organism as a whole. No longer it necessary to find a general agent that ld clean out the poisons from the entire y. All that was now necessary was to some means to stimulate the activity he connective tissue. If such stimulation e made possible, Bogomolets reasoned, major ends would be achieved at one ke. The stimulated connective tissue ld become sufficiently young again to w off its own poisons. Thus rejuvenated, connective tissue would once more re-e playing the special roles it played when it and the body as a whole were young. It would once again bring vital food to the cells, defend them against infection and, most important of all, remove the "cinders" dampening the fires of life and once again replace dead cells with fresh living substance. In other words, the stimulation of the connective tissue would rejuvenate the rejuvenator, which, in turn, would then rejuvenate the entire body.

As frequently happens in the realm of scientific investigation, two other great discoveries in the field of biology gave Doctor Bogomolets the clue he was looking for, as well as the tools for achieving his aim. One of these discoveries was made at the beginning of this century by Dr. Jules Bordet, famous Nobel Prize-winning Belgian bacteriologist. Carrying out experiments on animals for an entirely different purpose, Doctor Bordet—who, like Bogomolets, was also a pupil of the great Metchnikoff—came upon the fundamental observation that the tissues of an organ of one species of animal, when injected into the blood stream of an animal of a different species, produce in the second animal's blood a serum that is highly destructive against the tissues of the corresponding organ in any member of the first species of animal. For example, if tissue of the rabbit's liver is introduced in condensed form under the skin or into the blood of a horse, the horse's blood will, after a while, develop a serum that is highly destructive to the liver of any rabbit injected with it. The serum is always highly specific. It will act only against the tissues of the organ that originally produced it, and only against the particular species of animal from which the original tissue was taken. In other words, tissues taken from the liver of a rabbit will act specifically only against the liver of rabbits. It will have no effect on the liver of any other species of animal, nor against any other organ in the rabbit.

Carrying on experiments with this strange serum developed by his pupil, Metchnikoff came upon another discovery. When given in very small doses, he found to his amazement, the serum does not destroy the corresponding tissue, but, on the contrary, acts as a stimulant. In the case of our rabbit liver, for example, minute doses of the serum stimulate the vitality of the cells and aid in the process of regeneration.



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Metchnikoff realized that such a serum held great therapeutic possibilities in stimulating specific organs in human beings that had been impaired as the result of specific diseases. To prepare such a serum it would, of course, be necessary to inject tissues from corresponding human organs, taken from the bodies of healthy persons who died through accident, into the blood stream of horses or other suitable animals.

The work in the preparation of such serums for human use, as well as the methods for determining the correct doses, met with many technical difficulties. Metchnikoff died in 1916, before he could make much progress in his research. World War I was in full swing and the work was practically forgotten. It remained for Bogomolets to finish the job.

Metchnikoff's concept of the connective tissue as "ignoble" substance, destructive of the "noble" tissue, prevented him from recognizing the full potentialities of Bordet's serum as a possible rejuvenator not only of individual specific organs, but of the body as a whole. In fact, his concept led him to contemplate a series of specific serums, one for each organ.

Bogomolets' fundamental discovery of the role played by the connective tissue as the hitherto unrecognized "fountain of youth" resulted in a new approach to the problem of rejuvenation. Instead of the extremely complicated and practically impossible task of developing individual serums for the regeneration of every vital organ in the body, it was only necessary, Bogomolets realized, to develop one single serum to stimulate the most active components of the connective-tissue system—namely, the reticules, or endothelial cells, known technically as the reticulo-endothelial system, which can be obtained in large quantities from human spleen and bone marrow.

The concept took years of work on the part of Bogomolets, with the aid of sixty devoted assistants at the Kiev Institute of Experimental Biology and Pathology, which he founded and directed. Out of this work came what is known as "anti-reticular-cytotoxic serum," or ACS, for short. In simpler language, ACS is a serum to stimulate the reticular cells of the connective-tissue system, which, rejuvenated, resumes its original role of rejuvenating the rest of the organism.

EXPERIMENTS began in 1937, first on animals and then on humans. A special clinic was established to treat only patients over fifty. The treatment consisted of small injections of serum and special instructions on diet.

And the results more than justified the years of patient labor and painstaking search in a field that until now has marked the graveyards of so many broken hopes. The health of the patients improved rapidly. Headaches, rheumatism, insomnia disappeared, and the working capacity of the patients increased considerably. As the output of the serum increased and techniques in the methods of its use were further refined, it was used with marked success in providing the body with means to defend itself against the inroads of a number of the deteriorating diseases that come in the later decades of life largely because, as Bogomolets found, the body's connective-tissue system had been clogged up with the accumulated "ashes" of the furnace of life.

On June 23, 1941, the day after the Nazis began their attack on Russia, Bogomolets announced that his life-prolonging serum was at last perfected and was ready for use in the healing of wounds on the battlefields. At that time penicillin was but a laboratory curiosity, and the need for a new weapon against infection was of paramount importance in Russia's battle for survival.

BOGOMOLETS was sixty years old on that fateful day, but he insisted that he was far from being an old man.

"It may sound paradoxical," he said, "but a man of sixty or seventy is still young. He has lived only half his natural life. One can and must struggle against old age. It can be treated just as any other illness, because what we are accustomed to regard as normal old age is actually an abnormal, premature phenomenon."

When the Nazi hordes approached Kiev, Bogomolets moved his institute to Ufa, near the Urals. Soon his name became a password in hospitals throughout the country. In July, 1942, a medical conference was held at Ufa to discuss the experience gathered with the serum. It was attended by representatives of the medical institutions of Moscow, Kiev, Kharkov and Bashkiria, as well as by physicians of a number of hospitals and leading army physicians and surgeons. From many institutions came reports that the serum not only served as a great lifesaver on the battlefields, but also as a highly promising complementary weapon in preventing, in many instances, the recurrence of cancer after surgical removal, in improving the condition of victims of hardening of arteries, high blood pressure, nervous and mental disturbances, and several other seemingly unrelated diseases. Bogomolets emphasizes that the serum is decidedly not a panacea, nor a cure for any specific diseases. On the other hand, by stimulating and regenerating the connective-tissue cells, it restores to the body a considerable measure of the intrinsic resistance it had when it was young, thus providing it with its own original weapons for fighting off the diseases that otherwise come with old age.

The American Review of Soviet Medicine, which was instrumental in making knowledge of the serum available to this country, comments as follows: "Professor Bogomolets' new serum has long passed the stage of animal experimentation and has been applied with success in the treatment of thousands of patients suffering from various pathologic conditions. The very fact that it is a pathogenetic treatment that activates the natural defense mechanisms of the organism makes it a very promising method with great possibilities."

Barriers of language, together with preoccupation with penicillin—particularly the first—caused a delay of two and a half years before American scientists were in a position to explore the new continent opened up by Bogomolets. The main obstacle, that of the language barrier, was removed a little more than a year ago with the publication in Th

Sirman in Mufti

By Joseph Auslander

How shall we talk with you who talked with thunder?
Or from your shoulder brush accustomed stars?
Eater of lightning and Truth's fearful wonder,
How shall we tame you fresh from taming Mars?

Amid the heat and brawl of the bazaar
Bring us the breath of dawn and lunar space,
The shock of danger like a shooting star,
The flame of battle beating on your face.

Stay as ambassador of storm and sky,
Of thoughts that soar, of winged hopes to cherish:
Lest, in the death of these, we also die,
And the fine sense of glory also perish!

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American Review of Soviet Medicine of translations from the Russian, informing the American scientific world for the first time of Bogomolets' epoch-making discovery. Many of the leading American laboratories have taken up the new trail with the same zeal they displayed in 1941, when the first news of penicillin came from England. Just as was the case with penicillin, it will take a year or two before our workers are ready to announce their results. When that time comes, however, we can be certain that again, as with penicillin, American ingenuity will improve on the methods of producing anti-age serum, as well as extend the scope of its applications and usefulness.

One of the improvements already being worked on is the development of better means for obtaining the source material from which the serum must be prepared. At present, it is necessary to use reticuloendothelial cells of human spleen and bone marrow, taken from young, healthy individuals who died as the result of accident or from a noninfectious disease. Moreover, the material must be used not later than six to ten hours after death. For both psychological and practical reasons, such a method for obtaining the starting material offers many difficulties. Fortunately, America is the land that gave birth to the art of culturing living tissues of animals, including man, in special media in glass dishes, the art that made it possible to keep tissues, taken from embryo chicken heart at the Rockefeller Institute thirty-three years ago, growing at a tremendous rate in a "glass Olympus." Since this bit of living substance has been "planted," the art of tissue culture has made enormous strides. With some modifications the same technique could be applied to growing limitless quantities of human endothelial cells from a tiny "seed."

When the time comes, some two or three years hence, when the Bogomolets anti-age serum can be made available to the American people, it may offer the first serious challenge to the prescription for longevity written by Oliver Wendell Holmes more than a hundred years ago. His advice was "to advertise for a couple of parents, both belonging to long-lived families, some years before birth." Along with a healthful diet and hygienic living habits, the anti-age serum may enable us to advertise for long-lived ancestors some years after birth.

Tomorrow we may be younger.

THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN

(Continued from Page 28)

And I worked my way up and said 'sir' all the time and finally I became a technical sergeant for a beautiful, arrogant captain of Public Relations." She looked straight ahead into the mirror. "Oh, I was efficient; don't get me wrong. But somehow feminine withal, you know."

"I know."

"I ran his shop, but I made him think he was doing it all. He strutted around, the whole wonderful, big cheese. And I said, 'Yes, sir.'"

Henri nodded again.

"Now—now here comes the twist, the one the movies should really pay me for: it turns out I like it that way, see?"

"Oh ——" He stopped. "And your lovely officer?"

"Well, he makes a liar out of What Every Woman Knows all right—on account of he just goes on strutting and never notices anything."

Henri couldn't answer.

"Now I come back to Forty-fifth Street," she said, "and Moe Devonshire, Limited."

That's what she told herself—and Henri. She could see the long years stretching ahead. She'd go on, of course, hard and wise. She'd forget. She'd bury the very thought of him in work. Work would be her everything. She'd be rich and successful, a

(Continued on Page 139)



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An Applesauce Cake with raisins, nut meats and blended spices at their best with Pillsbury's Best!

Bake at 350° F. for 40 to 45 minutes — Makes one 9-inch ring

- **Sift together** 2 cups sifted PILLSBURY'S BEST Enriched FLOUR, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- **Cream** . . . . ½ cup shortening; add gradually ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar (or ½ cup granulated sugar); cream until light and fluffy
- **Blend in** . . ½ cup light corn syrup, 1 cup chopped raisins, ½ cup chopped nut meats
- **Add** . . . . . 1 cup hot, thick, unsweetened applesauce.
- **Add gradually** dry ingredients; mix well after each addition.
- **Turn** . . . . . into greased, 9-inch ring mold or 8x8x2-inch pan.
- **Bake** . . . . . in moderate oven (350° F.) for 40 to 45 minutes.
- **Decorate** . . . . . with holiday fruits and candies.

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Ann Pillsbury's Salute to the Season

(Continued from Page 137)

tailored career woman with a vengeance. She'd be independent and to hell with James M. Barrie. That's what she said, but then it happened.

"Hello, Jerry," he said.

"Hello, Captain Marsten."

"I heard you worked here."

"Yes. Yes, sir. I do," and she stood up behind her desk.

"It's been a long time."

"It's been six months." Oh, this was snappy dialogue, this was. She'd have to say something, but she had such a feeling in her stomach and she wasn't sure about her hands; they kept shaking so. "Well, sit down, have a cigarette, tell me everything—like what, for instance, you're doing in those civilian rompers."

It was the old story, he said: some colonel had discovered that his M.O.S. number—whatever that was—was no longer critical and suddenly he was freed. Then a farmhouse in Connecticut for a couple of months and a chance to do what he'd always said he wanted to do. "I wrote that play." He said he didn't know many people around Broadway and he asked her if she'd have a look at it.

"Sure," she said; and what was more, she'd call him about it in the morning.

But just before he left she couldn't resist, she had to say it.

"I've got over my combat fatigue," she said. "I'm a perfectly normal girl again now, Captain Marsten."

"You are?" he said, and then after a moment in which he could think of nothing worth saying he turned and walked self-consciously out of her office.

The tree overthrown by the storm has more branches than roots.

When it thunders, the thief becomes honest.

Industry need not wish.

Now there was no possible way for Jerry Wilson to judge that script. What is Beatrice supposed to have said when Dante tossed her his Divine Comedy and asked her to take a look at it?

She started it in the taxi on her way home and finished it before she ate. It was the only play she'd ever read about the war that made a grain of sense, and on top of that it was magnificent.

She knew, when she stopped to think, exactly what the boys around the Rialto would say. It was delicate, original, daring, and there wasn't a cent in it. But nothing was going to stop her. This was it. She moved right in.

She knew, of course, how each producer in town would handle it, if he got the chance. And An Act of God—that was its title—needed a very special touch. She went over and over the list of available directors and angels and finally settled on one, Nelson Whitcomb, a Yale boy. He'd cleared over a half million on a little four-character comedy the season before and now he was looking for art. She knew she could handle Nellie Whitcomb.

Up to a point she was right about this.

He read it—or said he did; Jerry sometimes wondered about producers and reading. He made out a check for a handsome advance and got right to work proposing a cast full of stars. There was no nonsense about rewriting, either, and he guaranteed them three weeks out of town before the New York opening. A small theater on West Forty-fifth was agreed upon, it was bid for and rented and there was no quibbling anywhere. Everything went smoothly.

Everything, that is, except the private relations of agent and playwright. Jerry, conditioned now by six months of civilian discipline and her avowed determination for independence, no longer felt the onus of the stripes on her arm. In the Army everyone presumed the captain knew more than the sergeant, but now, when it was gray flannel vs. silver foxes, the lady called a spade a stupid idea.

The whole situation was, of course, a very natural one, sergeants being notoriously competent and, without the Articles of War to restrain them, susceptible of taking over anything anywhere. But this happy circumstance was confused by the fact that day after day, at every casual contact, Jerry realized she was more and more awfully in love with Tom. Further, she could not know—since love builds that high, thick wall which prevents people's observing even the most obvious things about each other—what was going on in Tom's mind.

She could not know that behind the brash, pleasant, at times almost disinterested exterior, Tom was kind of afraid of her. He had never let her know that he had been embarrassedly aware for a long time that she was his rod, his staff, his comforter, that she had covered his mistakes, initiated his policies and altogether made him look good in there. Nor, most important, did she know what lecherous fancies and honorable intentions she had brought forth in him.

Then, too, relations were heavily complicated by the fact that Jerry had broken a very well-established Nordic taboo in declaring her passion. Now Tom felt half a heel, half a fool, and instead of going over to the happy sensations of youth and love and a play in production, he hid like a coward behind a cold front of indifference, boastfulness and the security of good looks.

"What will it be like," he said one day, "to see my name in lights?"

"That you will never know," Jerry said, and immediately regretted her tone. "Let's just be happy if it stays painted on the house boards for a couple of weeks."

As rehearsals advanced this breach grew wider and wider. The strange backstage world was her land; she had the easy authority, and the pretty ex-captain could find no comfortable niche amid all the professional alien corn. Both of them felt ugly and knew there was nothing to be done about it then.

But if love doesn't give any peace, neither does the production of a play. Without a doubt An Act of God was the most complicated technical show anyone ever thought up. When Jerry first looked at the electrician's chart something inside her died. It would have taken the combined switchboards of the Metropolitan Opera and Radio City to make all the lighting changes Tom had suggested. And where could they find anyone to handle the job? In this particular season every able-bodied kilowatt kid under ninety was engaged with either the Theatre Guild, Mike Todd or the Army discharge system.

However, lighting was only one detail, and seeing to the others filled every second from the drugstore cup of coffee at nine A.M. to the room-service corn flakes at two A.M. And finally, in the last week of rehearsal, little ideas for direction and bits of color for the peasant costumes began to work their way into her sleep. There was no other world, only this one production.

For the trip to Baltimore Nellie furnished drawing rooms and Jerry pulled out her typewriter and started in on a publicity story. It was to be a brief account of how the idea for the play first came to her client—but somewhere halfway between Trenton and North Philadelphia she became utterly lost:

Oran—Algiers—the mimosa trees around St. Georges. The messages he wrote at AFHQ and the notes he dictated in the jeep as they darted along between Arab carts.

The cold winter nights when they worked late in the schoolroom office with the funny oilstove. And the night the Germans came over. The sick loud moans of the sirens. The hush. And then the sirens again. The sounds of the natives scurrying to their *abris*, then their own sudden decision to go on the roof to watch.

The sad undertones of the limeys singing in their sergeants' mess and the French gendarmes whistling in the street below. The



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HELEN: *"They're lovely, too—simply lovely!"*

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ghostlike natives in their long white sheets huddling in shadows, and the two drunk G. I.'s arguing about Texas.

The things he said beneath the stars as the three lonely planes appeared and headed for the harbor and the ack-acks sent up their sharp display and the thick smoke from the pots rolled over the city. . . .

Baltimore.

The opening at Ford's Theater was respectable. Unfortunately, the notices in the papers the next morning were not. Tom's style confused the reviewers and they said as much.

"Oh, they're polite enough," Nellie said, "and they do seem to like the idea of a veteran trying to write a play."

"So what are you going to do?" Jerry was standing with Nellie in front of the box office alone that next morning.

"I'm not sorry I did it. I believed in it. So did you. It was a good try, Jerry. We can cancel the next date very easily and close here Saturday night. Everything is still perfectly dignified."

"Folding a show in Baltimore is just a touch too dignified, Nellie. Look, he can fix this. I know he can. It's just mixed, that's all. The stuff is still there."

"Now, Jerry, please," he said, and he held out the Sunpaper and the Baltimore News-Post.

"Look, what can you lose? You're going to have to pay the guaranty in Washington and the rent in New York. And remember, Nellie, they had a bad time with Hamlet on the road. What you have to bear in mind is—art comes expensive *at first.*"

"Yes?"

It took Jerry less time than she expected to convince Nellie that Washington, at least, was a sensible date, but then she had to hang around for a polite interval to pep up the cast before she dashed in a taxi to Tom's hotel. But the interval, it appeared, had been long enough. The desk clerk handed her a note.

"Dear sergeant," it read. "I guess we've had it. Thank you for everything. I've really learned a lot. I only regret that I gave you such a headache. It won't happen again. And that's a promise. Forget it, kid, and good luck." There was a short P.S.: "The next time they give a war I want you to know I'll be waiting for you in the Casbah." It was signed Pepe LaMoko Marsten.

She stood for a moment. *Those words were never written,* she said. *This cannot be happening to me.*

"Mr. Marsten checked out around noon," the desk clerk said.

"When is your next plane to New York and can you get me on it?"

"I don't think he went that way, ma'am," the clerk told her.

"Then get me the theater. Mr. Nelson Whitcomb."

Oh, no, no, no, no, she said while she was waiting for the connection. *You don't do this to a girl. No, you don't.* This was no ordinary play; and suddenly, standing with the phone in her hand, she knew just why. Putting those words on a stage had created a pattern. That gave a meaning and a reason to the months in Algiers. She might have loved and lost; that was one thing. But she had An Act of God—and any girl has a right to fight for her baby.

"Hello," Nellie answered.

"Hello, hello, Nellie. Everything's going to be all right. He's already started with changes and they're beauts. You'll love them. Call everybody for rehearsal tomorrow night after the performance and we'll have a new first act to kill you. And Nellie ——"

"Yes?"

"I wouldn't disturb Tom if I were you. You know about authors and the creative mood."

Nellie knew. Nobody would disturb Tom.

As she took off from Baltimore for the quick trip to New York, Jerry prayed. *Please God,* she breathed, *I can find it.*

Somewhere in an old musette bag in the back of her cupboard—surely her memory wasn't failing her—somewhere lay that dog-eared black book. If she could just read those shorthand notes—all the things he had said to her about the war and history, what he thought of the Army, all those curious ideas he had propounded to her late in the African night. Of course they would probably be in awful shape, faded and damp. She had worn the book strapped to her stomach all the way home on the troopship, and the day going through Intelligence and the censor's inspection it had been very hot.

Of course there was nothing the matter with Jerry's memory. The book was there, the notes were legible, mostly, the ideas still as good—better even than she'd remembered.

Most of the stuff she would give to the narrator, to the G. I. from Texas who served as a Greek chorus opening and closing the play. Well, that lucky boy would speak throughout the show now. He'd explain every time there was a point of "confusion." He could have the God's-eye view and carry on the feeling of history. It meant cutting, rearranging, but in the black book and hidden in the script itself there was everything Tom had said—all she could possibly need.

She was back in Baltimore eight hours later.

The actors seemed to like the new words she handed them, and that gave her great courage. She made a short speech about Tom liking to work undisturbed and how she would deliver the rewrites for him. They could put the new first act in on Friday, the new second act Saturday, and by working over the week end the whole new show would be ready for Washington on Monday. Then she went back to her typewriter, the little black book and her memories of the rooftop in Algiers.

Jerry did not—let's face it—write a new play. She simply gave An Act of God point and pace; she cut out Tom's unprofessional shrubbery and let the meaning stand clear. Fortunately, she knew how.

It was risky work, illegal and amoral, but Tom wasn't there, and something had to be done and so she did it and prayed that when she was discovered, when the ax fell and the inevitable scene was played and she was finally exposed, it might all be arranged as quietly and painlessly as possible.

Perhaps historians of the future will find some significance in the fact that during these troubled days our nation's capital was willing to buy tickets to see anything anyone chose to put upon the stage, whether significant to them or not. The National Theater was completely sold out by eight o'clock Monday evening, and by eight-thirty there was the usual group of dreary souls assembling to stand about at the back.

What a barn, Jerry said when she first caught a glimpse of the sixteen-hundred-seat house. *A real cozy, intimate little* —— But she never finished the sentence. Tom Marsten was making his way into the theater.

"The criminal returns to the scene," he said.

This was a moment Jerry had realized subconsciously she would have to face; but now that it was here, she was terrified. "I want to talk to you," she said, her voice shaking. "I wouldn't stay here tonight if I were you. The kids are nervous. Temperament, you know. It would just make them worse to have the playwright out front."

"They wouldn't know."

"They're psychic. Believe me."

"Okay. I'll stay away, but only if you'll come with me." She didn't answer. "We won't talk about the show."

"All right."

They went next door and ordered a couple of sandwiches as the curtain rang up. They

(Continued on Page 142)

As a wise Frenchman has said, "You can generally win if you are careful not to triumph."

—W. R. INGE: Our Present Discontents. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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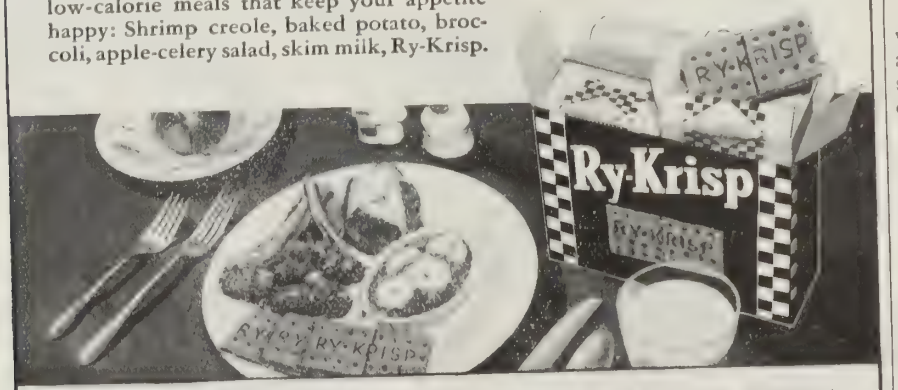
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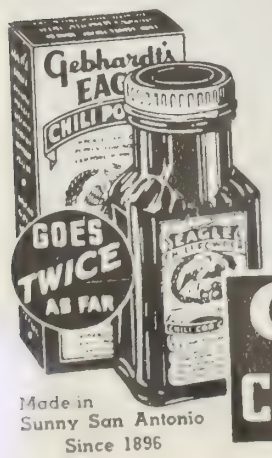
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(Continued from Page 140)

sat and talked of everything except themselves and the theater, and it was a job for both of them. Jerry's thoughts leaped from a hundred yards away, backstage, to the stranger across the table; how were the new speeches going and what was he really thinking? Tom watched her and wondered how aware she was of their curious reversal. *So this,* he thought, *is how a sergeant feels.*

At intermission some of the audience wandered in, but she was too nervous to let him listen to what they said. Around midnight he walked her home. As they passed under the marquee of the theater the house electrician was just turning out the sign, "An Act of God This Week."

I shall probably not sleep a wink all night, Jerry thought as she studied the wallpaper by her bed. *I shall probably never sleep again as long as I live.* The morning papers should be out early, and then she could have her choice. *I can either run for it, or I can stay and face him like the little man he knows me to be.* In any case, it would be all over soon, so she placed an order for all the papers to be sent to her room with coffee as soon as they came in.

Her first reaction was that they were all misprints. Then she believed every one of the critics in Washington was drunk; they'd got together on some tremendous bender and this was a gigantic, journalistic joke. Then she read them again:

"The most moving experience of this playgoer's season." . . . "A new genius marched out of the wars last night—I wept from the first line the Texan spoke to his final, magnificent narration." . . . "It is beautiful beyond words and will win every prize of the season."

She felt relief. Joy. Terror. In that order. And she started packing. There was nothing more an agent could do. And of all the things, she suddenly realized, of all the things that could possibly have happened, this was the worst.

But, obviously, that was not the end of that.

An Act of God came into town on schedule and moved the following week to a larger theater. The Broadway press made the Washington notices sound like pannings. One imitative old scribe literally danced in the streets all the way to Seventh Avenue. The lion hunters came out in force and wanted Tom for every conceivable sort of engagement. He was the new Hemingway, a reincarnated Rupert Brooke. He was a polite Clifford Odets, a Yankee Tom Wolfe, and he was worth exactly four thousand dollars a week to Hollywood.

THERE were a lot of details to this, and they, too, became Jerry's baby—everything down to the plane reservation west. But only once was there what you might call a personal encounter between them.

One afternoon two delivery boys carried in a young mimosa tree and placed it in the center of her office. Tom appeared behind the yellow blossoms looking like something created by Raphael and a very good barber working together.

"Thank you, Jerry," Tom said as she slowly stood up behind her desk.

"That's all right, sir," she said.

Tom walked out with the delivery boys.

Why, why, why had she added that? After all this. With her position established. One look at him and she was willing to bust herself down to a private. She broke a sprig from the tree and went to Henri's.

"It's absolutely no good," she told him. "You can't win. No matter how you play it. For nineteen long months I played it feminine for him. I was his slavey. But no dice. Then suddenly in Baltimore I took over. I gave with the orders and still ——"

"No dice."

She was silent a minute. "But you know—it's a funny thing; taking his orders or dishing them out, he always wins. It's all for him. No matter how you slice it, see?"

"Not quite."

"Well, that's what I'm telling you, what every woman knows."

JERRY had made a last appointment to meet Tom at her office. It was for two-thirty, but she had lunch at the Ritz with an author who was going to have to rewrite a last act, and for an unexplained reason there was considerable traffic, and anyway her nervousness had made her deliberate—in short, she was five minutes late. When she opened the door of her office, Tom was sitting at her typewriter. Immediately he ripped a sheet of paper from the roller and put it on her desk. Then he got up.

"This is where I came in," he said, and walked past her and out the door.

The sheet of typing was, of course, irresistible. Jerry picked it up.

"To: Miss Wilson," it read. "From: Mr. Marsten, Priority Unclassified."

Under Remark I was written: "This is it; as far as I can see, everything is in order. You won't be my agent any more, nor I your client."

Remark II: "I have my contracts, I have my plane tickets. My manuscripts are in my case. That's everything."

Remark III: "Except—now don't skip away and say you've read this before—I love you. I've loved you ever since the day you walked out of my office. I was a half wit, I know, all those months overseas, but face it; sometimes you don't know what you want till you lose it—that, somehow, you will have to forgive."

Remark IV: "You've given me more money and fame and success than I ever thought I could have. But you've treated me—well, you know—like a fool or a genius I couldn't get through."

Remark V: "I took it because I was seeing you. Now I'm going away and I have to tell you. It's all been my fault; unfortunately, I am stupid. I am also ungrateful and not worth your trouble. But I have to tell you. I know how you felt. I love you and it's no fun."

Jerry dashed for the door. Whether it happened by accident, whether it was part of a premeditated scheme, or whether simply Jerry could run faster than Tom, is of no importance. All that matters is that when she got to the elevator he was there.

"Well?" she said.

"Well," he said. And then after a few minutes it was Tom who grew practical. "Do you think," he said, "if we canceled the reservation and were willing to go all the way by Pullman—do you think you could arrange it?"

She nodded, trying not to look efficient. "I think I could," she said.

Sinner

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

A woman's dishes all unwashed
May go, and in like state
Her children; she may leave her beds
Unmade, let mealtime wait
And yet arouse her neighbors' ire
Not half as soon as she
Whom all suspect because she shuns
Familiarity,
Because she'd rather hold her tongue
Than to let it chatter
Of who did this and who wore what
And who is getting fatter.
Since women can forgive their kind
For every fault but one,
Not laziness, unkindness, greed,
Nor even murder done,
But that which all consider worse
And which none will condone:
The sin of her who tries to mind
No business but her own!

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Sauces that are robustly hearty and appetizing . . . gravies that are so wonderfully rich and creamy . ... cream soups that are always smooth and full-bodied . . . so many, *many* things taste *so good* when you use Evaporated Milk.

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Good *for* you, too, because Evaporated Milk gives you the goodness of milk, *nature's best* in food. Good to *use* . . . always handy. Get at least three cans at a time . . . Evaporated Milk . . . the food of 1001 uses!

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"TELL ME A STORY"

By F. Emerson Andrews

"BOBBY want a 'tory, mummy." Books are a good answer to that request, many an evening. Happy is the home that has good children's books, and plenty of them. But happier still is the home where "made-up stories" from daddy and mummy are also forthcoming.

Perhaps you can't, at the end of a tiring day and on the spur of the moment, create the equivalent of a Christopher Robin, but what you can create—with your special knowledge of your child, and your intimacy with him—may be even better, in the viewpoint of your small and select audience.

A simple story of what happened when daddy was a boy, or mummy a girl, or something you make up with the aid of two sparkling eyes to tell you which parts are the most fun, may be a better story for your enraptured listener than a professional product twice as good by cold, impersonal standards. You *can* make up stories for your child that will amuse him, and often be better for him than any money can buy. Here are a few beginning hints that worked pretty well in our house.

Fortunately, the first stories you will need to make up can be very simple. For the child from one to four, stories need little invention and small art beyond the endless repetition of everyday things.

A story about Teddy getting dressed is very satisfactory, provided Teddy wears just the same things baby wears, and has them put on in just the same order. Or Dolly can have her bib tied around her neck, take her spoon in her right hand, put it down in the pabulum and then put it in her mouth. After that Dolly can take another spoonful of pabulum. And then Dolly can take the cup with the milk in it and begin to drink.

Even before your child can talk clearly, the acted-out story is apt to be a great success—perhaps most so at this period because by its means your toddler can show you how well he understands what you are saying. Dinner makes a good acted-out story. You inform Bobby that he is the cook, and here is the table, and those wooden blocks are different kinds of food. You ask for a piece of bread, and Bobby brings it, and brings one for himself too; you both munch at your wooden blocks with great gusto. Other courses follow. Now and then something is spilled, and Bobby with great concern wipes up the imaginary spot. Finally the meal is finished, and the dishes cleared away. Within five minutes you are likely to find it is suppertime, and other meals follow rapidly. Such acted-out stories are successful anywhere, any time, and practically all the properties can be imaginary.

EVERYBODY in our house has great fun with one kind of acted-out story which even possesses an effective moral. Our Bobby, like nearly every child, was finding endless excuses for calling his mother upstairs after he was supposed to be abed and asleep. So one afternoon daddy took yellow Teddy in his lap, put over him a small table cover by way of blanket, and announced that Teddy was Bobby, and Bobby was mummy. "Mummy" was to lie down on the sofa across the room and get some rest.

Every time "mummy" lies down, Teddy is just the worst baby! He kicks the covers off, and goes "Waaah, waaah!" for mummy. He has to go to the bathroom four or five times. He falls out of bed. He gets up and plays with a toy. He is too hot. He is too cold. He wants a drink. He has a bad dream. He insists mummy forgot to kiss him. And our Bobby loves it; that story is a frequent request number.

These early, simple, repetitious stories may eventually bore you to distraction; but for the toddler, the oftener they are repeated, the more fascinating they become. Originality is not yet at a premium.

Soon, however, interests broaden. From five on, the made-up story needs to be different each time, and to begin to possess plot, action and characters. Some parents just give up at this stage and rely entirely on the stories in books. This is a great mistake. Now storytelling begins to be real fun for everybody. But now you need to know a few small tricks of the trade.

DOUBT, delay and failure are the three keys to the successful story for the older child. Yes, I mean it. *Doubt, delay* and *failure.*

Anybody can tell about a train which started out from Boston to go to Punxsutawney, and got there. What makes it a story is the doubt at the outset whether that small engine can pull so heavy a train up the starting grade, its puffing and chugging as it tries *(doubt)*, then the red signal ahead because of the bridge that washed out in the unexpected flood, the efforts made to patch it up *(delay)*, the engine creeping onto the makeshift bridge, how it begins to tremble, how the engineer backs away just as the whole thing crashes down *(failure)*. The more careful work on a new bridge—and of course the final successful arrival!

Try that formula tonight. Any subject will do—indeed, you may as well ask your child what he wants the story to be about. Whether it's baking a cake, or flying an airplane, or going to school, just sprinkle with doubt, saturate with delay and add a little failure, and you have a story.

There is no story in just going to school. Bobby decides to go a slightly different way which he thinks will take him there. (Watch interest growing with this element of *doubt.*) He decides to hurry, because a big black cloud has come up, and it might rain before he gets there (more *doubt*). He is getting along fine when he hears a weak, plaintive "Meeow!" A small white kitten has got its head caught in a wire fence. Shall he stop to help the kitten, or go on toward school? It is getting late. Still, he goes to the kitten *(delay)*. But the kitten starts to scratch and bite, and he has to pet it awhile to let it know he is a friend (more *delay*). He puts his fingers in the mesh of the wire, and pulls—and pulls—and pulls. It does not budge; the kitten is still caught *(failure)*.

Watch your child's eyes as the delays pile up, see the deep concern when Bobby pulls with all his strength—and doesn't make it. And then go on from there, making your story long or short, depending upon the state of your child's nerves and the nearness of the time he should be sound asleep. No doubt, delay and failure are not merely an infallible formula for creating stories; they are quite capable of making your stories dull and exciting unless you exercise some discretion.

Perhaps, in the fine frenzy of creating delays and failures, you've got your hero into a situation from which, unhappily, you yourself can see no way out. This is the moment to lean back and say, "Now, what do you think he will try next?" Some surprisingly ingenious ideas will come forward. Even if they are not workable, the hero immediately tries them out and finds out why they won't work. Meanwhile, you or your listener will hit upon a workable solution, and the story goes happily to its close.

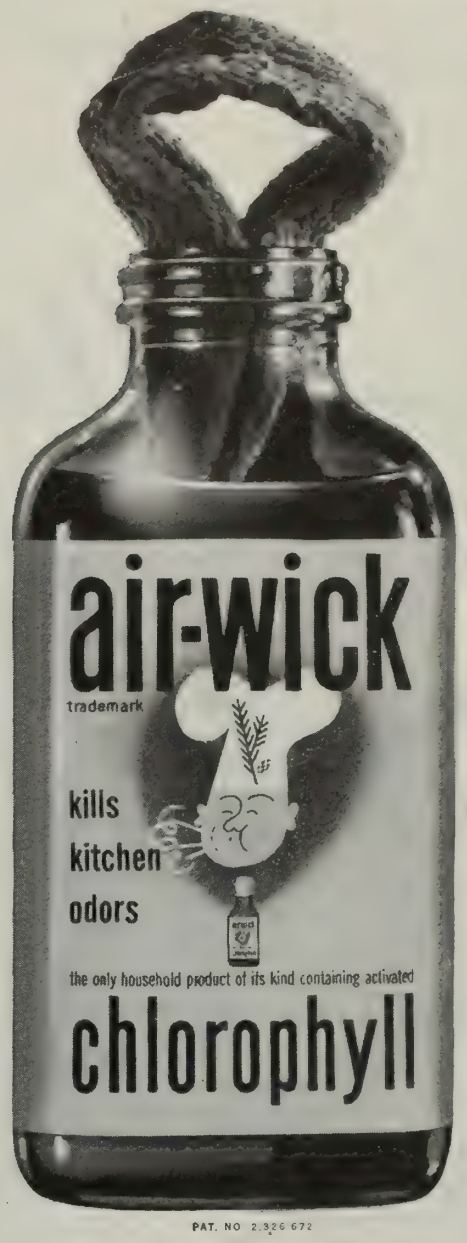
As for me, I like humor in our made-up stories, whenever possible. I disagree flatly with the extreme school of child psychologists who insist that stories should be exactly true.

In our house we have a Mimi the Kitten who can talk well enough to be understood by Waddle the Duck and a little boy named Oscar. And we have a Big Willie Wi

(Continued on Page 147)

It's simple! nothing to light...
non-inflammable...just pull up wick

great new discovery kills kitchen odors quick! makes indoor air country-fresh



PAT. NO 2,326,672

Now science offers you an easy, miraculous way to make kitchen air country-fresh! Just use *air-wick whenever you cook onions, broccoli, cabbage, fish, bacon or any other foods that produce unpleasant cooking odors.

air-wick contains activated chlorophyll...the substance found in its natural state in grass, trees and growing greenery. All you have to do is unscrew the cap and pull up the wick. air-wick eliminates all disagreeable odors quickly!

Use air-wick all through the house. To kill bathroom, smoking and other unpleasant odors...to keep closets and nurseries fresh. Use it freely, for air-wick costs only a cent or so a day. Try it now! For sale at grocery, drug, variety, hardware, chain and department stores. If your favorite dealer has not yet received his supply, please send us his name and address immediately.

Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.


kills bathroom odors, too


freshens nurseries


kills stuffy closet odors


kills cooking odors


kills stale smoke odors

why risk offending?

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

more than 5,000,000 bottles already sold . . . get air-wick

*air-wick deodorizer and household freshener is fully protected by U.S. patent.
air-wick is a trademark of Seeman Brothers, Inc.

Um-m, to have and to hold—Lots your *Rolfs* billfold



The Directress



The Directress

Picture of you and that Christmas wish you hinted so hard for! Why, of course, we mean that gift that's both gala and good sense—your Rolfs billfold! He couldn't have missed your raving about Rolfs new "man-size" billfolds for women—big enough to tote all your cards, change and identification dope. And whether that package contains your favorite Directress (patterned after Rolfs famous Director for men) maybe in their new color Copperglo — or any one of many other Rolfs designs, we know yours will be a Merry Christmas! **3.50** *up, plus tax*

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE
INDIVIDUAL AS YOUR SIGNATURE
DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Rolfs WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 144)

(brother of Wee) who uses a whole barn door for a snow shovel and drinks his milk out of a twenty-gallon can. But even these extraordinary creatures find out everyday facts and do quite ordinary things, complicated only by a judicious sprinkling of *doubt*, *delay* and *failure*.

We like continued stories. Oscar has for some time been on a trip to the South Seas, enjoying shipwreck, coconut milk, strange climates and strange foods. Last year he was in Greenland (via the encyclopedia). He is beginning to know a good bit about the earth and its varied lands and peoples.

Happy is the parent who can share with his child the discovery of the universe. One of the best roads to that bright land of discovery is "Tell me a story."

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP

(Continued from Page 40)

equitable distribution in the United States of all commodities, such as fats, oils, sugar and the choice meats, that have been so scarce for so long a time.

4. By contributing, in kind or in money, to the many voluntary agencies which are collecting used clothing, foods, medical and other supplies to clothe the naked, feed the hungry and nurse the ill.
5. By instituting every possible economy in the use of all fats and soap and thus making possible the allocation in 1946 to the liberated areas of more of these desperately needed commodities than the meager amounts allocated in 1945.
6. By joining in the crusade against tariff barriers, discriminatory trade practices, exploitation by cartels, thus enabling the war-ravaged countries to rehabilitate their export industries and thereby pay for the imports which they will continue to need on an expanding scale immediately and long after the great humanitarian work of UNRRA in helping people to help themselves has been accomplished.

Here are some further suggestions, if you wish to help:

How to Send Things:

Individuals may send small packages to specific persons in most liberated areas by parcel post. NO GLASS may be included in these packages. For complete regulations, which are subject to change, consult your local post office.

Contribute small "kits" or prepared cartons through private relief organizations. Several of the groups listed below provide special cartons and specific instructions for packing.

Send useful articles of clothing and food—without restriction on quantity or size—to private organizations which periodically prepare large relief shipments for Europe.

What to Send:

All *useful* gifts are welcome, but the items listed below are those most critically needed:

Food: Canned meats and fish, whole-milk powder, evaporated and condensed milk, dried eggs, bouillon cubes, sugar, hard candy, chocolate and cocoa, dried fruits, canned fruits and vegetables (including those canned at home, *in tins*), strained foods for babies, vitamin pills, cod-liver oil.

Clothing: Woolen suits and overcoats for adults and children, woolen blankets, underwear, shoes, socks and stockings, warm gloves and work gloves, babies' layettes, material for women's dresses, and especially children's shoes and clothing. New clothing and shoes, purchased and given by individuals, can be sent through organizations, but greatest stress is placed on good used clothing and shoes.

Other necessities: Needles, thread, wool yarn, wool and cotton remnants for patching, adhesive tape, gauze bandages, toothbrushes, tooth powder, combs, knives, scissors, can openers, safety-razor blades, paper pads and pencils, vegetable seeds.

Other Ways to Help:

Through the Foster Parents Plan the complete care of a homeless child in Europe can be provided for $15 a month. Individuals, schools, sororities, clubs can "adopt" and correspond with a specific child. The Save the Children Federation, as well as several other organizations, has set up special arrangements for adopting or sponsoring individual children or groups of children.

Participate in the Community Canning Program for War Relief now under way throughout the country on behalf of UNRRA. Fruits and vegetables canned in community kitchens—as well as donations of commercial canned goods—are desired.

Members of knitting clubs and sewing circles who wish to contribute their time and skill can secure wool and directions from many of the organizations listed below. Several of the agencies with European affiliations are supplying patterns native to their own countries.

Special projects for children abroad will be supported by boys' and girls' clubs here. At Christmastime they may share their candy and greetings with children who have had no real Christmas for many years.

Private Organizations That are Helping

The following is a partial list of the voluntary organizations which extend aid to the peoples of the war-stricken countries, and which are registered with the President's War Relief Control Board:

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
20 So. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
(The Quaker organization)

CHURCH COMMITTEE ON OVERSEAS RELIEF AND RECONSTRUCTION
297 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
(The central organization of most Protestant churches)

AMERICAN JEWISH JOINT DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE
270 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN
55 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

AMERICAN RELIEF FOR CZECHOSLOVAKIA
1819 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

AMERICAN RELIEF FOR FRANCE
457 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

AMERICAN RELIEF FOR HOLLAND
465 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

AMERICAN RELIEF FOR NORWAY
135 So. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR RUSSIAN RELIEF
5 Cedar St., New York 5, N. Y.
(Former Russian War Relief)

AMERICAN RELIEF FOR ITALY
29 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

UNITED YUGOSLAV RELIEF FUND
677 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

HADASSAH
1819 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.
(The Women's Zionist Organization of America)

NEAR EAST FOUNDATION
17 W. 46th St., New York 19, N. Y.
(For Greece and the Near East)

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

UNITARIAN SERVICE COMMITTEE
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

WAR RELIEF SERVICES—NATIONAL CATHOLIC WELFARE CONFERENCE
350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

BELGIAN WAR RELIEF SOCIETY
52 Williams St., New York 5, N. Y.

GREEK WAR RELIEF ASSOCIATION
221 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

PHILIPPINE WAR RELIEF OF THE U. S.
1720 Eye St., N. W., Washington, D. C

POLISH WAR RELIEF OF THE U. S. A.
1200 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.

UNITED CHINA RELIEF
1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

AMERICAN HUNGARIAN RELIEF
165 W. 46th St., New York, N. Y.

UNITED NATIONAL CLOTHING COLLECTION
100 Maiden Lane, New York 5, N. Y.

CHURCH COMMITTEE ON CHRISTMAS PACKAGES
297 Fourth St., New York 10, N. Y.

CONGREGATIONAL CHRISTIAN SERVICE COMMITTEE
289 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

COMMITTEE FOR OVERSEAS RELIEF SUPPLIES
1834 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

Start Dreaming of a Pink Christmas!

LILTING bath preparations, rose strewn—a touch straight from the hand of a famous decorator—will put almost anyone from sixteen to sixty "In the Pink"... for months to come. Maybe you should give yourself a gift too—something special. Surely you deserve one. Get "In the Pink" for 1946—and stay that way!



(Left to right)

1. "In the Pink" Bath Oil—pink in the water—sets a lilting fragrance hovering over your tub. 4 oz., $2.50
2. "In the Pink" Luxury Soap (box of six), a scented pink lather for your hands. $3
3 & 4. "In the Pink" Cologne—the lilt and lift of champagne. Sparkling rub, tingling freshener. 4 oz., $2.50—10 oz., $5
5. "In the Pink" Toilet Water, a more concentrated version of the cologne. 4 oz., $5

(Bottom row)

6. "In the Pink" Sachet, to cast a sweet aura over your most personal possessions. $2.50. Two tied together, $3.50
7. "In the Pink" Dusting Powder, with a big puff to cause a flurry after bathing. $2
8. "In the Pink" Luxury Bath Soap. $2

All prices subject to Federal tax, except soap.

Dorothy Gray

Copyright, 1945, by Dorothy Gray, Ltd.

AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY

Do big washes have you "running in circles?"

Better get this NEW KIND of soap!



DUZ does Everything —ALL 3 KINDS OF WASH!

1 DUZ keeps my towels sparkling even in winter! No soap washes WHITER!

2 Shoulda seen the dirt before I DUZZED these overalls! No soap CLEANS EASIER



3 Look! DUZ does everything! It's SAFER —even for pretty rayon undies!

DUZ SAFE SUDS! WHITER WASHES! Duz

The bigger your wash— the more you need DUZ!

Millions of women know it—there's never been a better soap than DUZ for getting out dirt and keeping in colors! It can't be beaten for getting white things dazzling white—yet this new kind of soap is safer for pretty rayons than any other leading washday soap! Better get DUZ—*DUZ does everything!*

A LITTLE DUZ A LOT! Don't waste DUZ—it contains scarce materials.



PHOTO BY STUART FOWLER

HOW AMERICA LIVES ABUNDANTLY

Pennsylvania Dutch offer thankful prayers in Harvest Home Festival: for fruits of the earth, for men returned from war, for family love such as that of the Lichtenwalners.



MUNKACSI

Brothers Ellis and Charles own 00 acres, together gross close to 30,000 with the help of their sons.

Meet Master Farmers Lichtenwalners . . . whose Macungie Pennsylvania Dutch farm and family date back to 1733. . . .



der Charles and Mary (Grim) chtenwalner in 1902. Married years then, had ten children.



The elder Charles was an enthusiastic family reunionist; traveled miles by horse and uggy collecting names, dates from tombstones and old settlers. Here, his immediate amily at clan meeting 25 years ago. Kids had peanut scrambles, bag-bustings, races.

BY J. C. FURNAS

Though average farm income in U. S. last year was $4150, Lichtenwalners had gross income of $15,000

YOUNG Charles Lichtenwalner bows his head to say grace: "Be present at this table, Lord; be here and everywhere adored. These mercies bless, and grant that we may dine in paradise with Thee." It is reverently done, as it should be. The visitor must be forgiven for reflecting that the fare in paradise could hardly be better or more plentiful. What Charles is specifically thanking the Lord for today is:

A huge platter of the Lichtenwalners' own tender veal, fried a juicy, golden brown in half-inch slices. Chicken gravy warmed up from the day before, smooth as cream and with yellow lights from its incorporated fat. Chicken salad containing enough tender bits to glorify fifty portions in the average restaurant.

Field corn picked at just the right moment for prime milkiness and boiled in slightly sugared water—the ears are close to a foot long, maximum diameter three inches. Home-canned Lima beans swimming happily in cream and butter, with a beatific mealiness on the tongue. Green peas out of the family quick-freeze locker, picked when fat and crinkly, swimming ditto. Mashed potatoes lightly foaming on top, mounded up like a volcano with a crater full of melted butter. Coleslaw, cabbage crisp and not at all rubbery, dressing sweet and sharp as a high note on a violin.

Celery. Four kinds of homemade pickles. Cherry jam.

Hot mince pie laced on top with a semi-hard sauce. Lemon graham-cracker pie. Potato cake, fancily designed in contrasting loops and blocks. Shoofly cake, rich and molassy. A high, golden, lemon-flavored raised cake. Ice cream. Raised doughnuts weighing about an ounce to the fat brown dozen.

Coffee by the washtubful.

Barring the ice cream, that is practically standard noon dinner in the house of Charles Alton Lichtenwalner, of Macungie, Pennsylvania, in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, where people farm with skilled devotion to the land and eat with zestful devotion to the good things it produces. A ton of meat a year; sixteen to eighteen raised cakes and forty to fifty pies a week—that is normal production for Ada Missa Louisa Lichtenwalner, born Fries up in the Lehigh County hills where, her husband says pridefully, people learn to do things the real old way. The men—that is, Charley, the two boys and the hired man—holler if every dinner doesn't have at least four vegetables. For late afternoon or before-bed snacks, one pie plus four men equals one large empty pie dish.

Almost within sight of the old homestead, where Charley's folks live, is the homestead of Ellis George Lichtenwalner, his younger brother—the same type of huge, century-old, stuccoed-stone house with gable end to the road. Charley and Ellis operate quite independently of each other, often with widely differing ideas. But both are "master farmers"—an annual award made to a handful of proved experts by the Pennsylvania Farmer magazine—both are so steeped in skill and stability, and both so unmistakably share the family beaked nose and high color, that it is hard altogether to separate them in the mind. On various bases, the two households operate a total of 500 acres, with results so profitable in good times that, between them, Charley and Ellis hold $30,000 in War Bonds and can carry $45,000 in life insurance.

The purpose of the master-farmer award is:

"To dignify agriculture by recognizing and dramatizing its successes; to encourage farmers to take a pride in their calling; to

Charles bought home from father for $14,000, added that again in tra tors, electricity, deep-freeze unit. Though gross is $12,000 year, net near $3000. "We didn't get these calluses sitting around," Charles say



PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

n dinner is day's big meal: two meats, four vegetables, seven desserts, of coffee. Hired man eats with family in winter kitchen (year-round ng-sitting room), joins in praise of Ada Missa's 50 pies a week. When was in Army, family sent him cake packed in box with marshmallows.
***t:* Mildred and Kathryn select from 1000 quarts of sweets and vege-s stored in scrubbed, whitewashed stone cellar. Apples are dried for *knapp*, Pennsylvania Dutch delicacy made of boiled ham, biscuit h and sweet dried apples. "We have no *doppel* (fool) in the kitchen!"**



inspire farm boys and girls by showing them that outstanding success is possible in agriculture as in other occupations—not only success that is measured in money, but, what is more important, the success that comes from an upright and useful life in family and community."

No drift from farm to town here, for instance. The draft did remove Charles' son Ben for a two-year stint as doughfoot pfc., and his eldest daughter Mary joined the Waves. But Ben is back, discharged as an essential agricultural worker, teamed up with twin-brother Charles, both boys working for their father at regular wages in the intervals of running a rented farm of their own. And Mary is looking forward to returning to her teaching job at the old-timey brick schoolhouse just south of Ellis' place where the whole tribe attended school.

The family has always clung close to one another and the land ever since its common ancestor, Johannes, a blacksmith's apprentice from Kolmberg, Germany, took his wife Barbara, his infant son, his courage and an elaborate sheepskin passport (reverently preserved to this day) and emigrated to Pennsylvania in the year 1733. Theirs is the same good old story of so many of America's ancestors—the search for freedom from religious persecution and new economic horizons in a wild, unknown, distant land. In Philadelphia the young couple bought a team, loaded it with what few household possessions they had brought from the old country, and just kept going until they found an arable vacant tract of land at the end of an old Indian trail near

Apple-butter party at Dorney Park, near Allentown, is typical harvesttime festival. Two-day spree begins at 5 A.M. Sunday with apple snitzing (peeling and coring) and Virginia reel. Next day, apple butter is cooked, eaten with smearcase (cottage cheese) and cider. Pennsylvania Dutch are seldom ascetics, but strictly religious don't show up till Monday.

Macungie. The first house was crude logs with the earth for floor. Farm produce had to be hauled into Philadelphia to market—a five-day wagon trip. But eventually hard, honest toil brought these "Pennsylvania Dutch" folks the peculiarly self-respecting kind of success that is the portion of people who pioneer the land faithfully and well.

Their descendants, no strangers to hard work themselves, like to keep their memory green. Lichtenwalner reunions—held annually until the war, due to resume next August—usually draw over 600 people, so they have plenty of kin near by, not to mention a Midwestern branch. It was Charley's and Ellis' father who spark-plugged these reunions and did so much research for the official family history. Noted as a hard worker in even this incredibly industrious community, he nevertheless found time to drive all over in his buggy checking names and dates on obscure tombstones, and to write innumerable letters to strayed Lichtenwalners. The sons are thoroughly proud of the parents who trained them so well for the life they live.

"My mother," says Charley, "never had to be ashamed when people came round noon and were asked to stay and eat."

In Pennsylvania Dutch terms, that is high praise. The old folks were "good executives," he goes on, with know-how-and-when at their finger tips. Mother spanked with a slipper, he vividly recalls; the old gentleman with anything that came handy, but, when the occasion arrived, always doing it well. None of his descendants smokes, because, when en route to the Chicago Fair in 1893, he got hold of a cigar he didn't like, swore off himself, and thenceforth started a family custom, still kept up, of a gold watch for a boy who doesn't smoke until of age.

Florence, Ellis' wife, is a Lichtenwalner in her own right, daughter of a second cousin for whom Ellis worked a couple of years to get the cash to start life on.

"Jacob served seven years for his wife," says Ellis, who knows his Bible. "I served only two. But I got the right one the first time and he didn't."

The merest glance at Florence's kitchen, with Florence quiet and deft in the middle of it, shows what he means. The big electric stove exudes capability on one side while, on the other, an elderly but inviting cretonned couch, complete with end tables and lamps, arranges for her principle that: "I think farm men ought to be able to come right on in the kitchen and lie down in their work clothes and take it easy." For the kitchen is traditionally the heart of the house in this country.

A small room in the ten-room house has been set up with player piano, game table and so forth—young Donald's friends use it for 4-H and Future Farmers' meetings. It is the only room in the place with the slightest scuff on the rugs. But it is also as neat as Arleen's flower beds outside, which should be taken up bodily and transported to the state fair as a sample of what well-tended flowers look like.



SALE

Young Charles' "nutsy" joke doesn't amuse this pickle-puss. The twins, Charles Benjamin and Benjamin Charles, rent farm up the road, get use of pa's equipment and $25 a month plus keep for their work on his farm.



SALE

barn, built in 1865, has typical "over-
"; is insured for $7000. He hauls own
om mines 50 miles away—saves $4 a ton.



MUNKACSI

Mary joined Waves, loved Washington; friends there marveled at prodigious food, and close family feeling at Mary's home.



SALE

on William, with his son, carries on tradition of close family life.
m's wife once had war job. "I couldn't get home soon enough." She
es her mother-in-law, who makes her own clothes and laundry soap.

No cards are played on that game table—the family rules permit only Rook. Both brothers incline to be stiff—so does their community—about cards, dancing and such, though both can relax sensibly when events catch up with them. Charley forbade his daughters dates right through high school. He also used to forbid silk stockings, because he didn't want his girls "making an exhibition of themselves." But then he took a Soil Conservation post in Allentown for a short while, observed the ubiquity of silk on Allentown legs, and concluded that, contrariwise, not wearing silk stockings would make an exhibition of his girls. So he reversed himself with all the aplomb of a justice of the Supreme Court.

This type of Pennsylvania Dutch are not the better known "plain people"—Mennonites, Dunkers and Amish who wear Quakerish clothes and do not even intermarry between sects. These are the "church people," members of standard Protestant sects—most of the Lichtenwalners go to Solomon's Reformed Evangelical Church in Macungie—dressing like the rest of the world and relatively susceptible to outside influences. Their mixture of old and new is all the more remarkable because it works so well.

Making one's own soap—Addie Missie's laundry soap took a Grange prize recently—lives cheek by jowl with a highly modern quick-freeze locker in the Charles' cellar and with the fluorescent lighting in the Ellis' kitchen. Modern electrical farm equipment is housed in a barn that still carries, high on its reverend walls, the traditional Pennsylvania Dutch painted designs that, some say, are mere decoration; others say that they keep away witches and evil spirits. Though the children do not speak it too fluently, Ellis and Charley habitually talk with their wives in the old language—not Dutch at all, of course, but an American development of the German dialects brought to Pennsylvania in the eighteenth century by colonists from the Rhineland and Switzerland. But there is DDT on the screens of Charley's cow barn and the farm operates on a total of fifty-three rubber-tired wheels on cars, tractors, sprayers, cultivators, trucks—the fifty-third being on a rubber-tired wheelbarrow.

Individual variation has plenty of scope. For all their being trained to farm by the same kind of experience, Ellis and Charley do only two things in parallel—work hard and make it pay. Charley sent both his boys to agricultural college at

Lichtenwalner cash crop is potatoes which rank with spuds from Idaho or Aroostook County, Maine. In Pennsylvania Dutch tradition, all Lichtenwalner men are farmers, girls teachers, homemakers. Ellis' daughter Miriam married son of "Pumpernickel Bill" Troxell, famous Allentown columnist, who writes in Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, American version of Swiss and Rhineland German.

MUNKACSI



How the Lichtenwalners Spend Their Money

Charles' Family		Ellis' Family
$1000.00	Food, sundries	$500.00 (*$12 a month for dairy products*)
100.00 (*parents only*)	Clothing	200.00
90.00	Electricity (*house only*)	110.00
175.00	Heat (*coal*)	110.00
40.00	Telephone	*
15.00	Newspapers, magazines	25.00
100.00	Contributions. Church, Red Cross, etc.	200.00
25.00	Recreation	50.00
50.00 (*parents only*)	Doctors, dentists	50.00
900.00	Insurance	600.00
300.00	Income tax (*average of war years*)	900.00
$2795.00		$2715.00

Charles' farm has netted between $2000 and $3000 in war years. Other cash income is board from girls—total of $360 a year.

*No phone. Uses that of hired man in cottage on place, for 75 cents month. Ellis' farm has netted around $7000 during war years.



Ada Missa came to this 100-yr.-old farmhouse as a bride—"Didn't even tell the cat under the stove." Traditional are two front doors, one painted blue to indicate marriageable daughters.

Pennsylvania State. Ellis offered the same chance to both his, but they thought high school was plenty—Ellis and Charley had only country grade schooling, and he didn't argue with them about the merits of higher education.

Charles has a fifteen-cow herd of Holsteins and proudly displays the Lehigh Valley Farmers' Co-operative membership sign of green and orange. Ellis skips cows altogether, buying milk and cream by daily doorstep delivery. It's cow milking, he says, that does most to make farmers' hours so long. Without cows he manages to start to work round seven and knock off round five—practically bankers' hours in the country. He also disposed of all horses two years ago, whereas Charley, who is especially fond of animals, keeps a span of mules, named Pete and Joe, and a small roan horse named Dan.

"Maybe they go a whole week without working," he says, regarding the mules with affection, in spite of their sardonic expressions. "But when you want a team, you want a team." His voice has the same tone when he addresses Jack, the huge, plow-snouted Duroc-Jersey boar whose offspring, duly smoked at home, keep the house in ham, bacon, sausage and odd doings all winter.

By the time she and Ellis married, Florence had $700 saved from money her father paid her for farm work—potato picking, for instance. In her time, Addie Missie admits with a wonderful crinkling of smile-developed lines round her bright eyes, she has handled practically every job round the farm—haying, manure spreading, plowing and what not. Though she looks as if she would fit a rocking chair admirably and has chronic trouble with phlebitis—started when a colt stepped on her while she was carrying the boy twins—she is actually full of nervous go and an indefatigable worker. The girls are in there pitching, too, of course, not at special assignments, but:

"They just take up where I leave off."

"We play ball round here," is the girls' succinct comment.

In this house, in fact, family solidarity and co-operation fairly drip from the walls. "We like historical pictures" or "We follow just as many radio serials as we can" is the way they talk when entertainment comes up. Even the big, fuzzy shepherd dog co-operates outside the usual line of duty. If you want a certain chicken, you just point out your pick to Collie and, with much rushing and squawking, he fetches you that chicken and no other. He's ten years old now, and the job keeps him chirked up.

A Lichtenwalner list of annual canning and preserving is a stunner. Twenty-eight different items canned, six deep-frozen, including 600 pounds of their beef and 150 quarts of peas frozen, 100 cans of peaches, 100 tomatoes, 100 corn, 200-odd pickles, 23 gallons of apple butter and a gallon of old-time dried apples for making *snitzknapp*—boiled ham apotheosized with small dumplings and bits of dried apple. Flour comes from their own wheat, taken to the mill to be ground. But of recent years they buy bakers' bread.

"That," says Addie Missie, leaving the spectator a little dizzy, "is the one thing too many."

Florence and Arleen somehow manage time to make all their own clothes, taking it as self-evident fact that they get far nicer things that way for far less. Last winter Florence was toying with the idea of blowing herself to a bought tailored suit and looked all through Allentown stores. But the only thing that would do at all cost forty-five dollars and, she knew very well she could make a better suit of better material herself and still save money. So she did. And it was. Charley's girls are also capable seamstresses, but teaching school and working in a larger household make it necessary occasionally to buy something. They buy and make so devotedly for their mother that she hasn't had to worry about clothes problems for years.

This year Charley put a small porch on the long side of the old house where he was born. Everybody advised him to use concrete, but he stuck to wood, painted a decorous gray.

"I didn't want anything all hard and cold like concrete," he says. "This top step"—thumping it—"is where I sit after I get through my day's work. I want some spring in it."

He sits there after washing up till supper is called. Only some kind of meat, a couple of vegetables, jam and pie and pickles and cake and coffee—dinner was the heavy meal.

Again young Charles bows his head:

"Be present at this table, Lord. . . ."

★ ★ ★

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Beauty hint for Glamorous Lingerie...

Give its loveliness *Longer Life* with cool-water IVORY SNOW

the "snowdrop" soap that goes a step farther in keeping pretty things . . . pretty longer!

Of course you love pretty lingerie . . . every woman does! You're not frivolous—just feminine. And now you can keep it looking lovely—*longer*—with wonderful Ivory Snow!

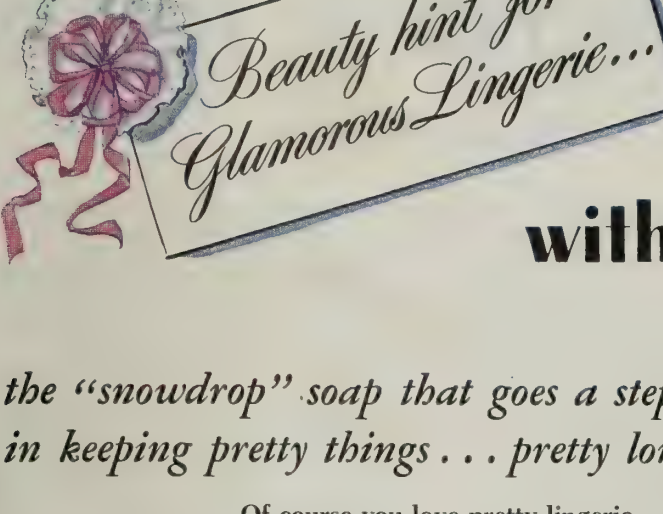
Ivory Snow is unique . . . modern . . . *newer* than flake soaps . . . *different* from cake soaps! It's the *only* soap that's Ivory-mild —in speedy granulated form.

Those sparkling white "snowdrop" granules are quick-dissolving—foam into instant suds *even in cool water!* They cleanse quickly, gently—rinse out completely *without rubbing!*

Gentle, safe Ivory Snow carries protection a step farther than other soaps not Ivory-mild. Give that *extra* protection to the flowerlike bloom of lingerie colors! Give longer life to the beauty of lingerie fabrics . . . to the flattery of smoothly fitting lines.

Wash those pretty things OFTEN—the Ivory Snow way. After each wearing's best of all! It's a beauty treatment that keeps lovely lingerie—*lovely* longer! P.S. It's as easy on your hands as on your cherished washables.

IMPORTANT! All soap is made of vital materials. S-t-r-e-t-c-h Ivory Snow!



Ivory Snow is the only soap that is both Ivory-mild and granulated for speedy sudsing!

99 44/100% *Pure*



Check! Compare!

For a month wash *all* your nice things only with Ivory Snow, following tested directions on the back of the box. Decide whether any other soap has ever given you all these wonders . . .

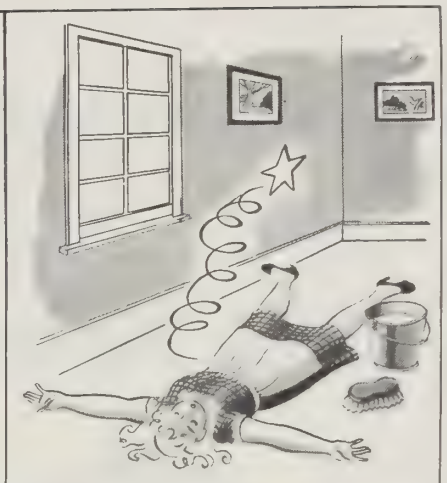
1. Such suds even in cool water!
2. Such quick-dissolving "snowdrop" granules!
3. So kind to colors!
4. So wonderful for stockings!
5. Inexpensive to use!
6. So quick-cleansing!
7. So easy-rinsing!
8. So marvelous for wools!
9. Gives longer life to the glamour of washables!

Cool-Water

IVORY SNOW *Longer Life for Nice Washables*



A marvel of strength
is my Cousin Marie
She's husky and hearty
and hale as can be.



No task is too heavy
for her, so I'm told.
'Cept washing the windows—
it knocks her out cold.



Yet her sister, Patricia
who's frail as she's small
Makes *her* windows sparkle—
no trouble at all!



'Cause *she* uses WINDEX,
the smart little lass.
It's perfect for windows
and all kinds of glass.



So easy to use, it's
a homemaker's dream
Spray it on! Wipe it off!
Your windows will gleam.



"You just can't beat WINDEX!"
she'll proudly maintain.
"And thrifty? Costs less than
a penny per pane!"

WINDEX is a *must* for house cleaning! No streaking, no film, when you insist on this non-inflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs but a fraction of a cent per window pane. Don't trust cheap substitutes!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. *by The Drackett Company*

For Extra Economy, Buy The Big 20-ounce Size



Copr. 1945, The Drackett Co.

Preventing Children's Problems

By Lois Howard

IF you are an average intelligent American parent, you have learned a lot about preventing children's diseases. In addition you've learned rules of hygiene that cut down the incidence of colds and other illnesses in your family. But unless you are very different from the ordinary parent, you are still looking for preventive measures for children's behavior problems. You wish that the child specialists would present us with a system whereby it would be as easy to keep children from having nightmares, fears, tantrums and stubbornness as it is to prevent their having smallpox and diphtheria.

Take a look at the children you know. You'll find some very happy ones and very likely you'll also find some problems. For instance, your neighbor may confide to you that her seven-year-old daughter has nightmares, really frightful ones. And the mother of six-year-old Johnny could tell you that sometimes she thinks Johnny will drive her to distraction, he's so naughty now that his new baby sister has arrived. Little Joan with the sad face may tell you that the people she calls mamma and daddy aren't really hers. Although this tale is a myth, Joan truly believes it.

The children with these problems aren't happy, and their mothers are frequently distressed. Even though parents know that mental health is just as important as physical health, they may not know how to go about ensuring their children's happiness.

So far, child specialists can't offer us a sugar-coated system of rearing children. But they can and do offer us two principles that are practically foolproof for preventing the majority of children's problems. These two principles are: first, build up a child's basic security in the family relationships; and second, build up a child's sense of adequacy in his community. It is most important from the time a baby is first born that he feel a sense of security or belongingness. Later, and particularly when the child goes to school, it is important that he feel he can hold his own in school and at play.

Instilling a sense of security or a sense of adequacy in a child is not easy. It takes a lot of thought and effort. True, every year thousands of parents seem to produce happy and healthy children by trusting only to their innate good judgment. But it will help many parents if they are aware of what security and adequacy are and what are some of the means of obtaining them.

What is basic security? Basic security is the sense of belongingness that is learned early in family life. You start building up your baby's sense of security the very first time you hold him. You are a wise parent if you hold him and say—or think, since it's your attitude that counts—"You are mine. I love you because you are our baby and to me you are the most wonderful thing in the world. We shall not care, you and I, *what* you are; it's *who* you are that matters."

But there is little security if a mother holds her baby and thinks, "Why weren't you a boy? We preferred a boy. We didn't want a baby now anyway, so try not to be too much bother. Your father doesn't really like babies and I have enough trouble getting along with him."

Many's the mother who, deep in her heart, feels that she is being cheated out of a career, out of a pleasant carefree life with her husband, out of a life of leisure by having a child. She wouldn't say so in most cases, because such thoughts make her feel guilty. But if she doesn't welcome her baby genuinely and learn to love him, the baby will know it and will be cheated out of his proper sense of security.

Fortunately, it isn't hard to learn to love babies. They are so dependent on our care that even though there may have been times when we weren't sure how we could fit another baby into our schedule and our budget, it doesn't take many weeks for them to work their way into our hearts.

Remember the first time you took your baby to the doctor's office to be weighed and examined? Remember how your baby cried when you put him in the basket scale? For a minute his whole world was shaky, his security gone. And then you held him firmly and he was quiet and peaceful.

And do you remember that sudden noise in his nursery? The window blind flew up, or something dropped to the floor. Your baby cried, but only until you picked him up and held him close to you. And let's hope it never happened to you, but perhaps you've seen a mother holding her baby and carrying on a quarrel with her husband at the same time; the baby cried just as much as if he were on a shaky scale or hearing a loud noise. In fact, as a baby gets older he can sense a quarrel even if he isn't being held. He becomes aware of more things about him, and the happiness of his mother and father is most important to his sense of security. Before a child is very old he can recognize difficulty between his parents even though they try not to talk about their disagreements.

Children know much more than we give them credit for. You may be clever enough to fool your neighbors, your friends and your relatives, but you can't fool your children. Should there be something missing in the happiness of your home life, your children would know it. It is in a happy family life that your child absorbs his sense of security. You've got to love your children and your husband and whomever you live with in order to give your child the proper environment for mental health. The number of problem children who come from broken homes is notorious, as every social worker's records show. But it is the bickering and quarreling that precede the broken home as much as the actual fact of separation or divorce that are hard on the children.

There comes a time when parents have to teach their children more than "I love you" and "You belong to me." You must teach them to be adequate according to their age and abilities. Children have to learn many lessons about eating and playing and dressing. These first lessons should be taught nonchalantly, praising the child for his successes but ignoring his failures. If we put too much stress on what our child is learning, we start undermining his sense of security by making him feel that our affections for him depend on how well he performs. When it comes to toilet training, lots of parents have been known to praise the successes and punish the failures. We've seen wee tots who weren't physiologically capable of sphincter control who were made to sit on the toilet until they produced results, for if they didn't do so their mothers scolded them. This is making the child depend on his performance for his mother's love.

We can see other examples of mothers' hurrying their children on toward activities for which they are not yet ready. Toddlers are made to give over favorite toys to little guests by parents who expect those so very young to conceal their selfish impulses. Little children who can't distinguish between fairy tales and real lies are punished for being naughty. There are parents who try to reason with a child far beyond its intellectual capabilities. Some parents feel annoyed because their children cannot read and write as well as the neighbor's.

Each child's performance must be based n his own individuality, his own rate of rowth. A child can become a problem if he s thrown in a group which is ahead of im in age and abilities. Take the case of usan, aged nine, who was referred to a linic for problem children because she wet er bed at night, refused her food and hated chool. The physician could find nothing hysically wrong with Susan, but the psyhologist discovered that Susan had no laymates of her own age. Susan spent all er playtime with her twelve-year-old sister nd her friends. The twelve-year-olds liked er, but Susan grew so tired in keeping p with the older group at play that she ad no energy left over for normal nineear-old behavior at school and at home. nce encouraged to play with children of er own age, Susan's problems cleared up most immediately.

It seems to be difficult for some parents o realize that each child has his own abilies and his own limitations. Professional milies are perhaps the worst offenders in tting family standards rather than invidual standards for each child. Why it ould be any different for the son of a colge professor to become a garage mechanic an for the son of a garage mechanic to beome a college professor, I do not know. But you talk to some of the sons of professors d physicians and other professional peoe, they will frequently tell you that they ent on with their "higher education" hatg it, but having to do it to keep up the mily's reputation.

How many parents are doing their chilen an injustice by permitting or forcing eir children to overcompete? Keeping up ith the Joneses' child, keeping ahead of e relatives, playing one child against the her are sure ways of killing happiness and ental health. How can we avoid having our ildren thrust into competition with other ildren? The answer is, we can and should oid competition during the first few years our children's life, while they are developg their sense of security. Then when our ildren go to school, we can learn to cope th it wisely.

Good nursery schools and kindergartens d primary schools will not lay too much ress on competition. But in our school stem as it exists today, before the child very far along he must learn to give an equate performance—adequate for the hool standards as well as for his indidual rate of growth. It is when the child es to school that he must depend for his ppiness on a sense of adequacy as well a sense of security. The security relaonship should still hold at home—parents ould not refuse affection on the grounds poor performance in school—but the achers will demand adequacy.

Therefore, since your school child's happiss depends on his sense of adequacy, help him to be adequate and to feel adequate. There are hundreds of ways of being normal other than having an I.Q. of 100, and there are hundreds of ways of being adequate without getting good grades in school. If your child gets poor grades in school, help him to find out where he can excel. Here is where parents and teachers should work together. Your child will be good in something, if you will help him find what that is. Maybe it will be music, perhaps art, sports, or any one of a dozen things.

Praise your school child for whatever performance is good. Dr. James S. Plant, who is the director of the Essex County, New Jersey, Juvenile Clinic, has called our attention to the fact that a lot of the problems of children seem to be affected by their parents' overstressing the bad performance and disregarding the good performance. You don't have to praise everything your child does. In fact, he would be the first to catch on to your insincerity if you praised him for something he didn't do well. Just find something to appreciate and don't harp on his mistakes.

One of the best discussions of the importance of security and adequacy to the child may be found in Doctor Plant's book, Personality and the Cultural Pattern. On pages 275 and 276 of this book he says, "Every clinic knows the individual child who, once completely aware of the fundamental love of the parents, seems to sail along rather comfortably in spite of drunkenness and poverty in the home, or wretched setups in the school. That is, security, once firmly established in the family, spreads itself through or is a solid foundation under everything else that the child does. Adequacy, on the other hand, can be established in any one of the child's adjustments—and it 'remains' in that adjustment to be turned to when the child needs it. Thus he may be a second-rater in school, teased on the street, a poor athlete—but if he is the champion checker player in the community he goes through all these experiences with a strength born of 'wait till they come to checkers.' Adequacy does not demand triumph throughout life—indeed, it recognizes that life is to a very large extent a rather drab and monotonous affair. It is precisely this that allows the teacher to give adequacy to a child through some small special function in the room—a task that brings the glow that *'here* I am important.' To this the child turns in time of trouble."

Parents can't find many absolute rules in their quest for help in rearing happy and healthy children. But so many of the problems of children and adults seem to stem from the children's not having been given a sense of security in their family life and not having learned a sense of adequacy in community life, that by helping them to develop these two things parents will be giving their children a wonderful heritage.

MEET THREE NEW YORKERS

from "ST. JOE," MISSOURI

TIME: 7 A.M. on East 72nd Street.

SCENE: Utter confusion. Three career girls get up, get dressed, get fed, get off to work: Gretchen Chase to a personnel job in the Wall Street district; Janie McPherson to write advertising copy on 42nd Street; Caffie Barrow (who never tells a man that she's a Phi Beta Kappa) to work on tax analyses in a staid bank.

Because they're young (21) and pretty, they have problems: MEN, clothes, money, a place to LIVE! Take a look at what goes when three girls from St. Joe invade the Big City.

CAREER GIRLS

in the How America Lives section of the January Journal



Not yet, but —

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence . . .

Soon!

Yes—we *can* promise it now. Fels-Naptha Soap will be on sale, in generous quantities, *soon!*

It will be the same good golden bar, the same husky golden chips that American housekeepers have relied on to lighten washday labor and to justify their pride in whiter washes.

For the amazing patience and for the constant loyalty so frequently expressed—and demonstrated by our many good friends—the makers of Fels-Naptha Soap are deeply grateful.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



In this corner of Miriam's living room, you can see the Victorian influence which reached even into the Dutch country.



Hand-woven heirlooms. Four generations of babies were wrapped in the striped shawl.



This old linen damask cloth, the glass and century-old china are still used for gala family Christmas parties.

Pennsylvania Dutch Heirlooms

SMART young marrieds, with decoration plans in the making, are definitely antique-minded. New rooms with accents of old furniture are charming, right from the start.

When Miriam and LaRoy Troxell did over their stone house, they had in mind the beautiful family heirlooms which will be theirs someday; meanwhile, they build their own collection by adding bargain pieces whenever they happen to come across them. Since Miriam has a flair for decorating, you can imagine how excited and thrilled she is over LaRoy's family treasure. The beautiful cupboards are filled with century-old glass and china, and hidden away in chests and boxes from attic to cellar are more and more heirlooms.

There are satiny, fringed damask in claret red, old pewter, flawless luster and Bohemian glass, figurines and delicate weaving, each the finest of its kind. Upstairs and down are graceful chairs and sedate rockers, honey-colored tables and leisurely clocks, all making themselves at home in the busy atmosphere of today.

Right now, of course, Pennsylvania Dutch antiques are bringing top prices, so that zealous buyers have collected those easily available and shipped them to stores all over the country. *(Continued on Page 188)*

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of The Journal



This handsome dower cupboard has been in use for more than a hundred years.



Pennsylvania Dutch version of grandfather clock and old co

This is the "Flowering Blue" china which was bought by a Troxell great-grandmother almost a century ago. This pattern was top favorite in its day.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD POWLER

BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



You feel his hand closing tight over yours . . : you *hear* his voice speaking straight to your heart . . . you *know* this is not just for an hour, not just for a day. *This is for keeps.*

For keeps, too, you'll choose your Community —the silverware craftsmen created for a lifetime of loving wear. Each fork, each spoon, has an overlay of solid silver at the points of greatest wear, each is *balanced* in the finest silverware tradition. And the patterns are enduring . . . they grow dearer through the years. At your jeweler's now (*or soon*) a 50-piece service for 8, in distinguished antitarnish chest, at $62.50— no Government tax. Choose Community . . . you'll be thankful *for keeps.*

Community

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

FREE! *If you would like a full-color reproduction of this painting, without advertising, write* COMMUNITY, *Department P-5, Oneida, New York*

NEW LEASE ON LIFE

By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal

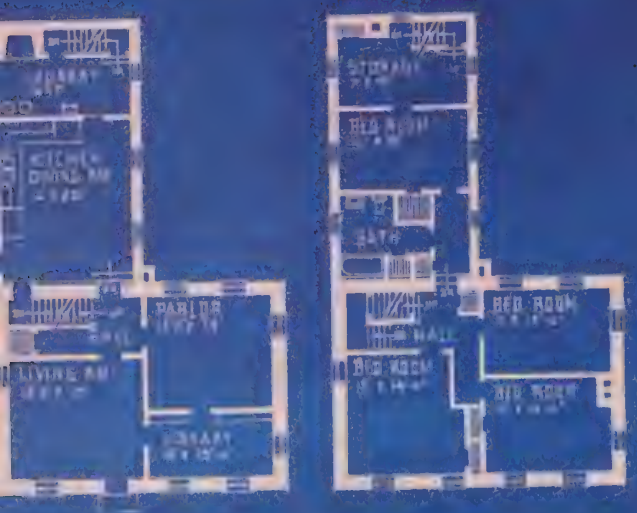
THE towns and countrysides of the nation are still sprinkled with good old original dwellings that, when reconditioned, can leave a lot of younger houses far behind in looks and livability. But don't be swept away by the purely picturesque. Consider first the year-round accessibility to work, schools, shops, the present and future condition of the neighborhood, and the immediate situation as to view, trees, soil, summer breeze and winter wind, investigating carefully the water supply, sewage disposal and availability of electricity and telephone.

As to the house itself, look first for soundness and solidity, for open seams and sagging lines spell trouble. Start with the cellar, testing the beams with an ice pick; if soft, figure those as first repairs. On your way to the attic, test all window frames for soundness and squareness. In the attic, look for light holes in the roof and signs of leakage on the floor. If the house passes pretty well this preliminary examination, and seems to be big enough or readily enlargeable; if the price, figuring plenty for improvements, is within your means, then come back with an experienced contractor, and an architect if possible, and get down to details in dollars of what it would take for repairs, remodeling, heating, plumbing and wiring—not forgetting the grounds. If the project needs financing, with your estimates and sketches in hand, you are then ready to discuss the job with FHA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRATT

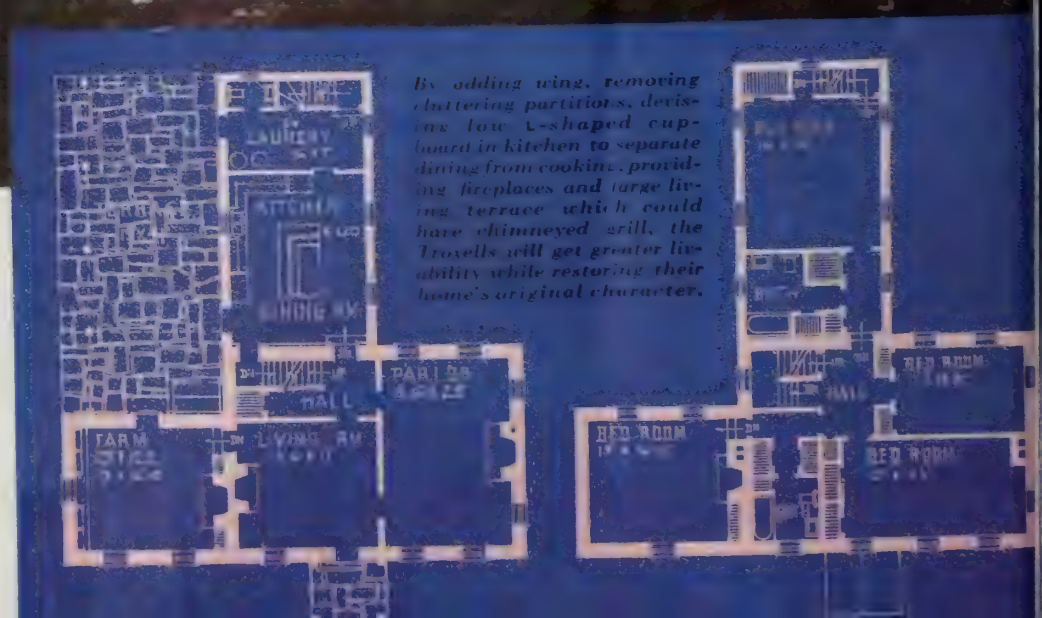
PLAN REVISED BY RODERICK SEIDENBERG, ARCHITECT





The Troxells' present floor plans, while containing recent kitchen and bath, show need, as with many old homes, for not more but better rooms; larger, more convenient closets; fireplaces; and pleasanter facilities for country-kitchen dining.





By adding wing, removing cluttering partitions, devising low L-shaped cupboard in kitchen to separate dining from cooking, providing fireplaces and large living terrace which could have chimneyed grill, the Troxells will get greater livability while restoring their home's original character.

The house shown small above is the one in which LaRoy and Miriam Troxell live. The other house shown larger, near by in Pennsylvania, is how the Troxell house will look when the plaster is removed from the original masonry, wing added, chimneys extended, and new entrance put on. Similarly dramatic changes can be achieved with any house whose original quality warrants restoration and whose original character you bring out instead of attempting to disguise. Whether early Colonial or sound Victorian, whether stone, brick or wood, there is a chance somewhere to give new reality to something that is already intrinsically real.

Your brainstorm...



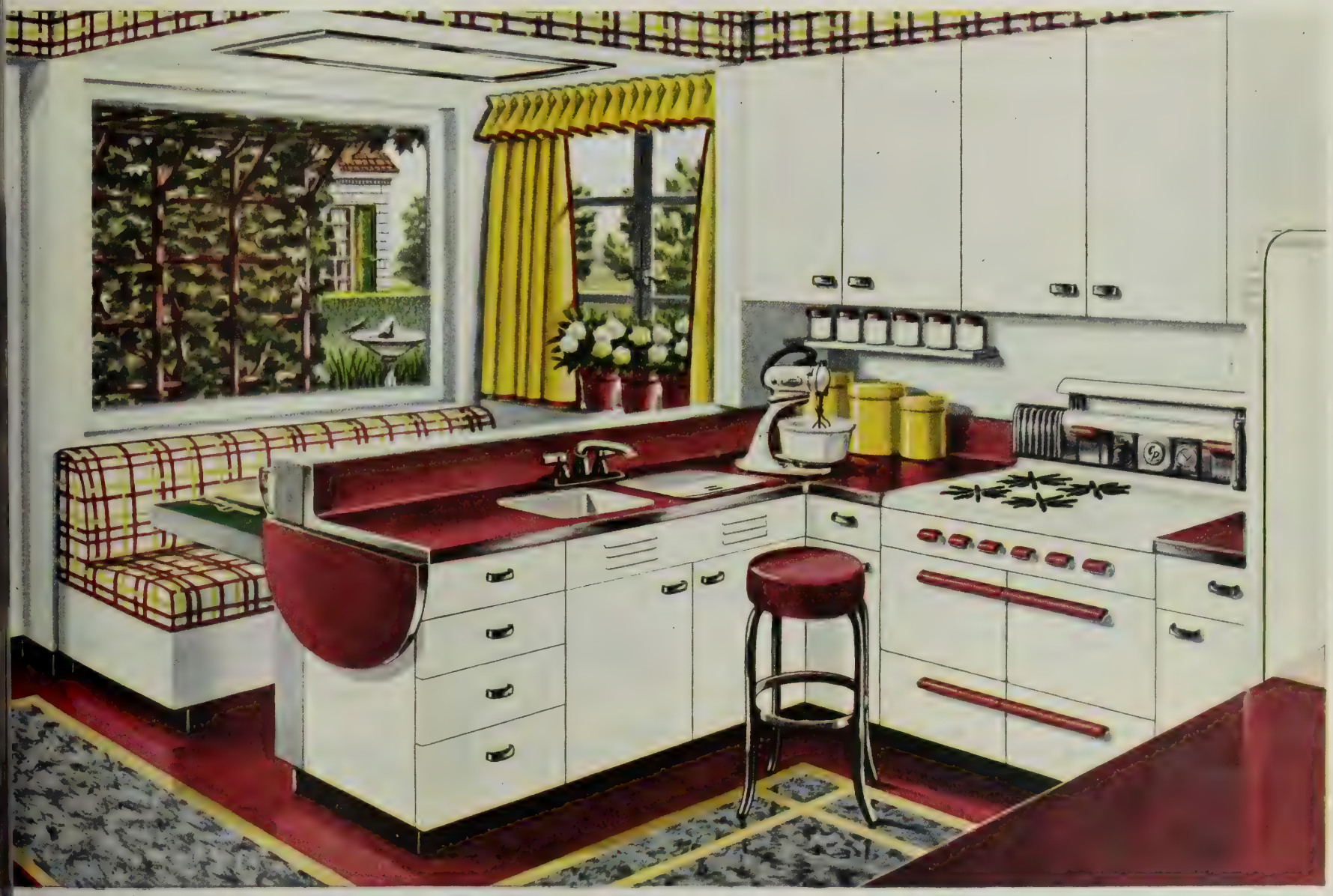
You've got your heart set on a wonderful new kitchen . . . cool, clean, cozy . . . where everything fits together like a glove to save you time, energy and *work*. But...how to *get* it...?

Our brainchild:...



Here it is . . . every modern convenience you ever hoped for *and more* . . . in another of our "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"* designs. See how compact it is . . . how the three major work units are spaced to save you time and steps. See how cabinets and appliances dovetail, leaving no dust-catching crannies. But best of all . . . is what you *can't see!* For this beautiful, livable kitchen is free from cooking heat and dirt . . . yes! even from unwanted cooking odors!

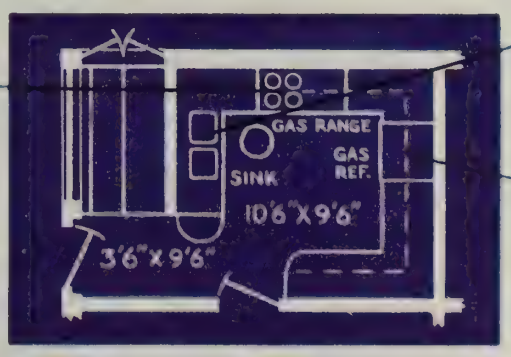
Result! The last word in kitchen convenience!



NDY BREAKFAST-BOOTH KITCHEN . . . ANOTHER "NEW FREEDOM GAS KITCHEN" DESIGN

ere are the three major "freedoms" that make ery "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" *click!*

W FREEDOM IN COOKING . . . A miraculous new s range with smokeless broiler, fool-proof en baking, top-of-stove cooking so fast and xible you'll turn out easier, *better* meals than er before. See these new modern s ranges—today. And look for s CP seal.



NEW FREEDOM IN WATER HEATING . . . thanks to a new automatic Gas water-heater . . . the most economical and efficient way to supply all the necessary hot water for a modern laundry and automatic dishwasher!

NEW FREEDOM IN FOOD STORAGE . . . A new silent Gas refrigerator . . . so spacious you'll have more room for frozen foods . . . be able to keep *all* foods at the peak of freshness much *longer*. Start planning for your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"—today!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

GAS

THE WONDER FLAME THAT COOLS AS WELL AS HEATS

*Copyright 1945, American Gas Association

Sample Home Menu of the Future

Corn on the Cob
Broccoli
Mushrooms
Peas and Carrots
Succotash
Asparagus
Artichokes
Egg Plant
Candied Sweet Potatoes

Filet Mignon
Oysters Rockefeller
Venison
Sirloin Steak
Chicken Tetrazzini
Shrimp Rémoulade
Lobster à la Newburg
Maryland Crabmeat
Soft Shell Crabs

Lake Superior Whitefish
South American Quail
Irish Lamb Stew
Egg Foo Yung
Spaghetti with Meat and Parmesan Cheese
Browned Beef Stew
Chicken à la Reine
Turkey à la King
Roast Duck

Scotch Woodcock
Pompano à la Marguery
Crêpes Suzettes
Rocky Mountain Brook Trout
Roast Spring Lamb
Sirloin Tips and Mushrooms
Gumbo à la Louisiane
Filet of Sole Bonne Fèmme
Pot Roast in Gravy

Apricots
Blueberries
Cantaloupe in Grenadine Syrup
Devonshire Strawberries
Grated Cocoanut
Mangoes
Papaya
Peaches
Persian Melon
Diced Pineapple



What'll We Eat Tonight?

CHOOSE from this menu for dinner *at home!* Yes, *at home!* Serve at your own table the rare dishes and delicacies enjoyed by epicures in restaurants of international fame. The new science of frozen foods will bring epicurean meals to your kitchen fully prepared and frozen . . . ready to heat and serve.

Yes, there's a new day coming in kitchens. No more monotonous menus—let famous chefs pep up your family dinners! No more daily grind of preparing meals—a quick trip to your food store, and you're ready for the most elaborate entertaining. You'll get new leisure, new freedom, in the new day of *frozen foods cooking.*

For years, Philco has pioneered in this new science of frozen foods refrigeration. Philco was the first to provide a complete line of reftigerators with special, roomy compartments for frozen food storage. The new Philco models will give you even bigger space. And now Philco is bringing out a great new Freezer for the American home, so that you can stock up when foods are cheap and plentiful, and store them frozen for all year round use. Already some stores offer completely prepared frozen dishes . . . from Irish stew to pompano à la Marguery!

Yes, whether you live in a penthouse or a two-room flat . . . whether you cook in a farm kitchen or an apartment kitchenette . . . famous home economists, great food companies and Philco engineers are working to make life easier for *you!*

With the new Philco refrigerators, you can make one trip to market and stock up for weeks on tasty frozen fruits, meats and vegetables. With a Philco Freezer, you'll be able to store enough meals to last a month, and take a vacation from the tedious chores of meal preparation.

So get ready now to enjoy life more tomorrow. Watch for the new model Philco refrigerators and the brand-new Philco Freezer. Your Philco dealer is headquarters in your neighborhood for the new day that's coming in kitchens!

Tune in The Radio Hall of Fame, with Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra, Sundays, 6 P. M., E S T; The Breakfast Club, with Don McNeill, 9:45 A. M., E S T, Monday through Friday—ABC (Blue) Network.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • AIR CONDITIONERS
RADIOS • PHONOGRAPHS • FM • TELEVISION



PHOTOS BY STUART FOWLER

This friendly living-kitchen proves that kitchens needn't have a laboratory look to be efficient. Above: the "business section" and dining center.



Below: The Troxell kitchen has a cozy corner for resting or reading.



A KITCHEN TO LIVE IN

By Judy Barry

THERE'S a new fashion in our present-day design for living, a trend back to the cheery, roomy, livable kitchens of our grandmothers' day. Today's generation of young housewives have discovered that in addition to their charm, such kitchens can make good common sense. Farm wives like young Miriam Lichtenwalner Troxell, whose ample, beautiful kitchen we picture in full knowledge that it's bound to make some mouths water, have always clung to spacious kitchens. More and more city and suburban home planners long for them too. No one forgets the labor saving and step saving we've learned from our small compact work areas, but Miriam's cheery kitchen is pleasant proof that a big, comfortable, old-fashioned kitchen can be efficient and easy to work in.

Ever since she and LaRoy were married, Miriam has kept a scrapbook of ideas for the home they planned to have someday. Her mother's well-planned kitchen was a good example. And before her marriage, Miriam had worked for the local utility company, where she saw many new developments in kitchen arrangement and equipment. So she approached the problem of "our own kitchen" armed with plenty of sound, practical ideas about scientific layout and planned work areas.

Miriam eliminated a dining room from her personal scheme of things because she felt it was a room that wouldn't *(Continued on Page 172)*

The toaster you've longed for



The new G-E Automatic Toaster!

You'll fall in love with this new G-E Automatic Toaster the minute you see it!

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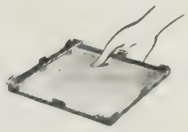
Every slice just the way you ordered!



How do you like your toast? Light, medium, or dark? Just set this G-E wonder for your preference. Every slice—first to last—comes out exactly the way you want it!

Snap-in crumb tray for quick cleaning!

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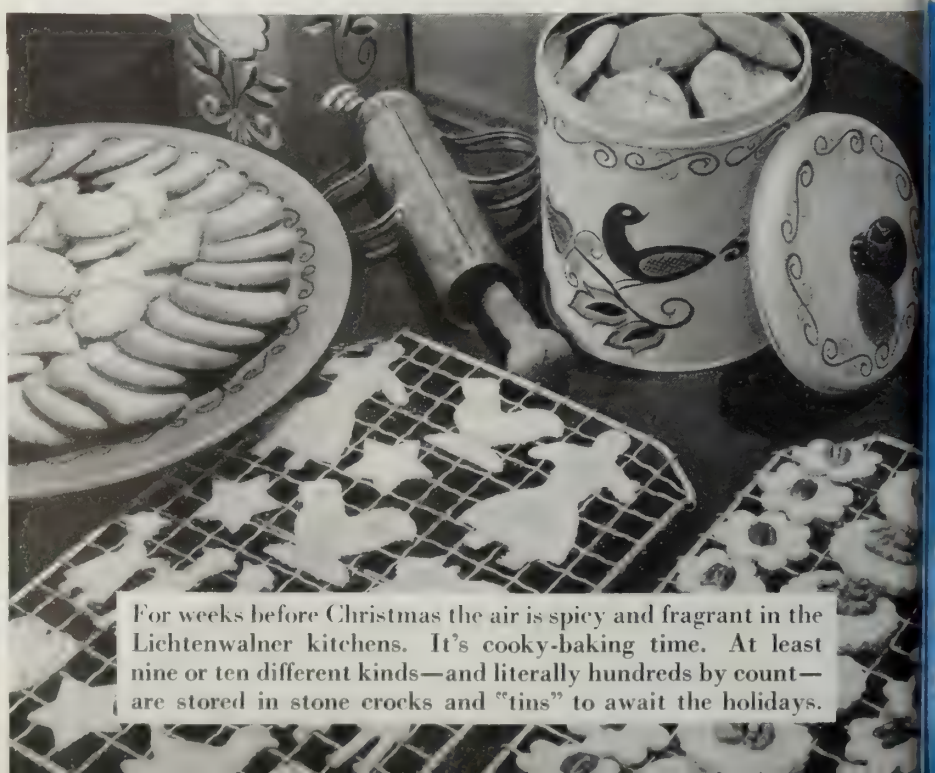
From PENNSYLVANIA



"Picture" cookies are a Christmas tradition in Pennsylvania Dutch homes. These were made with cutters almost a hundred years old.

By Louella G. Shouer

LOADED dinner tables, parade of sweets and sours; dried apples and corn in the attic; in the cellar, brimming crocks, jars and barrels! They're all there on the Lichtenwalner farms. Both Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Ellis Lichtenwalner have reputations for being the best cooks in their section of the county. They talk of food lovingly, and their pride in their "written in" cookbooks is almost reverent. The traditional Pennsylvania Dutch dishes of their mothers and grandmothers present a record for their children's children that is both precious and rich with the love of good food. So many good things are brought forth by Lichtenwalner hands that it's difficult to say which are most exciting. The hearty main dishes and the pickles and preserves are a story in themselves. But to me the pies, cakes and cookies are their greatest triumph. Since the holidays are near, I want to share some of these treasures with you. Many you can include in your own Christmas baking.



For weeks before Christmas the air is spicy and fragrant in the Lichtenwalner kitchens. It's cooky-baking time. At least nine or ten different kinds—and literally hundreds by count—are stored in stone crocks and "tins" to await the holidays.



Pies and then some. No self respecting Dutch farm woman would bother making just one pie. It wouldn't last through breakfast! Four or five at a time is more like it. And such pies! Crusts made tender by a quick hand and their own sweet lard. I can't forget that mincemeat creation of Mrs. Charles Lichtenwalner's. She makes a mincemeat to surpass them all. Nor her shoofly cake, which is really a pie—but in that county it's called "cake." You either like it or you don't—I did. Mrs. Ellis Lichtenwalner has her own specialties. The lemon custard is particularly good, and I have an idea that her pumpkin pies, made from home-grown sweet pumpkin or neck pumpkin, are better than any made from ordinary pumpkin. All the family make corn pie, which was something new to me.

CORN PIE

The piecrust is unbaked. Fill with fresh corn cut off the cob—or in winter, canned corn. Dot with butter or margarine. Season with salt and pepper and a bit of sugar. Add cream to about half the depth. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., to brown crust. Reduce to 350° F., moderate oven, until cream and corn "have gotten together well." Some of the family add hard-cooked eggs to it. Some add baking powder. Some use a top crust. We prefer it eggless and without the top crust.

LEMON-CUSTARD PIE

Mix 2 tablespoons flour with ½ cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Beat 2 egg yolks. Add the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. Then add flour and sugar, continuing to beat. Stir in 1½ cups milk, and lastly fold in 2 egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake in hot oven, 425° F., for fifteen minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., and bake fifteen minutes more; or you can do as Mrs. Ellis Lichtenwalner does and bake it all the way through at 400° F. She, by the way, used 6 eggs and made 3 pies at once.

While both families make shoofly cake-pie, the following is Mrs. Charles Lichtenwalner's recipe—half of it, I should say, as she makes enough filling for two pies. It's reminiscent of gingerbread baked in a crust, crumb topped. Pennsylvania cooks disagree as to whether the pie should or shouldn't have a gooey molasses layer on the bottom.

SHOOFLY CAKE-PIE

For the crumb part, mix 1½ cups flour and 1 cup brown sugar. Work into it ¼ cup shortening with your hands. For the liquid part: Add ¾ teaspoon baking soda, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg, a little ginger, cinnamon and cloves, and ¼ teaspoon salt to ¾ cup molasses. Mix well and add ¾ cup hot water. Now you can do either of the following: Pour the liquid in the pie shell—it's unbaked. Sprinkle the crumbs on top. This is the traditional way, but we liked it better when we combined the crumbs and the liquid in alternate layers, beginning and ending with crumbs. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., fifteen minutes until the crust browns. Bake twenty minutes more in a moderate oven, 350° F.

(Continued on Page 170)

PHOTOS BY STUART

Two pies from the Dutch country: peach or apple custard and shoofly!



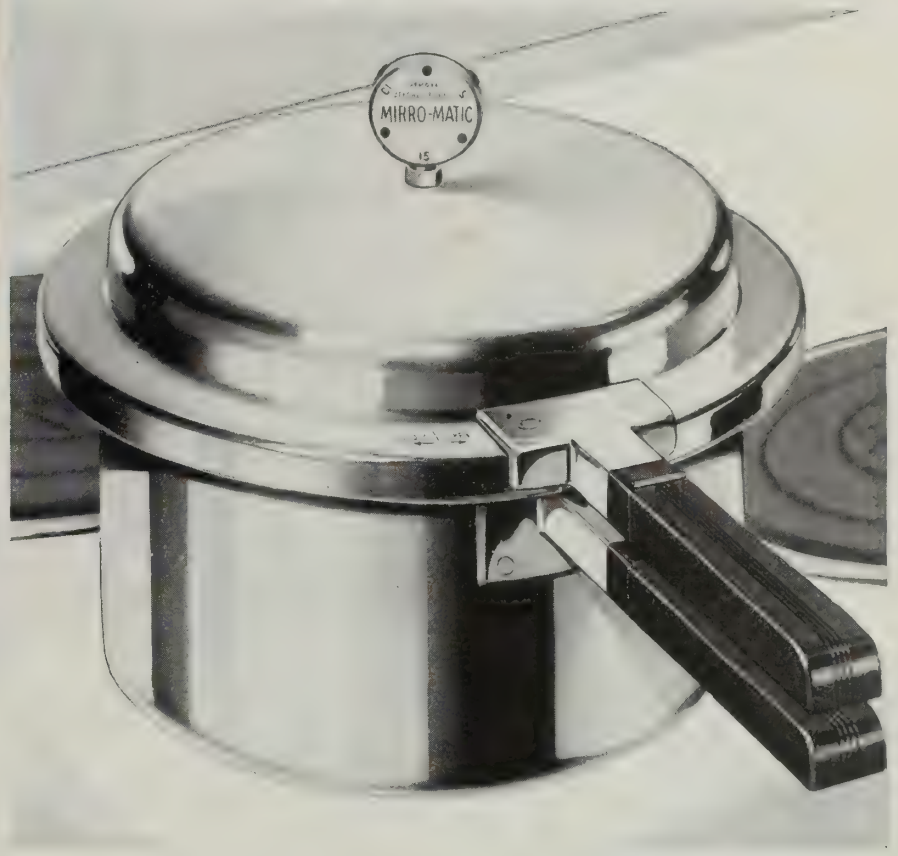
Company cakes: hickory-nut layer and "raised cake." Coming to call?



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PRESSURE PAN



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You'll breeze through meal-making as never before! And your family will marvel at the new-found flavor and color of *all* the fragrant foods that come from your new MIRRO-MATIC Pressure Pan. Pleasing, too, is the fact that this new way of cooking is so kind to vitamins and minerals — they don't boil away!



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Built to cook a wide variety of everyday foods—from a pound of wax beans to a large chicken—the MIRRO-MATIC Pressure Pan is also of ample size to pressure-can three 1-pint jars. A slide of the cool handles opens or closes cover, and a new-type gasket automatically seals and locks cover under operating pressure. Huskily built for long service; smoothly designed for easy cleaning.

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DAINTY, gay Daniel Greens are always a welcome Christmas gift. They will be all the more appreciated this year for their lovely new colors and brilliant styling. People take it as a compliment to their discriminating taste when they find the name Daniel Green on the slippers you select for them. And that's a good way to make sure of your money's worth when you are buying slippers for yourself as well.

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OGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



Kathryn selects gold flannel, shell buttons.



Mildred loves turquoise wool, neckline for scarfs, jewelry.



Boutonniere of rose-geranium.

LOOK PRETTY, TEACHER

"Children love color, bright scarfs and jewelry—and we all dress to please them." Kathryn and Mildred Lichtenwalner, young primary teachers, adopt the pleasant principle of gayer schoolroom clothes, and find it good psychology. Color can be a workable basis, as well as black, brown or navy. Mildred has a blue-green suit and wool dress and a black dress trimmed with turquoise. Kathryn starts with a gold flannel, has gold jewelry and a jeweled belt for her black dress, wears a yellow-striped blouse with a gray skirt. ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**





A black dress with jeweled buttons, with a touch of color at the cuffs.



A gray wool skirt takes a blouse in any color, always with a soft neckline.



Best black dress has a jeweled belt, new soft skirt—with gold jewelry.



A simple suit in color; hat and scarf in striped velvet; a bag to hold papers.

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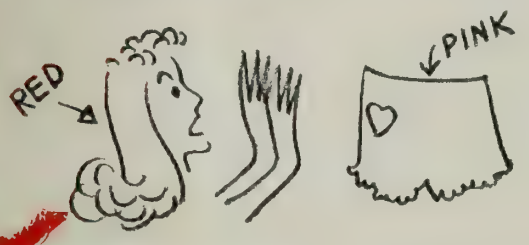


TEST YOUR CHRISTMAS GIVING

CHECK THESE STATEMENTS—TRUE OR FALSE. HERE IS A USEFUL PIECE OF READING MATTER FOR THE MAN IN YOUR LIFE—OR EVEN FOR THE MEN IN YOUR FAMILY! ★ *By Louise Paine Benjamin*

Beauty Editor of the Journal

GETTING the right gift for the right girl is an exercise in ingenuity, patience and wisdom. You strain your imagination and pocketbook to the utmost. Cynthia wants earrings? Earrings she shall have—smashing, dingle-dangle ones, dripping with glittering stones two inches below her earlobes. She thanks you ecstatically—and *yet*—could there be something faintly rueful in her look? Luckily, you are no mind reader. For Cynthia, having established an honest relationship with her mirror, and knowing full well that she is round of face and short of neck, realizes that lavish pendants are not for her. These expensive errors should be eliminated. In an effort to help, we give you herewith a resumé of the kind of preholiday puzzles that ruin many a generous donor's sleep, together with the correct solutions. If you have all the answers right, you are a wonder!

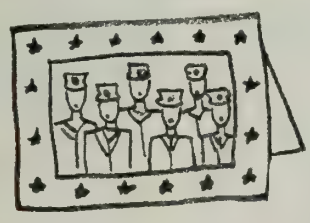


Redheads have an aversion to anything pink, extending right up to (or down to!) rosy undies.

Nonsense. Sophisticated redheads have tossed away that old color handicap, and now take a particular delight in wearing pink, provided it is the exact shade to flatter their own flaming tresses. But be sure you are color-wise before you plunge. As for pink "delectables," women being the contrary creatures they are, the Titian-haired beauty who shies away from pink for outerwear is all the more likely to adore it secretly.

Perfume always thrills a woman. The more expensive, the better she likes it.

Yes, to the first part; *no*, to the second. It isn't price, but personality, you should consider. Don't give your outdoor girl a sultry odor; nor will your siren thank you for a light floral. But try reversing them, and be congratulated. And never forget that for a shy girl a provocative, memorable perfume will sometimes do as much toward giving self-confidence as a personality course!



A nice gift for an ex-service girl would be something to remind her of her recent glory: a frame for the group photograph of her pals; one of the recent war books; a compact with her service insignia.

Maybe, but we've heard different. The ex-uniform girls we have talked to want the frilliest, most unwarlike presents you can imagine: evening bags, lacy underwear, tantalizing perfume, colorful handbags, fitted dressing cases. But the picture frame would be perfect for your sister, who can enshrine her new beau in it; the books ought to suit your high-school brother whose great regret is that he wasn't old enough for the war; and the case could be made thoroughly feminine by being decked with jewels or an elegant monogram.

You can't go wrong on good jewelry. A bracelet or a ring wins any woman's heart.

A ring on the hand is, to be sure, worth two in the jeweler's window, but be oh, so careful what you choose. Smooth white hands with tapering fingers can wear most rings, including the oversize semi-precious stones now in vogue, but little square hands (that so often belong to the most practical, lovable women) are more flattered by "interesting" pieces, rather than conventional ones. Watch colors as well as workmanship—gems should be becoming to skin tones. The green-eyed woman is set off by emeralds—or jade—or perhaps aquamarines or turquoises. On brown skins, gold is richer than white metal. Gypsy coloring calls for warmly colored ornaments. Even the inimitable diamond is not universally becoming, but can be so set as to be particularly suitable for the individual for whom it is intended.



Women are decorating their hair so fantastically this year, it should be safe to give almost any kind of ornament to any member of the feminine sex.

Go easy. Those flowers, butterflies and gay fantasies are not selected as casually as you might think. Big Spanish combs can swamp a pint-size lady, and a wreath of tiny flowers would look insignificant on a Junoesque beauty. Also keep in mind the age of the recipient. A flowery confection that may look charmingly impertinent perched on the curls of a bright young thing becomes silly, if not pathetic, when worn by an older woman. Better study the lady's taste pretty carefully before buying; or see if you can't elicit a definite clue as to whether she is yearning for golden combs, tortoise-shell pins, or just a cute cluster of gardenias.



The newest phonograph records are a safe choice for any girl whose tastes run to music and dancing.

An excellent idea, especially as it is always easy to lead the conversation around to things musical and get an idea of what she really likes. Furthermore, if you are in doubt, you can settle for a credit or gift certificate at her favorite shop. One of the pleasures of acquiring new records is the fun of listening to dozens before a final selection is made.

Candy and flowers are out-of-date offerings, and put you right back in the era of lavender and old lace.

Don't you believe it. Of course you're too tactful to send candy to the girl who has to worry about her diet, but most of the lassies still get a big thrill out of a choice box of candy. It will make you popular with their families too. Don't forget that candy also makes a fine courtesy gift to older women who don't have beaus to send them sweets, but still love the feeling of being gallantly complimented. As for flowers, we have never heard of a woman of any age who didn't love them, especially if you take pains to find out what she likes best.

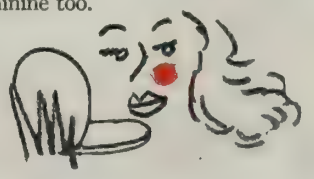


Sets of bath luxuries are a pretty sure bet.

Right. Women adore fragrant bath oils or crystals, fluffy dusting powders and all the other heavenly bath fixings, but often don't want to spend the money on themselves. It's nice when Santa takes care of this item.

Big women are less given to feminine fripperies than little women.

Wrong. Because Nature bestows impressive stature on a woman, her inner thoughts are not necessarily affected. On the contrary, tall, hearty-looking girls are often unusually appreciative of a gift that hints they may not be so self-reliant as they look. A deliciously soft-looking bag, a dressing case cunningly fitted with preparations, a chiffon scarf, an evening handkerchief—big and colorful or small and exquisite—convince a big girl that she is thoroughly feminine too.



A woman prefers to choose her own powder compact.

Not any more, since they are made to hold loose powder, and she can fill any case to suit herself. More than likely, the one you would buy her would be far more impressive than the one she would buy herself. But keep her type in mind. If she is ultra-modern, a dashing oversize creation of glass or plastic could be your choice. If she is conservative, there are elegant little cases of precious metals, kid or fascinating new materials.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

And finally, if you are still floundering, here are a few certain-to-please gifts to help you out: an unusually fine, monogrammed handkerchief; an album of records of current successes, or lovely time-honored waltzes, or Negro spirituals; a large bottle of delicately scented toilet water, to supplement her regular perfume, or perhaps replace it in summer; a tricky pencil for her purse; and, as already mentioned, a box of quite special candy or her favorite flowers!



SURPRISE *at first bite! Wonderful contrast of crunchy nutmeats in chiffony cream filling!*

PECAN CUSTARD PIE

(Filling for one 9-inch pie; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar or corn syrup
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup toasted chopped pecans, almonds, or other nuts
1 baked pie shell

Soften gelatine in cold water. Cook slightly beaten egg yolks, sugar or corn syrup, salt and milk in top of double boiler until of custard consistency. Add softened gelatine to hot custard mixture; stir until dissolved. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Add vanilla and nuts. Pour into baked pie shell and chill.

NOTE: Mold filling in sherbet glasses instead of in pie crust, if desired.

Pecan Pie and Holly Salad make your Christmas meal a ballad!

SERVE something *different* this Christmas! Instead of a heavy plum pudding, bring on this heavenly light Pecan Custard Pie. Instead of your usual holiday salad, give them this pretty-as-a-picture Holly Ring Mold. Here are the easy recipes.

BOTH these dishes are made with pure, unflavored Knox Gelatine...one of the best helpers you can keep on hand! Knox helps you do many interesting *new* things with old familiar foods. Write for more bright Knox ideas *free*. (See address below.)

KNOX GELATINE



TAKE IT EASY *Christmas Day! Make this salad—and the pie—the day before, at your convenience.*

HOLLY RING MOLD

(Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1¼ cups hot water
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons prepared horseradish
2 tablespoons vinegar or 2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup diced celery
½ cup diced cooked beets
½ cup finely chopped cabbage
3 tablespoons minced onion

Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Add sugar, salt, horseradish, vinegar or lemon juice. Cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in vegetables. Pour into ring mold that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Arrange on greens with cottage cheese balls stuck with sprigs of holly. Serve with mayonnaise.

P.S. **FREE!** Excellent recipes for main dishes, salads, desserts, and pies in Mrs. Knox's beautifully illustrated recipe book. Send postal today to Mrs. Knox, Box 212, Johnstown, N. Y.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH OVENS

(Continued from Page 165)

PEACH-CUSTARD PIE

Put 1 cup peaches in layer on the bottom of unbaked pie shell. Mix ½ teaspoon cornstarch with ½ cup sugar. Combine with 2 slightly beaten eggs and 1½ cups milk. Pour over peaches. Sprinkle with nutmeg. And as they say in Dutchland, if you have some apples "yet," "put them to it" for peaches. Bake like any other custard pie—hot oven, reduce heat, and bake until set.

Cakes—everyday and company. Besides the pies that come to breakfast, there are cakes too—particularly the "raised cakes." Mrs. Charles Lichtenwalner makes fourteen or fifteen a week. One recipe makes seven. While I know that your smaller family couldn't very well do away with seven, it's best to make the full recipe and at least now and then do as she does—give them away.

POTATO RAISED CAKE

To 1 cup freshly mashed potato add 1 cup potato juice (the water in which potatoes were cooked) and 2½ cups sugar. This quantity may surprise you for a product which is really half cake, half bread; but as Mrs. Lichtenwalner says, "We like it sweet." Now cool, and add 2 well-beaten eggs and ¾ cup melted shortening. To this add 2 cups yeast water. By that, Mrs. Lichtenwalner and I mean 1 yeast cake plus enough lukewarm water to make 2 cupfuls. To this add enough flour "to stiffen"—in other words, enough flour so the dough won't be too sticky to handle. Surprisingly enough, it's very difficult to gauge the right amount of flour. We've made it with as little as 10 cups and as many as a "short" 12. Sounds odd, but it's true. Best guide is to get enough flour in so it won't stick to the bowl. Knead gently on a lightly floured board. Put to rise, greasing the top surface. In the meantime, make the *streusel*—or hard sauce, as we call it. Mix 1 cup sugar and 1 cup flour with enough butter or margarine until it "keeps together." We figured this to be ½ cup. Use your own judgment. Shape into a ball and chill in refrigerator while the dough rises. When dough has risen to double its bulk, punch down and divide to fit your pans. We used a collection of eight and nine inch layer-cake pans and managed seven. Shape without kneading. Brush with beaten egg. Just before putting in oven—when the cakes have doubled in bulk—lay a thin sliver of the "hard sauce" on top. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., forty-five minutes, or until browned or until it "sounds hollow when you thump it." Best the day after it is baked.

Hickory-nut cake—m-m! If I linger over the sound of it, I'm apt to go into my Middle Western memories of this delicacy. It's really worth all the hammering and nut picking entailed. Wherever hickory nuts grow it's an undisputed favorite. In Pennsylvania Dutch country it's not just a company cake—it's special for Christmas.

HICKORY-NUT CAKE

Make any two-egg or white cake, but "put hickory nuts to the batter." If you have a large oblong pan to bake it in, frost the finished cake with a hickory-nut icing, or do as we did: use this rich icing for the filling, omitting the hickory nuts from filling, frost with boiled icing as we have done in the photograph, and dust with hickory nuts all around the sides.

Hickory-Nut Icing

Mix together 2 cups brown sugar with 1 cup heavy (you can get it now) cream. Cook until it forms a soft ball, 238° F. by thermometer, though in the Lichtenwalner households they wouldn't think of using one. Cold-water tests are still their way. Remove from the heat and add "butter the size of a walnut"—1 tablespoon, to be specific—and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool in cold water. Beat until



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Marathon Corporation, Menasha, Wisconsin



hick and almost fudged. Add 2 table-poons hickory nuts. Spread, as they do, n top of a loaf cake or on one layer of a wo-layer cake—topping with the second ayer. It's really the smoothest, most de-ectable stuff you've ever licked from a poon.

Ever hear of funnel cake? It was new to us, and wonderful eating. First of all you have to have a funnel. We prepared ours with the real thing—a funnel-cake maker made about 1850 in Berks County, Penn-sylvania. It looks like an ordinary funnel with a handle at the side. The idea is to pour the batter through the funnel into deep hot fat in such a way that it makes a snail-like crisp fritter or doughnut, which, when dusted with confectioner's sugar, is just the right something to eat with afternoon cof-fee—an institution in many Pennsylvania Dutch homes.

FUNNEL CAKE

Mix 1 pint milk with 2 eggs, well beaten, teaspoons baking powder, ⅛ teaspoon alt and about 3 cups flour—enough to ive the batter the consistency of a thin affle batter. It must be thin enough—hough not so thin as pancake batter—to o through the funnel easily. Have the eep fat ready and hot. Now, from a itcher, pour the batter through a funnel nto the hot fat, which should be as deep s you would use for doughnuts. Old direc-ions say to begin at center of pan and urn the stream around in a gradually en-arging circle. We found that it was much asier to do just the opposite—start from he outside in. Fry to a light brown. Turn ith two forks and fry on the other side ntil light brown. Drain on unglazed pa-er and serve hot with a sprinkling of con-ectioner's sugar and tart jelly.

Cookies by the hundreds. Last Christmas Kathryn Lichtenwalner packed thirty-five boxes of cookies to send overseas. Certainly plenty were consumed during the holidays at home. Here are some Christ-mas cookies from the Lichtenwalner collec-tion. Each of these recipes is generations old—and as Kathryn explained, "we like the old stuff best."

SOUR-CREAM COOKIES

Cream 1 cup shortening with 3 cups sugar. Add 3 eggs, well beaten, and 1½ tea-spoons vanilla. Sift 4 cups flour with 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Add alter-nately to creamed mixture with 1 cup thick sour cream. Chill dough, roll out a quarter inch thick, cut and bake in mod-erate oven, 350° F., ten to twelve minutes. These are quite rich, and you could add more flour for easier handling, but we found them delicious just this way.

SPICED COOKIES

Cream ½ cup shortening with 1 cup brown sugar and then 1 cup molasses. Add 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Then add 1 teaspoon baking soda sifted with 4 cups flour. Mix well, chill, roll out, cut and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., ten to twelve minutes. This is the dough we used for the "picture" cookies.

BLACK-WALNUT COOKIES

Cream ½ cup shortening with 1 cup brown sugar. Add 1 egg, beaten, and 1 tea-spoon vanilla. Sift 1 teaspoon baking soda with 1½ cups flour and add alternately to creamed mixture with 3 tablespoons milk. Stir in 1 cup crushed black walnuts. Chill dough. Drop by spoonfuls onto greased cooky sheets and bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., about eight minutes.

SAND TARTS

(Traditional "white rolled cooky" for making "picture" cookies at Christmas-time.)

Cream ½ cup butter or margarine with ⅔ cup granulated sugar. Add 1 egg, well beaten, ½ teaspoon vanilla and a pinch of salt. Work in 2 cups flour to "make stiff." Mix well; chill; roll out very thin; cut and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about eight minutes. Be careful not to brown. These are usually brushed with egg white and sprinkled with colored sugar or chopped nuts before baking.

FOR YOUR HOLIDAY FEAST



GINGERBREAD RING

Tart-sweet cranberries and tangy orange slices form the festive topping that makes this a deluxe holiday dessert!

ere's how–

To 1½ c. cranberries add 1 c. sugar, ½ c. water and boil gently until syrup begins to thicken. Grease a 9" glass ring mold or tube pan, arrange orange slices in bottom, and pour in cranberry mixture. Add gingerbread batter and bake 40 minutes in 350° oven.

Served warm with fluffy whipped cream, this is a holiday treat de-luxe . . . and so easy to make with Duff's!



IST ADD WATER —that's all!

Seems too flat...

...still not right...

Now each bite is a delight!



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This rich, all-purpose sauce brightens the flavor of every dish it touches. Serve it at the table, use it in cooking, add its tangy "lift" to meats, casseroles, sandwich fillings, gravies. So inexpensive.

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(AND HOW THEY GREW!)

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HANGING UP STOCKINGS



THIS IDEA came from Holland, where Santa leaves his presents in the children's wooden shoes. Having no wooden shoes, we showed our ingenuity by hanging up our stockings instead. You can't get Pyrex ware into most stockings, but it sure looks swell under the tree!

GIVING PYREX WARE

THIS IS ONE of America's youngest Christmas traditions. It started thirty years ago when lovely transparent Pyrex ware first brought glamour to cooking utensils. Today it is first choice the country over for presents at Christmas time and every other gift occasion.

PYREX FLAMEWARE for all her top-of-stove cooking! Two sparkling saucepans (1 qt. and 1½ qt. size) and glass skillet. (Left above). Cool glass handle fits all three—is detachable for serving and refrigerator storage. The four pieces make a swell set.....only $2.45

MAKE IT A RED-LETTER DAY with this easy-to-read Pyrex measure! (Right above). Life-time red markings on clear glass that resists heat and acids. Pint, only 50¢

NOTE: All the utensils shown above make a grand gift for $2.95

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Pyrex Bowl Set (3 bowls)	95¢
Pyrex Double Duty Casseroles from	50¢ to 95¢
Pyrex Loaf Pans	45¢ and 65¢
Pyrex Utility Dishes	50¢ and 65¢



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It has a great and romantic history, and we'll be glad to send you a small booklet which tells about it and its background.



Duncan

The Duncan and Miller Glass Company, on the Old National Turnpike at Washington, Pa.

A KITCHEN TO LIVE IN

(Continued from Page 163)

earn its keep. She wanted her kitchen to be a pleasant place for family meals. Roomy enough for Tommy and his playmates on rainy days; comfortable enough for a daytime living room; efficient as a workroom.

She and LaRoy had a glorious time plotting and planning. Then they knocked down walls and cut doors in the fine old stone farmhouse they bought. She smilingly admits that the kitchen's proportions and dimensions, fifteen by nineteen feet, were determined by their sentimental feeling for the tall, old *eckshunk* (corner cupboard, to us) of cherry-finished pine, the first piece of furniture they bought when they were married five years ago.

She wanted, for her cupboards and cabinets, warm-colored native knotty pine. You can see how right she was. They're lovely to look at. A coat of liquid or paste wax applied after filling in the wood gives knotty pine a soft, burnished glow, so that a damp cloth keeps it beautiful forever after.

Wise in the ways of kitchens and step saving, Miriam has arranged her cupboards for "first use" storage. Each is a helpful accessory to the large piece of equipment it is nearest. Over the range, for example, are stored things used most often there—coffeepot, tea and teapot. (Coffee keeps best in the refrigerator.) Over the mixing counter are all the makings of her wonderful cakes. The electric mixer is just where it's most convenient. Of course, with so much storage space, she never has to "nest" dishes, nor scramble distractedly to find just the spice or sauce she needs.

We never have any trouble meeting expenses. We meet them at every turn.

—EXCHANGE: quoted in The Woman.

Her shining, white electric range, her enormous electric refrigerator were other "just married" purchases. She really wanted to place the refrigerator near the outside door so it wouldn't be necessary to walk all the way across the kitchen when bringing in supplies. But since the refrigerator door opened to the right, it would have been a bit awkward in that particular spot when the kitchen door was opened. (It is possible to buy refrigerators with the door swung to the left.)

Although Miriam doesn't have an electric dishwasher, with twin sinks and counter space on both sides, she can speed through the dishwashing process, working from left to right with no lost motions. And there's always plenty of entertainment outside that window, with a pair of kittens and Queenie, the dog, frisking about the dooryard, and 1600 chickens scratching and clucking in their pens beyond it!

In delightful contrast to the snowy painted walls and perky, white printed curtains, are deep red linoleum counter tops and splashboards, richly colorful linoleum flooring. These are as easy to take care of as they're easy on the eyes.

Miriam does lots of canning—rows and rows of gorgeously colored jars in the basement attest to her industry. She uses those fine old earthenware crocks for Tommy's cookies, for mouth-watering pickles and such. The gay painted milk can is likely to hold crisp doughnuts or something equally good.

The Troxells have locker space in their local freezer plant, too, and plan to have their own home freezer soon. (There's already a place of honor waiting for it in the large, bright utility room adjoining the kitchen where Miriam keeps her washing machine and electric ironer.)

Even when the Troxells aren't gathered for their hearty, delicious meals around the big center table, it continues to be a useful member of the family. Miriam writes letters or tots up bills there while she keeps an eye









on her baking, and sometimes uses it to hold folded ironing temporarily. As soon as Tommy starts to school, he'll probably do some homework there, just as LaRoy often does pencil-and-paper work now. Fluorescent lighting bathes the kitchen with plenty of light even on murky winter evenings. All the "work" traffic is to the left of the table, leaving the area to the right of it more or less "living room," with Miriam's own special cozy corner.

Between the windows stands her maple Dutch cupboard, for her wedding-present Spode and table linens. As she sits rocking and resting near the window, Miriam can catch satisfying glimpses of her treasured lacy Sandwich, her old "Cheese and Apple Butter" and "End of the Day" glass through the doors of the corner cupboard. Tommy sits there, too, when it's storytelling time, in a charming little old chair that's second cousin to his mother's graceful Pennsylvania Dutch "nursing chair." Manlike, he disclaims any ownership of the bland-faced doll, even though she is a collector's piece and prized family possession, with a large and fascinating wardrobe. The gay painted chest beneath the window is a modern interpretation of the bride's chest cherished by every Pennsylvania Dutch girl of an earlier day. Now it holds the family mending and mother's knitting.

Beyond her window stretches the beauty of the rich, peaceful countryside. Looking out afar, she can see her husband working in the fields, making their own ninety-one acres produce fine wheat, corn, barley and oats. Just beneath the window are her flowers, bright and fragrant. Oh, for the life of a farmer's wife!

THE RENDEZVOUS

(Continued from Page 25)

as the passengers. And he'd sternly told mamma that the fare was seven cents, and not five cents, and if she didn't have the two extra cents, madam, she'd have to get off! Angela could never imagine Aunt Ellen playing that game! Or eating an ice-cream cone walking down Main Street, as Angela and mamma and daddy had done, not just once, but often; or riding on the merry-go-round, or eating peanuts and popcorn at the circus, and laughing at the funny clowns, like daddy and mamma on that birthday.

But those play times seemed very far off now. Mamma had just seemed to get whiter and thinner after they moved to Aunt Ellen's. Not that Aunt Ellen was mean to mamma; she just made her do everything that Aunt Ellen wanted her to. Just as though mamma wasn't any older than Angela.

Angela looked up. Aunt Ellen's gaunt, dark face reminded her of daddy's, and yet Aunt Ellen's face was ugly, and daddy's was handsome. Angela didn't understand how two people could look so much alike and still look so different, why daddy's face couldn't possibly make her afraid and Aunt Ellen's always did.

It made Angela afraid again, that night at the long table in the big dining room, with all the Lacey portraits staring down from the high walls. Aunt Ellen had refused to close off the dining room when mamma wanted her to because fuel was so scarce. That was Lacey pride, Angela knew. Mamma had told her about it. And daddy always laughed about it, and said that was why he married mamma, because she didn't care a fig for his family tree. Angela always thought of family trees in a group. A great big daddy tree, with a smaller mamma tree beside it, and a row of baby trees stretching out in a long line behind. And of course all the trees were always Christmas trees, pointed at the tops, and wider below, and smelling wonderfully of that piny scent of Christmas.

Angela pushed her dessert away. "May I say good night to mamma now?"

"No!" Aunt Ellen's voice was sharp. "You'll only disturb her. You can see her in the morning ——" The voice broke, and Aunt Ellen took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

Angela had never seen Aunt Ellen cry before. It puzzled her. And she was somewhat disconcerted. "Are you—are you crying because you're sad, Aunt Ellen, or because you're happy?"

Aunt Ellen only sniffed.

Angela went on. "It must be because you're happy, if you're crying about the telegram. Because mamma told me it said that daddy's coming home soon!"

Aunt Ellen only pushed her chair back from the table and went quickly out of the room. Angela stood looking after her for a puzzled minute, and then trotted out to the kitchen where Mamie was washing dishes.

Mamie wiped her fat brown hands on her apron and hugged Angela. "Po' li'l' lamb," she crooned. "Po' li'l' chile."

Angela was more puzzled than ever. Grown-up people shouldn't act this way. Nothing was the matter. She kept telling Mamie so, but Mamie only sobbed harder than ever, till Aunt Ellen came to the door.

"Stop that, Mamie," she ordered. "And take Angela upstairs to bed."

Angela was snugly warm under the light down comforter, and the night light was burning ever so little. Like a fairy's eye looking at you, she thought, drowsily, just before she fell asleep.

It seemed as though she had been asleep only a few minutes when she was awakened by a light kiss on her forehead. Her eyes blinked up at her mother, bending over her. She reached up her arms. Mamma looked just the way she did before daddy went away! Her face was round and her cheeks were pink, and her eyes were happy and gay.

"Come on, Angel," her mother whispered. "Get up quickly. We're going to meet daddy. He's coming home, just as I told you this afternoon. I was so afraid I wouldn't be well enough to meet him, but now"—she laughed gaily—"I feel marvelous. Hurry, darling, or we'll be late!"

She was dressing Angela now. The best blue dimity frock, the one with the velvet ribbons, blue socks to match, and her best black patent-leather slippers.

"Your hair is all right, Angel dear. I'll just put these ribbons on it." She tied two bows on the braids. "Now your coat." She ran to the closet and came back with a pale blue princess-flared wool coat. She buttoned the velvet collar snugly around Angela's throat. "Now your bonnet, and we'll have to dash. Sh! Don't wake Aunt Ellen. This is to be just we three, just like old times!"

Angela looked at her. Mamma was beautiful again. She had on the suit daddy liked so much, and there were soft pink ruffles at her throat. Her hat was like a tiny rose garden on top of her black curls, and her little veil made her look more like a pixy than ever.

They tiptoed out into the hall. The door of mamma's room was closed. But Angela noticed a crack of light underneath it.

"Look, mamma, you left your light burning. You'll waste electricity!"

"Never mind," her mother said. "We've got to hurry!"

They sped down the stairs into the front hall. Mamma unlatched the door, after she'd looked in her bag to be sure she had the key. Then they were outside. It was a soft spring night; the wind caressed their cheeks and ran shadowy fingers through their hair, and around them was the scent of mimosa and jasmine.

"Are we going to drive, mamma?"

"No, Angel, we'll walk. I don't want to wake up your Aunt Ellen. Besides, it's not far." She caught Angela's hand in hers, and they fairly flew down the deserted street.

Angela had no idea what time it was, and her mother didn't seem to care. Onward they walked, to the center of town. There

Something to Remember!



...when you buy that new RANGE!

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Yes, *look twice* at the oven before you buy that new range. Once, to be sure that it's a *good* oven, well insulated and with a dependable thermostatic control. A second time, to be sure it fully meets your needs—is big enough and has all the features you want.

No question about it, much of the joy and satisfaction you should get from your new range will depend upon the oven. For good cooking results, you need accurate control of temperatures and steady, even heat in all parts of the oven. Good insulation makes such performance possible, helps keep the heat inside the oven and out of the kitchen.



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weren't many lights burning; all the shops, so lively by day, were dark and shuttered. They turned the corner of Fairview Drive. The station at last! They hurried in. It was crowded, even at this late hour, with soldiers and sailors and marines and their mothers and wives and sweethearts. On a bench in a corner sat a young girl with a baby in her arms, just like Angela's own baby doll at home, all wrapped up in a blanket.

Angela's mother went quickly to the bulletin board. Then she glanced at her watch. "Only a minute more, Angel!" Her voice was like music.

The minute sped by, and suddenly her father was coming toward them. Oh, he was handsome, even though his face had some new lines that hadn't been there when he went away, and his eyes looked as though they wanted to forget lots of things they had seen. And across his chest, Angela saw, was a row of ribbons—tiny strips, each a different color. Angela meant to ask him if she might try them on sometime.

Now he was holding her mother as though he would never let her go.

"Bud!" her mother kept saying, over and over. "Oh, Bud, darling, it's really you, at last!" She was laughing and crying in the same breath. Yes, Angela understood how you could cry when you were happy. She was smiling, but she had to keep winking back tears herself!

"And look at the cherub!" her father said. "She's grown a foot, Janet, since I left!"

They walked toward the exit. Angela couldn't wait to know what was in the bundle under her father's arm. "Daddy, what's in the package? Is it a present for me?"

Her mother laughed. "Isn't having daddy home present enough!"

"Is it, daddy?" Angela persisted.

Her father stopped, and handed her the package. "It's all yours, cherub."

Angela unwrapped it carefully, and squealed with pleasure when she saw the Teddy bear, nearly half as large as her small self. "He's dar-ling!" she cried. "And his name is—is Daddy!" she finished in a sudden burst of inspiration.

All the way home, while mamma and daddy talked softly and walked arm in arm, she cuddled the Teddy bear in her arms. She was getting sleepy now, and thought how cozy it would be to get into her own bed and curl up with the Teddy bear to keep her company.

When they reached the house, her mother handed daddy the key.

"Let me, daddy," Angela said quickly.

Her father was delighted. "Look, Janet, she remembers!"

Mamma smiled. "Of course she remembers, Bud." She leaned down to pat Angela's cheek, and Angela carefully turned the key in the lock, as they had so often let her do when they lived in their own little cottage.

They went in, and daddy picked her up in his arms, and she put her head on his shoulder. Up the stairs he carried her, past the closed door with the light still shining under it, and on into Angela's room. He set her down on the bed and watched while mamma undressed her and tucked the new Teddy bear in by her side.

Angela was so sleepy that she didn't try to understand the strange way daddy and mamma were looking at her, with the same queer, shining gladness in both their faces, and the same sorriness too. They both knelt beside her.

"Darling Angel!" Her mother kissed her gently. "This is good-by. But just for a while."

"We must go," said her father gently. "Try to love your Aunt Ellen, Angel, and be sorry for her, too, because she will never have what we three had."

"And remember, darling," said her mother. "Always remember that all this is really happening. Don't let them tell you it was just a dream."

Then, together, they walked out of the room and closed the door behind them.

In the morning, when Aunt Ellen awakened Angela, the Teddy bear slept by her side, and the key to the front door was still held tightly in her hand.



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OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

Veteran's Child Neglected!

New York City.

Gentlemen: May I express my commendation on the article by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt entitled, You Can't Pauperize Children? I think it is one of the finest articles ever written, and touches one of the most important problems of our time.

Mrs. Roosevelt neglects to mention the children of deceased veterans who do not classify as aid cases, but are awarded the sum of $15 a month for subsistence; $15 a month obviously being not sufficient for mere existence. Slightly less than fifty cents a day will hardly keep the breath of life stirring, much less start a child on the right road to good citizenship. This is the reward to fathers who have made the supreme sacrifice.

Since I am a serviceman's widow with a child this will naturally be construed as a personal kick—which probably to a certain extent it is. I am sure that any mother who must work, and leave her child all day when it is just a baby, will—despite her pride in the cause for which her husband died—kick too.

Sincerely,
(Name withheld on request.)

Rheumatic-Fever Research

Westhampton, Massachusetts.

To the Editors: Since I came down with rheumatic fever I have found friends older than I who have been bedridden for a month or more. I am twenty-six, but it seems that it attacks not only children. From now on I am a supporter of any campaign to collect funds or start research centers. It is my sincere hope that something definite will come from your informing article.

Very sincerely yours,
ESTHER CLAPP.

More Slaves of Sinatra

Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

To the Editors: I simply had to let you know the aftereffects of your publishing my letter and pic. Jeeps! Letters are *still* coming! From forty-one different states in the U. S., five provinces in Canada, Cuba and South Africa—from girls *and* boys. And I might add that very few of the writers disagreed with me!

Sinatraly yours & Frankly "his,"
DIANE (DEE DEE) STEVENS.

To be Continued

West Hartford, Connecticut.

Dear Editor: Can't resist telling you, the world and Al Parker what our family thinks of his cover designs.

We have watched them for months, and feel we almost know the small, happy family.

Sincerely,
THE RAMSDELLS,
MAIDA, TOM, MARY.

Must be in Our Pay

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editors: I look forward every month to seeing the JOURNAL'S gay cover at the newsstands. Your publication has become a "dear friend."

Sincerely yours,
GLORIA MARTINE.

We reluctantly print letters like this, of which, unfortunately, we receive more than a few. Such flattering missives get in our way when we upbraid our associates for not doing better. Denunciatory letters are much handier for disciplining the staff. ED.

AUERBACH'S introduces the brightest pajama idea in years...



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It's fun for the ladies of the family to dress alike in pretty, practical Tommies pajamas styled by Harry Berger! So sturdy and well-cut, so easy to keep fresh and crisp in Galey & Lord's fine quality washable woven gingham plaid! Make it a twin treat this Christmas—give Mother and Daughter Tommies —gift-boxed together (or buy them separately.)

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Daughter's Tommies sizes 4, 6, 8...$3.50
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HAROLD M. LAMBERT

Scarlet fever will never be a guest in this house. Wise medical guidance and isolation can defeat an epidemic.

SCARLET FEVER

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

SCARLET FEVER—named for the bright red rash which appears soon after the infection starts—has been considered for years among the most serious of the common diseases of childhood, not only because of the acute wretchedness it causes but chiefly because of the frequency of dangerous complications. Fortunately, while positive means of preventing scarlet fever and uniformly satisfactory treatments have not yet been developed, modern methods keep down the number of children infected during an outbreak of the disease and help to diminish its severity for those who do get it. Furthermore, careful nursing by well-informed mothers relieves the sick child's discomfort and, most important, reduces the likelihood that dreaded complications may attack.

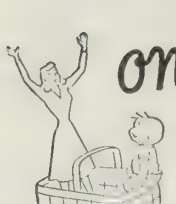
About one out of every ten children coming in contact with an active case of scarlet fever will get the disease. Thus, while an epidemic in the neighborhood certainly means that children should be kept away from those who have been exposed, and that a close watch for early signs of infection is in order, there is no need for mothers to be alarmed. At this stage, carelessness is their worst foe. During severe epidemics, however, and always after a child has been playing with anyone who later comes down with scarlet fever, it is a good idea to stay in touch with the doctor, since he may wish to use one or another of the protective measures now available.

Scarlet fever is caused by a microorganism, or germ, belonging to the group known as hemolytic streptococci. A test (called the Dick test because it was developed by Drs. George and Gladys Dick) may be given, in which toxin or poison produced by these germs is injected under the skin to show whether or not a child is likely to get scarlet fever. Sometimes the toxin is given as a preventive; then the child will have a comparatively mild case which will, nevertheless, protect against future infections. Recently, a protein substance known as globulin, taken from the blood of those who have had scarlet fever, has also been used to build immunity, and some doctors have given sulphonamide drugs as preventives with good results. But none of these procedures is always successful, and, since the severity of the disease varies from person to person and from epidemic to epidemic, whether or not any of these safeguards should be used in a particular case must be left to the judgment of the doctor who is familiar with the child and the exact nature of the epidemic.

The incubation period of scarlet fever is short; sometimes only two days elapse between the time of exposure and the appearance of symptoms, though often this period may stretch to four or five days. Usually the germs are passed from person to person during direct, intimate contact, such as that which occurs among children playing together indoors. A child may transmit the disease to others during the incubation period, as well as in the acute stage of the disease or during convalescence. This means that the following rules should be obeyed strictly when there is scarlet fever in the neighborhood or in the household.

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

"Should I leave you on the doorstep, Mom?"



BABY: Shame, Mom—saying you'd leave a nice baby like me on the doorstep. *I* should leave *you!*

MOM: But, lamb—you were driving me *wild* with your fussing . . .

BABY: That's why you and I are swapping places for a while, Mom. Wait'll *you* see how miserable a baby's skin gets, from woolies, and wriggling around, and stuff. Sure I fuss—but do you do anything about it?

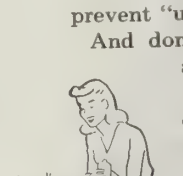
MOM: Well, I do give you nice baths...

BABY: Huh! But I need Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder, too. With them to smooth me up, I'll be a pink-winged cherub!

MOM: *Both*, honey? How come?

BABY: Johnson's pure, gentle Oil to keep me like satin from topknot to toe, Mom. Remember the Doc said it's made of very special, light mineral oils with lanolin. Helps prevent "urine irritation," too!

And don't forget—when chafes and prickles make me yip—whisk out soft, silky Johnson's Baby Powder!



MOM: Angel, I'm ashamed of me! No more doorsteps—but let's take the basket to go and get the Johnson's—right now!

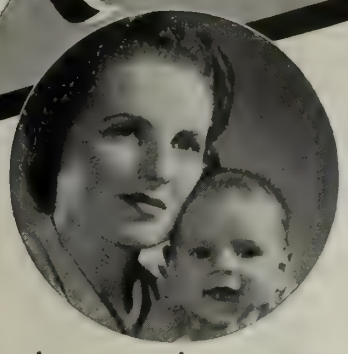


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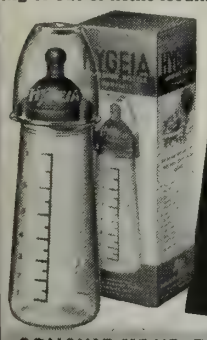
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Start right with Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Easy to clean—wide mouth and rounded interior corners have no crevices where germs can hide. Red measuring scale aids in correct filling. Wide base prevents tipping. Tapered shape helps baby get last drop of formula. Famous breast-shaped nipple with patented air-vent permits steady flow, prevents "windsucking." Cap keeps nipples and formula germ-free for storing or out-of-home feeding.



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1. Keep your child away from known cases, known and possible exposures.

2. Keep him home in bed if he has a sore throat, running nose, headache, nausea or any similar complaint.

3. If there is scarlet fever in the family, keep the patient rigidly isolated from other members of the household. Preferably, all care should be rendered by someone who has already had the disease.

4. Be careful during the acute and convalescent periods about the disposal of soiled bedclothes, handkerchiefs and other articles used by the patient; these may carry organisms from nose and throat discharges.

5. Keep up these vigilant isolation measures until the doctor says they are no longer necessary.

Scarlet fever usually begins with chills, sore throat, vomiting and often severe headache; these symptoms are followed soon by quickly mounting fever and rapid pulse. In about twenty-four hours the characteristic, thickly set, bright-red spots begin to erupt—first on the chest and neck, then in the folds of the armpits, elbows and groin, and on the inner sides of the thighs. Soon the whole body may be ablaze with angry spots. Fever at its height may reach 102° to 104°, and the youngster will probably complain of earache, headache, sore throat and general misery.

During this acute stage, which may last only two or three days but sometimes persists for a week, the doctor may give an antitoxin or convalescent serum to aid the fight against disease-bearing germs. If pain in the throat or ears seems very distressing, medicines may be given, under the doctor's supervision, for relief. The ears, especially, must be watched, as rapidly spreading infection may extend to the mastoid bone—dangerously close to the brain. Often the doctor decides to puncture the eardrum to ease pressure and permit drainage.

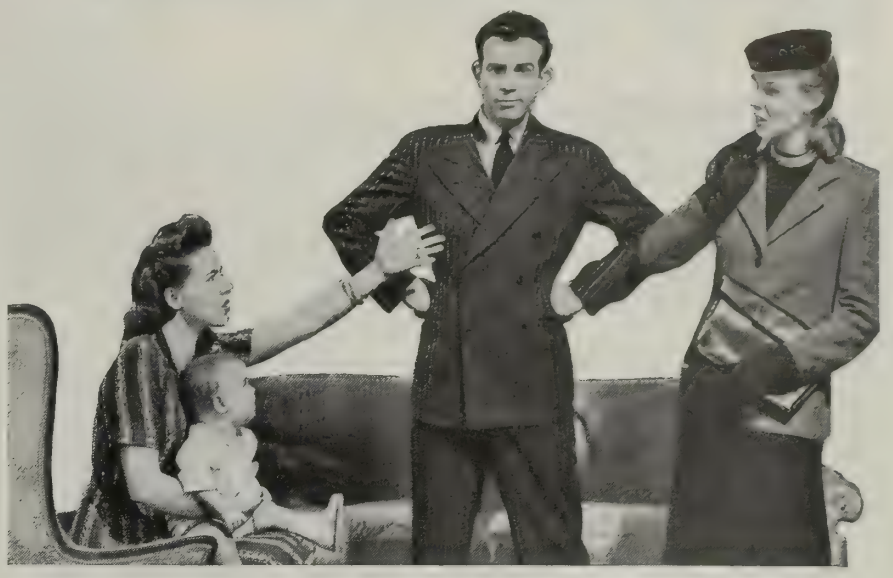
Redheads do have some important advantages, after all. They are almost never going to be baldheaded . . . and are much easier to spot in case of shipwreck.
—DONALD A. LAIRD.

Now, also, careful nursing is most important, since strain on the heart and kidneys can easily occur when the poison-producing germs are so abundant in the body. The child must be kept as quiet as possible and fed only a light, soft diet, consisting chiefly of liquids. When the fever has subsided, strength-building foods—milk, fresh vegetables and other foods rich in vitamins and minerals—may be added, gradually at first, then more rapidly as recovery advances. Exposure to cold and dampness must be avoided at all costs throughout the course of the disease because of possible bad effects on the kidneys.

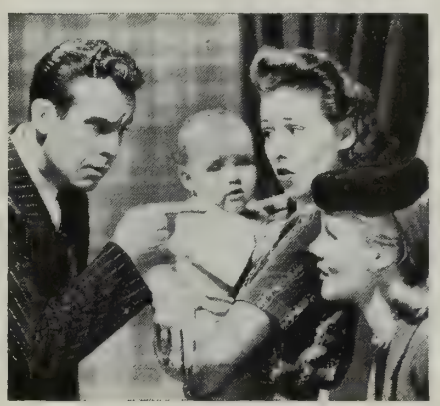
About a week after the onset of infection, the rash begins to fade, and soon afterward scaling or peeling of the skin begins. It is not true that the scaled or discarded skin itself carries disease germs and is therefore dangerous to touch. Nevertheless, caution is needed, because often such skin—particularly when it comes from the fingers or hands—may be contaminated with germ-carrying nose or throat discharges. Another danger of this period is that the child, feeling much better, may become too active. Actually, the danger of complications is not past until all signs of the eruption have disappeared—possibly two weeks after the acute fever has subsided, or three weeks after the onset of infection.

Today the lasting, harmful aftereffects of scarlet fever, such as deafness or heart or kidney damage, can be avoided in most cases by an alert, conscientious mother-and-doctor team. Scientific research, looking toward sure means of prevention and specific treatment, has already made great strides; before long, scarlet fever may be added to the long list of disease "has beens."

"My husband doesn't like our baby!"



1. Of course, Polly didn't *mean* that. She was just so upset she blurted it out when I dropped in and found her having a stormy session with Joe. "Joe doesn't realize Stevie's a *baby*—not a big grown man!" Polly wept.



2. "He'll be a big sissy, if *you* keep on!" Joe retorted. "Honestly, Edith," he appealed to me, "is there any sense in babying a healthy kid with special this and special that? And now even a *special laxative?* . . ."



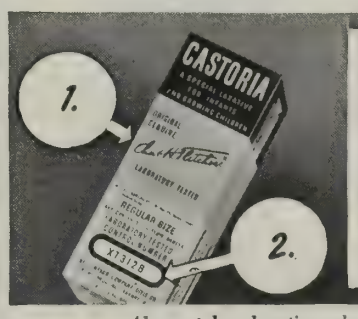
3. "Plenty of sense, Joe!" I smiled. "You see *I* told Polly to give Stevie that special baby laxative when he needs it. I've got two small fry of my own, and my doctor says babies' delicate systems *need* special care . . .



4. "Adult laxatives can be too harsh," I explained. "So we give our babies Fletcher's Castoria—made especially for children. It's effective and gentle, never griping." Well, Joe looked surprised—and a little sheepish.



5. "Just for that, Joe," laughed Polly, "*you* give Stevie the Fletcher's Castoria this time." Joe grinned. And was he pleased when Stevie licked the spoon. "Gosh, he *loves* it!" said Joe. And I winked at Polly.



Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria packages . . . both Regular Size and moneysaving Family Size:

1. *The green band* on the package identifies new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. *The Serial Control Number* is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies the *three* rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, biological—made on each batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

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The laxative made especially for children



Welcomed in "the best places" because it's a quality spread!

More and more exclusive hotels are serving Durkee's Margarine in their famous restaurants! Good cooks say that Durkee's Margarine improves all foods *in* them and *on* them. It's super-smooth, perfectly blended, every pound enriched with Vitamin A. This is an "energy food". All the important ingredients come from American farms. Pure, nutritious vegetable oils are churned right in with the fresh pasteurized skim milk by a scientific process. Prepare and serve your own holiday treats with delicious Durkee's Margarine.

For Holiday Fixin's SPREAD • COOK • BAKE • FRY *with Durkee's Margarine*

BREAD STUFFING (for 12 lb. bird): 9 c. day-old bread crumbs, ¼ c. minced onion, 2 tsp. Durkee's Poultry Seasoning, 2 tsp. salt, pepper to taste. Mix all dry ingredients; then add 1 c. melted Durkee's Margarine.

HARD SAUCE: Cream ⅓ c. Durkee's Margarine; work in 1 c. sifted confectioner's sugar until fluffy. Add 1 tsp. vanilla, pinch salt. Beat well. Try a dash of Durkee's Nutmeg or Mace, too. Makes 1 cup.

SO MILD.. SO SWEET.. SO COUNTRY-FRESH IN FLAVOR!



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FOR ALWAYS

(Continued from Page 31)

Thick hair hung in a dark fringe almost to his brown eyes. He scowled at Rosalind and pushed out his lip.

"You're strange to him," Miss Martin said.

No stranger, Rosalind thought, *than he is to me*. Aloud she said, "He—he's sweet!" It seemed to be the right thing to say. Miss Martin beamed.

"Would you like to see the sister?"

"No," Rosalind said. "I'd rather not, if it doesn't make any difference."

"None at all." Miss Martin nodded dismissal and the nurse took the baby out.

Rosalind listened, again with the sense of reprieve, to a brisk explanation of the formalities that would delay the actual adoption and escaped, at last, with a formidable typewritten list of the things a baby needed—crib, scales, sterilizer, bottles, bathinet, diapers, pins, shirts, gowns, sheets—it seemed endless to Rosalind, and vaguely terrifying.

Peter went with her to bring the baby home. His eagerness kept him from noticing Rosalind's silence. He drove much too fast, till a shrieking siren stopped him.

He stuck his head out the window to grin at the motorcycle policeman. "Fix that ticket up in a hurry, Mike. We're on our way to get us a baby."

Mike's eyes bulged. "Say, Mr. Gregory, if you want an escort to the hospital ——"

Peter laughed. "This baby is eight months old. We're adopting him."

Mike laughed too. "Okay, go on then. Next time you get the ticket."

Miss Martin was waiting in the nursery. Robert, in a blue knit romper suit, gripped the bars of the crib and stared solemnly out at them. Peter swooped down and lifted him high in the air.

Rosalind protested, "Be careful. You'll frighten him."

Miss Martin shook her head. "Nonsense. He loves it. You don't have to be fussy with that one. He's a regular boy."

"I'll say he is," Peter said. "Just look at those legs, Rosy."

"Perhaps Mrs. Gregory would like to hold him while you come to my office and sign the papers," Miss Martin said.

PETER dropped Robert in Rosalind's lap and followed Miss Martin out. Rosalind held the baby stiffly. He was a sturdy child, but in her arms he felt queerly little.

A door opened and a little girl slipped into the room. The baby leaned toward her, crowing, but she didn't come close enough to touch him. She stood with her hands behind her. Her skimpy plaid dress came just above her bony knees, and her hair was strained back from her thin face in two thick braids.

"I'm Deborah," she said.

Rosalind nodded. "I know."

"I brought you his lamb." Deborah held out a dirty plush animal, once white, and the baby snatched at it. "He won't go to sleep without it," Deborah said. She talked fast, with her eyes on the door to Miss Martin's office. "He doesn't like egg, but he'll eat it if you mix it with his cereal. And he likes to be sung to and he likes spoons to play with. He's awfully good, and smart too. I think"—her voice broke a little—"I think he's going to walk very young." She touched the baby's cheek lightly and fled.

Rosalind heard Peter's hearty voice. She stuffed the lamb into her bag. When Peter and Miss Martin came in she stood up so quickly that Peter glanced curiously at her.

"Anything wrong, Rosy?"

"No. I was just"—her voice wasn't quite steady—"I guess I was just in a hurry to take him home."

It was incredible to Rosalind that one small child could bring so much confusion to a household. Lilian declined more than a nodding acquaintance with Robert. She would inspect him through the nursery door and observe that he was cute, but she took



The First Thought in **BURNS**

FIRST, because it *relieves pain.*

SECOND, because it is antiseptic and *fights infection.*

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Norwich

A Norwich Product



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always rely on this great rub for

COUGHS due to COLDS

It Must Be Good!

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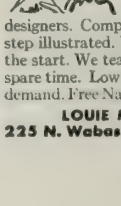
Musterole *instantly* starts to relieve coughs, sore throat and muscle soreness of colds. It actually helps break up painful local congestion. Makes breathing easier. Great for grown-ups, too! In 3 strengths.

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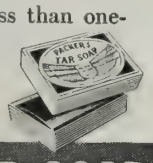
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I'll be there soon... start me right!

If I'm a bottle-baby, the right start for me is the Davol "Anti-Colic" brand "Sani-Tab" nipple! This fine nipple helps to develop the muscles of my mouth, jaw and tongue. The free booklet offered below, Mother, gives you the complete story.

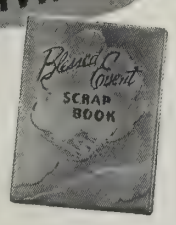
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no part in the turmoil of which he was the cause and focus. Unaided, Rosalind struggled with formulas, diapers, airings, baths, dressings and undressings. Robert accepted her ministerings matter-of-factly. She waited in vain for any illusion of motherhood. There was always the feeling that she was caring for another woman's child. And every night the dingy lamb brought back the memory of a little girl's pinched face and a treble voice: "I think he's going to walk very young."

When Peter came home he would tiptoe up to the nursery, look in at the sleeping child and then come down, trying to pretend he wasn't disappointed. "It's natural for him to sleep most of the time now," he'd say. "When he's older he'll be more fun."

Meanwhile there was not much fun for Peter and less for Rosalind. Lilian left each evening as soon as she finished with the dinner dishes, so that there was never even a question, for Peter and Rosalind, of going out. It wasn't so bad for Peter. He was teaching himself chess out of a beginner's guide. Rosalind, weary and nervous after her day with the baby, grew to hate the sight of the book and the little board that Peter balanced on his knees.

Once, looking up suddenly and meeting her resentful eyes, he asked her if she wouldn't like to try a game.

"I don't know how and I'm too tired to learn." She didn't try to keep the anger out of her voice.

It led to a small quarrel. Peter couldn't understand why taking care of one child should tire an able-bodied young woman. His mother had taken care of eight. And she hadn't had a maid, either, he pointed out.

There were other quarrels: over his chess; over the bottle that began, again, to be regularly at his elbow. The morning after one of them Rosalind faced the fact that the baby, instead of helping her to hold Peter, was helping her to lose him. And, suddenly remembering that the adoption wouldn't be final for a year, she realized that losing Peter might mean losing Robert too. The thought frightened her with a new, strange terror in which, mysteriously, there was blended a newer, stranger happiness and triumph. Suddenly and surely Rosalind knew its meaning. Suddenly and surely even her hands knew that the child they held and fed was their own. Their very own. This new afraidness was part of the price of being a mother. Maybe the most important part, Rosalind thought. Because paying only this seemed to buy all you could have bought if you had paid in full.

There is nothing so well known as that we should not expect something for nothing, but we all do, and call it hope.

—E. W. HOWE:
Country Town Sayings. (Crane & Co.)

Rosalind paid again, a little later in the morning, when Miss Martin telephoned. For a bad moment Rosalind half expected her to say that the center was going to take Robert back. But Miss Martin was apologetic.

"I hate to trouble you," she said, "but I just had to promise Deborah I'd ask you."

"Ask me what?" Rosalind was still on her guard.

"Her aunt's coming for her next week and the child's simply obsessed with the idea of—of having these last few days with Robert. She keeps saying that maybe she'll be able to bear never seeing him again if she can think back and remember all about the house he'll be living in, about you and Mr. Gregory. I know it doesn't make sense, but ——"

"I think it does," Rosalind said. "Can you bring her today?"

But after Miss Martin stopped thanking her and rang off, she wasn't so sure that it made sense—for anybody except Deborah. Even this new understanding that had made it impossible for her to say no didn't keep her from realizing what she would have to pay for saying yes. Having a homely, heartbroken little girl in the house wasn't likely

(Continued on Page 181)

HIS FATHER'S A DOCTOR—



Bruce M. is the son of a doctor.* So you can be pretty sure that Bruce is getting the best medical care a baby could wish for. Isn't he a sturdy, bright-eyed baby?

Bruce M. at 9 months

Weighs 23 lbs. Is 29 inches tall. *(At birth he weighed 7 lbs. 5½ oz., was 20 inches tall.)*

HIS CEREAL IS CLAPP'S!

Why so many doctors feed their babies Clapp's Baby Cereals

—because in addition to fine whole grains, these special cereals provide extra food elements such as dry skim milk, wheat germ, and brewers' yeast.

—because every spoonful of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives a baby—



3 times as much iron as unfortified home-cooked cereals.



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—because every ounce of Clapp's Instant Cereal provides:

Vitamin B_1—0.3 mg.
Vitamin G—0.1 mg.
Iron—6 mg.
Calcium—96 mg.

—because the texture of Clapp's Baby Cereals is fine but definite.

—and because preparation is so simple.



No cooking needed. You just add milk or formula right in the serving dish. Try Clapp's Instant Cereal or Clapp's Instant Oatmeal today.

*Name on file at CLAPP'S BABY FOOD DIVISION, American Home Foods, Inc.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

Settings and accessories by B. Altman & Co.

Two sweethearts for a sailor! It's a lucky pair this sailor drew—and a pretty special moment when Daddy comes home with South Sea toys for baby. Pretty special, too, are the North Star Blankets that sweeten sleep for the sailor's sweethearts. Both grownup and baby North Stars are all wool to the last fluff—soft and gentle to the touch. They're woven of long, springy wool fibers, built for years of warmth—*and* wash-and-wear. You give *any* bed an extra distinction when you treat it to a North Star—you give *every* night an extra measure of restful comfort. Follow the wise buyer's shining guide to good measure in blankets—look for the NORTH STAR. It's the blanket that sweetens sleep . . . and

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PICTURED: North Star "Devon" Pair in Rose Dust on Mother's bed, North Star Iris wrapped around the baby. From budget quality to utmost luxury, North Stars are supreme values. At fine stores everywhere. North Star Woolen Mill Co., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

North Star is your guide to fine all wool blankets . . . superb all wool fabrics . . . hand-woven "Means Weave" throws.

(Continued from Page 179)

to improve Peter's temper or cure Lilian's sulkiness, or make it any easier for Rosalind, with two children on her hands instead of one, to deal with them.

Deborah, accompanied by Miss Martin, arrived late that afternoon. She was even thinner than Rosalind remembered. The dark eyes under the brim of the straw sailor seemed enormous. She looked frightened. Rosalind, greeting her at the door, was a little frightened too. It made her put an extra warmth into her voice.

"Robert's up in his room, Deborah—the second door on the right."

"I'd better say good-by before you go up, Deborah," Miss Martin said.

The child returned her hug affectionately, but the big eyes watched the stairs. Rosalind, listening to Miss Martin's flow of thanks, watched them too. But she waited a long time after Miss Martin left before she went up. She found the baby asleep and Deborah sitting in the chintz rocker.

"When does he get fed?" Deborah whispered.

Rosalind's eyes flew to her watch. "It's after his time right now." She felt queerly guilty under Deborah's eyes. "You mustn't think I'm careless about it. This is the very first time I've been late." She looked down at the baby. "Usually he cries a little."

"He did," Deborah said. "I rocked him."

He was crying again, in earnest, when Rosalind came back with the tray. Deborah's presence made her self-conscious; she was awkward with the routine that had begun to be familiar. She spilled the cereal, pricked her finger with a diaper pin. Robert squirmed and howled. Rosalind didn't have the heart to send Deborah out of the room, but she kept wondering how she was going to get through the next few days, how she was even going to get through this evening, with this grave, homely little girl tightening the tension between her and Peter.

DINNER, though, went off better than she had dared to hope. Deborah was quiet and well-mannered and Peter was jovially good-natured with her. He heaped her plate so high that the big eyes looked frightened.

"You don't have to eat it all," Rosalind said. "That's just Mr. Gregory's way of showing he's glad you're here. When he likes people he gives them lots to eat."

She laughed, remembering the picnic at which she'd first met Peter and how he'd plied her with hot dogs and baked beans and green corn and root beer. Over the low bowl of roses her eyes met his. He was remembering, too, and, laughing. It startled her, that laughter; she hadn't realized how rare it had become.

Afterward, when Deborah helped Lilian clear the table and stayed on in the kitchen to help with the dishes, Rosalind worried a little, remembering how Lilian felt about any trespassing on her kitchen; but presently, above the clink of china and silver, she heard Lilian's slow giggle. It had been a long time, too, since she'd last heard that giggle. It seemed to bring some of its cheerfulness into the living room, so that for once Rosalind didn't resent Peter's chessboard; and when he looked up from it, ready for another quarrel, she only smiled at him and reached contentedly for her knitting.

DEBORAH came in so quietly that neither of them noticed her until her foot caught in the fringe of the rug and sent her stumbling against Peter's knee. The chessmen scattered.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry." Deborah was down on her bony knees, groping under the davenport, showing holes in the soles of her shoes.

Rosalind waited tensely for the flare of Peter's new, quick anger. But he only laughed. "It was my fault, Debby." He got down beside her. "Anybody with good sense would play on a table."

"Then why don't you?" Deborah scrambled up, her hands full of chessmen.

"Habit, I guess," Peter said. "In Italy there generally wasn't a table handy." He began rearranging the board.

Deborah watched him, her chin cupped in her hands. "Were you in Italy to fight in the war, Mr. Gregory? Did you have to kill people?"

Rosalind caught in her breath. This could be bad. But Peter only laughed.

"Most of the time I just sat around with a chessboard on my knees." He stood up. "I think I'll have a drink." His eyes challenged Rosalind's, and for a moment the words that he expected were on her lips. And then, with Deborah watching her solemnly, she found it strangely easy to let them stay unsaid.

"Perhaps Deborah would like one too," she said. "Milk, Deborah, or lemonade?"

The dark eyes widened. "Lemonade would be like—like having a party."

"A party it is." Peter's voice was gay. "But you have to help me with it, Debby. Come on."

They went out together, hand in hand. Through the pantry door Rosalind listened to the tinkle of ice cubes and the almost forgotten sound of Peter's laugh. There were two tall glasses of lemonade on the tray he carried in, beside his own whisky and soda. Deborah, her eyes trying not to dance, brought a plate of cookies. Somehow Rosalind, watching her as she ate and drank, seemed to have a share in her solemn happiness, and Peter, elbows on his knees, watched her, too, apparently forgetting the glass his hands were holding.

When Rosalind took Deborah up to the guest room the child regarded the canopied four-poster with awe. She looked pathetically little in the wide, high-ceiled room, but when Rosalind began to help her undress she shook her head.

"I can get ready for bed by myself, Mrs. Gregory, thank you."

Rosalind hesitated and then went out. Downstairs, Peter had resumed his game, but Rosalind didn't seem to mind it. His glass, she noticed,



SMOOTH JOB!



JIM: Well . . . If you'd sit down a minute, we could . . . talk it over . . .

SUSY: And if you'd get out of my way, darling, I'd give these Pepperells the attention they deserve!

JIM: Hey, why this sell on Pepperells? What's so special about them?

SUSY: Plenty! Pepperells are the beautiful sheets with the wear woven in! Those we've used for the last five years are *still* lovely . . . And no matter whether we want some of the finest percales ever woven, or sturdy muslins, Pepperell has them—at the price we want to pay—

JIM: You're wonderful!

SUSY: As if any other sheets would do, after once using Pepperell Sheets. Darling, I'm going to bring my supply up to normal as fast as I can . . .

JIM: You're still wonderful!

SUSY: Then we can both have *two* clean sheets on our beds, *every* week—

JIM: That would be smooth, Susy . . .

SUSY: What could ever be smoother than Pepperell Sheets, dear? And they're such *practical* luxuries!

WE: Right! Every Pepperell Sheet has fine-stitched hems; Tapered Tape Selvages; "Tell Mark" Tabs; high tensile strength; smooth, smooth texture! And *more women know Pepperell Sheets than any other sheets they can buy!* Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

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"HAPPY THE DAY" YOU DISCOVER CHIX



HAPPY babies are comfortable babies—and comfort comes from CHIX Down-Weve Gauze diapers! Different, because they combine the advantages of surgical gauze with bird's-eye weave—making a diaper that's light, soft, and very absorbent.

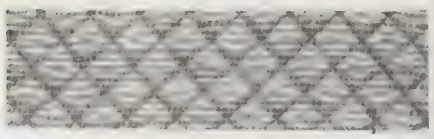
THE special weave makes diaper laundry as easy as pie—"soil" rinses out quickly and thoroughly. CHIX dry in a jiffy . . . soft as a feather and clean-smelling.

DAY and night, CHIX give baby complete protection. The weave holds moisture—keeping baby's other clothes drier and cutting down laundry. Economical—one size fits the growing baby. For special occasions try CHUX, the completely disposable diaper, or DISPOSIES, disposable inserts used with waterproof holders. All made by Chicopee, makers of CHIX.



Chix
DOWN-WEVE GAUZE
DIAPERS







Close-up of bird's-eye weave that makes CHIX Down-Weve Gauze Diapers so different—soft, light, absorbent. Made of the same fine cotton that is used for surgical gauze.

Chicopee Sales Corp., 47 Worth St., N. Y. 13, N. Y.

was still half full. It wasn't empty when he looked up, perhaps an hour later, to echo her good night—an echo as absent-minded and brief as usual, except that this time there was no coolness in it.

Long afterward a faint whimpering woke her. She slipped out of bed without switching on the light. But Peter was awake too.

"That the baby crying?"

"I think it's the little girl."

She crossed the hall. Moonlight streamed in on the canopied bed. Deborah lay face downward in the middle of the white quilt, her arms folded under her head, her braids two black ropes across the pillow. They switched back and forth under Rosalind's questionings. The muffled sobbing didn't stop.

"I think this is too big a bed for such a small girl," Rosalind said. "Tomorrow we'll put a cot in Robert's room for you."

There was no answer, but the sobbing stopped and presently the breathing was slow and regular. Rosalind tiptoed back, but Peter was still awake, sitting up against the headboard.

"What was the matter?"

"Nothing—or everything." Rosalind slipped into bed. "Little girls—and big ones—just cry in the night sometimes."

There was no answer, but after a moment Peter's hand came across the space between the beds and gently touched her cheek.

The chessboard was on a card table tonight. Peter was teaching Deborah to play. Rosalind watched them bending intently over the board, Deborah listening earnestly while Peter explained the moves. Rosalind felt a warm glow of gratefulness toward him. He'd been sweet to the child, bringing little gifts home to her, talking to her patiently after dinner, even letting her ask him questions about the war. Nobody would have guessed, listening to him, that playing chess with her was boring him. The clock struck eight.

"Sorry, Deborah," Rosalind said. "Bedtime."

Deborah sighed as she stood up. "I wish I didn't have to stop."

"You're catching on fast," Peter said. "Another week and you'll be beating me."

"I—I won't be here another week," Deborah said. She went out quickly.

Rosalind followed her, trying to quiet an unreasonable sense of self-reproach by breaking the child's own rule about getting ready for bed by herself. For once Deborah didn't seem to mind being helped, and Rosalind discovered a new, strangely poignant pleasure in tucking her into bed and kissing her good night. When she came downstairs Peter was standing at the window, looking out into the night.

"I'm going to miss the kid," he said.

His glance moved to the chessboard, and came back to Rosalind. He put an arm around her. She was startled by the sudden quickening of her heart, as if being close to Peter were something new and strange and breathless. Like—like falling in love.

"Do you suppose you could teach me to play chess, Peter?" She drew away from him and fingered an ivory queen. "I won't be as bright about it as Deborah, but I'd like to try."

The bus left Rosalind two blocks from home. She found herself hurrying faster and faster as she neared the house. It had been fun to get away for an afternoon, without having to worry about the baby, but it was better fun to be coming back to him. She was a little out of breath when she let herself in, but she kept on hurrying. She was on the stairs before she heard the voices in the kitchen: Robert's gurgling crow and Deborah's small, happy laughter, and then Lilian's low-pitched singing.

None of them saw her at first. Deborah, with Robert in her arms, was watching

---

If fools did not go to market the rubbish would never be sold.

A guest is as beautiful as his back.

Never say *no* from pride, or *yes* from weakness.

Lilian dancing, hands on hips, skirt swirling. She stopped when she saw Rosalind.

"I was just ——" she began defensively.

"He likes to hear her sing," Deborah said.

"I don't blame him," Rosalind said. It occurred to her that lately, without noticing that she was hearing it again, she, too, had been liking the low, cheerful sound of that singing. "But it's upstairs for you now, fellow. Time for your feeding."

Lilian looked at the clock. "My heavens! And I ain't even started getting dinner!"

Deborah carried Robert up to the nursery. He was heavy for her, but Rosalind hadn't the heart to take him from her. She let Deborah feed him, too, and get him ready for bed. There'd be only one more night for her to do it. Watching her, Rosalind's compassionate heartache suddenly brought inspiration to her. She went to her room and searched in her jewel box till she found a child's bracelet of linked gold hearts set with tiny rubies. She brought it back and clasped it on Deborah's thin little wrist.

"This was my grandmother's, when she was a little girl, and then it was my mother's, when *she* was a little girl, and then it was mine. And now—now it's yours, Debby."

"To keep?" Deborah's eyes were shining. Rosalind nodded. "And maybe, someday, when I have a little girl ——"

"Then it'll be hers." Rosalind bent and kissed her.

The telephone bell gave her an excuse for leaving the room before Deborah could see the tears on her cheeks. The sound of Miss Martin's voice over the wire quickened the queer pain in her heart. If Deborah's aunt had come, two days ahead of time ——

But that was not the news that Miss Martin, apologetically, had to give her. They talked a long time, so long that when they finished Peter was in the nursery, holding Robert in his arms while Deborah showed him her bracelet.

"Don't you want to show it to Lilian, too, Debby?" Rosalind said.

The braids streamed out behind as Deborah ran for the door.

Rosalind turned to find Peter. There was a new look in his eyes. "Her aunt isn't coming for her," Rosalind whispered. "Miss Martin's had a letter telling her to send the child out by herself. She read it to me. A perfectly hateful letter, Peter, that nobody but a perfectly hateful woman could have written. She says that as long as she's being bighearted enough to give Debby a home, there's no reason why she should be expected to waste money coming after her, and if a nine-year-old girl isn't capable of traveling alone on a train for a few hundred miles it's time she learned. Miss Martin said ——"

"That was your grandmother's bracelet, wasn't it?" Peter said slowly. "The one you used to say you were keeping for—for your daughter."

"I wanted Debby to have it," Rosalind said. She managed to hold her voice almost steady. "I'd given it to her before Miss Martin called up. When I didn't know there was any chance of ——"

Debby came running in, the braids flying. Rosalind wondered how she could ever have thought that Deborah was homely. Peter's face didn't look as if he thought so, now, any more than Rosalind thought so.

"Debby," he said, "your aunt isn't coming for you day after tomorrow. Or any other day. You're going to stay with us."

Deborah's voice came out in a small whisper. "For always?" she said. "Do you mean for always?"

"Yes," Peter said. "For always." He put Robert into Rosalind's arms and motioned her to sit down on the cot. He sat down beside her, drawing Deborah against his knee. "Portrait," he said. "Portrait of a family."

He turned to look at Rosalind. And suddenly she was thinking of Mexico, and Peter laughing, just as he was laughing now, his hair dark as midnight against a bank of flaming clouds, and herself, safe and content, in his arms.

THE TWELVE-FOOT CEILING

(Continued from Page 6)

Thomas Jefferson, America's first great democrat, lived in what was, in European terms, a wilderness. But he was antiwilderness and pro-civilization and culture. He did not build himself a log cabin, but Monticello, a large, beautiful mansion; nor did he think the aspirations of the country should be limited to the aspirations of the average. He did not believe in horizontal education; he proposed an educational system whereby all children would be given the education for which their talents fitted them; they would start equal—he never expected they would finish equal, for he was too accurate an observer of nature. He was a slaveholder who hated slavery and believed the slaveholders should abolish it, since the slaves obviously could not. He did not go and live in his slaves' cabins, but, recognizing the extraordinary musical talent of the colored people, brought them into his great house, and organized them into an orchestra, and taught them to play Mozart.

Emerson, a philosopher of American democracy, did not advocate a twelve-foot ceiling, but said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." He knew the wagon would never reach the stars. But the height to which a man ascends is commensurate to his ambition; set his ceiling at twelve feet and eventually he will be living underground.

If the limits of art are to be set in advance by the tape measure of mediocre appreciation, by and by we shall have no more art. The essence of art is that it is unique and distinguished—the expression of the most creative moment of a uniquely creative talent and personality. It is begotten of sensitive and humble appreciation of the greatness, not the littleness, of life; of the eternal wonder of birth, death and love; of insight into great laws of rhythm and form, point and counterpoint, in color and sound. It exalts, not men, but Man, not at the average, but at his most creative and Godlike.

All great art—a Beethoven symphony, a Michelangelo or Giotto fresco, a Hamlet or King Lear, the Psalms of David, a Brothers Karamazov of Dostoevski—creates in the beholder not self-satisfaction, but wonder and awe. Its great liberation is to lift us out of ourselves.

In London, when the National Gallery reopened after V-E Day, and only thirty or forty of the very greatest of its pictures were taken from their wartime cellars to hang upon its walls, I watched my husband, himself an artist, before a little picture by Rembrandt that he had long known from reproductions but saw now, for the first time, in the original. Pale with excitement, and unconscious of the surrounding visitors, he stood motionless for half an hour, murmuring, "It's a miracle . . . a miracle."

Why is it a miracle? The subject is a middle-aged woman—a common woman—standing in a pool of water, in a white chemise drawn up to her thighs. It has little color, except browns and golds and the white chemise. But the flesh, one sees immediately, will in a short time have lost its firmness; already it seems to tremble, slightly, away from the bones; the woman will soon be no more woman, but merely old; this common flower will be touched by the inexorable frost; the soft golden light that seems to emanate from her body is a sunset. But how

(Continued on Page 185)

"MY MOM IS SURE SMART when I catch cold"



Modern way relieves distress of her cold as she sleeps



Young mothers learn mighty fast these days. Especially when their children's comfort is concerned. So it's *no wonder* that the vast majority of them have discovered this effective modern way to relieve miseries of colds—*at night as children sleep!*



The medication they use is warming, soothing Vicks VapoRub—a scientific compound of proven, relief-giving medicinal agents. Rubbed on the throat, chest and back at bedtime—it goes right into action to start relieving cold-caused coughing spasms, upper bronchial congestion and irritation, muscular soreness or tightness, sore throat. Then as the child sleeps, VapoRub's comforting poultice-like action and its soothing, medicinal vapors keep right on working for hours to bring such wonderful relief!

Now when your child catches a cold, Mother, see for yourself how effective this modern way to relief is. The fine results will tell you why *most mothers* now use it. And Vicks VapoRub is as good for grown-ups as it is for children.



NOW OVER 94 ~~53~~ ~~26~~ 17 MILLION VICKS PACKAGES USED YEARLY

89 out of 100 Young Mothers In Seattle Depend on "VICKS"!

We learned in Seattle how many young mothers depend on "Vicks." An independent door-to-door check-up showed this significant fact—89 out of every 100 young mothers depend on "Vicks" as the trusted guide to modern home-remedies...**VICKS VAPORUB** and



VICKS VA-TRO-NOL . . . A few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time, at first warning sign.



VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS . . . Medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub to give you quick relief from coughs, throat irritations or huskiness due to colds.



VICKS INHALER . . . Handy, easy way to make cold-stuffed nose feel clearer anytime, anywhere. Always carry one with you.

"The Family Cold" — MOST DREAD MENACE TO YOUR BABY'S SAFETY



In the circle of your arms he trusts to your wise love to protect him from the common cold and its frightening, often fatal complications.

THE COMMON COLD with its complications causes almost seven times as many infant fatalities as diphtheria and whooping cough combined!

Your baby is so defenseless against respiratory infection. He chokes up so easily, he can't blow his own nose or even sit up to cough . . . he *mustn't* catch the Family Cold.

The surest way to prevent the careless passing on of the Family Cold is to keep anyone with cold symptoms strictly out of the baby's room. Even at the risk of offending an affectionate grandparent or an admiring friend.

If you yourself have a cold you will be very wise to let someone else take over the care of your baby. But if that is impossible you can still reduce the danger of infection with a tissue mask.

Tissue Mask easy to make, disposable

It takes only a minute to make an effective mask with two thicknesses of ScotTissue. Simply cover the nose and mouth and pin or tie at the back of the head. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs and greatly reduce infection risk.

Wear a mask when you are actually in the baby's room of course—and also when you are fixing his food or attending to his clothes. Your baby's busy hands can pick up germs and transfer them so quickly to his mouth. Never let a used mask lie around—a ScotTissue mask is instantly disposable and you can make a fresh one when you need it.

And let no mistaken criticism of "fussiness" sway you from enforcing the Mask-for-a-Cold rule. In a world where doctors and nurses are still "rationed" you can't afford *not* to be fussy.

THE CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE IS IMPORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And, with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

Trade Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Millions are Grateful for its Luxury Texture

(Continued from Page 182)

beautiful, tender, loved and lovable—how *miraculous* she is. How compact of sweetness her haunting little smile. Only a painter with a fantastic craft and technique could so have painted flesh. But not alone technique—only technique and vision—could have created the Woman Bathing. It is a profoundly felt and realized experience.

My husband went away from it, saddened and elated. Saddened with self-dissatisfaction; elated because what he feels ought to be achieved in painting was achieved. Elated to belong to, and be in the service of, so noble a craft.

All profoundly realized experience communicates—and to ordinary men. Walt Whitman said all men are poets because all respond to poetry. That is true if the people are not deprived of their natural and naïve relation to art by the abstruse and esoteric patter of professional writers about it, who patronizingly encourage the people to believe that they are incapable of understanding great expressions. When a friend, a great violinist, toured Russia, playing in villages where no artist had ever played before, he found that the people applauded for encores of Bach. No high-brows had ever told them that they could not enjoy what they did not "understand." They merely heard beautiful music. When the Soviet government opened the theaters to the workers, they did not crowd into those designed for the education of the proletariat but into the Grand Opera, the theater of kings, and above all they loved ballet—one of the most refined, and even artificial, sublimations of expression. Homer sang for common men a most uncommon song. Shakespeare wrote for the rabble and the princes. His wit was as broad as a cabby's behind and as fine as King John's delicate hair. But salt is salt on anybody's meat, if it have not lost its savor. The Bible is transcendent language and thus art, but it is still the world's best seller.

And the statesmen whom the people adore are never the ones who talk down to them, putting a twelve-foot ceiling over their words. The Declaration of Independence is not only a great democratic document but a great piece of literature. It will be on the common tongue long after the Potsdam declaration—which, having nothing worth while to say, found expression in an execrable style—is forgotten and abandoned. Yet the common people of Jefferson's day did not speak of "self-evident truths" or of a "decent respect to the opinions of mankind." Many of those to whom Jefferson's words were addressed were illiterate frontiersmen. But they understood the meaning and were proud that their hopes and strivings should find elegant and discriminating expression.

The "common man" never invented the patronizing attitude toward himself. Lincoln, the greatest people's President, was also the finest English stylist who ever occupied the White House. The simplicity of his speeches is not the simplicity of a simpleton, but of a man with such exquisite discrimination in words that he could restore the gold tarnished from speech by vulgar use. Churchill mobilized a nation by his speeches; but they were not couched in the language of the streets, but in the highest parliamentary tradition. And Franklin Roosevelt, chosen four times by the people as their President, spoke to them in the tongue of Groton and Harvard; nor did the people hold it against him that their great friend was also a great gentleman.

So let the ceilings of democracy be high; let democratic man be aware of his own insignificance, that he may better measure his great possibilities; let him build more stately mansions for his soul. And let him know, from the examples of his times, that there is no tyranny more dreadful than that of mediocrity over distinction, of mass leaders over and through mass men, which would reduce the people to an anthill, with a twelve-foot ceiling—and no windows on the "splendid, silent sun," the secret of whose radiation men have mastered, but whose creative beneficence is still beyond them.





How Nature Favored Quaker Oats in Certain Vital Growth Elements!

Your own Doctor will tell you—delicious Quaker Oats gives your baby the very finest growth protection a natural whole-grain cereal can bring.

Yes, for authorities agree that nature favored Quaker Oats in three basic elements your tiny baby—and all growing children—must have for active, healthful growing.

These are the important growth and stamina element Protein, the "energy" Vitamin B_1; and Food-Energy itself. And all three are fully as vital for your energy and stamina as for your children's growth.

Among 2500 Food Authorities, oatmeal was recently voted *best cereal.* Especially now, during shortage times, serve your whole family the cereal so especially favored by nature—delicious, hot, nut-tasty Quaker Oats. Get a big economical package of Quaker Oats today.



QUAKER OATS

Now! Vitamin-rich Hemo has richer "milk-chocolate" flavor!

GEE, ELSIE! THE KIDS WILL SURE GO FOR THIS NEW, SMOOTH CHOCOLATY DRINK!

YES — AND ISN'T IT A LOVELY WAY TO GET THE VITAMINS YOU NEED EVERY DAY?

DON'T KID YOURSELF THAT YOU MAY NOT NEED EXTRA VITAMINS... MOST PEOPLE DO!

Hi, you chocolate lovers!

Here's the treat of your chocolate-lovin' lifetime!

The new HEMO with the *milk-chocolate* flavor is waiting for you at grocery and drug stores all over the country!

Every deep, luscious sip is brimming with glorious chocolate flavor! The new HEMO's just what you chocolate "fans" look for in really fine milk chocolate!

Don't wait! Try the new Hemo with the *milk-chocolate* flavor *today!*

YOU GET YOUR FULL DAY'S NEEDS OF ALL THESE VITAL VITAMINS AND MINERALS IN JUST 2 GLASSES OF HEMO MADE WITH MILK!

EACH GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

• Whisk up a rousing glassful of HEMO—or a piping-hot cupful. HEMO's grand both ways! Every *milk-chocolaty* mouthful teems with vitamins and minerals and body-building proteins you may need to keep on your toes! Just 59¢ for the big 1-lb. jar!

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The way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!

Borden's Hemo

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Borden's **Hemo**

If it's Borden's, it's got to be good

LOVABLE, MAKABLE DOLLS

BY NORA O'LEARY



BABY DOLL made of 1 child's pink sock, 1 white, size 9. Cut body of doll from foot of pink sock, arms from top as shown. Gather top and bottom of each. Make head from toe of white sock. Tie yarn tufts for hair. Stitch or embroider eyes and mouth. Stuff with cotton, tie, attach.

YARN DOLL takes half hank of yarn. Tie in center and cut looped ends. Use small balls of cotton to fill head and body. Pull out yarn from center for arms, as shown. Tie at neck, waist, shoulders and wrists with contrasting yarn. Lace ruffle makes cap; buttons for eyes; yarn hair. Stitch and embroider nose and mouth.



SPOOL DOLL, 1 large, 1 medium, 8 small spools. Tie together with 6 strands of 4-ply yarn, 1½ yards long, knotting between spools. Use the 6 strands for head and body, divide into 3 for each leg. String 2 spools for each arm; attach to neck. Yarn tufts for hat, hands and feet. Paint face.



CLOWN DOLL made from 1 man's white sock, size 10½. Cut 3 inches from top, 1 inch from toe. Flatten back of heel with dart, as shown. Slit 1 inch below heel and stitch for legs. Turn inside out. Make arms from top of sock. Stuff. Tie tightly at neck; gather at top of head. Make yarn tufts for hat and feet; buttons for eyes.



People are going to laugh again in *your* world . . .

I dream of you growing up in that brighter and happier time, moving about freely with long, easy strides and

some other assets I'm going to help you build

a well-shaped head ★ a fine, full chest

a strong back ★ sound teeth ★ straight legs

ONE ELEMENT VITALLY NEEDED by your baby to build his growing bones straight and sound is Vitamin D, supplied by Squibb Cod Liver Oil. Be sure to start your baby on Squibb's, soon after birth. Give it *every day.*

British authorities examined 1,300 five-year-old children some years ago. Recently they examined 1,600 school children of the same age, who had been given a better diet and extra Vitamin D. They found that *more than twice* as many in this second group had perfect or nearly perfect teeth.



SQUIBB *cod liver oil*

a name you can trust

A festive holiday dessert that side-steps "shortages"



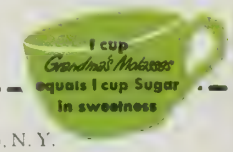


Grandma keeps an eye on shortages in planning your *new* holiday dessert . . . yet her pudding is so *delicious* you'll keep right on making it when shortages are forgotten.

GRANDMA'S MOLASSES PLUM PUDDING

2 cups sifted, all-purpose flour
3 tbsps. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. allspice
½ tsp. cloves
2 eggs
¾ cup Grandma's Molasses
¼ cup melted shortening
2 cups seedless raisins
2 cups chopped, pitted dates
1 cup chopped citron
¼ cup cider or milk

Sift together dry ingredients. Beat eggs, add molasses, stir into flour mixture. Add shortening, then fruit and cider or milk. Fill greased mold ¾ full, cover and steam 3½ hours. Serve with lemon or hard sauce. 12 to 14 portions. For a wonderful rich flavor, be sure to use Grandma's *mellower* Molasses. You see Grandma's Molasses is truly different; it's an old fashioned molasses—that means it's *milder, sweeter* (one cup equals a cup of sugar in sweetness). In fact it is so delicately flavored, heaps of folks use it on the table as well as in all their molasses recipes. It is the sweetest nationally advertised molasses and the only one that *does not contain sulphur dioxide.*



NEW COOK BOOK—FREE!

American Molasses Company, Dept. LHJ 12, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Please send me FREE, Grandma's new cookbook, "101 Molasses Recipes" together with her leaflet "Make Your Precious Sugar Go Further."

(Please print plainly)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....*Zone*....*State*.....

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH HEIRLOOMS

(Continued from Page 158)

But if you are a true collector, you will want to hunt your own, and may find similar treasures in almost any region. Our pioneer ancestors took the best of their possessions with them when they moved westward with immigration, and you have a good chance of finding interesting pieces almost anywhere.

Pennsylvania Dutch and New England Colonial are only two of the regional groups of the period. A century or more ago, people of every village and rural community made cupboards, side chairs, rockers, tables, chests, clock cases, beds and settees. These pieces, being contemporary, resembled one another somewhat, wherever they were made.

Such furniture was used by average families every day, in contrast to the elegancies of richer households in cities. We still have this furniture because it was so strongly and beautifully made that it has survived a century and more of use. This means that you should find some pieces of the age and type photographed, wherever you live. They will differ only in regional design.

Pennsylvania Dutch furniture is particularly beautiful because the pioneers of that region brought cabinetmakers with them from the Palatinate region of the Rhine. Being people who took to innovation slowly, they kept on making the same furniture without change for a long time, which multiplied the quantity of these beautiful things.

Old furniture from other regions is often more simple in design because made by amateurs, but is no less beautiful. The woods will differ: maple in New England, pine in Pennsylvania and walnut, cherry, fruit wood and other varieties farther south. But if a cabinetmaker anywhere had a nice board or two of any wood, he used it as an innovation. Some of the choicest items are little pieces made for a special purpose, or for an individual with a whim: a rocker for a small woman, a fireside settee with a partitioned end for the baby, a chair back designed to cut off draft, or a scribe's chair with a broad arm.

Here is a list of likely finds, all usable in your rooms today. An old furniture book will help you check up on the variations.

CUPBOARDS

Pennsylvania Dutch cupboards were often dower cupboards, large and handsome. The top shelves were for dishes, tiny drawers for herbs, large drawers for linens and lower shelves for tureens, platters and bowls.

Usually made of pine, in later years they were painted or varnished and grained, and have to be restored. Look for doweled joints, and check the deep seasoned tan of old wood on the underside of the drawers. The same goes for corner cupboards. Old cupboards from other localities are much the same, rather plain and made of the woods already mentioned. Such cupboards have only recently been reproduced, so most older ones are originals, and easily recognizable as such simply because the wood is thick and heavy and the piece looks old.

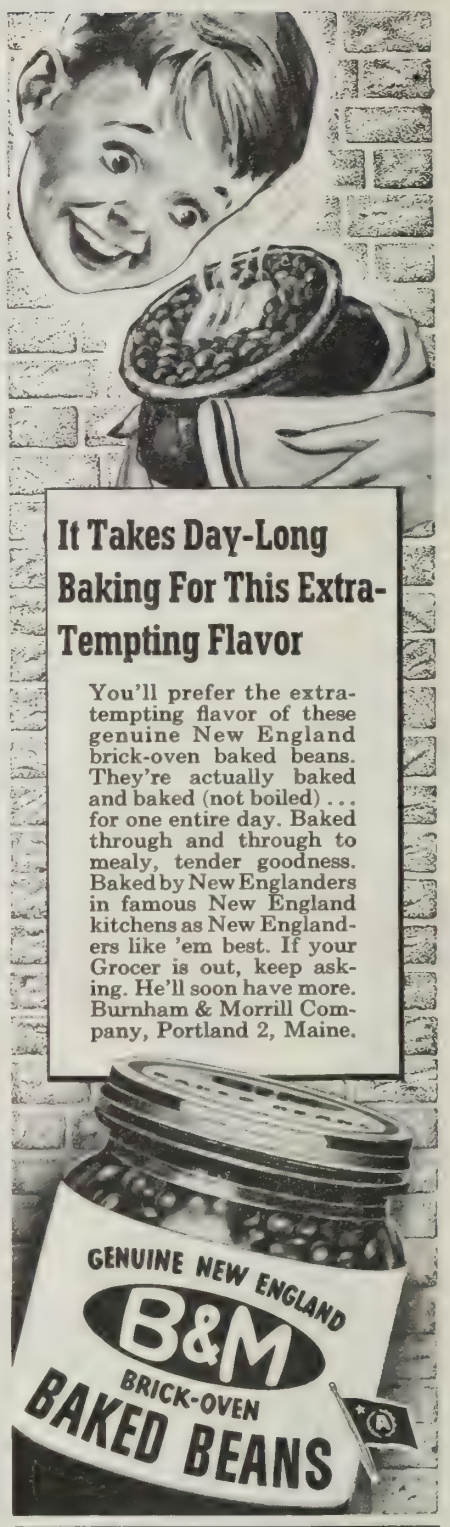
TABLES

Drop-leaf tables were made in all regions, of maple, pine or walnut. They were the company dining tables, later used in kitchens and laundries. The wood will usually need professional dressing down.

Small tables to hold candles, lamps and Bibles, or used for washstands, are made of the above woods and are individual in design. They have round or square legs, one or two drawers, and are on the heavy side. These are still rather plentiful, and make excellent lamp tables for today's rooms.

CHAIRS

Rockers are good collectors' items, as they have been cared for and lovingly repaired through the years. The variety is infinite, as many were made to order and suited to the taste and proportions of the individual. Mostly maple or pine. Often painted black with stenciled decorations. Old ones identify





What product greatly simplifies the making of really good tasty brown gravy? Answer

GRAVY MASTER

Just try it and see!

themselves on sight. Rarest ones have delicate lines even when large. Tiny copies were made for the children of the family.

Side chairs of this early period look undersized. Many have spindle backs, sometimes curved. Others have broad splats, painted with flowers and scrolls. In some sections the seats were woven of rush or hickory. Good finds may be disguised under any color of paint added in later years.

CHESTS

Dower chests used for linen and bedding are good finds. These are just deep boxes with lids, and when made in German or Swedish localities often painted green or black with bird, flower and scroll designs in gay colors. In other sections the wood was left natural, but carved in simple primitive designs, and often dated and initialed.

There are also three and four drawer bureau-type chests, painted and decorated or left in natural pine or cherry.

WEAVING

Still surviving are pieces of striped carpet, in gay colors, made of wool yarn or rags. Coverlets of the period are much prized, especially those in the red and green colorings. Damaged ones make exquisite upholstery for chairs or sofas, and your conscience doesn't suffer if there is a hole or two. Rag or wool yarn carpets with gay tartan plaids or stripes are much valued if not too worn. They look delightfully modern used as rugs or runners.

CHINA, GLASS, ACCESSORIES

While there was some Pennsylvania Dutch china, so called, such as the "gaudy Dutch" pattern, it was not widely distributed and most local collectors have only a few pieces.

For the most part, all the beautiful specimens in Pennsylvania Dutch cupboards, then and now, were available in their day in trading centers throughout the country. Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, as well as other wholesale centers in all localities, sold identical wares to merchants, so that whether you live in New Hampshire, Georgia, Illinois or Nebraska, you are likely to find these same things.

Make it a rule not to buy any article merely because it is old. It should also be beautiful, rare of its kind or historical because associated with the folk habits of an earlier day. Beginners will find a collectors' manual helpful, and knowledge is acquired easily and quickly when you are genuinely interested. Old china and glass are easy to identify, as the age is usually apparent and most of the articles you are likely to find can be checked in illustrated books on the subject.

Here is a list of good collectors' items which you should be able to find almost anywhere:

Old English dinnerware in great variety, with red, brown, blue or mulberry decorations. Look for Wedgwood, Spode and Staffordshire. Plates and platters are most usual. You can buy a little book of potters' marks and identify your pieces. House them in a special cupboard for part of your decoration.

Luster pitchers of all sizes for both milk and cream. Prettiest are those with bands of pink or blue, but all copper, gold and silver ones are prized. Old pieces must be authenticated, as the original molds are still used for modern ones which look much like the originals.

● Figurines were a favorite ornament of the past century. Most of these are classified as Staffordshire, which was the name of the region in which a number of potteries turning out these pieces were located. Finest ones are romantic figures in man-and-woman or girl-and-boy pairs. Favorite subjects were milkmaids and shepherds; beaus and belles in costume; children with pets; small garden scenes with flowers, birds and children; domestic animals, doves, fans, and so on. These are usually white, with costumes and details in color. As figurines were rather plentiful in their day, many still survive. Small pieces were designed for children's trinkets. These are among the choicest collectors' items. Most pieces will have pottery marks which you can identify, especially to discover further interesting facts about your find.

● Milk glass, both colored and white. The plates have plain or pierced borders and dishes are often fitted with covers for jelly, desserts and cakes. In fact, you are likely to find almost any novelty made of milk glass, as it seems to have been tremendously popular for years. Rabbits, setting hens of all sizes, figures, boats, and birds on nests were made of milk glass. These are rather plentiful, as they were "company ware" and handled carefully. You can still find milk glass at country sales. Collections look well in corner cupboards.

● Majolica and its American cousins, mostly pitchers, leaf-shaped pickle dishes and pie plates. Usually in rich green, brown and pink glazes. We use the pitchers for flowers, the flat dishes for ash trays.

● Painted tin, now called tole, was used for trays—the large ones were called waiters—spice sets, cake boxes, candlesticks and similar items. Most old tin needs to be restored, and large communities have professionals who reproduce the original stencils and can make old pieces presentable. The restoration does not decrease the value.

All the articles listed above were the trade goods of a century ago: the pretty things that women saved for, and bought to put into their handsome cupboards.

Old glass is so varied in design, shape and color that you need a book to refer to until you learn to identify the various kinds. It was made in so many localities, often resembling imported wares of the time, and enjoyed so much popularity you can have a long and joyous career collecting it.

Most popular is the pressed glass of the early nineteenth century: goblets, sauce dishes, dessert and cup plates, as well as large sauce dishes and novelties. Pieces showing fruit-mold designs are much prized. If you are collecting a type of old glass, make a rubbing of authentic pieces and compare before you buy.

In many localities where there were early potteries, you can find old brown pudding molds, big gray jars with decorations, odd crocks with covers, and a variety of stoneware.

If you don't pay too much, American antiques are a good investment, for their quantity grows less each year; and as Miriam and LaRoy Troxell say, the frailest work of mankind survives the longest, a heritage to pass on.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Care of Fleet Post Office

BY JULIA ATTEBERRY

Darling, if my pen could write
What is in my heart and soul,
I would send for your delight
Golden dreams all new and whole.

Love and laughter I would send
And quiet hours of peace and sleep,
A richness you could use and spend
Or for the lonely moments keep.

Each word would be a morning star
Each line would be a little song,
To make a warm light where you are,
To make your heart gay all day long.

I'd send the best there is on earth:
Beauty and music, love and mirth.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

3 QUICK-TO-FIX Mealtime TRICKS

Easy with VEG-ALL

Mixed Vegetables . . . a choice selection of green and yellow vegetables all peeled, diced, cooked ready to enjoy.

MAN-STYLE Salad

Men like Hot Veg-All Salad. Just melt 1 tablespoon fat, add 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup Veg-All liquid gradually. Stir. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar. Cook, stirring, until thickened. Add 1 can drained Veg-All. Reheat. Sprinkle whole celery seed over top.

Soup IN-A-JIFFY

Drain 1 can Veg-All, saving liquid. Combine liquid, 1 can condensed consomme, 2 cups water. Bring slowly to boiling. Heat in skillet 2 tbsps. fat. Add 1 cup sliced onions. Cook slowly until lightly browned. Add onions, Veg-All, salt, pepper to soup. Heat. Add 2 tbsps. chopped parsley and (optional) 2 tbsps. Parmesan cheese. Note: (Instead of consomme, 3 bouillon cubes and 3½ cups water may be used).

SIZZLING Platter

Heat 1 can Veg-All in its own liquid. Drain. Save ⅓ c. of liquid. Add 1 tbsp. margarine or butter to vegetables. Heat until melted. Add ⅛ tsp. marjoram if desired. To ¾ lb. chopped beef or veal add 1 c. bread crumbs. Add 1 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper and ¼ c. Veg-All liquid. Mix. Make patties. Broil slowly on well-greased broiler 8 minutes each side. Serve with Veg-All.

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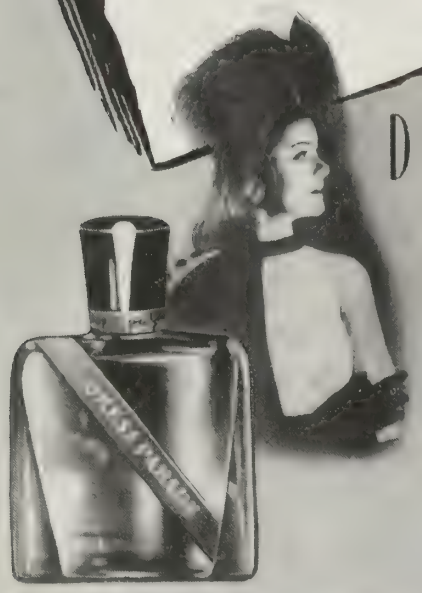
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Winter's is a muted pageantry—the glint of ice and shimmer of wet bark against a sky hushed now for the land's long sleep.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

THERE is a wonderful magic in the first fall of snow. Sometimes we have it at Thanksgiving, a preview of winter, and sometimes it comes in December, and everyone goes around saying, "A good white Christmas this year."

All the New Englanders are snugged down, cabbages and apples and squash stored, green and red and yellow. The barns are sweet with hay and the warm milky smell of cows. Storm windows hooked on, woodpiles stacked stanchly in the lee of the storm. Some houses have hay or pine branches packed closely around them to cut off the extra cold. A little white house bedded down in pine makes a lovely sight.

Thrifty folk have their tools oiled and hung in the barn or shed, and all the great sleepy farm machinery drowses under cover. And the breath of the work horses steams in the morning air. On a mild day there is still time to do a cleanup job in the vegetable garden, and parsnips can be dug, and salsify. We have carrots and beets still in the ground, as long as the earth isn't hard-frozen.

Chard will go on until it is covered with snow; it is a satisfactory vegetable all season long. If the stalks get a little tough from the cold, they can be chopped fine, dressed with lemon juice and butter or hollandaise and taste delicious.

The first snow comes drifting in from the north with a gray still sky overhead. When it begins, the earth looks suddenly more vivid, the grass seems green, the brown fields browner. The snow falls and melts, the leafless branches glisten with the wetness. Presently the little hollows in the fields are like little silver cups; and if it is a real snow, they brim with soft white by nightfall.

Now the cats move with scornful paws along the terrace, Esmé's brown velvet gloves barely touching the horrid damp, Tigger setting his black country mittens solidly. Tigger doesn't mind winter; when the drifts are knee-deep he bounds over them lightly, leaving a delicate pattern of paw marks. Esmé says a Siamese has no traffic with cold and the inside of the fireplace is a better thing. Sometimes her fur is so hot I can hardly pick her up.

This is a good season to do over the old chest we got at the auction. We begin with paint or varnish remover, which almost any paint store carries, or lumber companies in the country. Jill sloshes it on well with old rags or retired elderly brushes. It is best to wear heavy gloves—this is powerful stuff. Jill lets it set until the surface of the chest is rather like molasses. Then we scrape it off with an old putty knife or a broken piece of glass, using newspapers to sop up the mess. A second coat is usually advisable. Sometimes a third. After the finish is off, we wash the piece with turpentine or hot suds, rinse well, and then rub down the wood with fine steel wool or the finest sandpaper. Always rub with the grain of the wood. When the piece is smooth we wash it off again to get the dust of the rubbing away.

Then there are several possibilities. Six or seven coats of shellac may be applied, very thin coats—half alcohol, half shellac—each rubbed down slightly. The final coat is rubbed to a soft patina with the very finest steel wool—or oil and pumice. Or you can apply raw linseed oil and turpentine, half each, to the unfinished wood, using an old clean cloth. With several changes of cloth, wipe off all excess oil and rub each part of the piece from ten to twenty minutes with a polishing cloth. The rubbing is essential to bring out the luster. Five to twelve coats are needed and should be applied a week or more apart. This finish needs no waxing.

Either of these finishes gives the wood a lustrous soft glow. The process does take time and patience, but is very rewarding. We have become so enamored of our own work that we turn up our noses at commercially finished pieces, and if we ever own one we usually take off the top glare at least and rub the piece down!

If you want a bleach finish for a modern look, you can always use oxalic acid. This is a fine crystal powder most drugstores have, or paint stores. You take one pound of oxalic-acid crystals (dissolved in sufficient warm water to cover) and one pint of tartaric acid. This may be bottled until ready for use. Before using, it is diluted with three times as much boiling-hot water and applied hot. (Take care—apply with a dish mop and wear rubber gloves. for it will not only bleach wood but will burn the hands and take the color out of clothing.) Let the bleach remain fifteen minutes. Rinse with several washes of clear water, followed by a final rinse of water and vinegar. Dry for twenty-four hours in the open air.

Bob, my husband, has finished his peacock tray. The design is very old and very lovely. The peacock sits surrounded by grapes,

(Continued on Page 192)